

THE

ILLUSTRATED



MAGAZINE OF ART:

CONTAINING SELECTIONS FROM

THE VARIOUS DEPARTMENTS

OF

PAINTING, SCULPTURE, ARCHITECTURE, HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY,
ART INDUSTRY, MANUFACTURES, SCIENTIFIC INVENTIONS AND DISCOVERIES,
LOCAL AND DOMESTIC SCENES, ORNAMENTAL WORKS,
ETC. ETC.

VOLUME I.

LONDON:

JOHN CASSELL, LA BELLE SAUVAGNE YARD, LUDGATE-HILL.

1854

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

SEPARATE PLATES.

	PAGE		PAGE
Ham III. Entering Exeter ...	to face 1	The Return of the Herds ...	to face 145
Schoolboy, by Sir Joshua Reynolds ...	19	John Bunyan, his Chapel, Tomb, &c. ...	161
Story-Teller ...	33	Section of the Soil under a Street in Paris ...	177
Uses of Parliament ...	51	Bianca Morosini and her Nurse Giudetta in the Balcony ...	193
Sing the Deed in the Banker's Room—(Dead Bridal) ...	65	—(Dead Bridal) ...	193
Bishop of Spalatro, by Tintoretto ...	81	Reception of Columbus by Ferdinand and Isabella
Entry of the Cathedral of Notre Dame, Paris ...	99	General Post-Office at Six o'clock, P.M.
Set in the City of Meissen; on the Elbe ...	118	Opening of the Irish Industrial Exhibition of 1853—	...
Count Count Polani in the Room in the Fort—(Dead Bridal) ...	139	Double-page Engraving

ANTIQUITIES.

	PAGE
ural Grotto in the Island of Malta ...	29
erican Antiquities in Louvre (19 figs) ...	60
Brimham Rocks, Yorkshire ...	192
dent Mitre ...	368
ient Chasuble ...	368
ient Shield, Armoury at Madrid ...	376

ARCHITECTURE.

	PAGE
at Exhibition Building at Dublin ...	24
uses of Parliament ...	51
rior of St. Peter's Church at Louvain ...	72
isty of the Cathedral of Notre Dame, ...	99
of Prince Arthur ...	117
Northern Railway Terminus ...	148
St. Denis, in Paris ...	361

ART INDUSTRY.

	PAGE
stry Carpet by the Ladies of Poland ...	9
strations of Arab Art ...	37
of the Central School of Art and ...	84, 89
of the Palais de Justice, Paris ...	296
er Salt Cellar—Dish-cover for Fish ...	304
and Porcelain from Meissen ...	332
re-piece in Silver from Berlin ...	333
Table from Irish Exhibition ...	437
ap of Vases from Irish Exhibition ...	392
ap of Silver Objects, from ditto ...	393
ese Musical Instruments, from ditto ...	394
se's Case of Composition Candles, ditto ...	396

BOTANY.

	PAGE
Pandanus found in Prince's Island ...	4
acea—the Rose Tribe (9 engravings) ...	76
anea—the Heath Tribe; Jasminaceae
—the Jasmin Tribe; Passifloraceae
—the Passion Flower (8 engravings) ...	156
aea and their Allies (7 figures) ...	182
tain, near Smyrna ...	220
at Brignolles ...	221
acea—the Vine Tribe; Malvaceae
—the Mallow Tribe; Geraniaceae
Geranium Tribe; Aurantiaceae
Orange Tribe (8 engravings) ...	236
Lichen Family (5 figures) ...	250
acea—the Holly Tribe; Papaveraceae
—the Poppy Tribe, &c. (4 engravings) ...	292

FINE ARTS.

	PAGE
ptured Ewer, by Francois Briot ...	13
ptured Basin for Ewer ...	19
ait of Francois Briot, sculptured on
oot of Basin ...	12
Return of the Swiss Soldier, by Ed-
ward Girardet ...	108
Return from a Painting by Caracci ...	132
Return, by Peter Bonasch ...	152
Return of a French Studio in
present day—two Engravings,
Drawings by Valentin ...	216, 217
Hot and Blowing Cold ...	257
Repeat, by Jacob Jordaens ...	267
ier treatment of same subject ...	261
tyrion of St. Appollonia, by Jordaens ...	264
ent from the Cross, the, by Rubens ...	265
n of the Rhine, the, by Carl Begas ...	268
ier and the Goat, by Jordaens ...	269
in the Campo Vaccino, by Claude ...	272
ho, a Statue by Pradier ...	280
Knife-grinder, by Teniers ...	337
Old Son, the, by Teniers ...	340
Ken Philosopher, the, by Teniers ...	341
Station, the, by Teniers ...	344
Station of St. Anthony, by Teniers ...	345
da ... the, by Teniers ...	349
Key ... the, by Gainsborough ...	352
ing of John the Baptist, by Durer ...	377

	PAGE
Fruit-piece, a, by Lance ...	424
Statue of William Dargan ...	431

HISTORY.

	PAGE
Columbus at the Court of Ferdinand ...	273
Wycliffe appearing in St. Paul's at the
Citation of the Prelates ...	289
Entrance of Queen Elizabeth into Kenil-
worth Castle ...	353
Henry IV. of France parting with his
Queen ...	380

LANDSCAPES, VIEWS OF CITIES, PUBLIC BUILDINGS, &c.

	PAGE
The City of Venice ...	63
Interior of St. Peter's Church at Louvain ...	72
Valley of Chamouni, the ...	187
Mer de Glace, the ...	200
Bridge of Ceret, in the French Pyrenees ...	213
Carrick-on-Suir, County Tipperary ...	228
Castle of Cahir, County Tipperary ...	228
Entrance to the Seven Churches, ...	229
Town of Bray, County of Wicklow, ...	229
Entrance to Devil's Glen, Glendalough ...	252
Druidical Stone, at Ballybrach ...	252
Tunnel between Glengariff and Kenmare ...	253
View of the Campo Vaccino ...	272
Distant View of Dangan Castle ...	284
Old Gate House at Dangan Castle ...	285
Old Kitchen at Dangan Castle ...	285
Room in Dangan Castle ...	285
Cartier's Vessel in the River St. Charles ...	309
Falls of the Roumel, in Algiers ...	312
City of Simonoski, in Japan ...	313
Lower Lake of Killarney ...	328
Upper Lake of Killarney ...	329
Bay of Glengariff ...	399
Church of the Knights Templars at Luz ...	336
Golden Point, Mount Alexander ...	*340
Chief Commissioner's and Officers' Tents,
Mount Alexander ...	*349
Whirley's Gully, Forest Creek Ranges,
Mount Alexander ...	*352
Great Meeting of Gold Diggers ...	*352
Giant's Causeway (7 engravings) ...	356
Mount Amanus, in Asia Minor ...	364
Mont Blanco—Climbing a Wall of Ice ...	365
Residence of Joseph Roberts, President
of the Republic of Liberia ...	381
Ground Plan of the Irish Exhibition ...	390
Cascade of the Rock, the ...	428
Fountain Court, Irish Exhibition ...	435
General View of Belgian Court, ditto ...	438
Entrance to Stationery Court, ditto ...	439

LOCAL AND DOMESTIC SCENES.

	PAGE
Hugo weary by the Wayside ...	56
View of Venice ...	65
Interior of St Peter's Church at Louvain ...	72
Tomb of Cyrus ...	85
Return of the Swiss Soldier ...	108
The Pio-de San Thome ...	109
View of Meissen on the Elbe ...	118
The Monkey, a Scene in a Swiss Village ...	136
The Man of Snow ...	137
Return of the Herds, the ...	145
Raggage Guard in a Storm, the ...	148
Farmer's Return, the ...	162
Mrs. Mordant and Michael Stamboroye—
(The School of Life) ...	185
The Sketch on the Wall—(ditto) ...	189
Valley of Chamouni, the ...	187
Mer de Glace, the ...	200
Fête of the Madonna del Arco at Naples ...	246
The Portrait—(School of Life) ...	244
Johnny in the Wood—(School of Life) ...	246
Barolomeo, the Christian, addressing
the Crowd—(Dead Bridal) ...	385

	PAGE
Ursula Mordant in the Lunatic Asylum
—(School of Life) ...	320
The Lovers in the Garden—(ditto)
Village Doctor, the ...	44

MISCELLANEA.

	PAGE
Russian Carriages ...	92, 93
Illustrations of Italian Proverbs ...	176
Section of the Soil under a Street in Paris ...	177
The Two Dreams ...	298
A French View of a French Studio in
the Present Day (2 engravings) ...	216, 217
Fête of the Madonna del Arco at Naples ...	240
Allegorical Figure of a Commonwealth ...	256
Cartier's Vessel in the Mouth of the
River St. Charles ...	309
Court Costume of a Japanese Noble ...	316
Japanese Country People ...	317
Japanese Gentleman's House ...	320
Ditto, Another View ...	320
Japanese Horsemen ...	429
Japanese Instruments ...	433
Autographic Addresses from Letters ...	310, 341
Table Moving (4 illustrations) ...	420
Karriemen of South Africa, the ...	435

NATURAL HISTORY.

	PAGE
African Water Fowl
The Peacock ...	40
Great Chimpanzee (Trogodytes gorilla) ...	124
Alaja, and Cobra di Capello ...	184
Indian Statuette of the Cobra ...	166
Cobra di Capello, from Nature ...	166
Animals peculiar to the Valley of the Nile ...	209
Group of Humming Birds ...	249
Crested Toucan and Spotted Martin
Mandrill, or Ribbed-faced Baboon
The Leucoryx Antelope (Coryx Leucoryx)

PORTRAITS.

	PAGE
Lord Dudley Stuart
Sir Joshua Reynolds
William Dargan
Lord William Russell
William Harvey
John Locke
Archbishop of Spalatro, by Tintoretto ...	81
Right Hon. W. Gladstone, M.P. ...	105
Franklin Pierce, Pres. of the United States ...	121
John Pym ...	133
Sir Joseph Banks ...	159
Mein-ning, the Chinese Emperor ...	160
John Bunyan, his Birth-place, Tomb, &c. ...	163
Joseph Addison ...	201
Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk ...	248
Jacob Jordaens ...	257
Jean Jacques Pradier ...	281
Henry Ward Beecher ...	297
David Teniers the Younger ...	337
Benjamin Franklin, his Residence, &c. ...	*345
Pierre Simon Laplace ...	369
William Fairbairn, of Manchester ...	425

SCIENTIFIC INVENTIONS, DISCOVERIES, AND MANUFACTURES.

	PAGE
McCobbell's Patent Express Engine ...	5
The City Saw Mills (17 engravings) ...	45—50
Early Pneumatic Experiments (13 En- ...	125—130
gravings) ...	125—130
Copperplate Printing and Engraving
(8 engravings) ...	163—173
Mechanical Plan of Black's Patent
Folding Machine ...	179
Isomeric View of ditto ...	170
Brooks's Self-registering Deadline-meter,
and Blier's Magnetometer ...	205, 208, 207
Telegraph in America (4 engravings) ...	231
The Act of Turning (26 engravings) ...	271—314

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
Aeronaut, the, by Adelbert Stifter ...	14	Formation of Æther ...	279	Photographic, Self-registering and Magnetic Apparatus
Adelbert Stifter, Tale by ...	14	Franklin, Benjamin ...	*345	Physiological Rules
Addison, Joseph ...	201	Franklin Pierce, President of the United States ...	121	Pierre Simon Laplace
Adventure in the Clouds, an ...	250	Fruit-piece, a, by Lance ...	428	Pneumatic Experiments, Early
African Waterfowl (<i>Balaciceps Rex</i>) ...	27	General Postoffice, the ...	*337	Popular Errors, Prejudices, and Superstitions ...	282
American Antiquities in the Louvre ...	59	Geranium—the Geranium ...	280	Porte St. Denis
Ancient Mitre and Chasuble ...	367	Giacomo Robusti, il Tintoretto ...	83	Post-office, the General, described
Ancient Shield ...	376	Giant's Causeway, the ...	356	Pradier, Jean Jacques
Apparatus, Photographic-Meteorological ...	204	Gluck, the Musician ...	448	Prado, the
Arab Art ...	37	Gladstone, the Right Hon. W. E. ...	102	Prince Arthur's Shrine in Worcester Cathedral
Art and Artists, a Gossip about ...	267	Gold, the Beauty of ...	155	Proverbs, Illustrations of Italian
Art and Artists, Modern ...	215	Goods Train, the ...	190	Pym, John
Art Education ...	87	Gossip about Arts and Artists, a ...	269	Queen Elizabeth's Entry into Kenilworth Castle
Art Industry ...	304, 331	Grotto of St. Paul at Malta ...	29	Railway Refreshment Room, the
Aurantiaceæ—the Orange Tribe ...	238	Haja, the, and Cabra di Capello ...	163	Remarkable Trees
Australia, Diary of a Voyage to ...	110	Hartz Mountains, Spectre of the Broken Harvey, William ...	57	Reminiscences of a Genius
Australian Diggings, the ...	*349	Heart and Soul—a Poem ...	109	Return of the Herds
Austrian Madman, the ...	22	Herald, the New York ...	84	Reynolds, Sir Joshua
Banks, Sir Joseph ...	153	Hope ...	131	Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M. P.
Beecher, Henry Ward ...	297	Hope on—a Poem ...	367	Rosaceæ—the Rose Tribe
Billingsgate, a Morning ...	10	Howard, Thomas, Duke of Norfolk ...	247	Roumel, Falls of the, in Algiers
Birth-place of the Duke of Wellington ...	284	How to win a Noble Name—a Poem ...	10	Russell, Lord William
Black's Patent Folding Machine ...	178	Humming Birds, Mr. Gould's Collection of ...	249	Rubens
Brimham Rocks, the, in Yorkshire ...	192	Illicenæ—the Holly Tribe ...	292	Russian Carriages
British Exodus, Groups from ...	94	Illustration of Italian Proverbs ...	176	Scenes in a Swiss Village
Bunyan John ...	161	Industrial Art in England ...	87	School of Life, the, a Tale, by Anna Mary Howitt
Canada, Jacques Cartier in ...	307	Incident in the Life of an Artist, an ...	214	Chapter I.
Carriages, Russian ...	92	Intellect and Imagination ...	278	Chapter II.
Cascade of the Rock, the ...	427	Ireland, Scenes in ...	226, 262	Chapter III.
Cathedral of Notre Dame, Paris ...	99	Irish Exhibition, William Dargan and the ...	24	Chapter IV.
Cathedral, St. Paul's ...	10	Irish Industrial Exhibition ...	389, 433	Chapter V.
Ceret, the Town and Bridge of ...	219	Isaac Van Ostade ...	413	School of Design at Somerset-house
Chains, Amulets, and Necklaces ...	174	Ile of St. Thomas, the ...	109	Schools of Painting
Chamouni, the Valley of ...	197	Jacques Cartier in Canada ...	307	Shrine of Prince Arthur
Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Hon. W. E. Gladstone ...	102	JAPANESE EMPIRE—	...	Silk and Silk Weavers
Chemistry of Art, Curiosities of the ...	234	Chapter I.—History of Japan ...	316	Sketches of Spanish America
Chimpanzee, the ...	122	Chapter II.—Military Peculiarities ...	429	Skull—a Poem
Chinese Emperor, Mien-ning, the ...	159	Jasminaceæ—the Jasmin Tribe ...	158	St. Denis, the Porte
Christopher Columbus ...	273	Jean Jacques Pradier ...	280	St. Paul's Cathedral
City Saw-Mills, a Day at ...	44	Kenilworth Castle, Entrance of Queen Elizabeth into, ...	353	St. Paul's—the Citation of Wycliffe to, by the Prelates
Clouds, an Adventure in the ...	250	Killarney, the Lakes of ...	327	St. Peter's Church at Louvain
Cluny, the Museum of ...	11	King's Cross Terminus, the ...	146	Soldier, the Swiss
Columbus, Christopher ...	273	King of Oude's Dinner Party ...	*842	St. Paul, Grotto of, at Malta
Cobra di Capello, the, and Haja ...	163	Laplace, the Geometrist ...	869	St. Thomas, Isle of
Copper-plate Printing and Engraving ...	168	Legend of St. Kevin, the ...	235	Stone, Oxfordshire Legend in
Country Squire, the—a Fable ...	291	Leviathan, Hobbes' ...	255	Story of the Seven Beans
Court Fools ...	375	Lichen Family, the ...	286	Stowe, Mrs., at Home
Cyrus, the Tomb of ...	65	Lieberach, the Young Baron of ...	54	Stuart, Lord Dudley
Dargan Castle ...	284	Life and Works of Jacob Jordaens ...	257	Table Moving
Day at the City Saw-Mills, a ...	44	Locke, John ...	73	Telegraph in America, the
DEAD BRIDAL, a Venetian Tale, by Jonathan Ficke Slingsby, ...	65	London Fires and Firemen ...	30	The Dying Post
Chapter I. ...	136	Louvain, St. Peter's Church at ...	71	The Starry Home—a Poem
Chapter II. ...	142	Louvre, American Antiquities in the ...	59	Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk
Chapter III. ...	193	Machine, Black's Patent Folding ...	178	Trees, Remarkable
Chapter IV. ...	299	Malvalceæ—the Mallow Tribe ...	236	Toucan, the
Chapter V. ...	386	Mandrill, or Ribbed-faced Baboon ...	305	Town and Bridge of Ceret, the
Chapter VI. ...	409	Meissen on the Elbe ...	118	Town Clock of the Palais de Justice
Chapter VII. ...	417	Mona Lisa ...	169	Troglodytes Gorilla—the Chimpanzee
Debate of the Faculties ...	151	Monkeys ...	305	Turning, the Art of
Deceived—a Poem ...	222	Mont Blanc ...	365	Two Dreams, the
Diary of a Journey to the Diggings ...	110	Moses and their Allies ...	181, 286	Villaceæ—the Vine Tribe
Diary of a Voyage to Australia ...	222	Mount Amanus ...	304	Village Doctor, the
Diggings, the Australian ...	*349	Mr. Gould's Humming Birds ...	249	Vision of a Godless World, the
Diggings, Diary of a Journey to ...	361	Mrs. Stowe at Home ...	38	Visit to the General Post-office
Donkey Race, the ...	125	Musicians of Augsburg, the ...	362	Voices of the Humble—a Poem
Early Pneumatic Experiments ...	427	Necklaces, Chains, and Amulets ...	174	Voyage to Australia, Diary of a
Earthly Honours—a Sonnet ...	118	New York Herald, the ...	34	War—a Poem
Elbe, Meissen on the ...	168	Nile, Wild Animals peculiar to the ...	209	Wild Animals peculiar to the Nile
Engraving and Printing, Copper-plate ...	353	Notre Dame, Cathedral of ...	99	William Dargan and the Irish Exhibition
Entrance of Queen Elizabeth into Kenilworth Castle ...	149	Ornamentation ...	331	William Fairbairn
Episode in the Peninsular War ...	239	Oxfordshire Legend in Stone ...	189	Worcester Cathedral, Shrine of Prince Arthur in
Epitaphs ...	445	Painter of Pisa, the ...	330, 330	WORKS OF THE GREAT MASTERS—	...
Erdemkane, the; or Earthmen ...	156	Palissy the Potter ...	62	Jacob Jordaens
Eriocæ—the Heath Tribe ...	389	Pandanus, the ...	3	Rubens
Exhibition, Irish Industrial ...	125	Palais de Justice, Clock of the ...	294	David Teniers the Younger
Experiments, Early Pneumatic ...	5*	Papaveraceæ—the Poppy Tribe ...	293	Jean Baptiste Greuze
Express Train, the ...	69	Paris Underground ...	177	Yorkshire, the Brimham Rocks in
Faded and Gone—a Poem ...	131	Parliament, the Houses of ...	51	Young Baron of Liebrach, the
Fairies in New Ross, the ...	811	Passifloraceæ—the Passion Flower ...	159		
Falls of the Roumel, near Constantia ...	79, 156, 226, 293	Peacocks ...	38		
Families of Plants ...	152	Peep, a, at Country Cousins, and How it ended ...	361, 378, 418, 447		
Farmer's Nature, the ...	329	Peninsular War, Episode in the ...	149		



WILLIAM III. ENTERING EXETER.

THE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF ART.

WILLIAM III. ENTERING EXETER.

WHEN James II. had disgusted every one in England, even the Tory party, by his undisguised tyranny, and his attempts to force Roman Catholicism upon the English people as the established religion of the state; and when Monmouth's failure had convinced all the malcontents that there was little to be expected from an insurrection of peasants and of country gentlemen, the Whig party began to look abroad for help and deliverance. There was a great struggle going on at this time on the continent of Europe. Louis XIV. was threatening to overwhelm all the smaller states, urged on by the double motive of extending French power and influence, and extinguishing Protestantism and freedom of thought. For this latter reason his enmity was especially directed against Holland, which was now the stronghold of the reformed doctrines, and was powerful from its great wealth and maritime resources; and for this reason, also, he was encouraging and supporting with all his might the arbitrary proceedings of James in England. Everything, in truth, at that time wore a threatening aspect. Never were the liberties of England in so great danger. A few more steps in advance, and the English parliament would become a thing of memory and tradition, and the will of the sovereign the only law of the state. The suspicions of imposture in the reported birth of a prince had destroyed all the hopes of an heir to the throne who might reverse his father's policy. In this great crisis the eyes of all the friends of freedom were turned to William, Prince of Orange and Nassau.

"He was now," says Macaulay in his eloquent description of him, "in his thirty-seventh year. But both in body and in mind he was older than other men of the same age. Indeed, it might be said that he had never been young. His external appearance is almost as well known to us as to his own captains and counsellors. Sculptors, painters, and medallists, exerted their utmost skill in the work of transmitting his features to posterity, and his features were such as no artist could fail to seize, and such as once seen could never be forgotten. His name at once calls up before us a slender and feeble frame, a lofty and ample forehead, a nose curved like the beak of an eagle, an eye rivaling that of an eagle in brightness and keenness, a thoughtful, and somewhat sullen brow, a firm and somewhat peevish mouth, a cheek pale, thin, and deeply furrowed by sickness and by care. That pensile, severe, and autumn aspect could scarcely have belonged to a happy or good-humoured man; but it indicates in a man whose capacity equal to the most arduous fortitude not to be shaken by reverses or dangers."

His movements of his ambition were most carefully guarded, and every word uttered by him was noted. He was the only adviser in whose judgment could be placed. He was scarcely fifteen years old when all the domestics who were attached to his interest, or who enjoyed any share of his confidence, were removed from under his roof by the jealous government. He remonstrated with energy beyond his years, but in vain. Vigilant observers saw the tears more than once rise in the eyes of the young state prisoner. His health, naturally delicate, sank for a time under the emotions which his desolate situation had produced. Such situations bewilder and unnerve the weak, but call forth all the strength of the strong. Surrounded by spies in which

an ordinary youth would have perished, William learned to tread at once warily and firmly. Long before he reached manhood he knew how to keep secrets, how to baffle curiosity by dry and guarded answers, how to conceal all passions under the same show of grave tranquillity. Meanwhile he made little proficiency in fashionable or literary accomplishments. The manners of the Dutch nobility of that age wanted the grace which was found in the highest perfection among the gentlemen of France, and which, in an inferior degree, embellished the Court of England; and his manners were altogether Dutch. Even his countrymen thought him blunt. To foreigners he often seemed churlish. In his intercourse with the world in general he appeared ignorant or negligent of those arts which double the value of a favour and take away the sting of a refusal. He was little interested in letters or science. The discoveries of Newton and Leibnitz, the poems of Dryden and Boileau, were unknown to him. Dramatic performances tired him; and he was glad to turn away from the stage and to talk about public affairs, while Orestes was raving, or while Tartuffe was pressing Elvira's hand. He had indeed some talent for sarcasm, and not seldom employed, quite unconsciously, a natural rhetoric, quaint, indeed, but vigorous and original. He did not, however, in the least affect the character of a wit or of an orator. His attention had been confined to those studies which form strenuous and sagacious men of business. From a child he listened with interest when high questions of alliance, finance, and war were discussed. Of geometry he learned as much as was necessary for the construction of a ravelin or a hornwork. Of languages, by the help of a memory singularly powerful, he learned as much as was necessary to enable him to comprehend and answer without assistance everything that was said to him, and every letter which he received. The Dutch was his own tongue. He understood Latin, Italian, and Spanish. He spoke and wrote French, English and German, inelegantly, it is true, and inexactly, but fluently and intelligibly. No qualification could be more important to a man whose life was to be passed in organizing great alliances and in commanding armies assembled from different and varied countries."

He had been born in troublous times, with great expectations, and many enemies. The common people loved his house, but the republican oligarchy hated it. Fatherless and motherless from his earliest childhood, the nobles surrounded him with spies. He became reserved and suspicious, and prematurely old, and from constant practice in the art of self-control became perfect master of his passions. When he grew up to man's estate, the humbling of France became the darling passion of his life. For this he toiled in sickness and anxiety; for this he risked his life in the thickest of fiercest battles; for this he wore down by military fatigues a constitution naturally feeble; and for this he was ready to undertake any enterprise, however desperate it might seem, but only after weighing it well, and taking counsel of himself. Therefore, when proposals were made to him by the Whigs for the invasion of England, in 1688, they were coldly received, and for the time disregarded. He perceived that matters had not yet reached extremities in England, the church had not yet repented enough wrongs and injustices to give up her favourite doctrines of

Stuarts. But when these proposals were repeated in 1687, he began to take them into serious consideration, and to make preparations for acting upon them. Arms were bought secretly in various parts of Germany, ostensibly for the King of Sweden and some of the German Princes. But the French ambassador took the alarm, and transmitted reports of all he had heard and seen to his master, who duly made them known to James. The steps which this unfortunate monarch took in consequence only made matters worse. He determined to recruit the army with Irish, and the army, as well as all the English people generally, hated the Irish as cordially as the people of South Carolina now hate negroes. Many of the officers threw up their commissions and refused any longer to serve; the whole kingdom was in a blaze. James was in great perplexity, but could not for a long time persuade himself that the Prince of Orange entertained any design against England. The King of France offered him assistance to the extent of forty thousand men, whom he volunteered to land at Portsmouth, but he feared, and with reason, that once in England, it would not be easy to get rid of them.

At last the great Whig leaders signed an address to the Prince of Orange, formally inviting him to make a descent upon England, and pledging themselves to support him. William had now a fleet of fifty sail, most of them third or fourth rates, and commanded by Dutch officers, then the most skillful seamen in the world. There was also a fleet of transports, hired for carrying over the army, consisting of five vessels. There were four thousand horses and dragoons in pay; horses for artillery, baggage, and volunteers, numbered seven thousand, and here were arms for twenty thousand men.

Then came the prince's declaration, justifying the step he was about to take—the invasion of his father-in-law's kingdom. It set forth at great length all the violations of the laws of England of which James had been guilty, and then all the remedies which had been vainly tried. Petitioning had been made a crime; endeavours had been made to pack the parliament; the writs were addressed to officers not legally qualified to carry them into effect; and the suppositious birth of an heir had been palmed off upon the nation. Seeing, therefore, no other way of remedying these great and trying evils, William declared that he felt himself bound, for his wife's sake, to accept the invitation of divers men of all ranks in England, and in particular of many of the lords spiritual and temporal, to govern England, and see that a parliament was lawfully chosen, and might deliberate freely, with which he pledged himself to concur in all things that might tend to the peace and happiness of the nation; he promised that he would preserve the church and the established religion, grant liberty of conscience to all, and would refer the question of the Queen's delivery to parliament. In addition to this, he published a proclamation, calling upon the soldiers and sailors to join him in defence of their religion and liberties.

Now came a variety of advices from England. Many thought that he ought to bring a large fleet, but that the army should not exceed six or seven thousand men, as the expedition would not then be so likely to offend the people's prejudices by having the appearance of an invasion; and they thought he should land somewhere in the north, below Hull or in Burlington Bay, as Yorkshire abounded in horses, and the gentry were devoted to the cause, the country plentiful, and the roads good until within fifty miles of London. But all this was lost on William. He would not trust himself in such an enterprise with an army which could not give battle to the king's troops, even if they all remained faithful; and the naval officers said that it would be madness to attempt a landing on the north coast in wintry weather. The English Channel was therefore determined upon. The States-General of Holland voted William a loan of four millions of guilders.

In the beginning of October, the troops were embarked, and on the nineteenth the Prince himself went on board, and they set sail. But the next day a great storm arose in the north-

west, and a great storm arose, and for two days the fleet had to contend against its fury, but on the third was forced to put back into port completely baffled, and many of the vessels so shattered that they sunk in the harbour. In the interval which was occupied in settling, prayers for the success of the expedition were offered up in all the churches, at which the Princess Mary assisted with great devotion.

When James heard of all this, he could no longer conceal his fears. He sent for the bishops, and implored their aid. They recommended him to abandon his arbitrary power against the church and the universities; and when they were required to prepare a prayer for the present occasion, they so worded that those who wished well to the Prince of Orange might join in it; and many of the clergy prayed for an east wind, calling it "the Protestant wind." And, doubtless, not trusting much in the efficacy of the bishop's supplications, all the forces in Scotland were ordered into England, and many regiments also were brought over from Ireland. The writs for a parliament were made ready, the charters which had been taken away from the various corporations were ordered to be restored again, and directions were given to the Bishop of Winchester to put the president of Magdalen College again in possession. The wind changed, the Prince's fleet was blown back, and then the order was revoked; thus showing the hypocrisy of the court.

In the meantime the Dutch fleet lay at Helvoet Sluys, as for three weeks it continued to blow a violent gale, which on the twenty-sixth of October reached such a pitch, that many gave the whole design up for lost. The Prince, however, maintained his usual calmness and tranquillity. On the twenty-eighth the wind moderated, and on the first of November the expedition again sailed with the evening tide. On the fourth, after many delays, it arrived off Torbay, and at noon on that day Lord E. Russell came on board with a pilot. In four hours after the Prince and Marshal Schomberg landed, to reconnoitre the country.

Bishop Burnet, who had accompanied the expedition, immediately on landing hastened to congratulate the prince. What followed may best be given in his own words: "As soon as I was landed, I made what haste I could to the place where the Prince was, who took me heartily by the hand, and asked if I did not now believe in predestination. I told him I would never forget the providence of God, which had appeared so signally on this occasion. He was cheerfuller than ordinary."

During the first few days, the troops that had been disembarked suffered greatly from want of shelter. The weather was wet; the baggage was still on board the ships; and the Prince himself had no better accommodation than could be afforded by a hut, from the top of which his banner waved. At last, the prospect cleared, and the horses and everything else were landed without difficulty.

On Tuesday, the 6th of November, William's army began to advance into the country. At Newton Abbot his declaration was solemnly read to the people, and during the two following days he took up his quarters at Ford, the seat of the ancient family of Courtenay. Exeter surrendered at the first summons, and on the 9th William made his entry in great pomp. Macaulay has described the scene which followed with all that brilliancy of colouring and picturesqueness of grouping which has given to many of his essays as well as to his history the charm of a romance. In his words we shall, therefore, depict the ceremonial.

"Such a sight had never been seen in Devonshire. Many went forth half a day's journey to meet the champion of their religion. All the neighbouring villages poured forth their inhabitants. A great crowd, consisting chiefly of young peasants, brandishing their weapons, had assembled on the top of Holdron Hill, whence the army marched from Chudleigh. They descried the high valley of the Exe, and the two massive towers rising from the cloud of smoke which overhung the capital of the west. The road all down the long descent, and through the plain to the banks of the river, was lined, mile after mile, with spectators. From the West-gate to the Cathedral-steeple, the bells rang and shouting on each side were

as reminded London of the crowds on the Lord Mayor's-day. The houses were gaily decorated; doors, windows, balconies, and roofs were thronged with gazers. An eye accustomed to the pomp of war would have found much to criticize in the spectacle. For several toilsome marches in the rain, through roads where one who travelled on foot sank, at every step, up to the ankles in clay, had not improved the appearance either of the men or of their accoutrements. But the people of Devonshire, altogether unused to the splendour of well-ordered camps, were overwhelmed with delight and awe. Descriptions of the martial array were abundant all over the kingdom. They contained much that was well fitted to gratify the vulgar appetites for the marvellous; for the Dutch army, composed of men who had been born in various climates, and had served under various standards, presented an aspect at once grotesque, gorgeous, and terrible to the islanders, who had in general a very indistinct notion of foreign countries. First rode Macclesfield, at the head of two hundred gentlemen, capably of English blood, glittering in helmets and cuirasses, and mounted on Flemish war-horses. Each was attended by a negro, brought from the sugar plantations on the coast of Guinea. The citizens of Exeter, who had never seen so many specimens of the African race, gazed with wonder on the black faces, set off by embroidered turbans and white kaftans. Then with drawn broadswords came a squadron of Swedish horsemen in black armour and fur cloaks. They were regarded with strange interest; for it was rumoured that they were natives of a land where the ocean was frozen, and where the night lasted through half the year, and that they themselves had slain the huge bears whose skins they wore. Next, surrounded by a goodly company of gentlemen and pages, was borne aloft the prince's banner. On its broad folds, the crowds which covered the roofs and filled the windows read with delight that memorable inscription, 'The Protestant Religion and the Liberties of England.' But the acclamations redoubled when, attended by forty running footmen, the Prince himself appeared, armed on back and breast, wearing a white plume, and mounted on a white charger. With how martial an air he curbed his horse, how thoughtful and commanding was the expression of his ample forehead and falcon eye, may still be seen in the canvas of Kneller. Once those grave features relaxed into a smile. It was when an ancient woman, perhaps one of

the zealous Puritans who, through twenty-eight years of persecution, had waited with firm faith for the consolation of Israel—perhaps the mother of some rebel who had perished in the carnage of Sedgemoor, or in the more fearful carnage of the Bloody Circuit—broke from the crowd, rushed through the drawn swords and curvetting horses, touched the hand of the deliverer, and cried out that now she was happy."

These are few Englishmen who are not acquainted with the events of the year following this triumphal entry, the precipitate flight of the last of the Stuarts, the battles of the Boyne, and of Aughrim, the sieges of Derry and Limerick, and the final overthrow of all the hopes of the dethroned monarch, the final settlement of the rights of the subject and the duties of the crown by the Bill of Rights, and the establishment of the Protestant religion in England beyond all doubt or dispute. These events have hardly yet become matters of history. In our own age blood has flowed in the old quarrel of the Revolution. Orange is still a colour which rouses one portion of our fellow-countrymen to fury, as red is considered offensive by a bull. The memory of the outlawed remnants of James's army is still held in reverence by the Irish peasant, who listens with bated breath to the idle stories of the exploits of the "Tories" and "Rapparees." To this day, when the Protestant farmers meet at fairs, and assemble in the public houses to be merry, if one rises to propose the traditional toast of the "Glorious, pious, and immortal memory of the great and good King William," he cautiously inquires, "Whether there is a hole in the house?" The playing of a tune celebrating William's triumphs is still sufficient to rouse a village into madness. It is not much more than one hundred years ago since the last of the royal house of Stuart made a final effort to recover the throne of his ancestors, and not more than eighty years since, in remote parts of England, old men might be found who passed their glasses across the water-jug before drinking the king's health.

But all this is now vanishing before the march of education; the extinction of the race of the Stuarts, has caused the extinction of Jacobinism,—and the growth of knowledge and of Christian charity is causing the "Boyne Water" to fall harmless on "Croppy" ears. In a few years more there will not be a man in the kingdom who will see in the Revolution of 1689 aught else than the triumph of civil and religious liberty.

* Is there a Roman Catholic in the room?

THE PANDANUS.

The first navigators of the strange rivers of Africa, that little known quarter of the world, after having passed the wide-spreading deserts of the Sahara, were struck with admiration at the sudden change which presented itself in the aspect of nature. Vegetation, the most rich and prolific, succeeded, without any gradual change, to the most complete aridity, and the tall, muscular figures of the children of Ham replaced the huge and small stature of the nomadic Arabian tribes.

Never in the whole course of his experience had Cadamosto the Venetian voyager, seen anything to compare to this transition. He had sailed in the eastern seas of Europe, seeking honour and renown on the ocean wave. Many strange scenes had he witnessed, and looked on nature in her various forms, but nothing could equal the scenery of Senegambia. "The ground," says he, "is here flat, and covered with fine tall trees, which are always green, by new leaves coming forth as the old decay and fall. Never saw I in my own country such strange developments of nature."

Twenty-six years after the voyage of the Venetian, the Portuguese discovered, more to the south, and at some small distance from Guinea, four islands which undoubtedly owed their peculiar vegetation to a volcanic soil.

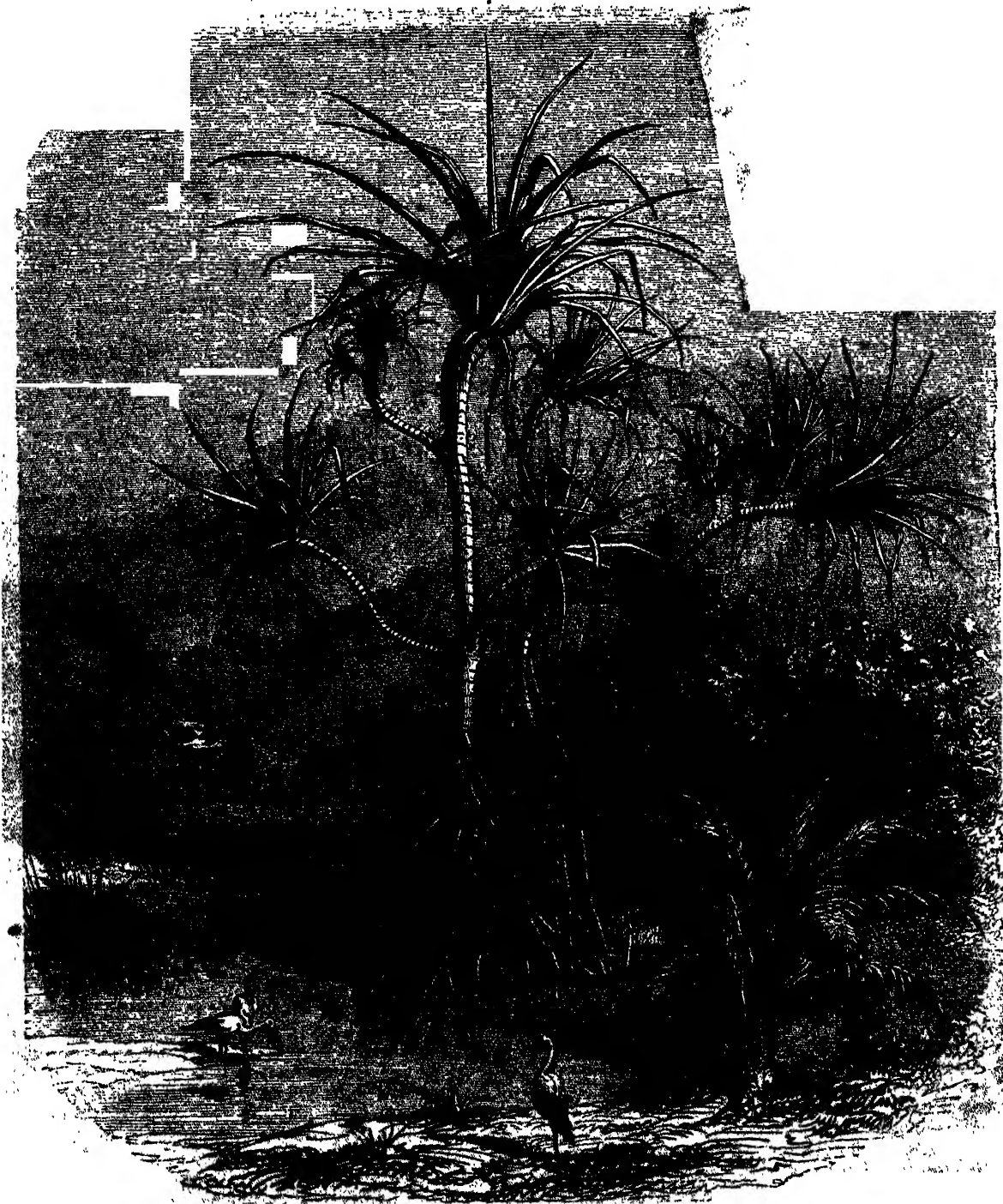
San Paulo, the most considerable of these islands, received its name from a Portuguese gentleman, who, struck with admiration at the magnificent aspect of the wooded scenery, called it *Paradiso*, the beautiful. In Prince's Island, not far

distant, is found the remarkable specimen of the pandanus tree which our engraving represents. The island is volcanic. Subterranean fires have raised thereon gigantic piles, summit on summit, rock on rock, whose topmost heights are crowned with snow. The soil, rendered peculiarly rich by the decomposition of the lava, produces without cessation the most marvellous plants. The trees are far more splendid than any which upraise themselves beneath a tropical sun. The colours are remarkable for their variety and beauty, and on these innumerable tints of verdure the sunshine of noonday falls like a flood of gold. Everywhere, stretching away in endless vistas, are the most delightful prospects that the eye ever beheld. The air is remarkably hot; and pleasant it is to rest beneath the cool refreshing shadow of one of the tall trees that stretch their wide leaves like a tent above; pleasant to regard the scene when a thousand-thousand unnamed flowers spring upward from the fertile surface of the earth, and spread abroad their sweet perfume. So beautiful, especially when compared with the barren sands of the desert, that it almost seems a land of enchantment, a land more beautiful than a Grecian's dream.

A cascade descends from the steep summit of the island, falling like a sheet of molten silver, from rock to rock, from crag to crag, with a wild and awful music, and, casting back the bright rays of the sun, forcing its way amid the mountain passes. In one of the gorges, where the water for a moment

rests in a limpid basin, the pandanus is found. Perhaps the most remarkable characteristic of the tree is its stem or trunk, which at the highest points is stout and strong, but as it descends it gradually lessens, and becomes diminutive, and when it touches the water is but a very slight and tender root. The

a monstrous reptile. Its odd branches, stretching abroad and in a cluster of long narrow leaves, and present a remarkably novel effect. The strange tree, with their strange ringed stunked branches, and still stranger coronets of leaves, arise from the water in which they are purified, and reflected.



THE PANDANUS DISCOVERED IN PRINCE'S ISLAND.

stem is ring-streaked, and each year new fibres are put forth, which, turning at a right angle, curve downwards, and are plunged into the bed of the river. These fibres are of considerable size, and aid the support of the tree by taking root under the water. At a short distance the tree has the appearance of

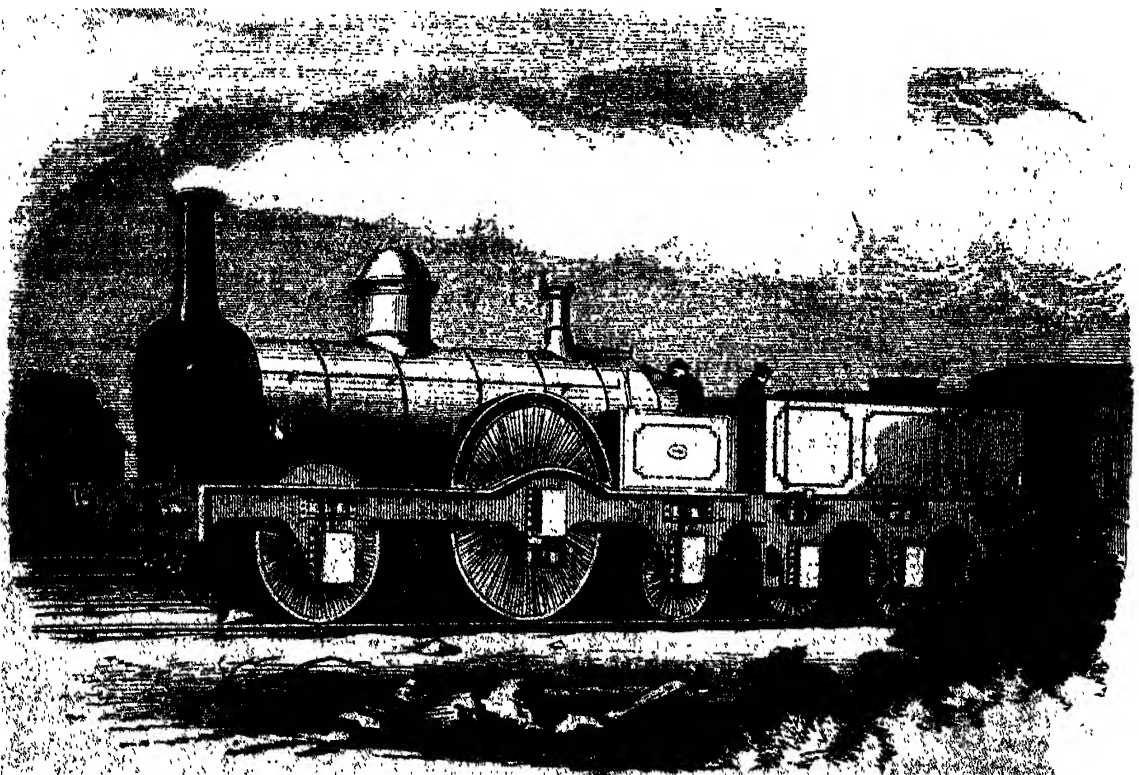
its surface, become every way interesting. There is an solitude which adds to the charm of the picture—a solitude allured alone by the strange cry of the wild resting on the branches of the pandanus, or perched on neighbouring rocks.

THE EXPRESS TRAIN.

If the reader will pay a visit to the Euston-station, in London, at about nine o'clock, A.M., he will find that preparations are being made for the departure of one of the expresses on this railway. The train leaves at 9.15, and is destined for Birmingham, Crewe, Chester, Holyhead, Liverpool, and Edinburgh, and the passengers, attended by the porters and other officers of the company, are collecting at the station. The carriages which are to form the train are standing beside the curved platform, which seems to be indefinitely long, while the sun's warm rays gleam from above through the immense area of plate-glass which forms the roof, and light up the web of interlaced rods, bars, and bolts, by which the whole is supported. Porters bustle about with luggage of all kinds and shapes on their shoulders, or trundle little mountains of baggage to the vans in wicker-work trucks, which have been

in which the London and North-Western Company is behind several of its contemporaries; but had it been otherwise, there is one sentiment which would be prevalent in the passengers' minds to their journey's end. It refers to the strong sensation which they experience of sitting on uncommonly hard seats. "Indeed, the theory has been fully discussed," says the author of "Our Iron Roads," "and is popularly regarded as in the highest degree plausible, that the directors of railways sent deputations of skilled carpenters all over the world to obtain the hardest wood which can be found, with which to make second-class seats. The result of their investigations have been most satisfactory to the companies; the only difficulty arising from a vague misgiving that perhaps the 'seconds' may flee to the third-class, which cannot be worse."

While witnessing the operation of loading a train at a prin-



M'CONNELL'S PATENT EXPRESS ENGINE.

described as having the appearance of something between a clothes-basket and a badly constructed cradle.

The train is now rapidly filling, and the luggage is deposited in or upon the carriage. About gentlemen supply themselves with the daily newspapers from the "light-footed Mercuries" who vend them, the assistants of the agent at the book-stall. Other travellers, who are "used to this sort of thing," come in just as the first bell rings, and neither waste time by having to loiter on the platform till the train starts, nor get out of temper with themselves and all the world by being too late. Mild jokes are made available to keep up the spirits of friends about to part, about "sitting with one's back to the horses," or "a feed of coke" for the engine; and the good tempered bearers smile blandly as if they had never heard such wit before, though, according to nature, some made by observation of human nature at railway stations, it is probable that there are some scores expended before each train leaves the platform.

There are no second-class carriages

at the principal terminus, the thought will scarcely fail to cross the mind of the observer, how various must be the feelings with which the embarkation is effected by the different passengers; how diverse the tones with which the words "good bye" are uttered by tongue and by heart. Sir Francis Head mentions an illustration in point of the emotions which have been awakened at the moment of departure from this platform, to which we may refer. He was seated in the furthest corner of a carriage, when a stranger from Brighton suddenly observed to his next neighbour in the same compartment "There must surely be something very remarkable in that scene!" The incident to which reference was made was this. A young man of about twenty-two was standing opposite to a first-class carriage, just as the driver's whistle shrilly announced the immediate departure of the train. On this signal, without any intention of so much as looking round, he stepped backwards on a luggage truck, which happened to be just behind him. Two elderly ladies, who were sitting in the carriage, set to work, first of all most vigorously to

his hands, a process about as successful as if they had rubbed the soles of his boots; then they untied his neckcloth, but their affectionate kindness was of no avail. The train was probably separating him from something, or from some one, and the emotions it excited were too much for his weak frame. What corresponding sensibilities may have been aroused within the bosom of any one in the train, we have no power to divine!

This incident may suffice to suggest how various may be the shades of feeling awakened within those who are taken and those left on the departure of a train. It has been well remarked, that "from the murderer flying from the terrors of justice, down to the poor broken-hearted debtor absconding from his misfortunes; from our careworn Prime Minister, down to the most indolent member of either House of Parliament, each simultaneously escaping after a long protracted session; from people of all classes going from or to laborious occupation, down to the school-boy reluctantly returning to, or joyfully leaving, his school; from our Governor-General proceeding to embark for India, down to the poor emigrant about to sail from the same port to Australia, in various classes and conditions of men—the railway-whistle, however unheeded by the multitude, must oftentimes have excited a variety of feelings, which it would be utterly impossible to describe."

At last the arrangements are completed, the signals of "all right" are exchanged between the guards, the manager, and the driver, the whistle sounds shrilly on the car, the last adieus are uttered, and the whole fabric is in motion, and rapidly increasing its speed, it vanishes out of sight between the high walls of the cutting.

Well, the express is at length at full speed, and this opportunity may be rendered available for giving some idea of what is involved in order to attain the enormous speed of locomotion which is reached.

Suppose a train to move at seventy miles an hour—a speed not unfrequent in the expresses on the Great Western Railway—this is, in round numbers, 105 feet per second; that is to say, the passenger is carried over thirty-five yards in the space of time between two ticks of a common clock. If two trains pass one another at such a speed the relative velocity is double that, or seventy yards per second; and if one of the trains were seventy yards long, it would flash by in a single second.

If the movements of the machinery thus brought into action be tested, it will be found that some curious facts are brought to light. In making this inquiry, Dr. Lardner—of whose valuable researches on this point we here avail ourselves—begins with the supposition that the driving wheels of the engine are about seven feet in diameter, and, consequently, that they measure a little more than twenty-one feet, or seven yards, in circumference. These wheels would revolve five times in running over thirty-five yards of the rails; and as this space is, on the supposition made, passed over in one second, these driving wheels must at such a speed revolve five times a second. Now, to produce one revolution of the driving wheels, each piston must once move backwards and forwards in the cylinder, and its motion, therefore, must divide a second into ten equal parts. On arriving at the end of the cylinder a valve must be shifted so as to admit fresh steam on one side the piston, and that it may be withdrawn on the other; and this valve must move so rapidly as to form but a small fraction of the entire stroke of the piston.

But there are two cylinders, and the mechanism is so regulated that the discharge from the one is intermediate between two successive discharges from the other. There are, therefore, twenty discharges of steam per second, at equal intervals; and thus these twenty puffs divide a second into twenty equal parts, each puff being the twentieth of a second between it and that which precedes and follows it. In these blasts of steam which produce that coughing noise heard when a locomotive engine is moving slowly.

Now, according to the experiments of Dr. Hutton, it appears that the flight of a cannon ball is at about five miles a minute, or three hundred miles an hour; in other words, that a train

moving at seventy-five miles an hour has a velocity only four times less than that of a cannon ball. The heavy cannons employed in the broadside of a line-of-battle ship are almost all thirty-two pounders, and we may form some idea of the destruction which these masses of iron occasion when they are thrown with all their tremendous momentum against any object. But when we remember that a railway train weighs, not thirty-two pounds, but, perhaps, seventy-five tons, and that the speed of a train at seventy-five miles an hour is but a fourth less than that of a cannon ball, we have this surprising conclusion presented to us, that, when we take our seat amidst the soft cushions of such a train, we are embarking in an agent which will soon have a momentum equal to that of a cannon ball flying through the air, of some eighteen tons weight. To sit astride of a bomb-shell—setting apart the danger of explosion, and the inconvenience of exposure to the air—is nothing, in contrast with the tremendous power with which we are associated in our journeyings over the land in such a vehicle as an express train on the Great Western Railway.

Of the total number of engines employed upon the English lines an estimate may be formed from the fact, that to stock a line requires an average of half an engine a mile; while there were opened for traffic throughout the country on the 1st of December, 1851, 6,890 miles of railway. The actual number of engines on the 863 miles worked by the London and North-Western Railway, is 582; on the South-Western, on 244 miles, 118 engines.*

And here a few words about the carriages may not be out of place. Of the numbers of these in existence some idea may be gained from the fact, that the carrying stock of the railways of the kingdom includes no fewer than some sixty thousand vehicles, about one-tenth of which are for passengers. The value of the whole stock is estimated at £4,000,000 sterling.

The cost of constructing a first-class carriage, affording accommodation for eighteen passengers, is about £380; a second-class, to hold twenty-five, £260; and horse boxes may be built for about £150. Formerly the prices were much higher, but with the increase of experience in their erection they have been greatly improved, and the cost greatly diminished. The stock of carriages in the coaching department of the London and North-Western Railway was, on the 31st of December, 1851, as follows:—

State carriages	1
First-class mails, and composites	480
Second-class	544
Third-class	344
Travelling post-offices, and post-office tenders	25
Horse-boxes	271
Carriage-trucks	219
Guard-breaks, and parcel-vans	210
Percol-carts, trucks, &c.	43

The carriage stock of railway companies is generally of such design and construction, and kept in such a state of efficient repair, that accidents arising from their failure are very rare. The wheels and axle-boxes are the most severely tested parts of the vehicles, but if originally well made they give little trouble in their maintenance and repair. A spring sometimes breaks, and a tire occasionally falls—in which case the wheel is in danger of being thrown into pieces by the centrifugal velocity—but the instances are so rare, that they are not a source of much anxiety. Many kinds of wooden wheels have been constructed, and these are considered to possess some decided advantages over those made of iron. Special care has to be exercised in reference to all those parts of the vehicles which have been supplied by contract, and hence some companies invariably furnish certain parts of the machinery themselves, in order to avoid the possibility of defective workmanship. Where the original construction is what it ought to be, the carriages, if daily examined, may be relied on for a very long period. Thus Captain Hinch

* Our Iron Road, (See History, Construction, and Social Influence.)

inform us, that during the last four years only six wheels have failed in the very large stock of the London and North-Western Railway Company.

The heating of axles has in several instances occasioned no small annoyance and alarm to passengers, who have suddenly discovered the fact that the carriage in which they are travelling, and to which they are confined, is on fire, while the rapid motion of the train serves at once to promote combustion, and to prevent escape. Some modifications which have been made in the shape of the wheels, and more attention to their management, has greatly diminished this cause of danger; while the recent introduction of the patent axle-box, which with proper care will run many hundreds of miles without being fed, gives promise that the evil will be abated to a considerable extent, if not prevented altogether. Still, on a hot summer day, in a district where sandy ballast prevails, it is, and always will be, very difficult to keep the axles of a fast train cool.

The power of many of the engines is very great. On the broad-gauge the "Lord of the Isles," which was shown at the Great Exhibition, may be regarded as a type of a class of singularly powerful construction. It is capable of taking a passenger train of some hundred and twenty tons at an average speed of sixty miles an hour, its effective power equalling 743 horses. On the narrow-gauge there are engines of equal capacity in point of strength, but not, we opine, in speed. We understand, however, that special efforts are being made by the London and North-Western line to increase the speed of their expresses, more particularly between London and Birmingham, to which a line is now opened from the Metropolis via Oxford on the broad-gauge. To put themselves in a better position for combating with their powerful rival for the traffic on this route, they are making great efforts, by the formation of new engines, to which we shall have again to advert.

The appearance presented by the engine-driver, whose hand guides and controls the mighty energies of the steam-horse, as he thus seems to "ride upon the storm" of conflicting forces, is full of interest and almost of terror. When it is remembered that he has not merely to regulate the working of an elaborate and costly apparatus, and to make its operation as greatly powerful and as little expensive as possible; but to act with decision under exigencies which may arise at any moment, and to discover expedients amidst unexpected difficulties, his attention being roused by the consciousness that not only is valuable property and the lives of many passengers entrusted to his skill and care, but that should any inadvertency arise, his own life will be the first to be sacrificed;—while the train advances, whether mounting the earthy heights of an embankment, rushing over the seemingly frail fabric of a wooden bridge, or within the dark bosom of the mountain side, he must be keenly alive to all the duties of his post.

In alluding to the speed attained, and the fares exacted, by the different railways, a comparison will be best instituted between the Great Western and the London and North-Western Companies. The relative speed of the fastest trains between London and Bristol, and London and Birmingham, are as follows:—

Great Western Railway	41 miles per hour.
North-Western	40 " "
Difference in favour of the Great Western	1 " "

The speed of all the mixed trains between London and Plymouth, and London and Liverpool, is—

North-Western	26 miles per hour.
Great Western	25 " "

In favour of the North-Western

The average fares are—

1st class	3s. 6d.
2nd class	2s. 6d.
3rd class	1s. 6d.
4th class	1s. 0d.

A comparison of the time occupied, and the fares charged, on a journey of 246½ miles on both lines shows that there is a difference in time in favour of the North-Western of—

34 minutes by a first-class train.	
12 " " second ditto.	
8s. 1d. by a first-class.	
6s. 8d. " second ditto.	

By the ordinary trains the average speed per hour is—

North-Western	26½ miles.
Great Western	25 " "
In favour of the North-Western	1½ " "

It is, however, worthy of remark, that on the Great Western Railway there are second-class carriages to the express trains, while on the North-Western this is not the case.

The first pair of the new magnificent express engines for the London and North-Western Railway to run to Birmingham in two hours, which were designed by and made to the instructions of Mr. McConnell, the locomotive superintendent of that company, have been delivered, one from the manufactory of Messrs. Fairbairn of Manchester, and the other from Messrs. E. B. Wilson and Co., of Leeds. These engines have attracted much attention from the excellence and novelty of the design, as well as from the beauty and finish of their workmanship. No pains have been spared by the makers to do full justice to the plans.

The driving wheels of these engines are seven feet six inches in diameter, the stroke is twenty-four inches. The tubes are 303 in number, and 1½ inches in diameter, and the fire-box contains 260 square feet of heating surface. These engines are fitted up with Mr. McConnell's patent solid wrought-iron piston, which, in addition to superior strength and durability, is one-third lighter than those hitherto used; so that at a speed of sixty miles per hour a momentum will be saved on the two pistons equal to 80 tons. They have also tubular axles under both engine and tender, which, by saving dead weight, and at the same time giving a stronger form, are also not so liable to heat as the ordinary solid axle. This improvement, introduced also by Mr. McConnell, is rendered complete by the new Indian-rubber springs, which are found to be very easy and durable.

The chief peculiarity, however, in these engines, is the combustion chamber, which Mr. McConnell has arranged by introducing the fire-box, or direct heating surface, into the cylindrical part of the boiler, to the extent of four feet nine inches. This is a most important step, and will tend to great economy; the result of nine months' trial of an ordinary engine so altered shows a saving of nearly 30 per cent. of fuel used for the work done, and as fuel forms more than half the expenditure, the economy must be very great. As an evidence of the superiority of the method thus employed, it may be mentioned as a remarkable fact, that within forty-five minutes of the time that the furnace is first lighted, a pressure of steam equal to a hundred pounds on the square inch may be indicated. The estimated power of the new engines when running at a high velocity is not less than 650 horses, and it is confidently hoped that long-sustained speeds of seventy miles an hour will be obtained. This arrangement Mr. McConnell has further improved by "recessing" the under part of the boiler for the crank shaft, which lowers the centre of gravity upwards of ten inches.

It is confidently expected, that a speed of at least seventy miles per hour may be sustained throughout their working with great ease, while the steadiness and beautiful action of the machine will render such a velocity quite steady, easy, and safe. Six pumps are attached to the foot-plate, to keep up a supply of water when the engine is at a stand, and a new steam gauge in the form of a gas meter, shows always the pressure of steam with great accuracy to the engine-man.

LORD DUDLEY STUART.

ENGLISHMEN dearly love a lord. In this country, at least, there exists a prestige in favour of rank, which no amount of theoretical democracy has hitherto been able to destroy. Burns may tell us—

"The rank is but the guinea stamp,
A man's a man for a' that;"—

and Tennyson, in that polished verse in which the finish of a Campbell and the fancy of a Shakspeare are luxuriantly combined, may teach his haughty Clara Vere de Vere,

"'Tis noble only to be good;"

still, the truth is, we worship rank; nor is such worship so



LORD DUDLEY STUART. DRAWN BY THOMAS; ENGRAVED BY H. LINTON.

Nicoll, that younger and poorer Burns, may say of a man—

"If mention be to his name,
He noble with me shall."

Barry Cornwall, that sweet singer of our times, may sing—

"The way leads to the temple of the
Singing, purple, all you see
There is that within them, we know
Something that we call a name."

altogether a senseless thing as at first sight it may appear. Rank represents ancient institutions. It is resistant of change. It is the only thing at the time of doing however contrary to the advanced public opinion of our day. It makes its origin to heroes. It preserves the idea of honour. The name of a national identity is kept alive. Our titles are then in meaning a party House and Blackskin speak volumes.

To a man equal to the position, the possession of rank is a powerful instrument for good. If an honourable ambition seize him, if he rise above the conventionalism of his class; if he go forth into the world to right the wronged, starting from his vantage-ground, such a one may do much more than others can. Lord Dudley Stuart is an illustration of this truth. At an early age he entered the House of Commons, and by his perseverance and his chivalrous devotion to the cause of Poland, he awoke English sympathy and won English support, when another might have pleaded the cause

the extension of commerce, the faith of treaties, the honour of England, the peace and well-being of Europe; and to this cause he devoted himself with an ardour unparalleled since Burke dragged the crimes and atrocities of Warren Hastings to light, and with his gigantic powers of oratory pleaded before the bar of the English parliament the cause of the decaying dynasties and ruined potentates of the East. Like Burke, his lordship was voted a bore by fashionable people yawned, and clever people sneered; but unlike those of Burke, his lordship's increased exertions have been attended



TAPESTRY CARPET, WORKED AT THE LADIES OF POLAND, AND PRESENTED BY THEM TO LORD DUDLEY STUART.

in vain. Poland blotted out—her sons sleeping on the battle-field or exiles in foreign lands—her daughters in tears and refusing to be comforted—fired his heart and roused him to a course of action, to which he remained true amidst the world's sneers and opposition, and ridicule and rebuke. The cause of Poland was to him the cause of humanity and Christian civilization. He saw, in his own language at the dinner given to his lordship at Willis's Rooms, May 15, 1846, on the occasion of the presentation of a splendid piece of tapestry worked by the ladies of Poland, he saw in it an evidence of the interest of religion, the progress of social improvement

with practical good. The cause of Poland has been kept alive. The heart of the exile has been cheered. The hungry have been fed. The world would have left these men to perish had not Lord Dudley Stuart have come to their rescue. Our readers remember Coleridge's lines—

"Oh, lady, nursed in pomp and pleasure,
Where learnest thou that heroic measure?"

Lord Dudley Stuart may be addressed similarly. The public opinion of his class did not require him to go out of his way in search of the exile and the miserably poor. The world of fashion was free to him as to others. If the exile had died, society

would not have required atonement at the hands of his lordship.

We have already referred to his lordship's career in the Commons. He entered parliament at the general election, which took place on the death of George the Fourth, in 1800, as member for the borough of Arundel, and immediately ranged himself on the liberal side of the House of Commons. He took a part in the struggle for Reform which in the two following years occupied parliament. The first time he addressed the House of Commons was on the subject of the Reform Bill; and he was, in point of time, the first member elected for the first Reform parliament — his election for Arundel having taken place at the earliest hour on the earliest day after the dissolution in 1832. Having represented Arundel for four parliaments, he again, at the general election in 1837, presented himself to the electors of that borough, but being opposed on that occasion by Lord Fitzliff (now the Earl of Arundel) and Surrey, who was supported by all the influence of the Duke of Norfolk, the chief proprietor of the place and neighbourhood, he was, after a vigorous contest, defeated.

Lord Dudley Stuart remained out of parliament till 1847, when he then sought the suffrages of the metropolitan borough of Marylebone, in consequence of the vacancy created by the retirement of Sir Charles Napier. Mr. Daniel Whittle Harvey having retired from the contest, his lordship was elected, by a large majority, as a colleague to Sir Benjamin Hall. At the recent election he was again returned in conjunction with that gentleman; and to the honour of the borough we must record the fact, that the election expenses were defrayed by the electors themselves. Hence the reality of his lordship's popularity cannot be denied. At first the men of Marylebone were rather suspicious of him. They thought he was too aristocratic. His lordship, however, has won well. The more he has become known, the more has he been trusted by the people. His sympathies have not been all absorbed by the Poor. The Hungarian refugee, has found in his lordship an advocate and friend. His lordship also is connected with most of the onward movement of the day, in which he is found occupying the foremost file. He is a man of progress, and an enemy of all abuses in church and state, in proof of which we allude to the destruction of that sink of infamy, the Palace Court, in which good work his lordship was the principal instrument. Indeed we may say of him, as Lord Mopth did on an occasion to which we have already referred, that "in addition to such high qualities as they saw in his noble friend, he carried a warm and romantic ardour into the work of benevolence; his character, indeed, was too finely and sensitively tuned, but it could not be said of it that it answered only one chord — the strain of suffering or the cry of affliction of only one people. Though it found a large range abroad, it did not forget its daily work at home." Of his lordship in the House of Commons we can only say here, that he is always ready with his voice and vote, that he is always in his place, and is always prepared with a word in season, that he takes a prominent part in debate, and has earned honourable distinction in the house.

Lord Dudley Coutts Stuart is the son of the first Marquis of Bute by his second wife, daughter of the late Thomas Coutts, Esq., the celebrated banker, and was born in the year 1803. The present Marquis of Bute, who will be one of the wealthiest men in the world, in consequence of the late marquis's spirited efforts to develop the trade and commerce of Cardiff and the surrounding districts of South Wales, is his great nephew. In 1824, Lord Dudley married Christine Alexandrine Egypta, daughter of Lucien Bonaparte, and sister of the present Prince of Camille, by whom he has a son, recently a captain in the army. Her ladyship died in 1847, since which time his lordship has been a widower. We may add here that he is a deputy-lieutenant of Bute, and that he was educated in Christ's College, Cambridge, where he took the degree of M. A. in 1824. These are all the particulars we have been enabled to glean respecting him. It is unnecessary we should

give more. His lordship is a public man, his life is a public life, his history is that of the popular party with which he acts; and sure are we that amongst that band of honourable and patriotic men, there are none more honourable nor more patriotic than he whose portrait accompanies this necessarily brief and imperfect sketch.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL has been called the grandest building in the grandest city in the world. As an architectural triumph it merits the highest praise. The events which have occurred within its walls, and in the old church which formerly occupied its site, will ever render it an object of attraction to the student of history. The great, the wise, and the good, who, as an old historian says, "lodge there till the resurrection," increase the interest which we feel with regard to this Christian temple.

"The echoes of its vaults are eloquent!
The stones have voices; and the walls do live.
It is the house of memory!"

There the Pagan offered his sacrifice, and there men worshipped Diana; there the host was elevated before the prostrate assembly; there men told their beads and chanted masses for the dead; and there some of the most stirring events in history occurred, — events which have given a marked and distinctive character to the drama of human life.

Upon the ground now occupied by St. Paul's Cathedral there stood in ancient times a temple dedicated to Diana. Howel in his "Perustration of the City of London," says "that certain old houses adjoining, are in the ancient records of the church called Diana's chamber; and that in the churchyard during the reign of Edward I., an incredible number of ox-heads were found, the remains of old sacrificial worship. When Augustine was sent to England by Pope Gregory to teach Christianity, he fixed the archiepiscopal seat at Canterbury created Mellitus the first bishop of London, and put that see under his government; during the dominion of that prelate, about A.D. 610, Ethelbert, the Saxon King of Kent, founded on the site of the old temple a cathedral church, which was erected to the honour of the Apostle Paul, endowed it with lands, and obtained various privileges from the Pope; such was the origin of the first church. In the reign of the Conqueror, the cathedral was destroyed by fire, together with the greater portion of the city."

Maurice the bishop of London immediately commenced a most extensive pile, the principal materials for which, according to Duquesne, he procured from the ruins of an old castle called the Palatine Tower, near the river Fleet. The work proceeded but slowly, for the contemplated structure was so wonderful in size that men judged it never would be finished. In 1240, the building was solemnly consecrated. The principal measurements were —

Length from east to west	690 feet.
Breadth	180 "
Height of body of the church	110 "
Tower, from the ground	240 "
Weight of spire covered with lead	274 "

but, as in the two hundred and sixty feet the height of the battlements which rose above the base of the wooden spire was included, the whole elevation did not exceed five hundred and twenty feet. This cathedral was, until the erection of St. Peter's at Rome, the largest church in the Christian world. The spire was the first built in England, and the loftiest in Europe; it was one hundred and sixteen feet higher than the spire of Salisbury Cathedral; sixty-four feet higher than that of Vienna; fifty feet higher than that of Strasburg; and surpassing the height of the Great Pyramid of Egypt. Old St. Paul's spire was, moreover, the height of the Monument placed upon the crown of the present cathedral.

On special saints' days, it was customary for the choristers to ascend the spire to a great height, and there to sing.

solemn prayers and anthems; the last observance of this custom was in the reign of Queen Mary, when it is recorded, that "after evening-song the quere of Pauls began to go about the steple, stajing with lights after the old custom." Before love had taught

"A monarch to be wise
And Gospel light first beamed from Boleyn's eyes,"

great many curious ceremonies were common to the old cathedral; thus Camden describes a custom peculiar to Old St. Paul's, of which he was an eye-witness. On the 26th of January a fat buck was received with great formality at the entrance of the choir by the canons in their sacerdotal vestments, and with chaplets of flowers on their heads; whilst the antlers of the buck were carried on a pike in procession round the church. On the buck being offered at the high altar, one billing was paid by the dean and chapter as a fee to the keepers who brought it, and thus the ceremony ended.

The cathedral, however, gradually fell into ill repair. In 874, the cross surmounting the steeple fell down. And shortly afterwards the wooden steeple, being found to be in a ruinous condition, was taken down and reconstructed, being unmounted with a new gilt ball. In 1444 it was fired by lightning, and in 1561 the cathedral was again partially destroyed, and a subscription was set on foot for its restoration. The scandalous desecration of the church at that time, so much complained of by contemporary historians. Dung-hills were suffered to accumulate within the church, and drunkards and vagabonds slept at all hours on the benches at the choir-door; men walked about the church with their hats upon their heads, and butchers and water-carriers made it a common thoroughfare. Inigo Jones set about repairing the structure, but the struggles of the civil war interrupted the labour. At the Restoration, Sir John Denham and Dr. Christopher Wren were appointed to superintend the repairs; but the great fire of London broke out on the 3rd of September, 1666.

"The daring flames peeped in and saw from far
The awful beauties of the sacred quire;
But since it was profan'd by civil war,
Heaven thought it fit to have it purged by fire."

An eye-witness, says, "All the sky was of a fiery aspect, like the top of a burning oven, and the light was seen above forty

miles for many nights. "God grant that mine eyes may never behold the like, who now saw above ten thousand houses all in one flame! The noise and cracking and thunder of the impetuous flames, the shrieking of women and children, the hurry of people, the fall of towers, houses, and churches, was like a hideous storm, and the air all about so hot and inflamed that, at the last, one was not able to approach it, so that they were forced to stand still and let the flames burn on; which they did near two miles in length and one in breadth." It has been calculated that thirteen thousand houses were at that time consumed, with eighty-seven parish churches, three of the chief gates, and fifty-two companies' halls; in fact nearly all the principal buildings within the city. The space covered by the ruins equalled four hundred and thirty-six acres, and the total amount of damage was computed at £10,730,500. The cathedral itself was a heap of ruins, and in the church of St. Faith (the crypt of the cathedral) books to the amount of £150,000, which had been placed there for safety by the Stationers of Paternoster-row, were entirely destroyed.

We need say nothing of the modern building which, phoenix-like, arose from the ashes of its predecessor. Few remarkable events have been recorded in its history. Queen Anne every year visited the church in high state to return thanks for the victories of Marlborough. In 1789, George the Third, after his recovery from severe illness, proceeded thither to return thanks. There lay Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir Thomas Lawrence, James Barry, John Opie, Benjamin West, Henry Fuseli, and Turner; there lay the engineers Mylne and Rennie; there is the statue of the philanthropist, John Howard; there Dr. Johnson's, there Bishop Heber's, there Lord Cornwallis's, Sir Ralph Abercrombie's, Sir John Moore's; there the statue of Lord Heathfield, there the monuments of Howe and Rodney, of Collingwood and St. Vincent, of Pitou and Pownsonby; and there, side by side, sleep England's two greatest and noblest heroes by land and sea, Nelson and Wellington. An interesting circumstance attended the funeral of the former: when the body was lowered into the grave, the flag of the Victory was to have been placed on the coffin, but the brave fellows who had borne him to his last home, as if by common impulse, tore it into pieces, and kept each one a portion. All the circumstances connected with the funeral of the Great Duke are fresh in the memory of our readers.

THE MUSEUM OF CLUNY.

The ruins of the ancient palace of the Thermes (Thermæ), and the grounds they covered, were purchased, about the year 1340, by Pierre de Chalus, Abbé de Cluny, in the name of the order, to which he belonged. More than a century afterwards, Jean de Bourbon, another Abbé de Cluny, and son of Jean I., Duc de Bourbon, laid the first foundations of the Hôtel de Cluny, on the site occupied by a part of the ancient Roman palace.

In every country, there are certain families which seem to be especially entrusted with the mission of developing the arts, and endowed with the requisite taste for doing so. Such was, in France, towards the latter part of the sixteenth century, the family of Pierre d'Amboise, Lord of Chaumont sur Loire, and Sénéchal of Charles VII. Jacques d'Amboise, who was appointed Abbé de Cluny in 1481, but who did not really succeed Jean de Bourbon till September, 1495, continued, in 1499, the works of the Hôtel de Cluny, which had been abandoned at the death of his predecessor, and in fifteen years he terminated "the construction from top to bottom, including exterior and interior ornamentation." It was with the 60,000 angels arising from the property of these religious persons, aged who had died in England in one year (the pastor was looked on as the heir of his flock), that Jacques d'Amboise finished the Hôtel de Cluny, this work, which would represent at present 2,500,000 francs, the work was of all the elegant styles of decoration which were adopted at that time.

The only municipal monument of the middle ages which now exists in Paris, represents a beautiful type of that intermediate period in which the traditions of the Italian Renaissance were confounded, in a few rare *chefs-d'œuvre*, with the traditions of the pointed style of architecture. This fine edifice has preserved the slender arisies of its turrets and chapel intact, as well as the chased mouldings of the open-worked gallery and of the sculptured dormers which surmount its principal façade. As it remained the inalienable property of the Abbé de Cluny up to the Revolution, it has received within its walls the most distinguished guests, from the widow of Louis XII., Mary, sister of Henry VIII. of England, and from James, King of Scotland, to the princes and cardinals of the house of Lorraine, and the nuncio of the Pope, in 1601.

Having become national property through the Revolution, the Hôtel de Cluny saw its chapel successively converted into a school of anatomy and a bookseller's warehouse, until Monsieur du Sommerard borrowed the use of it, in 1822, for the reception of a collection of furniture, utensils, arms, and of all kinds of objects of art of the middle ages. This was the future museum of the national antiquities of France.

And now this museum, which at present contains ten chambers, including the chapel, contains paintings, sculptures of every kind, arms, bronzes, wood, and the most valuable manuscripts, tapestry, glass windows, glass vases, decorated articles, and the most precious furniture of the middle ages, such

every article, and the commonest household utensils, to which the ornamental devices of the artist have imparted a somewhat grand and majestic appearance.

While gazing on all these things, the eye of the visitor will not fail to light upon the pewter ewer executed by François Briot. The height of this elegant object of art is thirty centimeters, the perimeter forty-five, and the diameter of the stand or basin is forty-five also.

Faith is represented before an altar, holding the Scriptures in one hand, and the cross in the other, with a death's head beneath her feet. Hope and Charity are represented with their usual attributes—an anchor for the first, and a horn of plenty, and children for the second.

The other two zones are ornamented with fantastic figures—winged horses, masks, genii, &c. The neck is ornamented with two masks; and on the upper part of the handle is a



BASIN FOR THE EWER OF FRANÇOIS BRIOT.

The form of the ewer is slightly ovoid; and it is divided into three zones, the middle one being again divided into



PORTRAIT OF FRANÇOIS BRIOT, SCULPTURED FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE BASIN.

Three compartments, in each of which is represented one of the three theological virtues—Faith, Hope, and Charity.

woman as a caryatid; and the foot is ornamented with two godrooned borders.

The decorations of the stand are still more remarkable than those of the ewer, the artist having lavished on it all the resources of his art, together with all the riches of his imagination.

The predominant idea represented there is, that temperance is necessary to the man who wishes to excel in the arts and sciences: the figure of this virtue is, therefore, represented in the centre of the stand, on that part which the artists would designate by the name of the *umbilic*, and which is intended to receive the foot of the ewer.

The artist, who was evidently desirous that his piece should not be misinterpreted, has not thought it beneath him to write the names of all his allegorical figures in full length. We distinctly read the word *Temperance* on the principal subject, which consists of a woman seated in the middle of a

pleasant landscape, holding a ewer in one hand and a goblet in the other: the accessories which surround it are all ingenious allegories, which we must be satisfied with merely enumerating; and which all allude to the benefits derived from water: they are a sickle, the symbol of harvest; the trident of Neptune; the caduceus of Peace; and the torch of Love broken by Temperance. Around the umbilic are the four elements in elegant cartouches, separated by caryatides. Air is represented by Mercury; Water, by the nymph of a river; the Earth, by a beautiful woman in a recumbent position, and holding ears of corn in her hand; and Fire by a Mars, seated, and holding thunderbolts in one hand and a sword in the other, in order to demonstrate the destructive properties of the last-named element, while a lime-kiln, whence flames are seen issuing, bespeak its utility. A salamander, that fabulous animal which was reputed as being able to live in fire, is also observable there. The rim of the stand is occupied by eight cartouches, separated by fanciful devices, mingled with allegories, which it would take too long to explain, but which are not, however, arbitrary. As to the eight compositions, they are the continuation of the principal idea, namely, that temperance renders science fruitful. These eight compositions are, therefore, dedicated to the seven liberal arts, and to Minerva, that is, to Divine wisdom, which is the mother of them all.

At the epoch when we imagine this ewer was executed, that is, during the second half of the sixteenth century, the notions of the middle ages were far from being completely forgotten. The Gods of Olympus, resuscitated by the writers of the Renaissance, already walked in the cortège of that severer muse of the middle ages, called *Scholasticism*, and which is still so little known; but though the doctrines of this school had been abandoned, its formulæ were not yet disapproved of. Thus—to speak of what concerns our present subject only—four elements, and seven liberal arts, were then recognised; but these seven liberal arts, which are seen on the stand, are not exactly those which were taught in the schools of Paris during the ninth century.

In the celebrated classification of the arts and sciences, called the *Trivium* and the *Quadrivium*, or the *Seven Liberal Arts*, which classification is attributed by Monsieur B. Haureau, in his learned "*History of Scholastic Philosophy*," to Marcinus Capella, a writer of the fifth century, the three arts of the *trivium* (three ways leading to truth), are grammar, dialectic, and rhetoric; the four sciences of the *quadrivium* (four ways), are geometry, arithmetic, astronomy, and music. Here, the three arts are the same, and they are arranged in the same order; but the sciences are classified differently. Music

here occupies the first place, for this art was looked upon, for a long time, as one of the most important branches of human knowledge; but the most remarkable circumstance is, that geometry has disappeared, become confounded with arithmetic or music, in order to make room for architecture, doubtless on account of the splendour of the architecture of the Renaissance, which caused the wonders of the middle ages to be viewed with contempt for so long a time.

Grammar, the first of the arts according to scholastic ideas, is represented by a woman holding a fountain in her hand, which is the source of all science. The figure representing Dialectics has an open book before her; in her right hand, she holds a roll of paper, and in her left four keys, which she is hiding behind her: these keys are the ones that open the doors of the human understanding. Rhetoric is represented by a female figure holding a burning heart in her right hand, while her left hand is placed on her own heart, to show that the heart is the source of real eloquence. Music holds a mandolin, Arithmetic a time-piece, Architecture a square and compass, and Astrology an astrolabe.

François Briot, who executed this *chef-d'œuvre*, was, for a long time, known only to a few virtuosi, who possessed copies of this ewer and its stand. He had taken care to sign his work, but his signature is modestly hidden at the back of the stand, which you must turn over in order to read it, round a medallion which contains the portrait of the artist, carved by himself. We give an engraving of this curious medallion: Briot is there represented in the elegant, though austere-looking, costume of the end of the sixteenth century; his hair and beard are short, and his collar is almost plain, while his doublet is very unassuming. This portrait is boldly executed: the attitude and countenance announce an energetic and intelligent man; round it is read, *Sculpsit Franciscus Briot*. We have had a drawing taken of this precious relic at the museum



PEWTER EWER, BY FRANÇOIS BRIOT.

of Cluny; Monsieur Charles Sauvageat possesses among his celebrated collection a second cast in pewter of it. It is probable that the original, executed in wax, had been reproduced in silver for some prince or nobleman, and carved by Briot. It was by the means of a mould taken from this prototype copy that numbers of pewter casts were produced, similar to the one which forms the subject of this article.

Was François Briot related to Nicolas Briot, one of the first engravers for models of the seventeenth century? We know not. But we may be allowed to suppose that these two artists, who followed one another so closely in the order of time and who were both great masters, were not unknown

THE AERONAUT.

BY ADELBERT STIFTER.—TRANSLATED BY MARY HOWITT.

CHAPTER I.—A NIGHT-PIECE.

About ten o'clock one fine June night, a large cat crept along the roof and gazed at the moon. One of its eyes, on which the moonlight fell, glittered like a green Will-o'-the-Wisp, whilst the other was as black as pitch. Arrived at the corner of the roof, he stared in at a window, out of which I was staring. Fixing his large friendly eyes on me, he seemed to ask, as if in surprise, "How is it, my old playmate and companion, that you look out of the window into the dark night with that face of yours, which always used to lie at rest on the white pillows when I happened to pass by on my nightly rounds?" "Why, you must know," replied I to his mute question, "that times have altered much; the white pillows lie there undisturbed on my bed, and the full moon throws the misty shadow of the window-panes on them instead of on my slumbering countenance, which I am obliged to hold out of the window three parts of the night to look at the heavens; for there will rise the rarest and the strangest star that you ever saw. It will not shine, but if one were to judge by merit, there is something in it which is more radiant than moon and stars altogether; aye, more radiant even than your eyes, most worthy friend!"

Thus I spoke to the cat, and he turned towards me his eyes, larger and more friendly than before, so that they shone like carbuncles, rubbing his soft fur against my hand, and purring whilst I continued to caress him. "One sees so much in a long moonlight night, my dear Tom," resumed I; "you must know that yourself, if you are a cat of any observation; and in thus waiting and gazing at the heavens, more particularly as the expected planet does not make its appearance, I have time and leisure enough to watch and study the course of increasing night."

But as I explained all this to my friend the cat, I do not see why I should not explain it to a much dearer human friend—before whom this page may some time be placed; why I should not tell him how a foolish and unfortunate circumstance chains me to this window, and fixes my eyes all night on the heavens.

It may be foolish, but any one would sit here as I do—that is to say, if he had previously experienced what I had.

Time hangs heavily as lead!

I came up far too early; even while the human crowds were swarming in the streets below, forming a strange contrast to the sweet moon which already showed her golden face between two huge columns of smoke, and shone in at my window.

By degrees every thing human wrapped itself in its night-chrysalis, and only here and there rose the voices of a few boon companions who were looking for the way home; then commenced that time so dear to philosophers and poets—the night-silence.

The moon rose at last high above the roofs in the blue sky; a glittering and flickering began everywhere, silver shot through the clouds, streams of silver poured from every roof, and glittering spangles flew from the roof opposite, the church steeples, and the lightning conductors.

A thin atmosphere of silver hung over the whole town, like a veil covering the hundred thousand slumbering hearts. The only point of gold in the sea of silver was the burning lamp in the garret window, where the poor washerwoman's son lay at the point of death.

However beautiful all this was, the hours became each one longer than the other; the great shadows of the chimneys had long since turned round, the silver moon was already rolling down the second half of the dark arch—there was a death-like stillness—only I and the lamp were still watching. But of what for? I waited there was no appearance.

The great sun lay before me in the magical uncertainty of the moonlight—no light almost, save what it breathed—but the heavens remained a glittering solitude, as there had been the five long night.

Still I waited; every minute the silence seemed deeper. The moon visibly neared the horizon. A patch of heavy clouds floating southward in the blue firmament were gently lit up, and distant cloud-banks, which since evening had hung and spread themselves on the horizon, and had long reflected the departed sun, now drank up the moonlight, and pale, tender light flowed through them.

Now it struck two o'clock, and Tom came. This night I felt quite a regard for him. That dumb conversation chronicled at the commencement of this sketch began between us; certainly it did not last long; we both of us soon tired of our silent communications, and each pursued his own fancies.

The widow's lamp was in the meantime extinguished, and I feared that a far different lamp would soon be lighted, for in the east a suspicious grey began to creep upwards as if it were morning; the air, till now so warm and heavy, roused itself; I felt it blow doubly cool from the morning on my face, and the rushing sound of the little brooks was carried distinctly from the opposite hills.

Then suddenly it seemed to me as if a dark body rose slowly into a band of clear sky between two long cloud-banks. I seized my telescope in haste, and pointed it towards that part of the firmament; stars, clouds, the glittering heavens, flew past the glass; I minded them not, but sought anxiously for that spot, till at length I came upon a great black globe.

It is correct, then! One prophecy comes true! Against the pale, tender, early morning sky, scarcely more tinted than a peach-blossom, is traced a large, dark ball, rising almost imperceptibly; and under it, hanging by invisible cords, trembling and shaking in the glass, is the car—a mere speck in the heavens, scarcely more than a shred of paper—bearing three human lives, and might shake them off even before the early morning, as naturally as a drop of water is shaken from that cloud beside it.

Cornelia—poor deluded girl! May God save and protect you.

I am obliged to lay down the telescope—it was dreadful not to be able to see the cords by which the car hung!

If the second fact be as true as the first, then may my heart say adieu!—for then shall I have seen and loved the most fickle of women!

I took up the telescope again, but the balloon was no longer visible; probably that upper cloud-bank had received it in its dark embrace.

I waited long, and sought for it in the heavens, but in vain; I saw it no more.

With strange feelings of anxiety and displeasure I laid down the glass and looked into the clear air, till at length another, a yet more radiant globe, arose and threw its glowing rays over the happy city, and shone into my window, and over an immense, clear, glorious, empty heaven.

CHAPTER II.—A DAY-PIECE.

The youth, from whose journal the above has been extracted, was a young artist, scarcely yet two-and-twenty, but to all appearances barely eighteen. From among a mass of light hair, that he wore in almost boyish curls, looked out an unspeakably open-hearted face, glowing with health, and ornamented with the first promise of a beard, which covered his upper lip, and of which he was fond, dark blue dreamy eyes, and a fair brow, on which rested all the innocence of his childhood. Indeed, he had brought with him to the wicked city, from the solitude of the forest, all the simplicity of heart of his native valley, and as much knowledge as is usual at his age.

And so he sat, early in the morning after that, to him, so memorable a night, in his attic—which by-and-by was filled with warm sunlight—leaning back in an old-fashioned chair, the hammer-like gill-nails of which threw back the morning light in a glorious halo round him.

His hands were resting on his knees, and his eyes gazing steadily on the blank canvas that stood on his easel before him;—but it was not of painting that he was thinking; the

first deep melancholy fire of a passion that burned darkly in his heart shone in his eyes and illuminated his child-like countenance; on the unwritten page stood the first letters of the great town—the commencement of a life full of happiness and anxiety, but far distant from the peaceful oasis of his childhood.

Love is a beautiful angel, but it often proves an angel of death to a confiding and deceived heart.

His companion of the night, Tom, his landlady's cat, lay on the broad window-sill, and slept in the rays of the early sun. Not far off lay the telescope on the drawing of a cherub.

In the streets and lanes below the industry of a great capital was already stirring, wisely providing for the day's hunger and the day's luxury.

While the artist sat in his little room, which was now quite filled with golden sunlight, another scene was acting elsewhere: high up in the firmament, in the solitude of unbounded space, hovered the balloon, bearing its car and its adventurous travellers gently onwards. A death-like quiet surrounded them, only at times broken by the gentle rustling of the silk when the east wind wafted across its sides, or by a scarcely audible sighing of the silken cordage. Three persons, in deep silence, wrapped to the chins in thick furs, and wearing double green veils, were in the car. Under one veil the soft, flowing outlines of a pale, beautiful woman's face, were indistinctly visible—with large, thoughtful, timid eyes. Sailing here, she no longer resembled that daring Cornelia, who, like her Roman namesake, longed to rise above her sex, and, like her heroic sons, endeavoured to burst the bonds of oppression, and who wished at least to show by her own example, that woman may proclaim herself free from those arbitrary bonds drawn around her for centuries by selfish and hard-hearted men—free, but compromising nothing in virtue and womanly nature. She was no longer what she had been scarcely half an hour before, for everything had proved different to her expectation.

In order to avoid any intrusive observation, it had been determined that the ascent should take place in the earliest dawn; and the beautiful maiden stood by scarcely able to repress her beating heart in the novel excitement of that which was about to happen. Still it was an anxious moment to the few spectators who were present when the frail silk swelled into an enormous globe, and dragged fiercely at the ropes which bound it to the earth.

Strange looking instruments were brought forth and secured to the car.

A fine, handsome man, usually mild, careless and happy—to-day pale and serious—walked several times round the machine, and proved its strength in various places. At last he inquired from her if she still felt the same wish? She answered by a firm "Yes," to which he replied by a strange look of admiration, and then led her respectfully to the car, remarking that he would not now trouble her with the warning which he had given her a fortnight before, as she had, without doubt, duly considered it. Waiting for several seconds, but receiving no answer, he, too, stepped into the car, and an old man was the third and last. Cornelia looked on him as a familiar grown grey in wisdom.

All was now in readiness; the machine in order. Cornelia cast one look at the trees which stood round, as it were, looking on at the greyness of morning. Her companion exclaimed, "Loosen the ropes, let the brave Condor fly, in God's name!"

It was done! and the giant fabric, aided by the thousand hands of the breeze, trembled, bent sideways for a second, then, gently ascending, dragged the car from its mother earth, and sailing speed with every breath, at that short straight up into the streams of morning light, and at the same instant, the flames of the early sun fell on its surface and cordage, so that Cornelia was alarmed, imagining the balloon to be on fire. The lines of cordage cut the deep blue sky like flaming swords, and the globe shone like a huge sun. The ascending scene was startling, black and fearful in the distance.

The moon lay low and shone in a soft splendour.

Floating higher and higher, the horizon gradually expanded. Two hearts, and, perhaps, a third, beat with the sublimity of the moment. Immensity began now to unfold itself by degrees, and the idea of space to operate in its full force. The aerial voyagers were approaching an archipelago of clouds which were sending their morning rays to the earth, but which up there seemed cold, glittering fields of ice, swimming in the fearful blue expanse of air, and facing the car with cracks and ravines. On coming nearer they moved and rolled into white drifting mists. At this moment the sun rose below, and the earth was seen far away on every side. It was still the familiar face of nature, as we see it from high mountains, but sweetly blushing under the radiant network of the morning sunbeams, which at this moment gilded the window of the small room in which the young painter sat.

"How high, Coleman?" asked the younger aeronaut.

"Almost the height of Mont Blanc," replied the old man, who sat at the further end of the car; "upwards of fourteen thousand feet, my lord."

"Very good."

Cornelia at these words looked carefully over the side of the car, and cast her eyes straight down through the air towards the forsaken brilliant earth to see if she could discern any familiar spot,—but behold all was strange,—the familiar spots were no longer to be seen, and above all, none of those tender threads that bind us to the beloved spot which we call home. The woods and forests travelled like great shadows towards the horizon; a wonderful labyrinth of hills and mountains, like waves rolling onwards, breaking in tawny flecks, probably fields; one stream alone was clearly visible, a narrow, trembling, silver thread, such as one often sees on moors and heaths in late autumn.

Over the whole hung a strange yellow light.

When she turned her eyes back into the car, she met the calm look of her companion which recalled her to herself.

He was preparing a telescope. This was the moment at which we found the balloon on leaving the painter's room. As we said, it was wafted onwards by a gentle current of air, without rising higher; for upwards of twenty minutes the barometer had not fallen.

The two men were occupied with their instruments. Cornelia wrapped herself more carefully in her furs, and leaned back in her corner.

The current of air played among her curls, and the balloon rocked gently. Of the emotions of her heart she could give no account. Immense, glittering, snowy expanses were ascending in the horizon. Cornelia could not understand them.

"It is the Mediterranean," said Coleman, "we shall only make an experiment on electricity; then you will see it more magnificent still; no longer silver, but flaming gold. In the meantime the younger aeronaut filled a small bottle with strong coffee, surrounded it with quick-lime, poured water on the lime, and by that means heated the coffee; he then added rum, and handed a cup of the hot, exciting beverage to Cornelia. In the intensely cold state of the atmosphere she experienced an immediate benefit; from it a new life seemed to flow through her veins. Her companions drank also; they then conversed together in a low tone, and the younger nodded. On this the elder began to empty some sacks of sand which stood in the car over the side. The Condor rocked in the air, and then, as if with the magnificent sweep of its namesake, rose majestically into the highest ether;—and now the character of scene was sudden and overpowering.

Cornelia's first glance was towards the earth; it was no longer the well-known birthplace which she beheld; enveloped and glowing in a strange, golden haze, it appeared to stagger back on its extreme the Mediterranean lay like a narrow brilliant band of gold. The whole was luminous and fantastic. She drew back, thrilled as though a sudden hot blast had been sent. Around the car, but never near, flames and waves of unspeakable splendour, as seen from the earth, silver, fiery clouds, in the distance. To these flames and vapours there were no words. They were no longer there! The whole scene

heaven, the glorious azure vault above our earth, had changed to a black chasm stretching away undefined and without bounds. That blessing which we enjoy so thoughtlessly on our own beautiful earth, the ocean of sunlight, was here withdrawn. As if in mockery the stars were visible, tiny, powerless points of gold, scattered here and there in the abyss; and the sun itself, lowering, without warmth, without rays, a sharply defined disc of metal, glowing and undulating at a white heat—it glared with a baleful light from the abyss, throwing the balloon into spectral contrast with the surrounding night, and tinting the three human countenances with a death-like hue, as in a magic lantern—but not a ray of warmth was retained in these desolate regions.

And yet—but the mind could scarcely comprehend it—it was still our own pure, beloved atmosphere in which they sailed, the same morning atmosphere that fans an infant's cheek.

The balloon had, as the old man observed, reached the upper cross currents of the air, and was driven along with fearful rapidity, as the inclined position of the car clearly showed, as well as the plunging and shivering of the silk, though it made no more sound than the sighing of a child,—sound there was none at this extreme altitude.

Turning from the sun, the awful stars alone met her sight, like spectres wandering by day.

"I am dizzy!" she said.

But they did not hear her. She drew her furs tighter round her to keep out the bitter, intense cold. Her companions were engaged in operations perfectly unintelligible to her, but it seemed to her that the young man at times gazed majestically into the darkness, and played poetically with grandeur and peril; the old man showed no sign of being moved.

At length, after a long, long interval of forgetfulness, the young man turned towards Cornelia, but she gazed at him with vacant, unmeaning eyes, and on her lips stood a drop of blood.

"Coleman," exclaimed the youth, as loud as it was possible to do at such an extreme altitude, "Coleman, we must descend—she is ill!"

The old man raised himself from his instruments and looked at her; it was a look flashing with anger, and with a deeply mortified countenance, he said: "I told you, Richard!—that woman could never bear the skies! Our experiment, which has cost so much, is still unfinished; such an ascent as we have had!—the calmest and most successful in my life—is thrown away. Of course, we must descend—she would die up here!"

"Open the valves!"

After these words he sat down, and holding fast the rope, drew the folds of his cloak round him. The young man hastily seized a green silk cord, and, like a giant falcon, the Condor fell a hundred fathoms through the atmosphere—then sunk deeply lower and lower.

His lordship, as it reached earth, held the unconscious Cornelia in his arms.

CHAPTER III.—A FLOWER-PIECE.

I SCARCELY know how much time had flown by since the ascent; but it happened early one morning, almost before the grey dawn, that the young painter sat in the same old-fashioned chair with the gilt nails, and gazed on the canvas before him. This time, however, it was not empty, but displayed the outline of a large painting, and was already framed in a heavy gold border.

He worked at it like some one famishing for fame, and any one who could have seen his eyes wandering in ecstacy over his landscape, would have imagined that from those eyes had proceeded the warmth and tenderness which was so conspicuous in the painting. Often stepping back a pace, he examined the whole in a critical manner, and then with blazing eyes continued his work. It is a glorious sight when the angel of art takes possession of a beautiful, unassuming, youthful face, and illuminating it, raises the painter to

warmer and warmer into the room. About noon a servant entered with a small sealed note.

Leaving it open, he said—"Good; say that I will come;" and a deep red covered his face, the evidence of feelings he supposed hidden in the innermost part of his heart, and which latterly he had strenuously endeavoured to subdue.

The servant was gone, but the youth painted no longer.

At ten o'clock next day, carefully dressed in black, his hair placed on his light curling hair, he left the town, walked through the long airy street of a suburb, till he came to the entrance of a charming country-house. Ascending a flight of sunny steps, he opened the folding-doors of a large saloon hung with paintings. Here he waited to be announced. After a short time, a door on the opposite side opened, and an elderly lady entered. She held out her hand, and greeted him like a mother.

"Go in," said she; "go in, you are anxiously expected. You do not know, Gustave, what I have suffered! She actually carried out her intention—and then was so ill;—she must have seen dreadful things, and have been very, very far, for it took her three days and three nights to return; since her recovery she has been so kind and gentle, that I am often quite touched; but about the journey she never says the least word. Will you not go in to her?"

The youth had listened with a gloomy expression; when she finished speaking his countenance became still darker.

Striding across the room, he opened the door, and disappeared. The apartment in which he now found himself was large, and decorated with the most exquisite taste. At one window, in a forest of foreign plants, sat a young lady. She was dressed in white satin, which contrasted pleasantly with the dark green camellia leaves.

She rose as he entered, and advanced cordially to meet him. Her form was tall, full of a commanding patrician grace, but full also of that genuine modesty which is so enchanting.

Her countenance was expressive, but pale. Two large dark eyes looked towards the painter kindly. But his heart lay fettered by the past, his eye was cold and defiant; he did not perceive that she slightly trembled, either through humility or suffering.

For a moment they were silent. "We have not seen one another for some time," she said, softly; "and I have been rather unwell."

His only answer was a deep inclination.

"I hope you have been well," said she.

"I have," he replied.

She looked at him wonderingly, but said nothing; approached the camellias where her easel stood, arranged something that was already in order, put something straight that was not out of its place, examined the green leaves as if she sought for something, and then returned. He, however, stood exactly on the same spot, as some one who awaits an order, his hat in his hand; he had not changed his position a hair's breadth.

The lady breathed deeply, and then said more gently than before,

"Did you often think of us here?"

"I often thought," he replied, "of you and our studies. By this time the colours in your painting must be dried."

She crimsoned deeply, and exclaimed, hastily, "Are we to paint?"

Turning suddenly aside, the deep flush was only visible on her temples, and the displeased glance of her eye was only shown by the mirror. It was quite plain, and her own self sufficiently showed it, that she did not wish to paint; but when he put down his hat, approached the easel, had opened the case and taken out materials and colours; and when, after she had observed all this in silence, he handed the palette to her, she hastily turned back the sleeve of her dress, and taking the palette, sat down with indescribable haughtiness. Standing behind her, his face showed not the faintest sign of being moved. The painting was commenced. The elderly

The youth began as a master, calmly, and in a clear voice, to criticise those portions already placed on the canvas, and to do so with more brevity and praise than was his wont, giving directions for what was now necessary in the painting, he showed her the proper colours, and how they were to be mixed; she did as he desired.

"Good," said he.

These colours were placed side by side on the palette. The painting was commenced, and the room was in the deepest peace; only a few words broke the quiet, like falling drops in a grotto.

"Good—warmer—deeper;" after a time even these were no longer heard, and he pointed out with the handle of a brush what was to be joined or what separated, or he put on with his own hand a light or a shadow where it was necessary, and he was not confident.

He had attained his end. Any one seeing his eye—any one seeing his beautiful face looking over her shoulder, would have noticed in it a deep silent sorrow; but she did not turn her head, and they were surrounded only by unobserving walls.

As the spirit of misunderstanding stepping between two persons often seems only a small unimportant circumstance, and is not seen by them, or is not considered worthy of being destroyed by a breath or a movement,—so it often grows unnoticed until at last it stands between them like a dark shadowy intangible giant! Thus was it here. At first, it had seemed to him, as in a beautiful dream, that the commencement of those tender feelings which so indistinctly overburdened his heart were visible in her; but it was only as in a dream! for then came her pride, her longing after freedom, her daring—all so different from that which his retiring swelling heart told that it should be; so far, so entirely different, that he repressed every feeling, and now stood there as one who despised her—idle, who continued painting without one movement of her head, and without uttering a single word. He pressed his teeth firmly together, and thought how heartily he hated his woman.

Hour after hour of the morning fled by; he heard her reathing, but no second brought any change—only the same picture; the room was overpoweringly hot—and suddenly, he knew not why, he walked towards the window and looked out. It was as quiet outside as within. A dreary blue sky verhung the motionless green trees—he almost fancied that he was struggling to overcome a gigantic snake. All at once seemed to him that he heard a sound as of something being ripped—he turned round; in truth, palette and brushes were laid down; and Cornelia was leaning back in her chair pressing her hands to her face; for a moment he gazed at her and he trembled,—then he approached her—but she did not move—nearer still but no movement; he held his breath and looked at those beautiful fingers pressed against the blooming countenance, and at last he saw that tears were trickling out between them. In an instant he was on his knees before her.

It is related of a fabulous flower of the desert, for years nothing but a barren shrub, that in one night it burst into blossom, trembling at its own happiness;—and so was it here! suddenly he endeavoured to look under her hands upwards at her face, but he was not able; he gently took her arm to draw away her hand, but she gently resisted him; then the glowing words burst from his lips: "Dear, beloved, Cornelia!"

She only pressed her hands more firmly against her face, and the tears trickled down warmer and more plentifully than

before. How did he feel? These tears gave him the deepest anxiety, and yet each one felt like a pearl of intoxicating delight in his heart. Where is the snake at the window? where is the dreary blue sky? The smiling vault rises over the world, and the green trees are cradled in a sea of splendour and glory.

He still held her arm, but no longer endeavoured to remove her hand from her face. She became calmer; at last all was quiet. Without knowing her face she said, gently, "You never spoke to me as a friend concerning my masculine way of life."

"Let us not talk of it," exclaimed he; "it was foolish and too presumptuous on my part." "No! no!" said she, "I must speak—I must tell you that it shall be different. I am but a poor weak woman; how poor! how weak! even to that grey-headed old man. 'She cannot bear the heavens!'" Then she paused, and again the tears flowed. The youth drew down her hand; she did not oppose him, but her first glance at him startled her so that her tears ceased. How has he changed! From the boyish curls, the earnest, eager face of a man looked upwards, illuminated with a strange expression of the deepest feeling; but she also was changed,—in her proud dark eyes was the deepest humility, and never before had those proudly radiant planets gazed at him so softly, so tenderly, so helplessly devoted; they were speechless, the devouring flame of passion rose, the heart was powerless, a gentle attraction, a tender yielding, their lips met hotly together with an indistinct murmur, and the happiest moment of two human lives was come and gone.

The garland of gold and ebony was joined above their heads; the spark was struck, and they started back; they did not look at each other, but turned their eyes to the ground in silence: after a long, long pause, the youth first ventured a word, and in a low voice said, "Cornelia, what does this moment foretell?"

"The highest that it can," she answered, proudly.

"It is," said he, "the most beautiful moment that God ever marked in my life; but it seems to me that beyond this great happiness stands a deep enduring sorrow. Cornelia, how can I ever learn to forget this moment?"

"For God's sake, do not!" said she, alarmed. "Gustave, dear, only friend that I had in this wide earth, when blindly I endeavoured to raise myself above my sex—we will not forget it. I should hate myself if I could ever do so; and you preserve for me in love and truth your noble, beautiful heart."

He suddenly raised his eyes towards her, and stood before her almost more erect than before, like acting man, and exclaimed: "Perhaps this heart is richer than I myself knew! At this moment it has taken a determination which surprises me, but it is good. I will commence my projected journey immediately—even to-morrow. I can scarcely yet believe my new happiness; it is, perhaps, only a moment—a flash, in which two hearts have met, and then again darkness. Let us see what these hearts are. Lost this moment never can be; but what may it produce? Let it bring what it must and can, and as certain as that a sun shines without, so certainly will it one day shine on the fruit of this flower. I only know that another world is without, other trees, a different atmosphere, and I a different man. Oh! Cornelia, help me to explain that wonderful starry heaven in my heart! so happy, radiant, glowing, as if it might flow out in creations as large as the universe itself, for, alas! I cannot do it; I cannot even express how boundless, how unspeakably, how eternally I love you, and shall love you as long as one fibre of this heart remains."

Cornelia was in the highest degree surprised at the youth and his speech. Though of the same age as himself, she was a full-blown flower—he at times was still a child. Intentionally or not, she had roused the deep feelings of love in his breast; in one moment he had become a man. Every instant he seemed to her to be more beautiful—his countenance full of fire and love—and she looked at him with delight as he stood before her, so powerful, so beautiful, already glowing with future greatness of soul, still innocent as a child, and unconscious of the divine flame of genius which hovered on his brow.

Soul can only love soul, and genius can only be influenced by genius.

Cornelia was now also standing; she had raised her beautiful eyes to him, and everything that had been good and noble in her whole life—the unbounded fulness of a proud heart—lay in her smile, and he knew it not, but thought himself too poor ever to reward sufficiently that heart which there unfolded itself before him. But in this moment he inwardly vowed to strive while even a single breath remained in him—to stand before the whole world great in mind and deeds, that he might compensate her, the great gem, her glorious life to

him for no other pledge than his heart. In the meantime they had approached a window, and as deeply as each thought inwardly, so were they outwardly silent and embarrassed. How unaccountable are the feelings in their first purity! When the first transport of delight, the first love has been felt and is over, then follows a strange desire to fly, even from the beloved one, that the silent overpowering happiness may be felt in solitude.

Thus they stood at the window, so near to each other, and yet so far apart; when the entrance of the nurse recalled them to themselves. He was even able to talk of his intended journey and his plans; and when the nurse begged him to write and to describe the mountains, and woods, and rivers, as beautiful as he did in his walks, he glanced timidly at Cornelia, and saw that she blushed.

When at length the nurse was called away, he slowly took his hat, and said, "Adieu! Cornelia."

"A happy journey," said she; and added, "be sure and write to us."

She had not the courage to touch upon the past scene even by a single word; she dared not ask him to postpone his journey, and he would not confess that he would much rather have stayed. So they parted, only that in the doorway he turned round, and beheld the beloved form standing modestly among the flowers.

But when he was gone, she hastened to her picture of the Virgin, and sinking on her knees before it, said: "Mother of mercies, mother of orphans, hear my vow: from this time I will remain a poor humble flower, that he may place it with pleasure in his noble poet's heart, and then know how unspeakably and eternally I love him."

And again her tears fell, but they were gentle, warm, and happy.

So separated two human hearts which had but just met each other. Who knows what the future may bring forth? Both hearts are innocent, and taken by surprise; both feel a glowing, single determination, to strive to the uttermost, that they may be worthy of and possess each other through eternity.

Deluded ones! Do you know the majesty or the deceits of the human heart?

CHAPTER IV.—A TRUIT-PIECE.

MANY years have passed since the above, but what of them? Who knows of the emulation and striving of these two hearts? Only one small sketch of a later time remains—and I give it gladly.

Some years ago I was in Paris, and happened accidentally to hear at a coffee-house a fierce dispute about the merits of two paintings in the Exhibition. As it always happens, one praised the first, another the second, but all agreed that the present age had seen nothing equal to them; and what excited their curiosity more than all was, that no one knew by whom they were painted.

"I know the artist," said a tall gentleman; "he is that pale man, who last summer used to be so much in the tower of Notre Dame, and who was so silent. People say that he is now in South America."

"The paintings are by Musard," said another; "he only wants to mislead the people."

"I should like to see Musard paint such pictures," shouted a third. "I tell you they are exhibited under a false name, but they are by a master hand."

Some laughed, others shouted, and when I left the coffee-house, I went to the Exhibition for the purpose of seeing these celebrated paintings. I easily found them, and truly they impressed me as powerfully as they did every one around me. They were both moonlight scenes—not paintings—real moonlight nights, but more poetical, more dreamy, and more magical, than I had ever seen before. A dense crowd was always before them, and it was singular to notice that an exclamation of delight burst from the lips of those of the lower classes who saw them, and who were struck by their poetical nature.

The first was a large town seen from above, a maze of towers, cathedrals floating in the moonlight; the water-party, in an oppressive, electric, cloudy, moon-summer night.

"Gustave R., from Germany," was in the catalogue; it may be well imagined what a chain of recollections rushed upon me, when I read "Gustave." I knew well. It is thus, thought I, that your love has shewn an Unfortunate, deceived man! and our readers can plainly, what all Paris at that time looked upon as whim, namely, that in each painting, the same cat was found—good, honest old Tom! I remained till nearly 11 of closing, and examined the other paintings. In passing two pictures on my way out, I noticed that one of the ants informed a lady who stood before them, that she leave, as they were about to close. She lingered a moment then tore away her eyes from the paintings and then went; never was I struck by more beautiful eyes; she was a veil, and was gone. I did not at the time suspect in the least who she was; and it is only now after many years have passed, that I can relate how that lady after her visit to the gallery drove to her home in the Rue St. Honore, and how after letting fall the curtains in her bed-room, she clasped her hands above her head, and buried her face deeply in the cushions of her couch. How all the gentle uncertain lights of those pure, chaste paintings flashed across her brain, like low reproachings from a soul which, though silent, speaks in lightning flashes which sink deeply, are always present, always flaring, and never forgotten like words!

Paris knew it not! when on that day its idolized beauty, who inflamed thousands of hearts but only to play with them, appeared in some of its circles;—Paris knew it not that she had sat, in her darkened room, helplessly weeping scalding tears, which almost choked her yearning heart. But it was unavailing—unavailing! Calmly and unmoved, the power of that which she had seen stood before her, ever to be immovable, whilst far away among the primeval mountains of the Cordilleras wandered a strong, unknown, uncaring man, seeking a new heaven for his heart, unsatisfied, restless, and creative, but still stainless as ever.

HOW TO WIN A NOBLE NAME

WOULD'ST thou win a noble name
In the coming ages?
Would'st thou earn a future fame
In historians' pages?
Listen, then, and thou shalt hear
How thou may'st attain it—
Bravely working many a year,
In the end thou'lt gain it.
Enter boldly on the fight,
Good with Bad is waging,
In the sacred cause of right
All thy soul engaging.
Care not though the world may frown
On thine earnest striving,
Error must be overthrown—
Truth is ever thriving.
Heed thou, lest a bigot's zeal,
Thwart thy good intentions;
Mix not up the simple truth
With dim obscure inventions.
Have a faith in man and God,
Pure and ardent burning;
In thy chosen pathway plod,
From it never turning.
Live not for thyself, but others
By thy working cherish;
Round thee thou hast many brothers
Who, neglected, perish.
Sisters strong, weak and frail,
Whom thy kindly teaching
Thou may'st win to the path
They despair of reaching.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

Joshua Reynolds was born at Plympton, in Devonshire, July 16, 1723. He was the son of the Rev. Samuel Reynolds and Theophila Potter, his wife, and was the tenth of eleven children, five of whom died in their infancy. His father was obliged to eke out the small emoluments of his living by teaching a grammar school, and in this Joshua is supposed to have received the first rudiments of knowledge, amongst the rest of the classics, though he did not during his after life give many evidences of classical learning. At a very early age he showed, like many other great painters, a strong inclination for art. His first attempts at drawing were from copies done by his sisters, and prints that he chanced to meet with amongst his father's books, particularly those in Dryden's *Plutarch*; but his greatest store lay in Jacob Cutt's book of "Emblems," which his mother, a native of Holland, brought with her from that country. When but eight years of age, he met with the "Jesuits' Perspective," and read it with such diligence and attention that he made himself complete master of it, and never after required any further instruction in this important part of an artist's education. He soon put the knowledge he thus acquired into practice, by making a drawing of the Grammar School at Plympton, which, being raised on stone pillars, afforded a good subject for illustration. He next began to sketch portraits of the members of his own family, and at last meeting Richardson's "Treatise on the Art of Painting," his vocation became fixed. His admiration for Raphael now became so great, that that master appeared to him "superior to the most illustrious names either of ancient or of modern times, a notion which he loved to indulge in all the days of his life."

As he grew up this love for art became more and more manifested, and his father, instead of endeavouring to warp his mind in another direction, wisely determined not only to allow, but to assist him in following his bent. He therefore placed him when seventeen years of age in the studio of Hudson, an artist of great celebrity at that day. British art was, however, in so low a condition at that time, that to stand at the head of it argued no great talent or efficiency, and it does not appear that Hudson's genius was very soaring. The agreement made by Mr. Reynolds was that Joshua should remain with him four years, but might be discharged before that period if his master thought fit. Upon his arrival in London he was for some time employed in copying Guercino's drawings, which he did with such fidelity that Northcote says that many of these early productions are preserved in the cabinets of the curious in various parts of the kingdom, in the belief that they are originals. Most people are now of opinion that this was not the best way of commencing the education of a young artist, but Reynolds always acknowledged that it gave him at least correctness of eye, in which, when he came under Hudson's tuition, he was very deficient. In fact he had received none of that preliminary training in drawing and designing, which the schools of design, now-a-days, place within the reach of the humblest, and all his life long he felt his deficiency in this respect, and bitterly regretted it. All his attempts at anatomical drawing were total failures.

He did not long continue to copy, however, but soon began to paint, and progressed so rapidly, that in a very short time he made his master jealous. There was an old woman in the house, a servant, and Reynolds painted her so well, that Hudson foresaw his fame and began to fear him. The portrait was placed amongst others in Hudson's gallery, and was so much admired and praised by visitors, that the artist came to the conclusion that, now that his pupil was his rival, he should get rid of him. Accordingly, a few days afterwards, a pretext for taking this step accidentally presented itself. Reynolds had been ordered to take a picture of Vanburgh's, the drapery painter. The evening came on wet, and he postponed his task until the following morning, which was quite time enough. Hudson, upon hearing this, dismissed him on the spot. He then repaired to the house of his uncle, who lived

in the Temple, and wrote his father an account of what had happened. From him he received directions to go home to Devonshire, which he did, after a stay of two years in London. He was accustomed in after life to congratulate himself upon this change in his position, as he thought he had acquired from Hudson all that was positively good in his teaching. Anything more would have been positively injurious, and would have caused much trouble in afterwards unlearning it, if it did not altogether unfit him for taking the lead in the revival of English art.

His talents were now sufficiently displayed to warrant the brightest auguries as to his future success in the profession upon which he had entered. He would never acknowledge, however, that he possessed any peculiar qualification for art, any more than for any other pursuit. He placed unbounded reliance in application and strength of will, and believed that these qualities would stand a man in any profession. In genius, in the sense of peculiar fitness for a particular occupation, he had no belief whatever. He thought that the same abilities which make a man a good lawyer or doctor, would make him a good artist. We doubt very much, however, whether in his opposition to the popular notion, that a man may be a genius in one thing, and a blockhead in every thing else, he did not run into the opposite extreme, of utterly contemning taste and inclination in the choice of a profession.

The next three years of his life were passed in Devonshire, partly in idleness, and partly in the desultory pursuit of his art. He was very much in the society of the country gentlemen of the neighbourhood, and, as far as field-sports and good dinners went, was kindly treated; but he always lamented the want of the opportunity for acquiring greater knowledge of the world and of men which would have been afforded him had he been residing in London. There can be no doubt, however, that one who kept his mind fixed so constantly and firmly upon the one great object of his life, success in his vocation, must have been laying up stores of knowledge and experience, from observation merely, in greater abundance than he himself dreamed of.

He did not, however, during this period, altogether neglect his pencil. He produced many portraits, which Northcote says were undoubtedly very fine, particularly one of a boy reading by a reflected light; and it is said, that when Sir Joshua saw some of these thirty years afterwards, he lamented that in that long interval he had made so little progress in art. He studied some of the works of William Gandy at Exeter, which made a great impression upon him. Some of them he thought equal to Rembrandt's; and he carried with him to Italy a deep recollection of their peculiarly solemn and forcible effect. He took great pleasure in repeating one of Gandy's observations: "That a picture ought to have richness in its texture, as if the colours had been cream or cheese, and the reverse to a hard and husky, or dry manner."

In two years after he left Hudson he lost his father, on Christmas-day, 1746. He was a man of very fair learning, great innocence of heart, and was greatly beloved by his neighbours. To Joshua he had been invariably kind and affectionate, and it must have been a great consolation for him to know that the care and anxiety which his son's education had cost him, had not been thrown away.

When Reynolds was two-and-twenty years old, he and his two youngest unmarried sisters took a house in Plymouth, and he began to devote himself to portrait painting. Many of his works of this class, however, are in the common style of Hudson, his master, and all other artists of the period. It was their invariable practice to paint portraits with one hand thrust into the unbuttoned waistcoat, and the other holding the hat, in order to avoid the insurmountable difficulty of drawing the hands correctly. There is a story told of Reynolds, that one of his sisters requested to be taken with his hat on his head; but what was his wife's astonishment on the picture being sent home, to discover that he had another hat under

his arm. While in Plymouth, a young lady of great beauty, named Miss Chudleigh, who afterwards became famous as Duchess of Kingston, sat to him for her portrait, and he gained some notice also by painting some of the Abercorn family. His fame now began to spread beyond the limits of his own county, and he acquired the friendship and patronage of the third Lord Edgcombe, and Captain, afterwards Lord, Keppel. He paid another visit to London, and resided in St. Martin's-lane, where he mixed largely in the society of artists. But his darling wish was to pay a visit to Rome, as he longed to gaze upon all the glories of art which it contained. It was not easy to accomplish this, but an unexpected opportunity of gratifying his desire was soon afforded him.

In May, 1749, his friend Captain Keppel was appointed commander of the fleet on the Mediterranean station, for the purpose of chastising the Dey of Algiers for his insults to British merchantmen, and he invited Reynolds to accompany him in his ship, the *Centurion*. Reynolds gladly accepted the offer, and they set sail on the 11th of May, 1749. Keppel displayed the greatest kindness towards him, and did everything to gratify his curiosity at every place where the ship touched. On the 24th of May he went ashore at Lisbon, and there witnessed a bull-fight, and many grand religious processions. On arriving at Algiers, he went ashore with the commodore, and was introduced to the Dey, who treated him with the greatest civility. The Algerine dispute having been satisfactorily arranged, the *Centurion* sailed to Port Mahon, in Minorca, where he took portraits of most of the officers of the garrison, and was received with great cordiality by General Blakeney, the commander, who entertained him every day at the Government House.

His stay at Port Mahon was prolonged by a disagreeable accident. As he was taking an airing on horseback, the animal took fright, and threw him over a precipice. His face was severely injured, and part of his lip so much bruised that he was obliged to have it cut away. After three months' delay he proceeded to Rome.

His first impression of the works of Raphael, and of the other great masters, were full of disappointment. The Vatican did not by any means come up to his expectations, and he says that this was the most humiliating circumstance that ever happened to him in his life, for he felt that he was in the midst of works the principles of which he did not understand, and that to appreciate them he should become as a little child, abandon all his own crude and undigested notions of art, and learn all anew.

His first sensation of disappointment over, everything in Rome was full of pleasure. "When arrived in that garden of the world," says Northcote, "that great temple of the arts, his time was diligently and judiciously employed in such manner as might be expected from one of his talents and virtue. He contemplated with unwearied attention and ardent zeal the various beauties which marked the style of different schools and different ages. It was with no common eye that he beheld the productions of the great masters. He copied and sketched in the Vatican such parts of the works of Raphael and Michael Angelo, as he thought would be most conducive to his future excellence, and by his well-directed study acquired, whilst he contemplated the works of the best masters, that grace of thinking to which he was principally indebted for his subsequent reputation as a portrait painter."

He painted few original works while at Rome, except a portrait of himself, and a sort of parody on Raphael's "School of Athens," into which he introduced about thirty likenesses of English students at Rome. An amusing anecdote of one of these, named John Astley. He was a bad artist and a worse scholar, but he had the good fortune to win the hand of a wealthy lady. Before his marriage he was very poor, but as is generally the case, very proud, and put a good face upon his wants. One very hot day he went out on an excursion into the country, with Reynolds and some others. The rest of the party threw off their coats, but Astley refused, for a long time, to follow their example. At last, stung by their sarcasms, he yielded. He

had made the back of his waistcoat of one of his own landscapes, and when he stripped, he displayed a foaming waterfall, much to the amusement of his companions and his own discomfiture.

After visiting various other parts of Italy, Reynolds returned to England in October, 1752, and after a hurried visit to Devonshire, came to London, and established himself in St. Martin's-lane as a professional artist. The boldness of his attempts, the freedom of his conceptions, and the brilliancy of his colouring, called down upon him the indignation of all the older artists, who looked upon him as an intruder, and an impertinent innovator; just as the old Austrian generals were enraged at Buonaparte's beating them contrary to established rule, None declaimed against him more loudly than his old master, Hudson.

Reynolds, however, held on his way, broke loose from the old-established attitudes of the portrait painters, and threw over everything that he touched a grace and charm peculiarly his own. His superiority soon became fully apparent. He painted the second Duke of Devonshire, and his old friend Commodore Keppel, representing him as just escaped from the shipwreck of his vessel which had occurred a short time before. He had to contend for a short time also against the rivalry of a German artist named Liotard, who was greatly patronised by the nobility, but he, too, was soon vanquished, and thenceforth the course was left clear to Reynolds.

He now removed from St. Martin's-lane, and took a handsome house in Great Newport-street, and his rooms were every day crowded by all the rank and fashion of London. He was now thirty years of age. His fame had spread over England. In everything that he attempted, he succeeded. In grace, expression, force, and brilliancy, he had distanced all his competitors. There was little else left to wish for.

In the year 1764, he first became connected with the famous literary circle which met in London in the latter part of the eighteenth century, the bon-mots of which have been so faithfully recorded by Boswell. He chanced to meet with the "Life of Savage" in Devonshire. He was delighted with the book, and longed to know the author, and shortly after met him at Miss Cotterel's, in Newport-street. He rose in Johnson's estimation to a place which he never afterwards lost, by the utterance of one shrewd remark. The ladies were lamenting the loss of a friend, recently deceased, to whom they had been under great obligations. "You have, however, the consolation of being relieved from the burden of gratitude." They were shocked at the selfishness of this suggestion, but Johnson took Reynolds's part, and, on going away, accompanied him home. A friendship was thus commenced which continued till old age. While Johnson carried on the "Idler," Reynolds wrote some papers upon exact imitations of nature, and true conceptions of beauty, but they displayed no great merit either in matter or in manner. It was a wonder their friendship lasted so long unbroken, for they differed in many respects. Johnson was harsh, abrupt, independent, and often rude in his manner. He had fought his way up in the world by sheer talent and energy, and felt that he owed all that he was to himself. Reynolds, on the contrary, had all the grace and smoothness of a fashionable physician. But Reynolds saw Johnson's real worth and goodness of heart, and never ceased to cultivate his acquaintance assiduously.

In the year 1758, Reynolds was making most money. His charge for a head was at first five guineas; he afterwards raised it to twenty; and he himself stated, that at one period his time was worth five guineas an hour. In the year 1760, the idea of an exhibition of the works of British artists was at length carried into execution, and in it those of Reynolds played a distinguished part. In the following year he purchased a fine house in Leicester-square, and furnished it gorgeously, and added a splendid gallery for the exhibition of his works. It was here that he received all the scholars, writers, and artists of the age. Of these remnant Adam Canning has drawn a delightful picture. "His table was now elegantly furnished, and round it men of genius were often found. He was a lover of poetry, and good music."

read their productions at his house, and were rewarded by his approbation, and occasionally by their portraits. Johnson was a frequent and a welcome guest; though the sage was not seldom sarcastic and overbearing, he was endured and caressed, because he poured out the riches of his conversation more lavishly than Reynolds did his wines. Percy was there too, with his ancient ballads and his old English lore; and Goldsmith with his latent genius, infantine vivacity, and plum-coloured coat. Burke and his brothers were constant guests, and Garrick was seldom absent, for he loved to be where greater men were. It was honourable to this dis-

knowledge to impart. They have rewarded him with their approbation; he who has been praised by Burke, and who was loved by Johnson, has little chance of being forgotten."

Until the year 1768 there is little in Reynolds's life differing so much from the ordinary routine as to call for remark. Surrounded by the wisest and ablest men of the age, in the enjoyment of ample fame and wealth, his life flowed on in smooth current. In that year the Royal Academy was founded. It was planned by Chambers, West, Cotes, and Moser, but Reynolds for some time hung back. Thirty members were at last induced to join, and West then overcame



SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

tinguished artist that he perceived the worth of such men, and felt the honour which their society shed upon him; but it stuck not here—he often aided them with his purse, nor insisted upon repayment. It has, indeed, been said that he was uncivil to Johnson, and that once on seeing him in his study he turned his back on him and walked out; but to offer such an insult was as little in the nature of the courtly painter, as to forgive it was in that of the haughty author. Reynolds seems to have loved the company of literary men more than that of artists; he had little to learn in his profession, and he naturally sought the society of those who had

Reynolds's reluctance. They drove together to the place where the thirty were assembled, and, upon their entering the room, they all rose up, and saluted Reynolds "President." He, however, declined the honour until he had consulted some of his friends, and at last consented. After many difficulties and much opposition, the Academy at last received the patronage of the King, who bestowed upon the president the dignity of knighthood. Upon entering on his office he undertook to deliver discourses to the students upon the study and practice of their art. These, fifteen in number, have been published and display great powers of conception and great

variety of imagination. They were delivered over a long space of time, and amidst great disadvantages from age and deafness. He was afterwards chosen a member of the various societies of the day, and was dubbed Doctor of Law by the University of Oxford. All his after life was a series of successes, which could not be mentioned even in twice the space we have at command. In his sixty-fifth year, he lost the sight of his left eye, suddenly, while painting a likeness of the Marchioness of Hertford. He laid down his pencil, and never raised it more. This affliction preyed greatly on his mind. Though he several times afterwards appeared in public, he never was the same again. At last came the end. An enlargement of the liver, which bade defiance to the physician's skill, totally prostrated him, and on the 23rd of February, 1792, he died.

He was buried in the Crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral, and accompanied to the grave by many of the greatest of the land. He lies by the side of Sir Christopher Wren, and in the body of the church a statue, by Flaxman, has been erected to his memory.

Sir Joshua Reynolds acquired almost as much distinction by his historical and poetical paintings as by his portraits, but in the latter he was by no means so successful as in the former. His decoration of the ceiling of the library in Somerset House, when the Royal Academy removed to that building, was a failure. It displayed lack of invention, and without an explanation is meaningless. The same may be said of his series of allegorical figures, for the window of New College Chapel at Oxford.—Faith, Hope, Charity, Temperance, Justice, Fortitude, and Prudence. They want life and nature. Instead of being full of the expression of the virtues they represent, the figures have something in them of the powdered and peruked stiffness of the ladies and gentlemen who for so many years besieged the artist for their portraits. The Nativity, a composition of thirteen figures, was intended to surmount the allegory. It was sold to the Duke of Rutland for twelve hundred guineas, and was destroyed at the burning of Belvoir Castle. Allan Cunningham says of it:—"It had the fault of almost all Sir Joshua's historical works; it was cold, laboured, and uninspired. He had no revelations of heavenly things, such as descended upon Raphael; the visions which presented themselves were unembodied or dim, and flitted before his sight like the progeny of Bannano. If angels of light, ministers of grace, and souls of just men made perfect, could have sat for their portraits, who would have painted them so divinely as Reynolds?" Historical or poetical painting was certainly not his forte.

Independently of his celebrity as a painter, there will always be interest attached to his memory, in the eyes of those who love and severe genius, from his close and intimate connexion with Burke and Goldsmith and Johnson. To all these he was ever a kind and faithful friend, superior to all changes of fortune, mindful of their merits when the world was disposed to forget. He outlived most of them. He superintended Goldsmith's funeral, and aided largely in the erection of the monument which so many gaze upon in pity and admiration in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey. Garrick followed Goldsmith; and at last the dearest of them all went too—Johnson died in 1784, full of years and honours. A long, a warm, and a beneficial friendship had subsisted between them, the house and the purse of Reynolds were ever open to Johnson, and the word and the pen of Johnson were equally ready for Reynolds. It was pleasing to contemplate this affectionate brotherhood, and it was sorrowful to see it dissevered. "I have three requests to make," said Johnson, a day before his death, "and I beg that you will attend to them, Sir Joshua. Forgive me thirty pounds, which I borrowed from you—read his Scriptures, and abstain from using your pencil on the Sabbath-day." Reynolds promised, and—what is better—remembered his promise.

His best epitaph is the tribute to his memory which appeared in the newspapers the day after his death, and it

possesses double value from the fact, that after half a century of criticism and examination, in 1853 there is nothing whatever to alter, and nothing to add save what his contemporaries could but prophesy,—that time has only added brilliancy to his name and memory.

"Sir Joshua Reynolds was, on many accounts, one of the most memorable men of his time. He was the first Englishman who added the praise of the elegant arts to the other glories of his country. In taste—in grace—in facility—in happy invention—and in the richness and harmony of colouring, he was equal to the greatest masters of the renowned ages. In portrait he went beyond them; for he communicated to that description of the art, in which the English artists are most engaged, a variety, a fancy and a dignity, derived from the higher branches, which even those who professed them in a superior manner did not always preserve when they delineated individual nature. His portraits reminded the spectator of the invention and the amenity of landscape. In painting portraits he appeared not to be raised upon that platform, but to descend upon it from a higher sphere.

"In full affluence of foreign and domestic fame, admired by the expert in art and by the learned in science, courted by the great, caressed by sovereign powers, and celebrated by distinguished poets, his native humility, modesty, and candour never forsook him, even on surprise or provocation; nor was the least degree of arrogance or assumption visible to the most scrutinizing eye in any part of his conduct or discourse."

THE AUSTRIAN MADMAN.

For several years much attention has been directed to the peculiar system of rule adopted by the Austrian empire. That portion comprised within the confines of Italy—Venice and Lombardy—are the two sections which, with Hungary, perhaps, are of chief interest. A book has just issued from the French press, which will prove a valuable addition to contemporary history. It is a history of Venice* under the presidency of Manin, a young lawyer of rare qualities, who, as he himself expresses it, endeavoured to reform abuses by the same means that Cobden and O'Connell employed. When terminated, we may draw from it a brief sketch of Manin's life; but in the meantime we extract a touching episode. At a sitting of the Scientific Congress at Venice, a distinguished philanthropist requested Manin to occupy himself with the deaf and dumb lunatics in the hospital.

Our readers, (says M. de la Forge,) have not forgotten the last words of the Marquis Monpiani, leaving Venice, to Manin: "I recommend to you my poor deaf and dumb children." Addressed to such a man, a prayer could not be without result. Faithful interpreter of the will of his honourable friend, Manin went to the hospital of mad people, to ask of the good monks news of his unfortunate protégés. They were brought before him—there were many, of different ages—but the wandering of their eyes, the shape of their skulls, and other certain signs, indicated a complete want of intelligence. Some, however, seemed to understand their sad position. For these there was hope of cure. On examining their papers, it was found that a declaration signed by one doctor, was sufficient for the admission of these unfortunate beings into a hospital. Evidently, on the part of certain poor families, it was a means of getting rid of children whom they could not feed. This is painful to say, but it is true. The law offered, nevertheless, means of repressing this monstrous abuse; these people could be forced, by assisting them, to take away their children. Manin asked the reverend fathers if, in their opinion, there was any guarantee that a cabal, a hatred, or political motives, might not send a man healthy in mind to a mad-house? "We have here," said the monks, "an extraordinary madman, who, if you consent to see him, will be the best answer to your question." This man, named Padovani, was born at Koenigsberg; he was scarcely forty years of age. At the first moment, embarrassment gave to his handsome face a wild look. He

* *Histoire de la République de Venise sous Manin*, par M. de la Forge. Vol. 1. Paris, August 1853.

soon recovered, however, and, touched by the interest shown towards him by Manin, spoke to him as follows: "An orphan from my infancy, I never knew either my father or my mother; the private charity of some kind individual caused me to be apprenticed to a tailor. Weakened by constant labour, and attacked by a disease of the eyes which struck me almost blind, I was forced to abandon my labour and seek other means of earning my bread. Too young to enter a house of refuge, I was not considered strong enough to turn a hand-mill, and I was told that I was not blind enough to be assisted by the parish. Wandering, pressed by hunger, scarcely able to distinguish the threshold of the door where I went to ask for alms, I dragged myself along the streets of Kovigo, imploring in a loud voice the pity of the passers-by. An agent of police arrested me, and told me that mendicancy was abolished, that I had no right to importune anybody; and he pushed me brutally with his hand." Here Padovani stopped, seeking to read in the eyes of Manin if the narrative did not fatigue him; then he continued sadly: "Everywhere rejected, abandoned by all, reduced to despair, delirium took possession of me. I was wrong, I knew it; but what would you have me do? I was so unhappy, that, seizing a sheet of paper, I wrote, trembling with rage, these words in large letters:—

"Shame on the barbarous government, which allows a poor workman without employment to die of hunger."

"I placarded these few words on a tree, in the midst of the public place, and I awaited the result patiently, reflecting that in prison, at all events, I should eat. I was arrested, and thrown into an obscure dungeon of the central prison. As I could scarcely see, the privation of light left me nothing to regret, and I felt almost happy when comparing my state then with that of the preceding days. A few days later, a man, whom they said was a doctor, entered my cell, and addressed me some questions without listening to my answers, and went out as hurriedly as he came in. That same evening my door opened, and they put me into a carriage. I thought they were going to set me free, and I confess that the thought annoyed me. But the coach stopped before the hospital of the town. I thought that they were granting me a favour when they put me to bed; it was so long since I had slept so well that I felt quite happy. The next day when I awoke, I read upon a board, nailed over my pillow, the words, *Mental Aberration*. To describe to you the effect produced upon me would be impossible," added Padovani, with much emotion, "but in vain I protested and prayed, in vain the doctor of the hospital declared that I had full possession of my reason—they bade me be silent, and then they put me into a second carriage, full of real madmen, amongst whom some were furious. Think of the tortures of this journey for me, for then I was terribly afraid of madmen!" said Padovani, his eyes full of tears, "but now it is different,—I pity them. This is the way I arrived for the first time in this hospital, amidst the good monks who spoke to you of me."

Here Manin, much moved, rose, and pressing affectionately the hand of the poor narrator, said to him, "My labours call me elsewhere; *au revoir*, I will soon come back."

"No! not *au revoir*, say rather *adieu*, I like that better," said Padovani, "for your visit has done me good, and I am so little used to happiness, I have all my life been so abandoned, that I fear to make allusion to myself." "Here is my name," said Manin, giving him his card; "ask the priest if I ever called when I gave you word." And thereupon he went out, his heart deeply touched at the words he had heard. A few days later he returned to San Servigio, where Padovani, delighted to see him again, ended his recital in the following way: "Thanks to the active steps taken by the priest, who saw directly that I was not mad, I was set at liberty. It was with a sort of joy that I stepped over the threshold of this hospital's door. But everywhere I went his police followed me like shadows. What could they fear from an unfortunate, such as I was? I knew not, but they watched me like a criminal. If I walked, I was followed; if I slept, a stirr was made on my side; my labour was my only hour without

suffering, was even suspected. At last I was reduced to ask myself, if it were so difficult to gain one's living at liberty, how could he earn an existence thus watched? In the tailors' workshops, where I went to ask for work, they asked for papers; mine made me ashamed; whom would they not have frightened, since they stated that I came out of a mad-house? In despair, fancying I read on every face their repugnance for my misery, I resolved to exile myself. Then, thought I, children will no longer cry after me, 'The madman escaped from San Servigio.' Women will no longer turn away terrified at my sight, and the police will cease to follow me. After many days walking along unknown roads, stopping only at long distances to beg a bit of bread and permission to sleep in a stable, I passed the frontier and reached Ferrara. A tailor touched by my misfortune, offered me a shelter, and consented to give me work. This pity roused me, I thought I had reached the end of my misfortune; but the same evening, when, proud of my zeal, I offered him the first results of my labours, my host begged me to go and have my passport signed by the pontifical police. 'Like you, I am a stranger in Ferrara—and am watched,' said he; 'and if you do not obtain license to reside, to-morrow we shall both be arrested.' What had I left to do? I ask of you. I had but to die at once, or choose between a prison or an hospital; I regained Venice, where, lying down upon the benches of the Place St. Mark, I tried to sleep as long as possible to deceive my hunger. At the end of three days, exasperated by horrible sufferings, I had recourse a second time to the means which had caused me to be arrested at Kovigo, and I stuck up a second complaint against the Austrian government on the Place San Leo.

"The police, who did leave me once, arrested me, and brought me back to this hospital, where in all probability I shall end my days. I resign myself, for what have I to regret in this world? Never since I was born did I feel the embrace of a mother. Never has a woman loved me; and except you, who listen to me to-day, no one would ever have occupied themselves about the poor madman of San Servigio." While pronouncing these words, tears inundated the pale face of Padovani; but overcoming his grief by a strong effort, he took the hand of Manin, pressed it warmly, and said, "I have no means of showing my gratitude, but I will pray God, from the bottom of my soul, to protect you in all future time."

There was in this recital such an accent of truth, a tint of melancholy so gentle and so profound, that Manin, moved by such touching resignation, hastened to the doctor of the hospital to obtain the freedom of poor Padovani.

"Are you his relative or his guardian to take so much interest in his fate?" said the doctor quietly.

"No," said Manin, "I simply act as a citizen and a Christian; and I ask you, on your soul, and on your conscience, is this man mad?"

"No, he is not mad, but this man is dangerous, and it is better he should be thought mad: it is his own interest he should appear so. If he be not mad he is criminal. The hospital of San Servigio is better than a state prison."

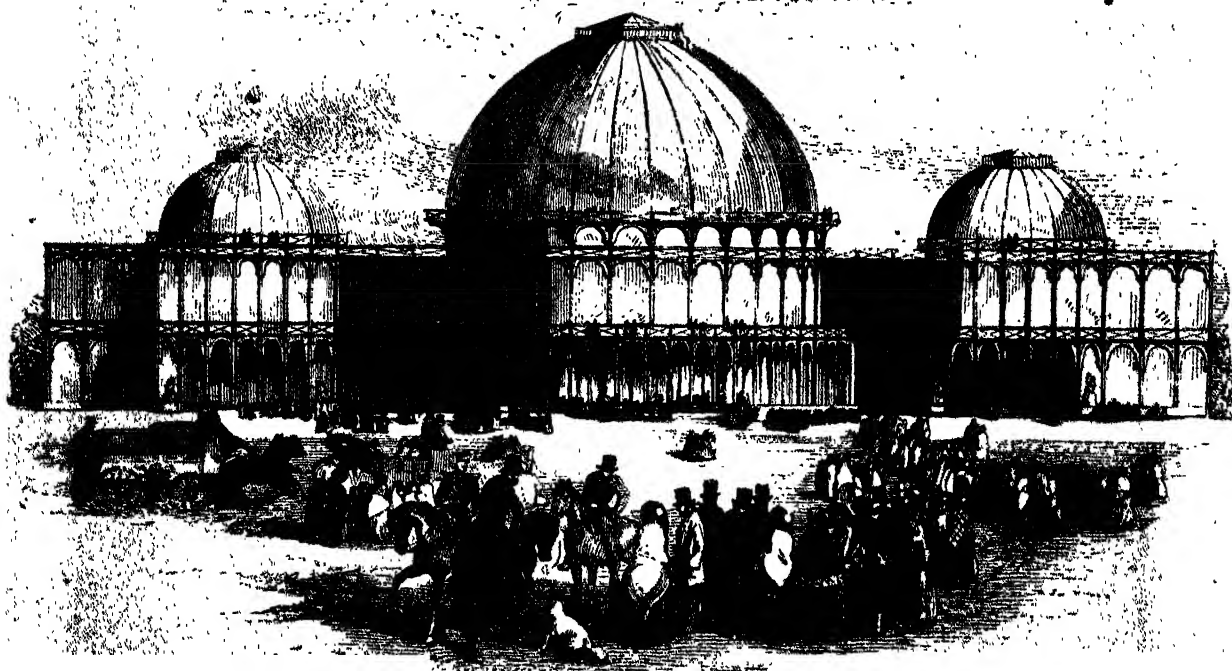
Manin, indignant, addressed himself to his old companion and friend, the commissary of police. In vain. Time passed; it was nearly November, 1847, and he had as yet received no answer. Manin then addressed an energetic note to the government, in which he asked, in the name of outraged public morals, if a man whom the doctor declared sane of mind, and enjoying all his intellectual faculties, can be condemned to pass his whole life in a mad-house. These words remained without reply. . . . Some time passed without anything being done. At last, on the 2nd of December, 1847, Manin was informed that his *protegé* was about to pass through a medical examination. Grave political events happened in the interval, and drew off the attention of Manin. Later, when he was president of the Venetian republic, a man of the people was announced. "Let him come in," said Manin, and he recognised Padovani, who had come to thank him.

The above sketch may serve to give some idea of the administration of the criminal law in Austrian Italy.

WILLIAM DARGAN AND THE IRISH EXHIBITION OF 1853.

PROBABLY there is no man of the age, as there is certainly no man of his nation, who has exercised so great an influence in so large a sphere with so little notoriety, as the subject of this sketch. If it depended on Mr. Dargan himself, even the publication of his name in connexion with the great project that is now concentrating the attention of industrial Europe upon his country, would have been altogether withheld. So little is there in his composition of the *amour propre* found in the least egotistical of men who have won their way to eminence and wealth, that the present is not only his first likeness ever issued, but it is the first he has ever sat for; nor would he have sat for it at all, had he the least suspicion that it would be converted to its present uses. We confess, therefore, to a species of pious fraud or gentle violence, in availing ourselves of it, in opposition to what would have been the original's wish had he been consulted; but we reckon on his

the moral the Dublin Exhibition is meant to inculcate—viz., a splendid incentive to perseverance, punctuality, and self-reliance—an embodiment of the triumph of successful merit achieved by an Irishman, on Irish soil;—not by any adventitious aid from fortune, whether pecuniary or political;—but by probity, patience, and thriftiness at the outset, and by subsequently applying the large means these qualities acquired to the larger enterprises with which his energetic sagacity prompted him to grapple from time to time;—till, at last, the mere word “Dargan” has become the synonyme alike of the magnitude and the success of nearly every great public work in Ireland. There has been nothing startling or surprising in his life, nothing meteoric in his rise, or dazzling in the circumstances that have surrounded him. All has been gradual, solid, accumulative, and progressive. Hence the special value of a man of the attributes we have described, having the



GREAT EXHIBITION BUILDING AT DUBLIN.

indulgence for this freedom in his anxiety to contribute to the gratification of his countrymen by every means; and we can assure him, that such contribution could come in no shape more gratifying than in making familiar to Irishmen the incanements of Ireland's greatest benefactor, and most munificent and most practical patriots. Our draughtsman and engraver have very happily combined in transferring to wood the admirable photograph by W. G. Chapman, of Dublin, of the beautiful bust by Mr. Jones, of Upper Charlotte-street, London—a piece of statuary in which the homely and the classic, the simple and the grand, harmonise as strikingly as in any sculpture of modern times. It affords us the greatest pleasure in being able to unite with this likeness of Mr. Dargan, a drawing, not altogether unworthy as a specimen of art, of his temple of art and industry, which is about to become the most prominent local feature of 1856.

Mr. Dargan's individual career pre-eminently serves to point

means and the magnanimity to raise an edifice on a scale of altogether unexampled extent as the creation of private liberality; and for purposes whose utility, whether of a material or a suggestive kind, it is impossible to exaggerate, in connexion with the immediate present or the remotest future of Ireland.

From what we have said as to the ordinary every-day nature of Mr. Dargan's opportunities and pursuits, it will be inferred that his biography abounds in but few ingredients for any very picturesque memoir. And such is in truth the case. There are in it no dramatic lights and shades, transitions, or vicissitudes—either of alternate wonderful successes and reverses in the speculation market, or of popularity and oblation in public estimation, such as have distinguished some of the more prominent celebrities of the railway and exchange world in England of late years. All has been uniform, quiet, tranquil, and assured. Mr. J.

rule of minding his own business, and a golden result has his devotion to that inestimable maxim yielded. The son of a farmer of moderate means, and of an old respectable family, in the county of Carlow, he received such education as

a far humbler rank in the sister country. Endowed with a vigorous frame and masculine intellect, he followed the ordinary pursuits incidental to his years and position, without manifesting any indications of very marked mental supre-



WILLIAM DARGAN.—DRAWN BY AMELAY: ENGRAVED BY WILKS.

beyond the sphere of his birth and associations. But the instruction proper to such class is indeed, it must be allowed, is very superior to what would be deemed suitable or requisite for the children of the British yeoman or even the higher gentry, are taught as well as the adapting of

manly in the acquirement or the application of knowledge—neither the abstractions nor the exploits of genius. A good handwriting, a facility in mercantile accounts, rapidity of arithmetic combination, and the command of a nervous, business expressive style of composition, were the traits in his

school character, as they were also during a brief sojourn in a surveyor's office, which he left in search of occupation on his own account, under the grand jury. The failure of this latter application as a tyro in his native country induced him to qualify himself by the acquirement of experience where it was to be had of the most perfect kind, and under the highest of then living supervision. Accordingly he took service with Telford, on that gigantic creation of engineering skill, the Holyhead-road, which at that time was considered as scarcely less remarkable than is the iron artery now traversing nearly the same route. Here his novitiate was completed; and, armed with his great master's recommendation, he was soon employed on a somewhat analogous effort in Ireland, the Howth-road, the contract for which he obtained after having executed some difficult works in nautical engineering on the Shannon, together with some canal works in the King's and Queen's County.

From this period to the present he has been virtually the heart and soul of all the railway and canal undertakings in Ireland, and it would be a mere dry catalogue of dates and topographical distances to attempt to specify them. When the lines now in hand are finished, he will have completed some seven hundred miles of railway—railway, be it observed, whose execution is the admiration of the engineering world, though much of it was done under circumstances, as to locality and the nature of the manual labour apparently available, that render it scarcely less surprising in its way than is the elevation of the Titanic blocks at Thebes and Palmyra to an altitude incomprehensible to the observer of the present day, because of the seeming inadequacy of the means to the results. But it was in the organisation of the masses, the combination and controul and propulsion of a heterogeneous, discordant, and almost inert myriad of the Celtic peasantry, in whatever district he commenced operations, that stamped the thorough originality of Mr. Dargan's mind; the same sort of faculty under similar circumstances being the distinctive phase in all men, in all ages, who have acquired eminent position among their fellow-men by moulding them to their purpose, whether in the cabinet, the legislature, the camp, or among the "navvies." Order, discipline, punctuality, unanimity, and progress, immediately supervened wherever Mr. Dargan appeared, no matter how chaotic the physical, and how contradictory the moral, elements, he had to deal with; and this he brought about, not by the rigidity of a martinet, or the pragmatism of a task-master, but by a perception of character which always enabled him to make the right appeal at the right moment, to bring out the latent good in the nature of his best men, and then to use that good as a precedent for the future conduct of themselves, and as a stimulus, a reproach, and an inducement to others. At the same time, he was always liberal, but always judiciously so; never demoralising with prodigal open-handedness or capricious largesse; but apportioning reward to desert as nearly as practicable, though perpetually finding out and recompensing merit, where the owner himself often little suspected its possession.

Undoubtedly, he often had sore trials of temper in the fitfulness, obstinacy, and unreasoning and intolerable waywardness of many of those for whose welfare he was most assiduous, and whose intractable vagaries would frequently upset his best laid plans in the very moment of their seeming fruition. But his self-command, resolution, and tact, beat down or outlasted all combinations; and in almost every state of the labour market, whether a glut or a scarcity, or whatever the suddenness of the fluctuation in the supply as compared with the demand, he was able to keep his time with engineers, and his reputation with the general public. From day to day the difficulties of this kind diminished. The conviction grew that he invariably meant fair by all parties, as he uniformly acted fairly by all. The intelligent classes had long regarded in him a man of the highest quality spirit, though keeping himself strictly aloof from all matters of public dispute, yet without the smallest forfeiture of the independence of private judgment that should belong to him. The humblest classes speedily followed also in discovering that his private

enterprises kept pace with his public gains, and that his capital was being turned in all directions to fertilise the soil, to invigorate the commerce, and to advance the condition of the people among whom his lot was cast, and by whose instrumentality he was enabled to reciprocate the benefits he derived. As in the case of that other most exemplary friend of Ireland, Mr. Bianconi, the great public car proprietor in the west, it became a matter of rivalry and ambition to work for such an employer, whether as a railway contractor, a railway owner (for he leases more than one line), a steam-packet proprietor, a flax grower, or a farmer. Both of the latter pursuits are followed by him extensively and scientifically, solely with a view to example, in several parts of the country; and with the best possible results, as was seen by the splendid produce of his dairies and of vegetable cultivation at the last Great Smithfield Show in London, whereat all the leading agriculturists joined in admiration of the economic processes by which such quantity and quality were obtained.

Notwithstanding the immensity and multiplicity of his operations, such was either the retiring disposition of Mr. Dargan, or his disdain of the usual clap-trap artifices in acquiring a name in the public mouth, that he was scarcely ever heard of out of Ireland, and only there incidentally, for, as just observed, he eschewed all interference with political or religious disputations, which was equivalent to incurring comparative cypherhood in an atmosphere where opinion estimates men by the noise they make, rather than by the work they do. An event, however, was now approaching which forced upon Mr. Dargan a degree of renown as wide as the most ambitious civilian could well aspire to; and so well deserved, originating in motives so pure, and sustained by impulses so exalted, philanthropic, and disinterested, that the most acrid cynicism cannot hint a drawback to the gratification it should afford him. Towards the end of 1851, the prescient eye of Mr. Roney—well known in England, and whose capacity for administering the affairs of great mercantile companies and associations had long been established—fore-saw that there was about to be an "ædus," as the saying is, of the British travelling public into Ireland. This idea he soon made apparent to the chairman of the Chester and Holyhead Railway, Mr. S. M. Peto, the affluent and enlightened member for Norwich, and whose name is scarcely less known in any country in Europe than his own, owing to the vastness and general diffusion of his railway enterprises. Mr. Peto, having had long experience of Mr. Roney's peculiar aptitude of the kind referred to, embraced the suggestions offered, with a promptitude alike flattering to the discernment of the one and confidence of the other, as the issue proved. Forthwith Mr. Roney developed the highly-complicated but most simply-executed scheme, known as the "Tourist Traffic System," whereby the requirements of the travelling public were met with a completeness which, all things considered, would have been declared wholly impossible three months before the machinery was in full operation, and which would have been utterly impossible in any other hands. According to the *Times* of the 18th of November, in its review of Sir Francis Head's "Fortnight in Ireland," upwards of 200,000 English tourists visited that country in 1852. This enormous crowd, equal to the entire population of a German principality, or South American republic, made their acquaintance with the island at probably, on an average cost per head, one-fifth what they would have been able to do but for the suggestion of Mr. Roney's system; while the country and all the railway companies were immensely benefitted, and the foundation laid for the illimitable future extension of the same plan. Ireland was full of English visitors, who expressed their admiration of what they saw, and their delight with the civility and attention lavished upon them by a people whose natural disposition was pronounced to be worthy of their scenery and soil—and the force of history could no further go. The common topic of conversation was, of course, the wonders of the World's Fair the previous summer in Hyde-park, where every one had been, and whence every one had carried some idea of intercourse

for a neighbour's. A Lilliputian reproduction of the Brougham structure had been got up at Cork, and with very great success, though confined only to the contributions of the neighbourhood. The sentiment of the desirability of a Great Irish Exhibition, doubtless, occurred simultaneously to numbers all over the country; but, as the poet defines wit to be, what was

"Off thought before, but no'er so well expressed"—

so these vague, dreamy, and as yet voiceless predilections had to be reduced to form and substance and tangibility; and they were, by Messrs. Dargan and Roney. When, where, or under what circumstances these gentlemen originally came together, we have not heard. But certain it is there ensued from this meeting a mutual recognition of capacity, ingenuousness, and determination which has resulted in a conviction that the two individuals were essential to the completion of the purpose which then germinated, perhaps unconsciously, in the mind of either. Probably the merit, if it be one, of priority, belonged to neither; and spontaneously the conception came forth. There were two Frankensteins at work on the same materials; and such "faultless monster as the world no'er saw," at least in Ireland, (the land of phenomena), will, we believe, be the result of the double parentage. Wholly devoid of jealousy, superior to the littleness that would seek the gratification of a paltry vanity by enforcing obscurity on others, as shown by his rejection of a titular honour proffered by the late Lord-Lieutenant, Mr. Dargan not only insisted on keeping altogether in the background, but that Mr. Roney, as his representative on the committee, should become the secretary of the undertaking. This Mr. Roney did, stipulating only that his position should be honorary, his services gratuitous, and immediately he proceeded to justify in Ireland the expectations which his English antecedents had already created.

The unparalleled act of Mr. Dargan in placing £20,000 at the disposal of the committee, would in itself have been sufficient to stamp any project with abundant éclat in any part of the world, and to ensure the donor an universal celebrity. But what lent it the prestige of assured success in the eyes of persons who were to be called upon to send to it those articles which alone could make it what it ought to be, was the knowledge that a practical man like Mr. Roney had pledged himself to realise Mr. Dargan's aspirations, by achieving for Ireland, an eminent industrial status among nations, and thus, by one effort, obliterate the odium of ages. Accordingly, his reception on the continent, with many of the languages of which he is well acquainted (he was partly educated in France), was in the highest degree gratifying. The letters he took from our Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs secured him, of course, the co-operation of the whole British corps diplomatique abroad, and procured him admission to circles that would have been otherwise impervious to all private efforts. But in the countenance personally extended to him by the Emperor of the French, the King of the Belgians and of Prussia, and by the various Dutch, Austrian, and other continental authorities, and all the great manufacturing and artistic interests of

every kind, in the course of his extensive tours, there was a heartiness and cordiality far more impressive and significant than what any formal introduction, however exalted, could have commanded. This alone would suffice to guarantee the triumph of Mr. Dargan's idea, independent of the immense support derivable from England, saying nothing of what may be expected from Ireland herself. There the national enthusiasm is going on *crescendo*, from day to day, as the building advances in all its beauty, and as testimonies continue to pour in from every quarter of the compass to the friendly rivalry and amicable emulation which the project has everywhere awakened. At first it was apprehended, and not without good reason, that the short period that would elapse between its opening and the close of its great predecessor would preclude any hope of success. The active exertions of those who devoted themselves to the task, however, soon dissipated this idea, and instead of a dearth there quickly came *l'embarras de richesses*: the conviction that the undertaking would be too successful; for such was the avidity to avail of space, so numerous the applications from the leading contributors to the Crystal Palace, and so unexpected and wholly unforeseen the new quarters whence solicitations and overtures emanated, that the building, as originally contemplated, was soon found to be wholly inadequate.

Mr. Roney, well knowing on whom he had to rely, instead of circumscribing his scope and concentrating his efforts when he saw how brilliantly the scheme was being taken up, put forth fresh feelers, and derived fresh strength and daring from each response. Mr. Dargan added another £6,000 to the original sum. Again the work proceeded; and again Mr. Dargan seconded the efforts of his ally by still another advance of £14,000—making a total of £40,000! Here it has been necessary to stop, not from the exhaustion of Mr. Dargan's liberality, and still less, if that be possible, by a cessation of the consequences we have been particularising; but because of the pressure of inexorable time, the necessity of now seeking to mature and perfect what had been so sumptuously initiated. On that object the energies of the Dublin executive are now being brought to bear. The erection of the building is keeping pace precisely with the calculations on which it has been erected. We do not wish to encumber this paper with details of its dimensions and peculiarities, and shall content ourselves with saying that it is after the design of Mr. Benson, C.E., who erected the Cork Exhibition already alluded to. Selected from among twenty-nine competing designs,—the rivalry being provoked far less by the proffered prize of £50, than by the desire to participate in the fame redounding from a prominent association in such a work—it is uniquely beautiful; and though it has necessarily much in common with the Crystal Palace, it is in no respect a plagiarism of that conception, and abounds in merits of its own that stamp it as thoroughly original. Be the result of the Exhibition what it may—and it is impossible to believe it can fail to be all and everything its projector and creator can expect—the remembrance of 1853 will at least confer an enviable immortality on William Dargan, and for ever "keep his memory green" with a grateful and admiring posterity.

AFRICAN WATER FOWL.

(*ALCANTORUS REX*.)

Our world is full of life. No part of nature is destitute of inhabitants. Birds may be said to constitute an isolated class of beings. To this particular department of natural history Mr. Gould has devoted his time and talents, and in his several examinations has succeeded in presenting to the public some of the most interesting ornithological specimens which have ever been exhibited. His collection of humming birds is unequalled. Linnæus knew only a few of this class,

but Mr. Gould has arranged more than three hundred species, one hundred and thirty of which are new to modern naturalists.

The African water fowl, an engraving of which we present to our readers, discovered upon the western coast of Africa by Mr. Gould, resembles in many particulars another species of bird in South America, belonging to the family of the Cariamidae of Mr. Lesson, and known by the name of *Caracara* (Gambel's Linx).

The end of the beak and the form of the feet resemble those of the Dodo. The beak of the *Balcaniceps Rex** is formed like a spoon, and is very large, it is yellow in the male, and red-brown in the female. The crest is convex, and terminates in a hook at the extremity; it is of a light brown colour, which gradually changes to yellow as it approaches the bill. The nostrils are long. The middle of the lower jaw is membranous. The skin surrounding the eyes is of a yellow colour, and quite free from hair. The eyes are of a clear greyish brown. The feet are very long, and covered with fine scales, which distinguish this bird from other water fowl, whose feet are generally covered with large and coarse scales. The general colour of the bird is gray, lighter upon the back and feet than at other parts of the body. The feathers at the back of the head are long and of

was able to present a case-full beautifully grouped according to his own taste and his ideas of the natural habits of the birds. To this he continually added from subjects caught by himself, from purchases, and from foreign consignments, till his collection became worthy the attention not only of the curious, but of experienced naturalists.

In order that his arrangements might be made in the most scientific manner, he became a devoted student of zoology. He began by studying from books; but his fame having reached the Zoological Society, he was employed to collect and arrange specimens for their museum. The result of his assiduous application has been, that he has gradually risen from a mere seller of stuffed birds to one of the most accomplished naturalists of Europe.



AFRICAN WATER FOWL.

a peculiar form. The tail of the bird resembles that of the Jabiru of America. It inhabits the marshy districts of Africa, and subsists upon the fish and small reptiles which there abound.

The highest praise is due to Mr. Gould for his indefatigable perseverance and zeal in ornithological pursuits. The world owes to him a large debt of gratitude. The story of his life furnishes another pleasing proof of what may be effected by industry and perseverance, especially when following the bent of native taste and talent. It seems that Mr. Gould's taste for this peculiar department of natural history was begotten or drawn forth by his noticing, when young, the specimens exhibited in what are called curiosity shops. Some of these he purchased from time to time, as his means allowed him, till he

It is somewhat remarkable that Mr. Gould married a lady as passionately fond of the science as himself; and while he was able to write scientifically, his wife was able to illustrate his writings with accurate and beautiful delineations of the objects he described. Their joint work, "A Century of Birds from the Himalaya Mountains," is a volume of great beauty and interest, and though necessarily published at a high price, has now become scarce. His "Birds of Australia" comprises the labour of ten years; it is a magnificent work, containing an account of six hundred species, drawn and described from actual observation of their haunts and manners. His wife, who was the companion of his voyages, had drawn on some nearly all the plates of "The Birds of Europe," but she died soon after their return from Australia in 1845, leaving behind her a very large collection of ornithological and practical

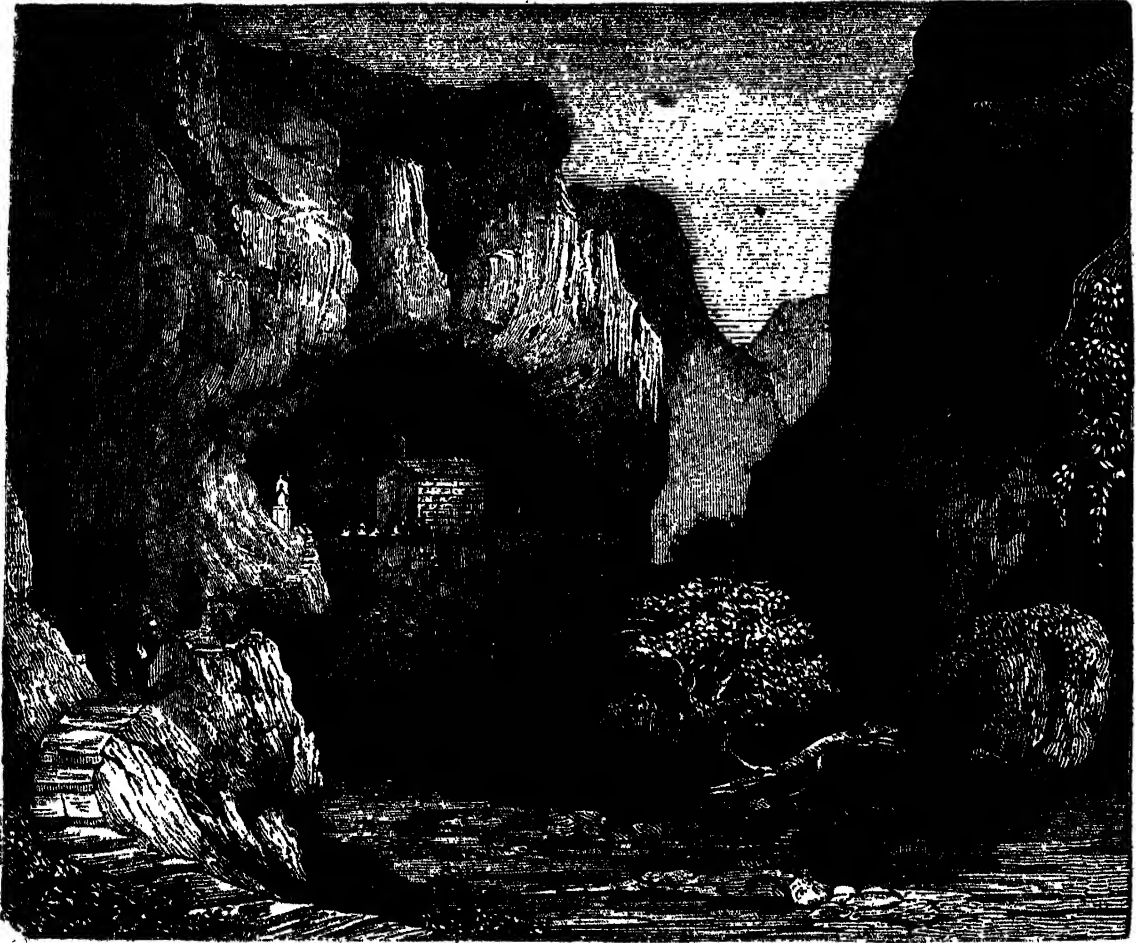
* *Balcaniceps*, a word derived from *Balkan*, a word, on account of the

GROTTO OF ST. PAUL AT MALTA.

In the Mediterranean Sea, about fifty miles from the coast of Sicily, is the Island of Malta. It was in the olden time known by the name of Ogeria, afterwards Ogygia, and was called by the Greeks Melita, from which, at last, the Saracens formed the appellation of Malta. It is little else than a bare rock, about twenty miles in length and twelve in breadth, and although it is sometimes called by its inhabitants the flower of the sea, possesses little to deserve that name. It produces no more corn than barely suffices to maintain its residents for six months in the year. Many expedients have been resorted to for the purpose of rendering the ground more fruitful, but all have failed. Ship-loads of earth have been brought from

then presented to the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, who had been successively driven from Palestine and Rhodes. The order took possession of their island home, and were henceforth recognised in history as the Knights of Malta.

The Grand Master of the order immediately employed himself in putting the island in a state of defence. The news had reached him that the Turkish emperor, Soliman, had given orders to Sinan Bassa, whom he had sent to besiege Tripoli, to destroy in his passage the Knights of St. John, whom he was pleased to designate as a nest of robbers. Time was precious, the danger was imminent, but the knights and people laboured hard to prepare for the defence; and when



NATURAL GROTTO, DEDICATED TO ST. PAUL, IN THE ISLAND OF MALTA.

Sicily, and the rocky bottom covered therewith, but the soil has in a short time crumbled into dust, there being but little rain to preserve it in a proper adhesion. Its inhabitants amount to about sixty thousand. The common language of the country is a corrupt Arabic, but Italian is spoken in some of the towns.

Malta has had many masters. It is supposed to have been originally peopled by the Phœnicians; but these were driven out by the Phœnicians, who, in their turn, were conquered and expelled by the irresistible power of the Grecian army. The Carthaginians won it from the Greeks, but the Roman eagle alighted on its craggy heights, and the Carthaginians were subdued. Upon the declaration of the Roman empire, Malta was taken by the Goths, the Goths were beaten by the Saracens, the Saracens by the Normans. From 1090 to the reign of Charles the Fifth, it had the same masters as Sicily, but was

Sinan landed, and attentively considered the Castle of St. Angelo—

“Whose stony strength
Would laugh a siege to scorn”—

he said to his Corsair, Dragut, who pressed him to begin the attack: “Dost thou see that castle? The eagle, certainly, could not place its nest on the summit of a steeper rock, to reach it we ought to have wings like the eagle, for all the troops in the world would not be able to force it.” He, however, ravaged the island, and laid siege to the capital, from which he was repulsed with great slaughter.

In 1565 another attack was made by the Turks upon the island. The battle was long and terrible, and the siege protracted to a very lengthened period. The knights exhibited the utmost bravery and activity. La Valette, the Grand Master, was dangerously wounded, and when some of his

friends wished him to retire, he replied, "At seventy-one, can I finish my life more gloriously than by dying among my brethren?" The Turks were repulsed with the truest courage, and never again set foot in Malta. La Valette built a town on the theatre of his glory, which he called by his own name. Thither was removed the convent of the knights, and in order that the work might be free from all pecuniary interruption, when money failed they paid in copper, which was afterwards called in, and the full value given for it. In 1798 the island was surrendered to the French, and the order of knighthood suspended, while the knights themselves were dispersed. In 1800 it was taken by the English.

But apart from all this, there is a peculiar interest attaching to the island of Malta, from the episode in the life of the great Apostle which there occurred. On his voyage to Rome, "there arose a tempestuous wind, called Euroclydon," which drove the vessel out of her course, and filled those ancient mariners with fear and trembling, and falling into a place where two seas met, they ran the ship aground. "And the centurion commanded that they which could swim should cast themselves first into the sea, and the rest some on boards, and some on broken pieces of the ship, and so it came to pass that they escaped all safe to land. And when they were escaped, then they knew that the island was called Melita."

The remembrance of the visit of St. Paul to the island is preserved by the people, and the recollections of the viper which fastened on his hand, the sick men which he healed, the wonder of his short residence, are still cherished. Tradition points out a grotto where it is said the Apostle dwelt. There an image of the saint had been erected and a chapel built. Say the people, when the sainted missionary shook the viper off his hand, he pronounced a malediction on all venomous reptiles in the island, and that thenceforward they disappeared entirely. Curative properties are attributed to the white substance which is taken from the damp walls of the grotto, and which resembles magnesia in its appearance. This is sold very extensively in Malta, and is also an important object of commerce. Each year a considerable quantity is exported to Sicily, Italy, and the East Indies.

Malta was then in a state very different from the splendid condition in which the Knights left it in our own days. There was only one town in the island, called "Città Notabile" (now Città Vecchia), but which was a miserable, half-deserted place, partially surrounded by a mouldering wall;—there was only one fortress, named St. Angelo, and it was partly in ruins, while the whole of its artillery consisted of one small cannon, two falcons, and a few iron mortars. The entire population amounted only to 12,000, and these were poor and wretched, owing to the barrenness of the soil, and the frequent descents of the Barbary corsairs, who frequently carried off the inhabitants of the villages into slavery.

LONDON FIRES AND FIREMEN.

It was on the evening of one of those dull days of which we have of late had so many, that we were strolling in contemplative mood along that most noisy thoroughfare of this bustling metropolis, called Holborn, watching the incessant activity of the multitudes of passengers who hastened here, there, and everywhere, and wearied by the ceaseless roar of unnumbered vehicles of every description which thronged the road. Suddenly a fresh tumult broke in upon the ear, and cries and shouts were heard even above the heavy and deafening rumbling, while a renewed clattering of hoofs and grinding of wheels sounded forth. On turning round, the spectacle which presented itself was singularly exciting. Amid the concourse of vehicles appeared the red form of a fire-engine, dragged forward by two powerful horses, who were threading their onward course as fast as the opposing obstacles would admit. The shouts of the firemen, as they clustered about the engine, to the drivers of the various vehicles which rapidly made way for them, the gleam of the metal bands on the helmets of the men, and the excitement which prevailed

among all around, as the cry, "A fire! a fire!" passed from mouth to mouth, must be witnessed to be appreciated. Long before as much time had elapsed as it has taken us to narrate the fact, the engine had passed out of sight; while, inspired by the general and strange enthusiasm of the moment, and attended by a number of men and boys, who emerged from different courts and streets on either hand, we were in full cry in pursuit.

Our run was not a short one, but at length we reached the spot where the fire had taken place, and a strange and fearful spectacle presented itself. The accident had originated in the kitchen of a dwelling-house, and having soon eaten its way into the lath-work and the wood framings which divided some of the rooms, the flames mounted upwards by the walls, floors, and stairs to the roof, and at length the entire fabric was folded in its lurid volumes, which leaped from the windows with their long fiery tongues as if seeking for fresh material on which to expend their devouring energies. The intense heat thrown out in every direction made a near approach insufferable, while it had not only set the adjoining dwelling on one side on fire, but threatened to extend itself in the same way on the other hand. Four engines were already in full play, the object of the firemen being to prevent the extension of the fire to the neighbouring buildings, for it was obvious that to attempt to save any part of the first house was hopeless. With this view, some of them had mounted the roofs of the adjoining dwellings, and by means of the hoses were pouring down volumes of water on those parts where the fire most threatened to imperil the safety of the adjoining parts; while two had gone to the rear, and were playing with great effect on their remorseless foe in that direction.

Meanwhile, an immense crowd of people of all classes had assembled, the majority consisting of that order which makes mud, water, heat, and danger of little consequence, compared with the mental excitement which the scene furnishes to a morbid taste for the terrible. The numbers rapidly increased every moment, and filled the air with their shouts, directions, orders, and remarks, which were addressed to all the people in general, and nobody in particular. The mob had been driven back by the police from the space immediately adjoining the fire, and to which the engines had been brought, the officers being under the necessity of bringing their cudgels into active contact with the heads and shoulders of the intruders, who would, if not prevented, have so pressed forward as to prevent the working of the engines; while above the clamour of the people and the roar of the flames, might be heard the deep, muffled, melancholy "thump, thump," of the levers of the engines, as they were incessantly plied by the pumpers.

The entire scene increased in deep and terrible interest as the mass of building became more completely the prey of the "devouring element," for this had been reluctantly but at length entirely surrendered to destruction. It was curious to watch the long jets of flame clustering and coiling around the different objects that presented themselves to view, while the tiles began to fall one by one from the weakened roof, and the lead gutters were melted, and part of the fluid came gleaming and trickling upon the helmet and then down the sleeve of one of the firemen. At length the ceilings fell, the lath and plaster from the sides gave way, and tumbled down charred and black; the remnants of the window-frames, unable to support themselves, fell, blazing to the ground; and when its last supports were eaten through, with a crash and a roar the rest of the roof came in, driving a flood of flame and heat out through the window and door-ways into the street. The climax had now evidently passed, for other engines had come and were pouring torrents of water on the drenched walls of the adjoining houses, and on the smoking mass of embers, which still emitted an intense heat; till at length the terrible foe is beaten and subdued into obedience. After this had continued for a considerable time, it was seen that there was little fear of a fresh outbreak; so leaving a couple of engines and a sufficient detachment of firemen to continue playing on the smouldering monster, and to watch all morning, the main body retired to their several stations, and the crowd ultimately dispersed.

though there were many who lingered, gazing listlessly on the smouldering embers and blackened ruins, till the dull light of the next morning's sun appeared.

As we returned homeward after witnessing this remarkable spectacle, and watching the beautiful and successful efforts of skill and science in subduing this most formidable element of destruction, the thought naturally suggested itself that there were arrangements, machinery, and skill thus manifested, and which must ever be ready for active employment, of which we might profitably know more than we did; and we determined to avail ourselves of the first opportunity of ascertaining all that was to be known upon the matter. And as we had the pleasure of entering on the consideration of this subject with the highest authority to whom we could appeal—we refer to Mr. Braidwood, the well-known superintendent of the London Fire Brigade—perhaps some of the results of our inquiries may not be uninteresting to our readers.

The formation of a London fire-engine establishment, after the model of the "Corps des Sapeurs Pompiers" in France, was attempted by Sir Frederick Morton Eden, in 1808, who was then chairman of the Globe Insurance Office. According to this proposal, each office was, at the outset, to furnish a gang of twenty firemen, of whom ten were to be first-class men, who should receive allowance for all fires they attended; and ten second-class men, who were to be paid only when specially required to appear; and all future appointments and other matters respecting the firemen were to be managed by an engine committee. Each office was to pay an equal contribution towards the expenses of the establishment. This attempt, however, failed; for in December of that year, Sir F. Eden wrote, that he had ascertained that it was in vain to expect co-operation from any other insurance office, except the Atlas, in the formation of a joint engine establishment; and that the Globe Office had, consequently, abandoned the endeavour to effect it.

About the year 1825, the Sun, Union, and Royal Exchange offices formed a union for a similar purpose, the whole of their engines and men being placed under the charge of a superintendent. The Atlas and Phoenix subsequently joined the brigade; but it was not till 1833 that this union extended itself to the principal remaining offices. Previous to 1831 considerable changes had taken place among the insurance offices; several of them had declined fire assurance altogether, and others had greatly reduced their engine establishments. It is stated that the number of fire engines belonging to the different London companies in that year was only 38, whereas four or five years previously it had amounted to 50. On the 1st of January, 1833, a general alliance was formed by ten of the insurance companies, for mutually assisting each other at fires, with a view to the reduction of their separate expenses. This was called the "London Fire-Engine Establishment," and included the Alliance, Atlas, Globe, Imperial, London Assurance, Protector, Royal Exchange, Sun, Union, and Westminster; several others have since united themselves with the alliance.

The affairs of the establishment are managed by a committee, consisting of a director or secretary from each of the associated insurance companies, which subscribe towards its support in certain agreed proportions. The metropolis has been divided into five districts, the first three extending over the parts north of the Thames, and the other two over the south. They are as follows:—

1st. From the eastward to St. Paul's-chain, St. Paul's churchyard, Aldersgate-street, and Goswell-street-road.

2nd. From St. Paul's, &c., to Tottenham-court-road, Crown-street, and St. Martin's-lane.

3rd. From Tottenham-court-road, &c., westward.

4th. From the eastward to Southwark-bridge-road.

5th. From the Southwark-bridge-road, westward.

The fire-engines are provided with all the tools which may be required amid the contingencies of action, either in the suppression of fire, or the saving of human life or property. They include ladders of sliding ladders, each six and a half feet long, which may be readily converted so as to form in a

very short time, a ladder of any required length; a canvas sheet, with ten or twelve handles of rope round the edge of it; two pieces of two and a half inch rope, one ten fathoms and one fourteen long; six lengths of hose, each forty feet long; two branch pipes, one two and a half, and the other four to six feet long; one spare nozzle for the branch pipes; two lengths of suction pipe, each about six feet long; one flat rose, a stand cock, and a gooseneck; two balls of strips of sheepskin, two balls of small cord, two dog-tails, one dam-board, a boat-hook, a mattock, a shovel, a saw, a screw-wrench, a portable cistern, a hatchet or pole-axe, an iron crow-bar, a hand-pump with hose, instruments for opening the fire-plugs, and keys for turning the stop-cocks of the water mains.* We may here mention that an engine costs, with its complement of tools, some £180; a water-engine from £4,000 to £5,000. One of the latter, belonging to the company, has just been altered from manual to steam power, at a cost of some £2,000. The force of the establishment consists of about a hundred and ten men in permanent employment, including 5 foremen, 10 engineers, 9 sub-engineers, 31 senior firemen, 35 junior firemen, 6 extra men, and the drivers under the direction of the superintendent, Mr. Braidwood.

There are some seventeen stations for engines, the principal one being at Watling-street; there are also two floating engines, one off King's-stairs, Rotherhithe, and one off Southwark-bridge. There are generally one engineer, two senior, and three junior firemen attached to each station; one-third of these being constantly on duty, and the whole being liable to be called up for attendance at fires or for any other duty.

The pay of the men is as follows: a junior fireman has 21s. a week; a senior fireman, who has been some six years in the service 24s. 6d.; a sub-engineer 26s.; and an engineer or foreman 28s. There are also some additional sums which they gain as perquisites, and besides their dress, which is worth £5 a year, and some privileges of residence. They are also liberally treated with regard to the granting of leave of absence; and whether under these circumstances, or in consequence of sickness, or otherwise, their pay always continues.

In selecting men for the fire brigade, many physical and mental qualifications are necessary. It is usually found that if in the first respects they are suitable, they are so in the last. Here is a new theme on which phrenologists-metaphysicians may expatiate, namely, the connexion of mind with muscle; for when the candidates are examined by the surgeon, it is an almost invariable rule that if the men are well proportioned, not too heavy or large in size, and their muscles are firmly set and well arranged, there are associated with all this those powers of endurance, coolness in danger, and boldness in enterprise, which are such important characteristics in men who have to discharge the duties of firemen. If a man be of vigorous mind and active habits, and spend his youth in any vocation involving manual exertion, he will be sure thus to adapt and inure his physical constitution to the exigencies of his work.

On these accounts the best firemen are those who have been men-of-war's men, and on whose discharge the words "very good" have been written. These are always the ablest and most skilled men in the crew, for many captains will not give this designation to more than perhaps half a dozen men out of several hundreds.

The arrangements for the attendance of the men and engines in case of fire are very complete, of which it may not be uninteresting to give an outline. If a fire happen in the first district, the whole of the men and engines there immediately repair to the spot, while two-thirds of them, with one of the engines from each of the second and fourth districts, and one-third of those from each of the third and fifth districts, join them.

If a fire happen in the second district, the whole of the men and engines belonging to it repair to the fire, with one engine and two-thirds of the men from each of the first and third districts, and one-third of the men from the fourth and fifth.

* General Regulations for the London Fire-engine Establishment.

If a fire happen in the third district, the whole of the men and engines belonging to it, with one engine and two-thirds of the men from each of the second and fifth districts, and one-third of the men from the two remaining districts, attend the fire. A similar arrangement is also made for the fourth and fifth districts, and the assistance they are to derive from the other men and engines. If a fire happen on the boundary of a district, and it is doubtful in which it has occurred, the whole of the engines and men of the two adjoining districts, and one-third of the men of the remaining three, proceed instantly to the spot. The superintendent, upon an alarm of fire of sufficient importance, repairs to the place wherever it may be, and takes command of the whole force.

The men are clothed in a dark gray uniform, trimmed with red, with the number of each man marked in red on the left breast; they have black leather waist-belts, and hardened leather helmets. The helmets are strengthened with a strong hollow crest, in which there are orifices for purposes of ventilation; the edges are bound with brass. Such is their strength in the resistance of blows, to say nothing of their invaluable aid in preserving the men from heat, and molten lead, and water, that a blow sufficient to destroy the helmet would break the neck of the wearer.

Of the firemen, it is but just to say, that they have, as a body, shown themselves fully equal to the exigencies of their vocation. The method which is adopted, as a necessary precaution against accident, is to send men together in pairs, care being taken to put a "green-horn" and an older hand together, that the skill of the latter may subdue the wild courage of the former. As a rule it is more necessary to keep men back than to urge them forward in their work.

The chief respect in which a fireman shows his ability, is in going inside the houses or buildings on fire, as it is only thus that the flames can be extinguished within them. This, it will be readily imagined, is often a work of no small difficulty from the heat and the peril incurred; while the men are often obliged to crawl along the floors on their hands and knees, for the smoke is not unfrequently so dense in the upper part of the rooms as to prevent a man seeing a yard before him. To stand calmly on some fragment of a building which is already weakened by the fire, and will obviously give way before long and fall into the lurid flames and embers below, requires a cool head and a steady eye; and when, at the same time, the united energies of two or three men are necessary to direct the hose through which the water is being poured upon the fire, and to do so with the best effect,—the position is by no means an enviable one. And here some idea may be given of the strength required to hold a hose, when under the action of the water. The hose-pipe in one of the floating-engines is rather more than two inches in diameter and, as the water is forced through it at the pressure of some eighty or ninety pounds on the inch, we have a backward re-active pressure on the part of the tube of some 160 or 180 pounds, and three or four strong men will be necessary to control it, while, if it should slip from their grasp it would be very difficult to regain possession of it. It is not, however, uncommon to divide the main tube by means of two branches, and thus having two more governable streams of water for playing upon the fire. The diameter of the tube in a land-engine is about seven-eighths of an inch.

When an engine is ready for action, there are always plenty of volunteers at hand, to work the levers, some twenty-eight men being required for each. As soon as these have been selected by the foreman, they set about it with determined energy; and such is the earnestness with which they begin, that many an engine has been disabled, during the first five minutes. It is only with some difficulty that their ardour is restrained within reasonable bounds. The names of the pumpers are taken down, on a paper prepared and ruled for the purpose, and they are afterwards remunerated at the rate of a shilling for the first hour, and sixpence for the rest.

Besides the engines belonging to the Fire Brigade, many parishes profess to keep engines in efficient order for public use, and sometimes they are fully up to their instructions, and

when their services are required, are worked with great dexterity and vigour; but often it is far otherwise. We have ourselves seen a parish engine drawn by a lot of broken-down workhouse men to the scene of a fire, at the rate of about a mile and a half an hour, and of no service when it reached its destination. In another instance, a woman was sole manager of two parish engines. It would seem that her husband had sustained the offices of sexton and parish engineer, and that, on his death, the authorities, not knowing what to do with the widow, appointed her to succeed in the discharge of some of these functions. Finding that the machines were getting somewhat out of order under her administration, she made application to Mr. Braidwood to send some one to clean them, the offer being altogether so unique that we cannot forbear to transcribe the communication for the amusement of our readers:—

"E: A: Smith respect to Mr. Braidwood and will feel obliged if he will permit one of his men to look at the Engines belonging to St. Michael Royal and St. Martin Vintry for her. The Church having undergone a thorough repair and they are very dirty

"I remain

"Your humble

"Servant E: A: SMITH.

"Sep 16th. 1843"

Some of the parish engines are very efficiently controlled and perform good service, especially those at Whitechapel, Islington, Paddington, and in other directions; but the nearer they approach to the districts more especially under the supervision of the fire brigade of London, the less useful do they seem. This probably arises from the security which is reposed in the efficiency of the brigade.

Before leaving this subject, it is worthy of remark, that instances have been known in which alarms of fire have been given, and appearances have been presented, which have seemed to indicate most obviously that fires were actually raging, which were really nothing more than the deceptive phenomena presented by the sun or the aurora borealis. On one occasion, in November, 1835, no fewer than twelve engines and seventy-four men were kept in constant activity from eleven o'clock at night till six the following morning, in the pursuit of a number of false alarms, caused by these appearances. Some of the engines reached Hampstead, and others Kilburn, before the mistake was discovered.

In another case, in 1836, the rays of the rising sun at half-past four in the morning, occasioned such a glare of light in the sky to the east, which attracted a considerable number of engines, driven at conjecture, some along Radcliffe-highway, some down the Commercial-road, while others went to Mile-end. On reaching these points, however, the appearances became gradually fainter; but the firemen came in sight of a second light, more to the south, which really proved to be a fire.* On the 18th of October, in the same year, a most extraordinary appearance of the aurora borealis occurred, which deceived the oldest firemen. A crimson glare of light arose in the horizon to the north-east, about half-past eight o'clock, p.m., which seemed to be caused by a fierce conflagration; and the resemblance was increased by what appeared to be clouds of smoke rising up after the glare, and breaking and rolling away beneath it. Thirteen engines and a large body of men went in search of the supposed fire, and crowds of people and carriages kept pouring from the West-end to witness it. The alarm upon this occasion was not confined to London; at Dublin, Leyden, Utrecht, Strasburg, Troyes, Rennes, and Nantes, the same terror was created, and was attended with a similar turn-out of the firemen, as well as the military, and with like results.

Before concluding, we must avail ourselves of the opportunity of presenting our acknowledgments to Mr. Braidwood for the friendly manner in which he communicated to us important information on this subject, and placed at our disposal valuable documents in reference to the establishment of which he is at the head.



and three
while, if it should
difficult to regain possession
main tube by
able stream
tube in

DRAWN BY H. WARREN, ESQ., PRESIDENT OF THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

THE STORY TELLER.

SCENE IN AN EGYPTIAN CAFE.

THE STORY OF THE SEVEN BEANS.

OR, THE TRUE TALE OF BEN LEFGOIM.

THE East is the land of stories. The Arab around the evening watch-fire in the desert, the Persian merchant in the caravanserai, the idle Turk in the coffee-shop, lying, puffing his chibouk, and the sultan jaded with sensuality, lounging on luxurious cushions in the recesses of his palace, and the Georgian beauty, weary of slavery, and dreaming of her native hills—all value a good tale as the greatest of treats, and a good story-teller as the cleverest of men. When the business of the day is at an end, the shopkeepers and merchants of the towns hurry to the café, and there reclining easily, with the bowls of their pipes at their feet, and all their senses buried in voluptuous dreaminess, they listen while the professional story-teller recounts the adventures of some follower of the Prophet, and his reward is never grudgingly bestowed. When his talent and fluency are very great, the payments made him are sometimes extravagant. The intervals between the stories are filled up by the performances of the Almeh, or dancing girls. The stories are always acted as well as related, and sometimes with great dramatic power. A scene of this kind is represented in our engraving. The following tale, as related in the coffee-shops of Cairo, has fallen under our hand, from the pen of Charles Asselineau, and we have put it into shape and form.

In the name of the Prophet, welcome! From the beginning of the world unto the end a cloud serves thee for a parasol. In Cairo there are three good things—the Maamel, the Nile, and the Feast of the Sultan. At Damascus there are two bad things—blasphemy and falsehood. Allah is Allah! In Cairo there lived not many years ago a poor Arab and his wife, and his name was Ben Lefgoim. He was a willing and an industrious man, but times were hard, money scarce, and with great difficulty did he make a living. He would sit in his hut heaping ashes on his head, saying, "God is God, and Mohammed is his prophet; but what has Mohammed ever done for me?" His wife would reproach him with his wickedness; but in vain. He continued to find fault with the decrees of Providence.

One morning Ben Lefgoim rose early and prepared to go out. His wife asked him where he was going, but he would not say. She pressed, however, very hard, and as the cunning of a woman is very great, he at last laid bare his heart before her. He had made up his mind to go out, secreted himself on the edge of the desert, and rob the first man that came by.

"Dog of an Arab!" cried she angrily, "so you would turn thief would you? Take a book, an inkstand, and a pen; go out into the bazaar, and sit you down gravely in a corner, but where, looking humble, you may be seen by all. The people will think you a learned sheikh; they will ask your advice, and you will become a rich man."

"But," replied the husband dejectedly, "I have not even a turban to cover my head."

His wife looked round and saw lying in a corner an empty bag of rumples, which she cut in twain, and gave him a very ancient and solemn turban. Ben Lefgoim, who had been called him as he went out, looked at the turban, and then at the bag, and then at his book, pen, and inkstand, and then he turned on towards the bazaar. He looked along the street, and saw a spot which lay near the entrance, and there stood himself. Now it happened that about an hour later a peasant, from one of the neighbouring villages came by, looking around him anxiously, and prying into every door-way. He was about to rush through the bazaar, when seeing the learned-looking sheikh seated on the ground, he said—

"May thy beard answer for me, I have lost my donkey. You are a learned man, and you will tell me where it is."

"Ah, Fauna!" muttered Lefgoim, "I have lost my donkey for this. Never was man so much deceived."

wretched position by his wife. But he felt he must answer, so he said at random, "Go to the cemetery, and you will find your donkey."

Now it happened that the peasant found his donkey in the place indicated, and returning told the sheikh, gave him many thanks and a piece of money. Sheikh Yateney, as he was in future generally called, went home in the evening quite delighted, and thanked his wife for her good counsel. Next day he returned full of doubt and hesitation to his post, and was consulted almost as soon as seated about the loss of some silk. Fortune was good to him again. He gave advice, and it chanced that again it was good. And so he went on many days, and it always happened that what he said was right. Providence seemed to take a pleasure in carrying out all his predictions, and he humbled himself before Allah, and declared daily that Mohammed was really his prophet.

But bad are the calculations of man. Before a month was over, Yateney would willingly have never been born, and thought himself the most miserable man in existence. He was seated one morning in the bazaar as usual, looking out complacently for clients, his clothes no longer ragged, but still wearing his pumpkin, which was, so to speak, his sign, when four gran janissaries came up, seized him somewhat roughly, and took him before the pasha of the province.

"Yateney," said the pasha to him, "I have heard of thy reputation for wisdom. Now, last night a band of robbers entered my palace and stripped my treasure. Thou must recover it for me, and in seven days. If thou dost not, thou shalt lose thy head."

Yateney bowed his head, and went out lamenting. When he reached home he threw his pumpkin on the floor, seated himself beside it, and heaped ashes on his bare skull. "I am a ruined man! a lost man! Why was I born? Mohammed is not the prophet of God. I will sustain this before all the Ulemas in the world."

"What is the matter?" asked his wife gently. "Out of my sight, villain! about!" exclaimed Lefgoim, furiously, at the same time beating her. "It is your fault that I am about to die. You wish to marry again, do you?"

"But, my dear husband," cried Fauna, "when his first moment of rage was passed, explain to me what is the matter."

"The matter, unhappy wretch! In seven days I shall have my head cut off."

Then he got up and took out of a sack seven beans, one for each day he had to live, and towards evening, after having bemoaned his hard fate all day, swallowed them, crying out as he did so.

"There goes one."

Now it happened that at this moment there was passing in the street one of the band of robbers who had pillaged the pasha's treasury. He knew the reputation of the sheikh; and as he said these words in a loud tone, "There goes one," he thought himself recognized, and ran away to tell his associates, who were all about the bazaar. They held counsel, and at last they came to a decision. However it was determined that the next evening, instead of the robbers, should go with them to the sheikh's house, and judge for himself. He was to be about dark. At his window sat the unfortunate man, and as the other passed, he swallowed another bean, and exclaimed, "There goes a second." Terrified, conscience-stricken, the thief fled and repeated what he had heard to his companions. They decided that the sheikh should try the third day, and so on until the whole party had tried the experiment. As, however, precisely the same thing occurred during the day, the robbers became so greatly alarmed that they came in a body to the sheikh, employed him to judge, and gave him a large sum of money.

Yateney, who had observed that he knew all along that they were the robbers, but that never concerning them, he

had resolved to try what conscience would do. Thereupon they swore by the Prophet and the beards of their fathers that they would rob no more; and on this solemn assurance, Sheikh Yateney allowed them to depart. The next day he went before the pasha, told him that he had recovered his treasure, and desired him to send his janissaries for it. The pasha did so, and then gave him a handsome reward. Yateney delighted, went home, told his wife all, and thanked God he had a partner so full of wit as to put such an idea in his head. But he determined to go to the bazaar no more; content to live on the pasha's liberality.

But the destiny of Ben Iefgoim was not fulfilled. His desire for rest could no more be satisfied than that of the dove which went forth from the ark and found nothing but water. There happened at Stamboul (Constantinople) a very grave affair. A treasure placed in the sultan's seraglio was most inexplicably robbed; and the riches being principally diamonds and precious stones, the grief of the monarch was great. The event was rumoured about through all Islam, and the Pasha of Damascus, hearing of the circumstances, sent word to the sultan that there was a man in Cairo who could discover the authors of the robbery. The sultan immediately sent orders that Yateney should be sent under good escort to Stamboul.

Yateney was furious when he heard that he had to go to Constantinople, and for what purpose. He was like a madman, and could express his outraged feelings in no other way than by beating his wife, which he did more severely than the first time. Then, as it was impossible to resist an order of the sultan, he set out for Stamboul, taking with him his wife, and an escort of four janissaries.

As he went along Yateney declared continually that it was all over with him, that he was a ruined man. Arrived in sight of Stamboul his grief grew greater still, and when he landed his heart quite failed him. He accordingly bade the janissaries go forward, and say that he had arrived, but could only reach the palace next day. His object was to gain one day more of life. He then erected his tent on the shore, and remained alone with his wife.

The reputation of the sheikh had spread through all Stamboul, and his arrival had alarmed all the robbers in the place. They trembled lest they should all be discovered. But the real robbers of the seraglio were chiefly frightened. They had been on the eve of embarking with their prize, when they were suddenly prevented. To wait a better opportunity, they had buried their treasure on the sandy shore. On the very spot Yateney had pitched his tent.

This put an end to all hesitation on the part of the thieves. They rushed to Yateney, threw themselves at his feet, begged his forgiveness, and implored him not to denounce them to the police. Yateney made a similar reply to that he had made to the seven thieves of Cairo, and retired to rest contented and happy. Next day, when the messengers of the sultan came, he exclaimed,

"It is not my place to go to the sultan, but his to come to me. The treasure is here."

The sultan came with all his court. The earth was dug up, and the treasure discovered. But when the vizier asked Yateney who were the authors of the robbery, he answered,

"What matter! here is the treasure, the rest is in the hands of God."

The vizier did not insist, and the sultan, ravished at recovering his treasure, loaded Yateney with caresses and presents. He not only rewarded him, but insisted on keeping him about his person. He treated him with distinguished honour as a man of mark and note, loaded him with riches, and put him on an equality with himself. But Yateney was not happy. He did not feel himself equal to his position, and pestered with questions from all around, sighed for his home and obscurity.

One day he was in a bath with the sultan.

"I," said he, "I were to give the sultan a box on the ear, he would think me mad, and send me back to my own country."

No sooner said than done. Yateney gave the sultan a box on the ear and rushed out of the room. The sultan followed him, burning with rage; scarcely had he crossed the threshold when down went the whole building.

The sultan, persuaded that the sheikh had acted with great presence of mind to save his life, protested that he would grant him any favour he chose to ask him.

"Father of True Believers," said the sheikh, "I only ask one thing, and that is, that you publish through all your dominions strict orders that no one shall ask me any more questions."

Thereupon he told the sultan his whole history, at which the sultan was amazed, and all the more looked upon the sheikh as an inspired man. Then he embraced him, made him great presents, and sent him home to his own country, where ever after he regarded his wife as the author of his fortune, and advised all young men to take example by him, and set great store by matrimonial counsels.

THE NEW-YORK HERALD.

MARK that tall man, who, with watchful eye and cautious tread, moves slouchingly up Broadway, leaning, as he walks, on a stout cane, which cannot have been selected for its beauty. His pace is slow and measured: indeed, with that snow-white head, telling a tale of sixty years, or more, it could hardly be otherwise; but there is a warmth in the cheek which shows that the vigour of youth has not wholly yielded to the ashen hue of age. He is alone. You hardly ever see him in company. People stop to look at him, and some scowl on him as he passes, others simply tell their friends: "That is James Gordon Bennett, Editor and Proprietor of the *New-York Herald*!"

Let us follow him as he crosses the thoroughfare opposite Barnum's, and threading Ann-street, turns down Fulton. A strange smell of oil, and steam, and printers' ink, warns us that we are in the vicinity of the two largest printing-offices in America, and in the heart of the newspaper world. Our guide has stopped at a dingy glass door, protected by an iron grating. Within, a flight of well-worn steps—the very dirt of which is conclusive evidence of the calling of those to whose use they are appropriated—leads to a corridor, at the end of which we meet a door inscribed with the surly but necessary notice: "No admittance except on editorial business." The door is opened, and we are in the news factory of the Western Continent.

Newspaper-offices are, proverbially, the most comfortless places in the world. A merchant looks upon his display of upholstery as part of his stock in trade—as one of the pegs on which his credit hangs. A surgeon is incomplete without a cosy arm-chair, to delude the patient into the belief that his physical comfort is a matter of some moment to the doctor. Even lawyers, grim, cold-blooded sons of Themis, affect in these latter days a partiality for snug desks, and soft foot-rugs, and seldom subject the client to their moral rack until they have ensconced his body in a roomy *ergastulum*. Editors, on the contrary, seem to revel in discomfort and confusion. Hard wooden chairs, rickety tables hacked to pieces by the knives of writers during the labours of parturition—newspapers on the tables, on the chairs, on the floor, on the walls, on files—heels of books strewn wherever the visitor would like to set his foot—ink spilt on every side—walls blackened with gas or candle-light, or peeping out, like an Irishman's elbow, from the rents in a faded paper—an *ensemble*, in short, which seems to indicate that the outward man must be made as uncomfortable as possible, in order that the inward man may perform its functions creditably,—such are the usual characteristics of most newspaper-offices.

The *Herald*-office is a slight improvement on its neighbours. Here we have four rooms; well stocked with desks and chairs (all hard and plain, however); a couple of libraries, filled chiefly with historical and statistical works; stout files of the *London Times*, the *Independence*, *Telegraph*, and the *Herald* itself; a pair of fine globes, which are only a couple

old, but which the editor is about to discard as obsolete; and heaps, nay, mountains of "exchanges," which are positively alarming to view. In these rooms are assembled seven or eight reporters and readers; the whole reporting staff numbers some fifteen men, but they are seldom at the office together. One or two are lounging on their chairs, reading the morning papers; but the majority are busily employed in catering for the morrow's *Herald*. One is culling European news from the papers which the "Asia" has just brought; another is dissecting the *Alta California*; and the third is carving huge slices out of the *Diario de la Marina* of Havana. That elderly gentleman, with a peculiar expression of Yankee shrewdness, who always wears his hat, and looks as though he was casting up a sum in arithmetic in the air, is, in fact, calculating the excess of the last Presidential vote in Pennsylvania over all previous ones, and deducing, by a neat algebraic equation, what will be the exact majority against Free-soilism in the next Congress. Statistics are the *Herald's* forte: a careful study of all the votes which have been polled since the days of Washington, enabled Mr. Bennett to foretell, six weeks before the election, what General Pierce's majority would be in November. The gentleman with the hat is now going to astonish the country by another vaticination well worthy of Nostradamus. Others are glancing at their short-hand notes of the previous evening, and dividing the city between them for the next. In the other room sits the gentleman who manages the *Herald* in Mr. Bennett's absence. He writes little, but reads everything. He manages the editorial department, the foreign and domestic correspondence, the news; directs the course of the journal, superintends the reporters, exercises a strict surveillance over contributors, and subjects all literary and other matter to a careful examination; receives visitors with an affability which is rarely found in managers of newspapers, collects information, and conducts all the correspondence of the *Herald*: has the control over the cashier of the financial department, and finds time to decide all questions respecting advertisements which are referred to him by the clerks. Rumour says that these trifling occupations do not interfere with his indulging his taste for music, by a visit to the opera, and keeping up his acquaintance with history, by a regular quota of reading.

In these four rooms the *New-York Herald* is generated. All "matter," except advertisements, first springs into existence here. "Copy" is handed into the manager's room, and thrust into a dumb waiter in the wall, which communicates with the fourth story of the *Herald* building. Five minutes after the last word is written before the ink is thoroughly dry—the foreman has distributed it among his compositors, and some of it is already in "sticks." By this process forty-eight columns of matter, averaging 250 lines a column, are set up in a few hours. If you ascend to the composing-room you find a number of men in their shirt-sleeves, working for their lives: most of them young and intelligent, but betraying in their faces sad signs of the stimulus which night printers are unfortunately accustomed to regard as a necessity. They work hard; some of them realise as much as twenty-five dollars a week.

When the foreman has sufficient matter set up to fill a "form," he adjusts his column-rules, and screws the cylindrical form (no others are used) till the copper-faced types appear to be one solid mass. Two stout men then place the form in a second dumb waiter. It descends slowly, story by story, till the light of day is lost, and from the vicinity of the roof it has reached the second or lower story of the subterranean edifice.

But, hush! A voice from out the wall summons the foreman. Quick as thought, his ear is applied to an orifice which had escaped our notice, and receives telegraphic orders from the manager to alter a portion of the matter set up. Through another orifice, equally adapted for mouth or ear, he reports the order to the clerks of the lower regions, and the form ascends as quickly and as smoothly as it had descended. Let us leave him engaged in the delicate task of undoing his work, and hasten down to the lower regions of the press.

The ground floor some time ago. There are no windows; but 'tis by the light of day that we distinguish the ink on the brawny arms of that pressman. Look upward, the ceiling is translucent, and over our heads we can see people walking, though, in truth, it were hard to distinguish a man from an elephant. We are under Fulton-street, the pavement of which is studded with "bull's eyes;" and though light passes without difficulty, the rays are sadly refracted. At the place where we stand, we are exactly under the centre of the street, and heavy waggons, and troops of volunteer cavalry, are clattering over our head. Little time can we spare them; our thoughts and eyes are engrossed by the enormous steam presses, whose wheels are revolving furiously, and piling heaps on heaps of evening *Heralds*. The great press, styled, if our memory serves us, Hoe's patent cylindrical rotary steam-press, is the finest in America; it is fifteen horse power, and can print 15,000 *Heralds* in an hour. Its serious labours begin when those of mortals end—at the "wee short hour ayont the twal." Come here between two and three in the morning, and see it devour the damp sheets like a ravenous monster, and eject them, after a brief process of mastication, almost living, thinking creatures. Reared after rears is swallowed without appeasing its hunger. Its appetite seems insatiable. Through that slide which communicates with the street, 580 reams are shot down into the vault every week; and a couple of men are constantly employed in wetting the sheets in huge vats of water.

Now leave the subterranean cavern, and grope your way to the outside of the building. The sudden change from the glare of gas-light to the feeble illumination of the stars, and the distant lamps, blinds you at first, but you will soon discover that those bundles of clothes, which are lying about in every direction on the steps, are animate beings. You are standing in the bed-chamber of the news-boys. Ha! the first batch of *Heralds* is ready for distribution, and the bundles aforesaid rapidly gather themselves into a perpendicular position. Each is anxious to be the first served. The news carriers are receiving by instalments their two or three thousand copies each, and apportioning them out between their subordinates. Soon the pattering of naked feet on the pavement announces the departure of the little fellows, freighted with bundles of *Heralds*. Strange to say, a majority of these boys become wealthy men. They rise in course of time to be carriers; and if they are fortunate enough to secure a good beat, make twenty-five, thirty, and even fifty dollars, a week. Of the *Herald* carriers, several are men of large property. The fact may be attributed in a great measure to the hours which they are compelled to keep, which excludes them from all kinds of nocturnal amusements and dissipation.

On an average, 40,000 copies of the *Herald* are sold daily. Besides these, three weekly editions are published: one for Europe, with a summary of news in French, on the days of sailing of the European steamers; one for California, on the departure of the "hugre" vessels; and a third for country circulation. Of these, from 20,000 to 22,000 are printed and sold.

This enormous circulation will appear less extraordinary when it is recollected that upwards of a year ago, 2,800 newspapers, with an aggregate circulation of 5,000,000, were published in the United States, giving a ratio of one newspaper to every 7,161 free inhabitants. It is needless to remark that the *Herald's* is the lion's share. It lies on the table of every reading-room in America and the large cities abroad; every hotel, bar-room, steam-boat, club, railway-car, receives a copy; go where you will—to the centre of the European continent, to the limits of civilisation in South America, the East Indies, Australia—wherever there are Americans to read—the paper which is offered to the American traveller is invariably the *New-York Herald*.

Some years ago there would have been a bold man who would have shaken hands with Mr. Bennett in Broadway. At the theatre or the opera the fashionable gave him a warm hearty welcome, and his name would not intervene between the

wind and their nobility." Everybody bought the *Herald*, but privately, and hastened to thrust it to the bottom of their coat-pocket. Both the editor and his paper were tabooed. Some few boasted that they had the courage to carry out their principles, and neither receive the *Herald* into their houses, nor read it, nor speak of it. But these were exceptions. As a general rule, all who could afford it were regular subscribers, and only began to abuse it after they had carefully perused its news column, its money article, a leader or two, and its advertising sheet.

If you inquired for the cause of this obloquy heaped on the *Herald*—if you asked what crime Mr. Bennett had committed—each man had a different reason to give. Paul, a Wesleyan Methodist, was shocked at the editor closing an article on camp meetings with these irreverent words: "Brethren, let us pray." Peter, an Episcopalian, was disgusted with his strictures on the late *faux pas* of his bishop. Martin, a Presbyterian, could not tolerate a journal which professed eclecticism in matters of religion. Then Henry, against whom the old adage, *creditur virgine*, &c., had been invoked with fatal effect at the court-house on the previous day, was furious to see his name with the whole *usculandre* on his father's breakfast-table. Thomas, a candidate for high civic honours, was horrified at the publication in the *Herald* of an old story which he had hoped was forgotten long ago. Richard, the politician, positively raved when he saw himself described as the Robert Macaire of politics, though he could not deny the truth of any of the facts alleged. James, the banker, was confounded at the appearance of a shrewd article, demonstrating to a certainty that the inflation of the paper-currency must lead to a crash. One man called it blasphemous; another gravely suggested that it was the organ of Archbishop Hughes and the Jesuits. The Whigs belaboured it for its democratic tendencies, and the Democrats could not forgive its sneers at the Tammany Hall meetings. In short, every one had excellent reasons both for hating the *Herald* and for reading it.

Its rivals laboured to kill it with a will. When it first appeared, astonishment at the audacity of the Scotchman, who, without fame or capital, was starting a daily paper, seemed to absorb every other feeling. The little penny sheet was hawked for months in the streets without a word of notice from its contemporaries. But as week after week, and month after month, saw its subscription list swell, symptoms of alarm began to be felt, and the press of New York resolved to forget their mutual quarrels and jealousies, and to unite in one common effort to put down the upstart. A league was formed, and all the editors agreed to devote a portion of their paper regularly to the annihilation of the *Herald*. Each day brought to light a fresh batch of abuse and witticisms at the expense of the luckless victim. The weeklies discharged on his devoted head the bile which had been secreting during the six days previous. Some few attacked the style and principles of the paper, and, in many cases, not without a fair show of reason; but the majority preferred the more effectual weapon of personal abuse. There was no epithet too severe, too vile, to be applied to Mr. Bennett. It was calculated by a wag, that he was called a "liar" sixty times a week—a "rogue" forty—an "atheist" twenty-five—a "blackguard" about a hundred, and a "scoundrel" rather oftener. His family were next assailed. His wife and his wife's sister were ridiculed by name in more than one of the leading journals. It was asserted, on all hands, that he exacted "black mail" from high and low, rich and poor.

Still the *Herald* lived. As the violence of its assailants increased, its circulation expanded. People naturally supposed that a paper which was so vehemently attacked must be worth reading; and advertisers, caring very little about the character of the paper, provided their advertisements were widely read, gave it the preference over all its rivals. The latter then began to discover that they had been actually building up the fortunes of their enemy, instead of destroying him; and the attacks ceased, as they had begun, simultaneously. The result of the first conference of the discomfited journalists was an agreement to ignore the *Herald* altogether; and when circumstances

obliged them to allude to it, to designate it as "the Satanic press." This original title it bears to the present day.

But Mr. Bennett's enemies were not satisfied with this campaign. The increasing bitterness of his sarcasms, and the merciless severity with which he attacked people, were doubtless grievous temptations. It was resolved to try physical punishment, moral flagellation having failed. Mr. Bennett was an old man; he had never been distinguished for physical prowess; and the life of a journalist would undermine the frame of an athlete. A rival editor, famed for his bodily strength, who had been worsted in a controversy with the *Herald*, fell upon Bennett in the street with a stick or cane. He was completely victorious; the old man was thoroughly beaten. It seemed as though all his enemies had cried "Eureka!" at the news: assault after assault followed each other in quick succession. Bennett could not walk from his lodgings to his office without running the risk of a scuffle. This lasted until two or three of the most valiant of Bennett's aggressors were heavily mulcted by courts of justice. As soon as it was discovered that it cost a thousand or fifteen hundred dollars to break a stick on the old man's back, the editor of the *Herald* was allowed to write in peace—or, at all events, his enemies contented themselves with sending him an infernal machine, labelled, "Documents from Cuba."

But few vestiges of the obloquy or the persecution of the past can be discovered to-day. Whatever peculiarities characterised the *Herald* formerly, it is now a respectable, honest, trustworthy paper; its character stands high, and its influence is unbounded. General Scott stated publicly that he attributed his defeat at the recent election mainly to the opposition of the *Herald*. It killed the Taylor Cabinet by its *exposé* of Mr. Crawford's Galphinism. It destroyed the American Art Union with a few articles. It is doubtful whether any paper ever enjoyed a higher degree of popular confidence.

To retain it, however, it must continue to pursue the same progressive march of improvement which it has hitherto followed. As the American public becomes more refined, the proprietor of the *Herald* will discover that the style of his editorial articles is susceptible of amelioration. It will not suffice to enjoy a monopoly of the earliest and most reliable news; its comments and opinions on passing events must be conveyed in the language in which educated men are accustomed to be addressed. Pedantry is a grievous fault in a newspaper; but illiterateness is worse. A little more steadiness of purpose, too, without impairing its neutral character, could not but conduce to strengthen its hold of the public affections.

These and other minor matters, such as the dramatic and musical departments, which are wretchedly conducted, will soon, doubtless, defy criticism. When they do, the *New-York Herald* will not fear a comparison with the first of European newspapers.

The supremacy of the *Herald* is shared in some measure, at least, by the *New York Tribune*, and we may safely say, that in the estimation of all those who value high moral principle in the discussion of great public questions, the latter stands foremost of the two. The great fault of the American press is, that, like the American statesman, it panders too often to the unbridled passions of the mob, in utter disregard of decency or morality. The frightful threats and denunciations uttered against abolitionists by the southern journals, in case they should dare to set their foot in any of the slave states, are such as no man in this country would express in private; and if he deliberately wrote them down and published them, he would be met by a shout of indignation. When, too, the fisheries dispute arose last autumn, the *Herald* called for a war with Great Britain in terms of barbarous ardour, and it has distinguished itself equally by its denunciations of the Hungarian and Italian refugees. Like our own *Times*, it is far surpassed by many journals of less enterprise, less literary ability, and smaller circulation, in morality and consistency. But these are faults which the growth of good taste in American society, and the steady advance which American literature is now making, will ere long correct.

ARAB ART.

We have been induced to give the present drawings, in consequence of the exquisite taste, the elegance, and richness of ornamentation which distinguish the three Algerian objects

However skilful other countries may be in goldsmith's and jeweller's work, they may yet learn many a useful thing from the fertile imagination of the Arabs.



from which they are made. Though destined for common use, these are really beautiful little works of art, and every nation can find gain in the imitation of such drawings.

In the first place, we have a silver powder-flask, which was taken from the Beni Abbes at the time of Marshal Bugeaud's expedition against the Kabyles. This powder-flask is

filled by unscrewing the polygonal knob *a*. From *b* hang the strings by which it is suspended. By pressing the thumb on the curved lever, *c*, the orifice, *e*, through which the powder falls into the pan of the gun, is discovered. The leaves, as well as all the other ornaments of this powder-flask, are worked in hollow relief, but are somewhat sunk away in consequence of the frequent use made of it.

Our second design is that of a silver Moorish bottle. Its octagonal shape is far from being common for this kind of bottle. The stopple, furnished with sides, and made of coral, is terminated by a ferrule, having in its centre a horn point, about an inch long, and half an inch in diameter. Its extremity is dipped in a solution of antimony, which the Moorish women use to trace a black line along their eye-lids, and to prolong the angle formed by the commissure of the upper and lower eye-lid—a singular custom, which is also practised sometimes in Paris. In the evening, at places of public resort, at the concerts, and at the theatres, you meet with young women whose eye-lids are painted in a manner which deceives no one. We suppose they think that they thus increase the brilliancy of their eyes or make them appear larger! But Fashion indulges in strange freaks, of which it is sometimes very useful to penetrate the mysteries. Were Fashion to take it into her head to bedaub the flowers of a *parterre* with paint, there would soon be no one, in some classes of society, who would put up with the sight of a natural flower.

The third design is that of another powder-flask, different in shape from the first one, and which was also taken from one of the *Doni Abbés* during the expedition of Marshal Bugeaud.

The knob *a* serves to open the orifice through which the flask is filled. The handle beneath the knob is used to suspend the object with by strings. The pendants are composed of little chains and small bits of unwrought coral. Like the Neapolitans and the Sicilians, the Arabs place great faith in the influence exercised by this kind of amulet against the evil eye.

The colours which alternate in the different compartments are sky-blue, red-brown, brilliant yellow, emerald green, and dark blue.

MRS. STOWE AT HOME.

THE following extract from a private letter written by a gentleman, who recently had the privilege of spending a day with Mrs. Stowe, to a friend in England, may not be uninteresting to our readers:—

"I have lately spent a day with a person you will be interested in—Mrs. Stowe. She has just moved into a large factory-like house, with an immense number of rooms. People call it 'Tom's Cabin,' and, undoubtedly, that book has furnished it. The furniture is not expensive, but unique, and more tasteful than in any country-house in New England that I have seen. There are many pictures and sketches by herself on the walls, and pretty casts and engravings. There is one beautiful water-colour painting of a bay on the coast of Maine, with those fringed islands and innumerable little creeks, and cedars, and larches. She spoke of one beautiful thing she had seen—a picture of Bunyan and his blind child, but she would not buy it—she could not have it in the same house; it made her cry always to look at it. *There were at home one pretty little girl, with large blue eyes, and two boys; she has, besides, twin daughters, and another son. She sees to the tasteful decoration of the house, to flowers, furniture, and education of her children, general house-keeping, and writing of books. Capital! is it not? and very uncommon here. She herself is a plain-looking person, with a fine womanly head, rising high in front, and full in the region of the emotional, broad on ideality. Her dark hair grows low on her forehead. She has a mild, affectionate aspect, with now and then an utterly absent look as if everything around her was a dream. She has not a good voice, and her manner is rather *distracted* always; her face lights up quickly at a joke, and she relishes good broad wit. Occasionally, in the evening, she sits and plays, and sings half unconsciously at the piano, very sweetly and sadly. Her little daughter Georgy said she wished her mother would play something lively—it made her feel so sad whenever she sat down to the piano. She is alive to all the great questions of the day, and very free in them, with a deep religious faith. On the whole, a woman to love, though not especially interesting in conversation.

"I liked Mr. Stowe much. He is a Professor of Theology, keen, shrewd, kindly and free, a good scholar, and a fervent Christian."

PEACOCKS.

We are not going to write the natural history of the peacock. It has been done over and over and over again; and although proverbial philosophy has taught us that a good story cannot be told too often, another equally wise saw, with the sharpest possible teeth, has assured us that too much of one thing is good for nothing. And then, again, supposing that we felt any disposition to write learnedly about this gay plumed bird, and to enter into an anatomical inquiry respecting his bony structure, his nervous system, and the rest of it,—our space would necessitate us so mightily to abridge, that we should ultimately become the modern illustration of an old Latin sarcasm, and labouring to be brief become obscure. And, lastly, we are not remarkable for our acquaintance with natural history, and although our knowledge of ornithology may be sufficient to teach us the difference between a hawk and a heron, yet we do not profess to be great upon the subject, and have no stray letters of the alphabet attached to our name, duly conferred at any time by any college anywhere. All we propose to do is to gossip about the peacock.

Oh, a gay gallant is the peacock as he struts about in the sunshine; his bright beautiful coat resplendent in the light, his sharp eyes looking about as if he courted praise and felt that he deserved it; his form so graceful, as his long tail sweeps the ground like the train of a countess, or as he sometimes stands before his less-endowed brethren, and spreads that tail of his in a semicircle, all bright and gay, gleaming with its black disks and rings of gold. Oh, a noble fellow is the peacock; his small head crowned with a crest of feathers, choice and straight; his neck long and slender, tapering gracefully from the breast upwards; his back and wings of a light

ash colour, mingled with black; his head and neck and breast of a greenish blue, with a gloss which, in the sunbeams, appears exceedingly brilliant; his eyes set between two stripes, of white; the feathers of his tail of a changeable mixture of green, blue, purple, and gold,—standing thus before us, he is one of the most beautiful objects imaginable.

The earliest mention which we can trace of the peacock is in the book of Job. At what period that book was written is itself uncertain, but there is little doubt that it is the most ancient book in the world. "All men's book," Carlyle calls it, and so it is—a truly catholic production. There, in the strange mysterious story of the man of Uz, God himself challenges the patriarch to reply to such questions as, "Hast thou entered into the treasures of the snow? or hast thou seen the treasures of the hail? Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion? Gavest thou the goodly wings to the peacock; or wings and feathers unto the ostrich?" Even in those early days, when the world was young, the peacock was famed for his beautiful plumage, and had become an object of general admiration.

At a later period, when Solomon the Wise was king over Israel, and the fame of his doings was world-wide, peacocks but added to the attraction of his court. The glory of the Jewish people had culminated in their king, Solomon—whose wisdom surpassed the wisdom of the Egyptians; whose fame was in all nations round about; who had spoken three thousand parables, and composed a thousand and five songs; who had written of trees, from the cedar in Lebanon to the hyssop which grew upon the wall; who was conversant with the habits and characteristics of beasts and birds, and creeping

LORD WILLIAM RUSSELL.

At the close of the seventeenth century there was still barbarism enough in England to require men to seal their testimony to great principles with their blood. The age of the Stuarts was the age of political martyrdom, as well as of royal knavery and baseness. English degradation in the eyes of foreign nations was in some measure atoned for by the valiant devotion to truth which signalled so many of her public men. There were always some who never looked up

sant, even, to muse over their vague and often erroneous notions of what civil and religious freedom really means; but their errors can never make us despise them, for it is by their falls and bruises that we have learned to walk. And then the closing scenes—their manly resignation when all hope in this world was at an end—those touching partings of which the old English prisons have witnessed so many—and the pious exhortations to the crowd assembled to witness the last act in



LORD WILLIAM RUSSELL.

to the weathercock of political success, but in all changes of time and men loved liberty wisely and well.

Amidst all the turmoil, froth, foam, baseness, chicanery, and hollow-hearted time-serving, of which so many political reputations of the present day are built up, it is pleasant at times to clear our eyes from the shifting panorama of modern society, and spend an hour or two with those grave, quaint, and austere old martyrs of English liberty. It is pleasant to read their heavy, nervous denunciations of base practices in the simple unadorned Saxon which rang in hall and forum before pompous and crafty baseness had its place

the tragedy, so full of Christian hope and patriotic fortitude,—all these show so much simple energy of character, that on looking round at the men of our own day, we almost fear that if such troublous times occurred again, we should be found to have lost the art of dying.

On Friday, the 20th day of July, 1652, there was a wild, open space, consisting of green fields, some trees, and skirted by a few buildings, in which young gentlemen acquired the art and mystery of the law, where the smoky square, with its every village its scented shrubs and yellow grass, and its

pletely shut in that if a stranger once finds himself within it, little else than the guidance of a native can extricate him from the labyrinth of lanes and alleys which alone lead to the great thoroughfares. It was then called Lincoln's Inn-fields, and though the fields are long since departed, the appellation still remains. Well, in those fields, on that summer day, one hundred and sixty-six years ago, a great crowd was assembled around a wooden scaffold, erected in the midst, and covered with black cloth. There were the sheriffs upon it, and a block, and an axe, and a headsman, and a victim—tall, dignified, pale, but tranquil, and dressed in mourning. This was Lord William Russell, and he was about to suffer death, the king and the court, and the judges and the jury said, for high treason. History and posterity say that it was for defending English liberty, and the world knows which to believe.

Let us see how it happened. Charles II. was not long restored to the throne which his father had lost, when troubles and discontents began to break out afresh. The king had all the leaning towards arbitrary power, the love of ease and enjoyment at any cost, the disregard of popular rights and the profound faith in the principle of legitimacy, which distinguished and ruined his race. He, therefore, speedily commenced the same attacks upon the constitution of the kingdom which had brought his father to the scaffold. The great object of his dislike was the Protestant religion, and to overthrow it now became the darling object of the courtiers, but particularly of the Duke of York.

The parliament which was dissolved in May, 1679, passed one measure at least which must for ever entitle it to the grateful remembrance of every Englishman of whatever sect or party—the Habeas Corpus Act. Previous to this, although it was a generally acknowledged legal maxim that every man accused of committing a breach of the law should be brought to trial as speedily as possible after his apprehension, intrigues of faction, the caprices of arbitrary power, spite of underlings, too often left him pinning in prison for years without an opportunity of defending himself. He was charged. The in ignorance of the offence with which he set himself against Habeas Corpus Act enabled every court to issue a writ addressed arbitrary arrest and imprisonment to produce him in open court, to the jailor, command him in custody. Next to the Magna Charta this is the charter of English freedom, and surmounts this barrier with a barrier which none, save the rounds.

The parliament also freed the English press. Previous to the great Revolution, all printers were liable to punishment by the Star Chamber for transgressing the laws and regulations which it laid down, and which, with a refinement of despotism, were never made known, and, perhaps, never existed, until some unfortunate publisher had incurred its anger. He was then pilloried, or whipped, or branded, or had his ears cut off, or his nose slit, or was hanged, according to the magnitude of his offence, or the wrath of his judges. This court, it will be believed, was never popular with the parliament or the people. Accordingly it was a standing grievance in every petition and remonstrance addressed to the king, during the struggles which preceded the Revolution. After that event it fell with the throne. Milton then addressed to the Long Parliament that eloquent protest against all restrictions on the liberty of the press, which alone, were it the only one of his productions which had come down to us, would be sufficient to place him in the front rank of English authors and philosophers. Independently of its rich and vigorous style, it is full of thoughts, of which few men in that day knew anything—broad and sound ideas of liberty and good government, which slumbered on our library shelves for one hundred years or more after the blind old man, who conceived them had been resting in his grave, and which have only within the latter part of the present half-century started into life and action. But Milton was not able to make the world hear him to the throbbings of his own great heart. The essay on the Liberty of

parliament did not heed him. It abolished the Star Chamber, to be sure, but established a censorship in its stead, and by this the printers and authors were kept in bounds until the year 1679.

In the passing of these two measures, as in that of all others of a like nature, William, Lord Russell, bore a prominent part. He was born in 1641, and during the greater part of his youth led a wild and dissipated life. In 1667 he married Rachel Wriothlesley, daughter of the Earl of Southampton. He sat in the second and three following parliaments after the Restoration. He was a scion of the noble house of Russell, which first appears in English history in the person of a country gentleman named Sir John Russell, to whom Henry VIII. took a great fancy, and enriched him with some of the confiscated lands of the monasteries. By a series of services to the state, and aided by uniform good fortune, the family rose step by step to the dignity of Earls of Bedford, which they now held in the reign of Charles II. They had ever been distinguished by their attachment to the popular, or, as it was now for the first time called, the Whig party, and were amongst the staunchest adherents of the constitution of the kingdom, the bitterest opponents of the doctrine of non-resistance and of arbitrary power, and the deepest haters of Popery. They had consequently viewed with great alarm the king's leaning to the church which on the continent had winked at his follies, consoled his misfortunes, and had always presented itself to his mind as the inculcator of a gentlemanly creed—the creed of courts and people of quality. But he at least was outwardly and professedly a Protestant, and would doubtless remain so during his lifetime. Not so his brother, the Duke of York, who was the heir-apparent to the throne. It was one of Charles's misfortunes that, although, according to a standing joke of the time, he was the father of a large number of his subjects, no one of his children had entered the world with the sanction of the church, or of that portion of the public whose morality was not of the laxest description. His wife was childless, and in all human probability his brother was destined to succeed him, and this brother was a rigid and devout Roman Catholic.

When it became quite clear that the king was not likely to have any legitimate issue, the kingdom was in a blaze. The old Tories and country gentlemen were in a sad dilemma, wavering between their love of the Protestant church and their devotion to legitimacy, but in most instances the latter triumphed. The Whigs, on the contrary, entered upon the contest against the succession of the Duke of York with an ardour worthy of the old days of the Long Parliament, and introduced into the House of Commons the famous Exclusion Bill, so called from its depriving him of his hereditary title to the throne. The excitement which now arose over all the kingdom was tremendous. Every hamlet, town, corporation, counting-house, coffee-house, pot-house, and school in the kingdom contained two parties, Exclusionists and Non-Exclusionists. It was sought to be proved that the king had been privately married to his mistress, Lucy Walters, and that therefore his son, the young, handsome, brave, popular Duke of Monmouth, was the heir to the throne. The Pope was burnt in effigy, and Pope Joan was produced on the stage.

Parliament met again in 1680. The Exclusion Bill was again introduced, and passed the Commons readily. Lord William Russell carried it up to the Lords, and thus drew upon himself the hatred of the court party, and above all of the Duke of York, who hated, as a superstitious bigot always hates,—to the death. The debate in the House of Lords was loud and long. The peers poured out vituperation fiercely as quarrelsome coal-heavers. They sprang to their feet and clapped their hands to their swords, as in the terrible days of the Long Parliament. The king was present, smiled upon his friends, and marked his enemies, and dissolved parliament once more. The next he summoned to meet at Oxford, fearing that if it came to a crisis the London mob might once again, as they had done before, decide the contest in a tumult.

a Polish diet rather than an English parliament." The Whigs repaired to the place of meeting on horseback, surrounded by their retainers all armed, the latter scowling fiercely on the royal guards; one blow struck in anger, and the civil war was begun. The Exclusion Bill was still insisted upon, but to this the king steadfastly refused his assent. Anything but this he would grant, but this he would not grant, and once again dissolved parliament.

A reaction now set in amongst the middle classes especially. The king had so far kept within the bounds of the law. A large part of the legislature supported him. He had a small standing army on his side. The Duke of York's leaning to arbitrary power and Popery were well known; but the multitude, always changeable, at length began to think that after all this was not a sufficient reason for taking away his rights beforehand—that sufficient for the day was the evil thereof—and that, in any case, in supporting his brother the king was only doing his duty. But history has shown us the wisdom of the Whigs, and the folly of the multitude. Russell and Sydney foresaw in 1680 the events of 1688. Had the Exclusion Bill been passed, the Duke of York might have gratified and carried out his religious views to any extent he pleased in private. The Stuart family might have been still on the throne, and the battles of the Boyne and of Aughrim would never have been fought, nor Limerick nor Derry ever besieged, nor Ireland desolated for a whole century by laws which disgraced the English statute-book, and which even now history blushes to record. This change in the public feeling, however, enabled the king to strike at the Whig leaders, who, in these evil days abandoned by the masses, were for the time the sole champions of English freedom, and he followed up his advantage with terrible rigour.

He proceeded to annul or revoke all the charters of corporations which he supposed to be unfavourable to the Duke of York, and a number of other arbitrary acts which we cannot in our limited space attempt to give in detail. At last the Whigs were driven to the construction of the celebrated Rye-house plot, so called from a house on the road to Newmarket, where it was said the conspirators formed the design of killing the king and the duke. Many people are of opinion that the plot never existed save in the imaginations of the court party; but there can be little doubt that the great Whig leaders did project an insurrection, to break out simultaneously at York, Chester, and the other great towns, the object of which was to overthrow the government. Some of the most fanatical even went so far as to propose a general butchery of their opponents, but these designs were never mentioned in the presence of Russell or Sydney, and no higher tribute than this could be paid to these great men. Two informers swore to a knowledge of the conspiracy, and the king immediately issued a proclamation for the apprehension of a crowd of Whigs. Shortly afterwards Lord Howard, of Eerick, surrendered himself, and upon his information warrants for high treason were issued against the Earl of Essex and Lord William Russell. Algernon Sydney, an old soldier of the parliament, was also seized, and met his fate soon after Russell.

But against Russell it was that the court was most incensed, because he it was who proposed the Exclusion Bill in the House of Commons, and carried it up to the Lords. He was tried on the 12th of July, at Old Bailey, before eight judges. He was very urgent for one day longer for his trial, because he was expecting witnesses who might arrive before night. But this was refused. He then asked for a postponement until the afternoon, but this also was denied him, and the proceedings began. He pleaded not guilty. Three witnesses were examined against him, no one of whom proved anything amounting to a charge of high treason; but according to the various devices of constructive treason, which was often put into practice in those arbitrary times, the evidence of all three put together was held sufficient to condemn him. It may give some idea of the spirit which animated his prosecution, when we learn that words spoken in his presence by others

called persons of standing and repate to speak to his character. Dr. Burnet testified to his loyalty and integrity—so did Lord Cavendish; Dr. Tillotson thought him "a person of great virtue and integrity;" Dr. Cox said "he often had occasion to speak with my Lord Russell in private, and having been himself against all risings, or anything that tended to the disorder of the public, he had heard my Lord Russell profess solemnly that it would ruin the best cause in the world to take any of these irregular ways of preserving it." The Duke of Somerset "had known him for two years, and had been often in his company, and had never heard anything from him but what was very honourable, loyal, and just." Several other noblemen and divines testified to the same effect.

Then Russell himself was asked what he had to say. He denied that he wished to bring about a rebellion, declared that he was as loyal as any man, and that in any changes which he advocated he desired only the aid of parliament and of the laws, told the jury that his life and honour were in their hands, and prayed God to direct them. In the afternoon he was found guilty. On Saturday, the 14th July, he was placed at the bar, and sentence of death pronounced upon him in the disgusting formula which to this day English judges are compelled to employ in similar cases—which happily are now of rare occurrence. The last is doubtless in the recollection of all our readers—that of Mr. Smith O'Brien and the unfortunate Young Irelanders, in the autumn of 1848.

Bishop Burnet attended him in his last hours. This divine was one of a race of churchmen, which now seem almost if not quite extinct, who never remained quiet and impassive in the presence of a great abuse, never swam with the stream because it was strong and flowed on to dignity and ease, but buffeted bravely, cried aloud, and spared not. They never abandoned a good cause in evil days, but, like the mighty men whose successors they are supposed to have been, they maintained liberty at all hazards, against thrones, and principalities, and powers. All honour to those old English churchmen! They were worthy of the good old cause for which they battled—the cause for which "Sydney died on the scaffold, and Hampden died on the field."

Burnet has written a history of his own times, in which he describes the last hours of Lord Russell's life with that quaint minuteness for which old writers, and particularly old divines, are remarkable. By him we are told that all possible means were used to save his life; that his father, the Earl of Bedford, offered the king one hundred thousand pounds if he would grant a pardon. The exchequer was well nigh empty, but the pardon was refused. Money without measure was offered to Lady Portsmouth, Charles's mistress; Lady Russell went on her knees before the Duchess of York; Lord Russell himself, at the earnest solicitation of his friends, offered to live abroad for the remainder of his days, and never more to meddle in English affairs. But all was in vain. "What!" said the king, "shall I grant him his life who would not grant me six hours?" The Duke of York, it is said, was even anxious that he should be executed in Southampton-square, before his own house; but this Charles would not hear of.

Russell was throughout calm and cheerful, equal to either fortune, and triumphed over death. He read the warrant for his execution with indifference, and conversed with great liveliness after the sheriffs had left the room. The day before his death his nose began to bleed. "I shall not," said he to Burnet, "let blood to divert this; that will be done to-morrow." It rained hard during the night, which he said was a pity, for it would spoil a great show on the morrow. He hoped God had forgiven the sins of his early youth; he had for many years walked before him with a sincere heart. If he had committed errors, they were errors of the understanding, and in sight that he did his duty to private end of his own. He was still of opinion that the king was limited by law, and that when he broke through those limits his subjects might demand their lives, and restrain him. He thought a violent death was

It may be remembered that at this time the Tory party

very desirable way of ending one's life; it was only the being exposed to be a little gazed at, and to suffer the pain of one minute, which he was confident was not equal to the pain of drawing a tooth. He said he felt none of those transports which some good people feel, but he had a full calm in his mind. He was much concerned at the cloud that seemed to be then hanging over the country, but he hoped his death would do more service than his life could have done. That there might be no mistake about his political principles, he drew out a statement of them, which he handed to the sheriffs on the scaffold. They are these which every man now recognises as the law and constitution of England. He received the sacrament from Tillotson, the day before his death, with much devotion, and in the evening took leave of his wife and children. The parting with Lady Russell was one of the finest scenes in English history. This heroic woman had stood by his side in court, during the appalling agony of a trial for high treason under the Stuarts—took notes, comforted and consoled him. After sentence was passed, she toiled night and day to procure a remission of it. And now, when hope on this side the grave was gone, the most terrible ordeal still remained. She knew it was for her husband's honour, his peace of mind, his name and memory, and the cause for which he had laboured, that he should die like a brave man, calm, confident, and hopeful, superior to the malice of his enemies, and, prophet-like, should look beyond the bars of his dungeon, the axe and block, to the triumph of liberty and of right. And when they met, she suppressed her woman's feelings, and spoke calmly, and then in silence embraced him for the last time, and they parted for ever. "Now," said he, turning to Burnet, "the bitterness of death is indeed past." "For," adds the good

old bishop, "he loved and esteemed her." He went to bed, slept soundly, rose early, prayed alone for two or three hours. He then drank some tea and cherry, and wound up his watch, and said now he was done with time, and was going to eternity. He asked how much he should give the executioner, and on being told ten guineas, said smilingly, it was a pretty thing to give a fee to have his head cut off. Tillotson and Burnet accompanied him in the coach to the place of execution, Lincoln's Inn-fields. There were great crowds in the streets. Some wept, others insulted. He said he hoped he should quickly see a much better assembly. When he ascended the scaffold, he turned to the sheriff and delivered his paper. He protested he had always been far from any designs against the king's life or government. He prayed God would preserve both, and the Protestant religion. He wished all Protestants might love one another, and not make way for Popery by their animosities. He then prayed, and laying his head upon the block, it was severed from his body at two strokes.

In 1688, when the Duke of York had become James the Second, when his tyranny and bigotry had disgusted the nation, when his nearest and dearest had deserted him and fled, when William Prince of Orange had landed, and was marching upon London in hostile array, he called a council of a few nobles at the palace, and implored their advice in this great emergency. Turning to the Earl of Bedford he said: "My lord, you are a good man and have great influence; you can do much for me at this time." "I am an old man," was the reply, "and can do but little; I once had a son, who could now have been very serviceable to your majesty." The king was struck dumb, and made no reply.

A DAY AT THE CITY SAW MILLS,

REGENT'S-CANAL BASIN, CITY-ROAD, LONDON.

A visitor in London, if he would become perfectly, or even cursorily, acquainted with the sources of the city's greatness, must have better guides than printed books, be they ever so well written, and better introductions than purses, be they ever so well filled. A week in London, properly spent, will give a man a better idea of its vastness, its riches, and its mighty power as the centre of a great manufacturing kingdom, than a whole year devoted to sight-seeing, in the ordinary sense of the term. It is true that a pedestrian in the metropolis of Great Britain will find, on his first arrival, enough to do to look about him in the apparently interminable streets. If he seeks amusement, there are almost numberless places where it may be found—the theatres, the picture galleries, the museums, the parks, the bazaars, the markets, the concert-rooms, the exhibitions, and the great river which divides the town. But if he wishes to blend instruction with his pleasures, if he would carry away with him something more than a mere sight-seer's memory, he must go deeper into the mysteries of the court and city; he must go a foot into out-of-the-way places and unfashionable neighbourhoods; he must make acquaintance with those whose good word is better than money, and seek knowledge in dusky by-ways. Embued with such a spirit, and accompanied by such friends as have both influence and spare time, the visitor in London—the present writer for instance, by way of making the interest personal—will find more sights worth seeing, and make more wonderful discoveries, than the most thorough-bred Cockney could have any idea of. Thus, he will see, in the various docks and wharves along the river, how the daily wants of London are supplied from all parts of the world; a visit to the warehouse of a London merchant, or to the shed of a railway carrier—Pickford's or Glyn's and Co's, say—will show him how the accumulated merchan-

dise of the retail business of the shops will teach him, finally, in what way the infinite number of packages he saw swung from the sides of goodly ships on the quays, come into the hands of the great money-spending and much-enduring public. These things, some might say, can be seen to a greater or less extent in almost every city in the world. Not so, however, with other and peculiar sources of wealth. It is only in London that the economy of a *Times* printing-office can be seen; that the *modus operandi* of a vast brewing establishment like Barclay's can be witnessed; or that the many and curious processes peculiar to various trades and manufactures can be seen to advantage—that is to say, with all the appliances of modern discovery and invention in full and profitable employment.

This last sentence brings us at once to the subject of our present paper, the establishment known in London as the City Saw Mills. On the northern side of London there is a wide and populous thoroughfare called the City-road—which was opened, we believe in 1763, and was projected by a Mr. Dingley, who modestly refused to have it called by his own name. This road, about midway between the Bank of England and the Angel Tavern at Islington, is crossed by the Regent's canal; and all along both sides of the canal and round the City-road Basin, as the widening of the canal at this spot is called, are various large wharves and manufacturing establishments. Various firms connected with the building and timber trades have chosen this locality for their warehouses and workshops, and the pedestrian has only to turn out of the City-road into the Wharf-road, and he finds himself in a neighbourhood, the characteristics of which differ almost as much from the ordinary City streets as does a backwood settlement from a village highway. In the place of houses and shops, and well-dressed people, he is surrounded

other passers-by than workmen in their ordinary work-a-day clothes, sometimes very much whitened and soiled with dust. Well, in the immediate neighbourhood of the Canal-basin—

request the "good, charitable reader" to imagine that we have been gossiping with him on his walk from the West-end, where of course he resides when in London.

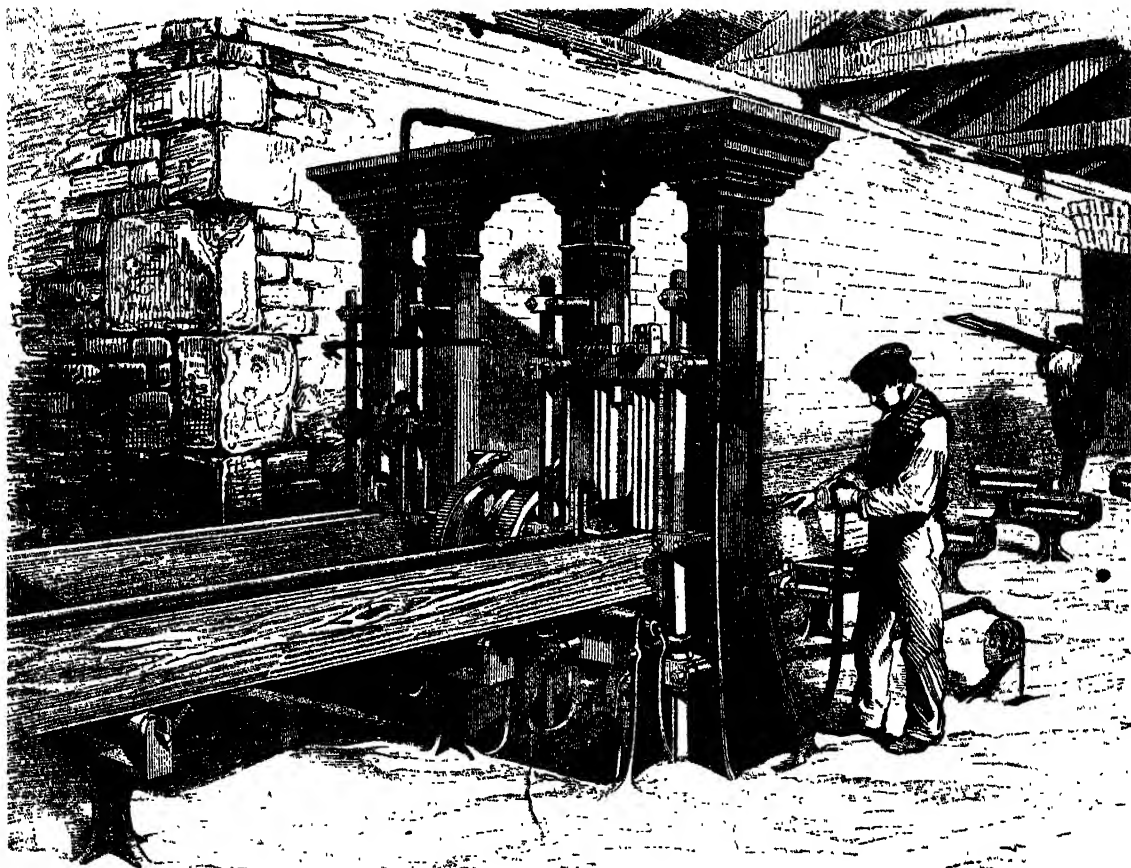


FIG. 1.— FRAME DEAL-SAWING MACHINE.

at the end of Wenlock-road, in fact,—we come to the City Saw Mills, the largest establishment of the kind in London,

Messrs. Esdaile and Margrave, the proprietors of the extensive works we are about to describe, carry on various busi-



of various kinds of work. And if we have been rather hazy in our request, we may be very probably so, we may request the "good, charitable reader" to imagine that we have been gossiping with him on his walk from the West-end, where of course he resides when in London.

steam-engine at work,—or perhaps the veneer would be greatly injured. The precise thickness of the veneer is regulated by a gauge screw, and to such extreme fineness may the gauge be set, that a mere shaving may be taken off a plank with the same ease as a veneer of a quarter of an inch in diameter. The generality of veneers, however, are from a tenth to an eighteenth of an inch in thickness. The harder kinds of furniture wood require a saw with a greater "set," as it is technically called, of the teeth, set so that out of a given quantity of timber a greater or less number of veneers is produced accordingly. On the inner side of the revolving saw-plate is affixed a mass of wood which rises gradually from the edge towards the centre, the purpose of which is to bend the veneer from the mass as soon as it leaves the teeth of the saw, so that, when detached from the parent trunk or plank, it may be readily taken away, and piled beside its fellows on the bench. The veneers are then brushed, examined, sorted, and placed in racks in the drying room—an apartment heated by pipes into which the "used-up" steam is admitted. There is very little waste steam in this establishment, as we shall see presently in another part of the premises. Near to this mill is the apartment devoted to

THE CORK-CUTTING MACHINES.

These are somewhat like the veneer machines in principle, and their office is to cut from the rough sheets of cork-bark those extremely thin and tissue-like veneers—if the expression be allowable in reference to this material—of which the bodies of hats and the inner soles for boots and shoes are made. All who have ever worn a cork hat know something of the comfort of it, and all who have ever put a pair of cork soles in their shoes will appreciate the value of this manufacture. The elasticity of the cork allows it to expand to the head, and prevents those aches and pains of which so many persons complain who are obliged to keep their hats on for any length of time. So extremely fine have tissues of cork been cut by this machine, that 500 slices were less than an inch in thickness. At the Great Exhibition in Hyde-park these cork veneers were exhibited, and obtained for their patentees a prize medal. There is also a machine used for the cutting of cork into fibres for sofa and mattress stuffing; and we understand that this firm have recently patented a fabric of woven cork and whalebone for the manufacture of hats. The cork fibre is also extensively used for life belts, and other contrivances for the preservation of life from shipwreck.

We may now, having spent rather too much time in this department, proceed to

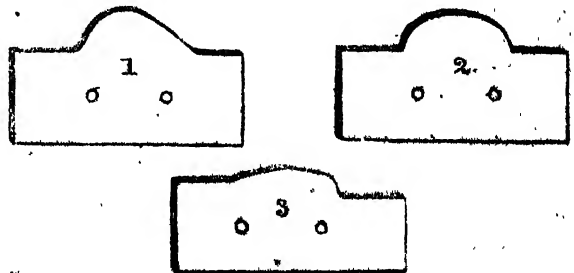
THE BLOCK MILL.

Everybody knows what a ship's block is. At the Government works at Chatham they have some ingenious and complicated machinery for the making of large blocks out of one piece of wood. At the City Saw Mills the larger kinds of blocks are composed of separate pieces, which are made to fit together with the utmost strength and nicety. It is not considered by any means necessary that the large blocks should be made of a single piece. Indeed the firm assert that their mode of construction gives a strength to the block which cannot be obtained by the Government method; for if a block, consisting of one piece only, should happen to receive a severe fall, it would probably split, while a similar accident would have no effect on a block composed of several pieces. And again, where the block is of one piece of wood, it is subject to split in the direction of its grain, by the mere action of the weather. But to describe the smaller blocks first. These are necessarily made from a single piece, and in the production of one block, a series of seven or eight processes are gone through. The wood chosen, well-seasoned elm, is cut into blocks at a circular saw; the block is then drilled, then morticed, then cut at the corners, then gauged for rope and wrapping, then shaped, sheaved, and finally finished for sale. Each of these processes requires different tools and separate machines. We will endeavour, with the aid of the engravings in these processes to the reader.

The making of a small block is technically the same

whatever be its size, we will suppose that the reader follows the order which the writer observed when at the mill. A double block is being made. First, the wood is cut into the size of the intended block by means of a circular saw, which goes through it as easily as if it were cheese! Then four holes are drilled in the square mass at a simple machine (fig. 2.) made for that purpose.

The block is then taken to a saw bench (fig. 3),—a "double block morticing machine," as it is called,—and, by the application of a circular saw, a deep indented cut is made on each side so as nearly to meet; which operation leaves the mass of wood as a simple square with two mortices cut in it, the longitudinal pieces being afterwards knocked out. It is then taken to a saw bench, and the corners are cut off, which gives it the first rude outline of a ship's block. It is then taken to the shaping machine (fig. 14), as seen in the engraving, where it is brought a step nearer completion. Being fixed in a frame, a set of revolving cutters is made to play upon its surface, and determines its exact shape. This is accomplished by means of the wheel seen on the left-hand side of the engraving. This wheel travels over a curvilinear side-piece, by which the outline of the block is determined. The wheel is, in short, a guide to the cutting instrument, the motion of the two being identical, the one tracing its course over the pattern, and the other producing a *fac-simile* of the pattern upon the wood submitted to it. The side pieces are of course removeable, and have nothing to do with the action of the machine further than as guides to the cutters. They are of various shapes and sizes, as in the diagrams 1, 2, 3, and are used equally for the solid and the joined blocks.



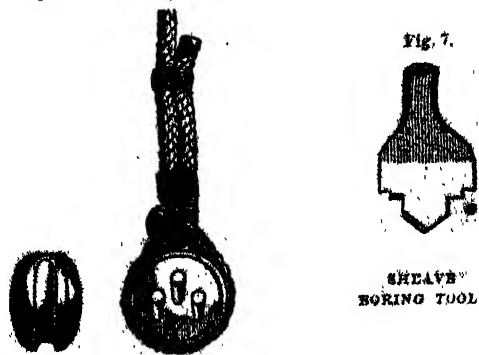
SIDE PIECES USED IN THE SHAPING MACHINE.

The socket is now gauged out, so that the block may be attached by rope strapping. This is done by a machine of similar construction, but by a differently shaped tool. The shaping machine also makes another block, which is tech-

Fig. 5.

Fig. 6.

Fig. 7.



SHEAVE, DEAD EYE WITH ROPE.

nically called a dead eye (fig. 5), a phrase most persons will understand by reference to the drawing of the same little block with a rope attached (fig. 6), though, in the latter case, a different view of it is given. We have now got the shell of the block. We have next to see how the sheaves over which the ropes are to pass are produced. These sheaves are made of lignum vitae—the hardest wood—and with a pin which passes through the block and is secured on

THE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF ART

each side. The lignum vite having been rounded at a saw smooth and polish it; and the flat block,—on the free work-
 ing of which, it may be, the safety of many a brave fellow

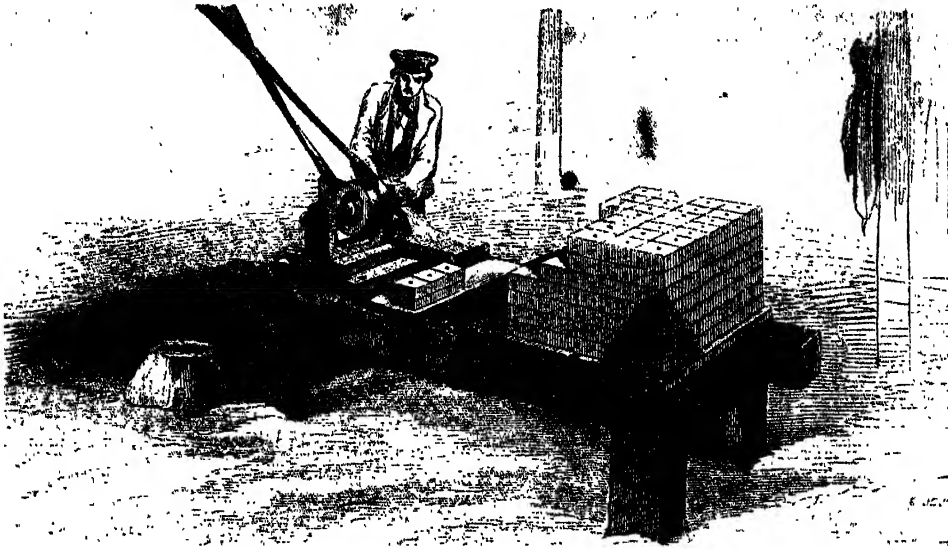


FIG. 3.—BLOCK MORTICING MACHINE.

drilling machine. A tool shaped like fig. 7 is used for that purpose. It is an operation requiring great care and skill. may depend in storm and wreck—is finished and ready for use. In the production of the larger kind of blocks—some of which,

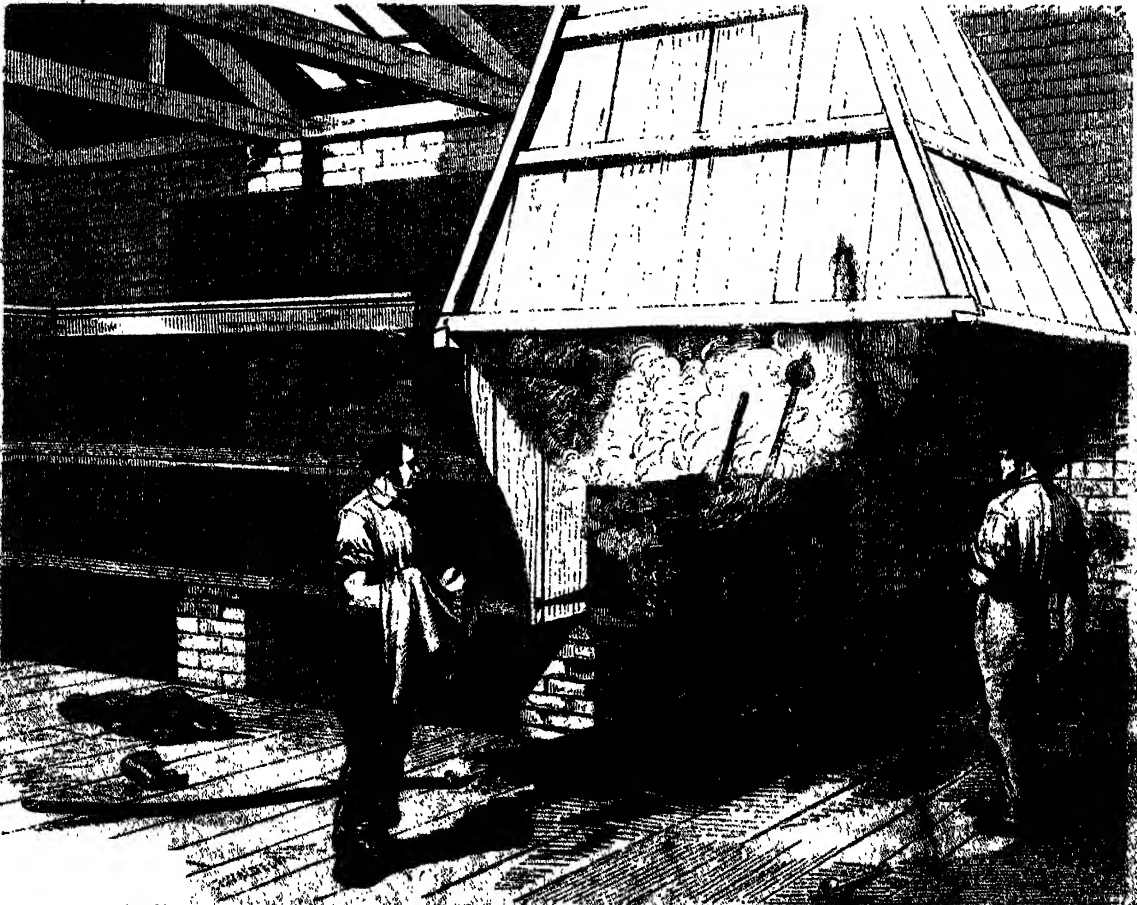


FIG. 4.—STEAM JUNK FOR SATURATING WOOD PREVIOUS TO ITS BEING USED.

The sheave fixed, and the iron pin which holds it in its place firmly clenched on either side, remains out to with these hooks and rings attached, weigh a couple of hundred weights and which must of course be made extra-

strong—a rather different course of proceeding is adopted. As we said, the large blocks made at the Government works are each sawn and drilled from a single piece of wood. The machinery necessary for this purpose was invented, in 1801, by the late Sir M. I. Brunel, the architect of the Thames Tunnel.

penditure, equal not only to the award to the inventor, but sufficient to defray the entire cost of the machinery and the erection of the necessary buildings. These machines for block-making are in use both at Portsmouth and Chatham Dock-yards.

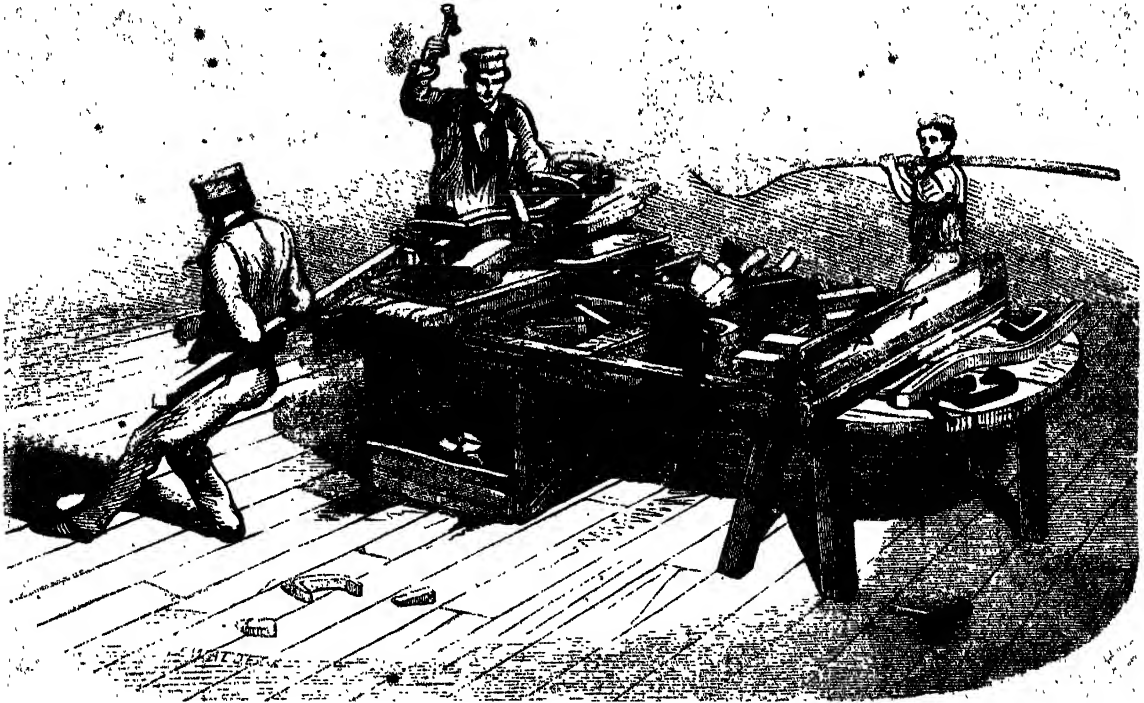


FIG. 12.—BENDING BENCH.

The completion of the very ingenious combination of saws and lathes which are used in the process occupied more than six years, to say nothing of the constant superintendence and anxiety of the inventor himself! But so successful were the efforts of Brunel, that he received from the Government no less

The importance of machinery for the purposes of block making will be apparent when it is stated, that not fewer than about 1,500, are required for the complete fitting and rigging of a first-class ship of war, while, for smaller vessels, there are seldom less than a thousand. Though the block-



FIG. 13.—CLIPPING OF LOGWOOD.

than £50,000 for the purchase of his invention. This large sum, however, proved a good investment of the public money. Hitherto ships' blocks had been made by hand; but, by the use of the improved machinery in question, a saving was effected in a few years, as compared with this process.

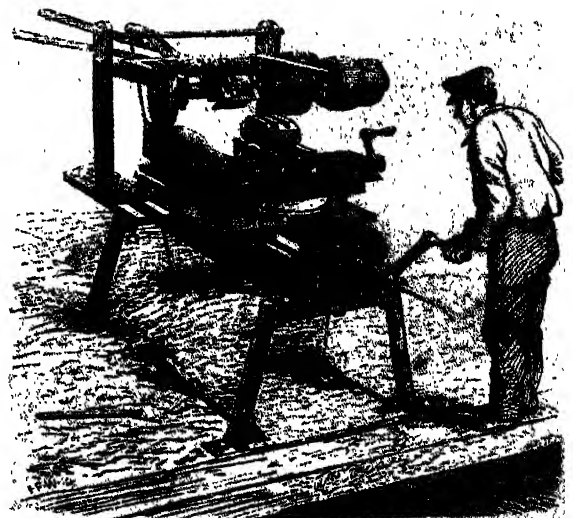


FIG. 14.—BLOCK SHAPING MACHINE.

from its single use as a sort of pulley in guiding the ropes of a vessel, would seem to be a simple kind of instrument, yet it requires to be made with the utmost nicety and exactness before it can be brought into practical operation.

The invention, therefore, of several species of block machinery

was a necessity arising out of the desire to obtain blocks which should be at once good and cheap. Of the several patent inventions in use, however, we have little to do just now, as our business is to describe the large blocks produced at the City Saw Mills. These, as we said, consist simply of plain boards attached at the ends by pieces inserted between, with the grain of the wood at right angles to the grain of the boards or checks. Of course blocks of this description can be produced at a much cheaper rate than if they were each cut out of one solid piece of wood, because all the waste caused by the morticing is saved.

The construction of Messrs. Esdaile and Margrave's block will be readily understood by reference to the little diagram here given; *a* represents a side view of one check of the block, while *b* and *c* show the shape of the end pieces. In these, as in the smaller kinds of blocks, all the parts, however, are produced by machinery,—circular saws and drills of various sorts being necessary before the shell, or rough outline of the block, is submitted to the shaping machine to be fashioned and finished

(Fig. 8.)

(Fig. 9.)



IRON COAK.

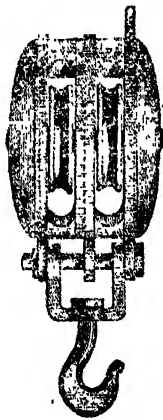


SECTION OF COAK.

as before described. Large double blocks consist of three side pieces or checks, and two end pieces. But an important variation takes place with regard to the sheaves of the larger blocks. For greater strength and security, the pin which holds the sheave in its place in the block is made to pass through an iron centre, called *coak* or *heart*. In the diagrams (figs. 8, 9) we have views of this part of the block, both horizontally and sectionally. On each side of the lignum-vitæ sheave one of these coaks is inserted and securely fixed; and a little space is left between them for the introduction of oil or grease, to promote the more free working of the pin. All the parts of the block, except the iron casting for the coak, are made and finished on the premises. A patent block, invented by Mr. Bothway (fig. 10), with an internal iron wire strapping, intended to supersede the perishable rope strapping, is also produced here. This patent block is generally believed by sea-faring men to be extremely strong and useful. Sometimes, in the very largest kinds of blocks, the sheaves are wholly of iron.

Various machines are in use at this establishment for the making of steering wheels and other portions of a ship's economy; but as our space is limited and our time is short; and as, moreover, there is little novelty in the machines themselves, we pass at once to

BOTHWAY'S PATENT DOUBLE BLOCK.



THE BENT TIMBER DEPARTMENT.

On the very first entrance into this portion of the premises, we are struck with another instance of the economical use of steam. Here the steam which has previously driven two great engines—capable, we believe, of exerting, each of them, a force equal to two hundred horses—is employed for the purpose of softening the fibres of wood previous to its being bent into the shapes required. The engraving will give a good idea of the appearance of the steam tank into which the straight pieces of wood are inserted, so that they may undergo the necessary saturation with steam to fit them for the bending process. Of course little more can be said in explanation of this formidable-looking apparatus (fig. 4), now that its office is

explained, except that the wooden head represented in the engraving is the lower part of a shaft for carrying off the steam that really is wasted; and that the two tall workmen who appear to be helping each other to do nothing are not actually necessary to the steaming process! In the other picture, however, we see what they really are necessary for. (Fig. 12.) Meanwhile, as we stand beside the tank, and watch the escaping steam, as it endeavours with all its might to ascend the shaft, and so “waste its sweetness on the murky air,” we may as well explain what we know of the why and the wherefore of this steam-bending of ash and lance-wood poles. Well, then, these woods are principally used for the making of carriage-shafts and futchels; though for window sash-frames, waggon-tilt heads, and various other minor purposes, bent wood is in considerable request. Lance-wood and ash are capable, when sufficiently steamed, of being bent into various shapes which no after-force can prevent them retaining. Thus they are peculiarly adapted for the carriage builder's purpose. After having undergone the ordeal of steam, the poles are taken to a bench, and there forcibly bent into the positions and shapes required. A glance at the engraving (fig. 12) will explain this part of the process much more quickly than the pen can describe it. This is, of course, quite a mechanical operation. The object being acted on by force of muscles and iron bands, and cranks, is the futchel of a phaeton—or rather, one of a pair of twisted arms which pass beneath the vehicle, and to the extremities of which the shafts are attached; and in the small engraving below (fig. 11), it will be seen how, when the wood is once bent, it is made to keep its shape till it is quite dry and crooked for ever.

(Fig. 11.)



FUTCHEL FIXED IN FRAME FOR DRYING.

It is not necessary that we should visit the drying-room, which is much too hot for any but an African, and which is heated with more “used-up steam;” or that we should stay long examining the piles upon piles of timber in the yards and on the wharves, in all states,—rough trees with the brown and green of the forest even yet upon their barks; smooth trees lying idly in wide wastes of water; squared and peeled trees, buddled together in unruly heaps, as if they were communing among themselves upon their altered fortunes; trees that are not trees, but simply masses and trunks of sawn and prepared timber, stacked in tall square, compact heaps, like unfinished block houses in South Australia, with interstices between the several pieces for the sake of air; trees that look worn with the dust and smoke of London, and which even house sparrows would disdain to perch upon; trees of all shapes, sizes, and appearances.

But they are good and excellent trees, nevertheless; for they are brought from far over the seas, whole hundreds of them at a time, and are paid for at the highest prices and with ready money in the market, for the only and sole purpose of making lucifer matches of! Yes, it is quite true, that the very best pine deals which come into the port of London are bought for that purpose—congreves sold in the streets by starving women and shoeless children! We were favoured with a sight of

THE MATCH-CUTTING MACHINE.

certainly one of the most curious, the most simple, and most ingenious engines in the possession of the firm. But as its construction is the subject of a patent, and its principle is a secret, we shall attempt no further description than to say that blocks of wood are divided and sliced into the regular



... for they
... of them
... with ready
... of looking
... the very best
... bought for
... ving women
... a sight of

HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

gular splints, of which congreve matches are made with a rapidity and correctness truly astonishing. Some idea may be formed of the amazing rapidity of the operation, when we say that upwards of seventy-three thousand splints may be produced in a minute. That is, that during the time the attendant is at work, when all things are favourable, the match splints are produced at that rate. The dividing instrument can make fifty incisions in the slice of wood at the same instant that the knife or plane cuts off a slice from the block; and six blocks of wood, each the length of two matches, can be brought under the operation of the machine at the same time, the slicing-knife making one hundred and twenty-two strokes or as many strokes as the fly-wheel of the steam-engine makes revolutions per minute. Thus:—

$$50 \times 6 \times 122 \times 2 = 73,200.$$

This calculation is, of course, only one of the curiosities of the machine. The actual rate, owing to the loss of time in placing and turning the wood, adjusting the knives, &c. &c., cannot be reckoned nearly so high. Millions of splints, however, are produced by this machine in the course of a week; and though produced in such quantities, they are really counted and sold by number. The method of counting is extremely simple. Being gathered together by women and girls, they are placed in a receptacle which holds 1,800,—one bundle. Two of these make what is called a gross, because when divided in

their centres they fill a gross of boxes of fifty matches each. The splints before dipping are sold for fourpence three-farthings per gross. The dipping is quite a separate trade, and is sometimes carried on in factories, but often in garrets and poor people's houses; and the selling—we know how they are sold. The consumption of these little articles in Great Britain must be enormous. In consequence of the great quantity of water in the composition of the wood, the splints are sometimes a fortnight in the drying-room before they are fit for sale!

There are several other processes of minor importance carried on at these mills, to which we can only allude. The clipping of logwood for manufacturing chemists and dyers, at a machine of simple and effective construction (fig. 13), and the production of the wood blocks for carriage-pavements, by means of an instrument not unlike the block morticing machine, are both processes worthy observation, on account of the extremely easy and natural manner—if such a phrase be admitted—with which they perform the tasks allotted them.

We have now made the circuit of the premises, and have visited in succession all that is most worthy of remark. We might, had we been so inclined, have indulged in a few reflections by way of wind-up; or we might have treated our readers to a few statistics and commercial facts touching the various matters we have seen and attempted to describe; but—we forbear, and bid them adieu!

THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

At twenty-five minutes to seven on the evening of the sixteenth of October, one thousand eight hundred and thirty-four, a cry of fire was raised in the neighbourhood of Westminster, and as the shout spread over the metropolis, and was caught up and echoed back by the crowds that rushed towards the scene of disaster, a deep red glow settled in the sky.

As the alarm spread over the town, and the streets began to fill with the crowds rushing towards Westminster, the interest and excitement was considerably heightened by the intelligence that the conflagration was raging in the Houses of Parliament, and that the old senatorial chambers were threatened with destruction. Within a few minutes of the breaking out of the fire, a vast multitude had arrived and settled down before the burning pile. Swaying to and fro like a restless sea, the crowd was driven back; ten thousand up-turned faces, ruddy in the glowing light of the fire, watched the devouring element as it began to rage with greater vehemence; and the quick arrival of the engines added fresh confusion to the scene. The shouts and cries, the clatter of hoofs, the noise of the pumps, so peculiar, so monotonous, the roar of the fire as it mounted higher and higher towards the sky, the restless movements of the vast concourse, the bristling bayonets of the guards, the open spaces here and there kept by the police, the leathern hose that lay like swollen serpents on the ground, the showers of water cast upward on the flaming timbers, the flames contending for the mastery, and the deep red glow from within the building, presented a spectacle rarely witnessed by the multitude that had assembled there that night.

Fire! fire! Rumour with her thousand tongues spread the report of the disaster. At the far east of the city the event was soon made known, and quiet streets were quiet no longer. Every thoroughfare was crowded by the throngs hurrying to the scene of destruction, the loud cries of men, and quick rattle of wheels, betokened the passage of another brigade, engines, everywhere hurried questions were asked that nobody could stop to answer. But in the close neighbourhood of the fire the most intense excitement prevailed. From that part of the building opposite to Henry VII.'s Chapel the fire had at first been seen; it had burst through the roof in a spiral flame, and then, taking three separate directions, proceeded to the body of the House of

Lords, taking within its range the several apartments over the piazza facing Palace-yard, then proceeding to the Painted Chamber, and extending to the Library. The whole of these apartments were eventually destroyed, but not completely so until about one o'clock on the succeeding morning. Every moment the crowd increased and the confusion became more confused. The red glow of the fire lighted up the scene with a strange unearthly glare, and showed upon the river the crowded barges and the numerous boats which had gathered about to witness the conflagration, and the dense forest of faces that watched the destruction from Westminster-bridge. The river flowed onward like molten lead, and mirrored the flames as they mounted still higher and higher, and every stone and tree about the old palace at Lambeth became distinctly visible.

Fire! fire! The flames had seized upon the modern library, and with a tremendous roar the roof had fallen in, crushing massive timbers, and scattering stones and firebrands like a volcano in eruption. Through every window and loophole the ruby light was shining, and the fire within was raging like a furnace. Strange fantastic shadows were cast out upon the night as the fire leaped and danced and caught upon the quaint old carvings. With the shrill hiss of a serpent, and still in mighty force, the water was cast up, and still with hearty zeal men laboured at the pumps.

Fire! fire! The flames were sweeping onward towards the river. The numerous large rooms which formed the offices of the House of Commons were first consumed, and in these the loss was very great. The library of the Commons shared the same fate. The House of Commons was next attacked. At first, from its proximity to the river, it was hoped that this building would escape; but the tide was low, the building was in an enclosed situation, the fire-engines could not be brought to play upon it. The old building, with its strong wainscoting and timbers, added fresh fuel to the flames, and in an inconceivably short space of time the whole was a mere shell. The House of Commons was destroyed; but the chapel of St. Stephens stood; in its strength and beauty, like a rock amidst a sea of fire, and broke the force of its waves, which till then had gone on conquering and overthrowing.

Fire! fire! The official residence of the Speaker was next attacked, and the fire extended westward along the range of

buildings leading to the Commons' entrance in Margaret-street, and facing St. Margaret's church. The scene became more and more exciting, the crowds greater and greater,—the police, the military, and the men of the fire brigades behaved with the greatest intrepidity,—and bright as noon-day stood out the tower of St. Margaret's church and the whole of the surrounding edifices. The whole of the range of buildings, consisting of waiting-rooms, committee-rooms, Bellamy's coffee-house, &c., were entirely destroyed, nothing but the walls being left by eleven o'clock.

When it is considered," says a journal of the period, "that the fire raged simultaneously in all directions, forming one tremendous conflagration, it will be seen that Westminster-hall was in the greatest danger, while hemmed in on the east-side and south end by the flames. Fears for its safety were entertained from the first appearance of the fire, and throughout its continuance, and its preservation was the greatest object of anxiety and exertion among all classes. There was more than one time when its destruction seemed inevitable. But its strong stone walls opposed such an effectual resistance to the consuming element, and fire-engines, which had at an early period been introduced into the body of the hall, played through the great window with such effect upon the surrounding fire, that the only injury sustained was in the destruction of the glass in the upper part of this window. Had the flames burst through the window, as there was much reason to dread, the roof, which is of fine carved oak, must have been destroyed, and a structure consecrated by many historical associations would probably have become a ruin. The strong anxiety which spectators of the very humblest class in life expressed for the preservation of this historical building is highly creditable to the national feeling. The antiquities of a nation are among its best possessions."

Thus, nineteen years ago, the old Houses of Parliament at Westminster were destroyed. What strange scenes had those old walls witnessed! How many thoughts are suggested, as we think of the struggle between freedom and tyranny which had there gone on—how many privileges had been won? how many abuses had been exposed? and how much huge wrong-doing had been overthrown and destroyed! A strange, eventful history is that of the Parliament House, and the mind looks back with interest, and forgets the present in the past.

When the mild government of the Saxon kings had been succeeded by the arbitrary sway of imperious Normans, the territory was chiefly in the hands of military tenants, who held their estates from the Crown. This description of tenure brought with it the privilege of having a voice in the great council of the nation. When "Domesday Book" was compiled, there were about seven hundred of these persons, but the most wealthy and influential of them were alone permitted to exercise their right; and such was the origin of the meeting called the House of Lords, or rather the beginning of a representative government. In those days the people had no voice in the senatorial assembly. The condition of the burgesses is illustrated by the fact that the superior lord was equally prohibited by the feudal law from marrying his ward to a burgess or villain (slave). This fact shows very strikingly the estimation in which these two classes, forming the bulk of the population, were then held. At a later period writs were issued to summon knights, citizens, and burgesses to parliament, but this was not the result of any attempt to confer those privileges upon the many which the few had before enjoyed, but was rather a skilful piece of policy on the part of the third Henry to overrule the arrogant domineering of the proud barons. But when these men of inferior rank were summoned, and compelled to attend, their tone was most subdued and humble; they declined to interfere in great questions of state, and oftentimes advised the king to abide by the council of his lords. In the reign of Elizabeth we find the Commons complaining that the Lords failed in civility to them by receiving their messages sitting with their hats on, and that the keeper returned an answer in the same negligent posture; but the house proved to their full satisfaction that they were not entitled, by

custom or the usages of parliament, to any more respect.* Some amendments were made by the Lords in a bill sent up by the commons; and their amendments were written on parchment and returned with the bill to the Commons. The lower house took umbrage at the novelty; they pretended that these amendments ought to have been written on paper, and not on parchment, and they complained of this innovation to the peers. The peers replied that they expected not such a frivolous objection from the gravity of the house, and that it was not material whether the amendments were written on parchment or paper, or whether the paper was white, black, or brown. The Commons were offended at this reply, which seemed to contain a mockery of their dignity; and they complained of it, though without obtaining any redress.

The first parliament held at Westminster after the conquest was in 1189, in the reign of the lion-hearted Richard, who, before he quitted England for the Holy Land, thought it desirable to take the opinion of his counsellors in parliament assembled. It was one of the most exciting scenes which was ever witnessed, for there the peers responded to the burning words of the king, and, assuming the cross, took the crusading oath upon the spot. So, from the house of legislature the peers went forth, true belted knights, to struggle with the Moslem power, and win the sepulchre of Christ from infidel dominion. In 1225 another parliament was held at Westminster, and from that date they were then held with increased frequency. In Edward the Third's time the parliaments were almost exclusively held at Westminster; and since the termination of that reign but fourteen have been held anywhere else.

At an early period in history, Westminster became the nucleus of a great city. On Thorney Island the Pagans had erected a temple, and there was built one of the first Christian churches. The Abbey of Westminster drew together a large body of religious men; to supply the wants of the monastic establishment tradesmen began to erect their shops in the neighbourhood. Canute the Dane had a royal residence at Westminster. This is generally attributed to the influence which the church exercised over his mind. He loved the company of the priests, and sought sanctity in the neighbourhood of their dwelling. Edward the Confessor erected a palace on the same spot. This building was large and magnificent; it stretched along the banks of the Thames, and not only occupied the site of Westminster-hall, the Courts of Law, the Houses of Parliament, and the offices adjoining, but also included the space now called Old Palace-yard, together with part of Abingdon-street. William the Conqueror enlarged the palace, and his son, Rufus, erected the present Westminster-hall as a banquetting-house. King Stephen built a chapel which he dedicated to the proto-martyr, which structure was rebuilt by the chivalrous Edward III.

The palace at Westminster continued for many years to be the chief residence of the English sovereigns, and in an apartment of this palace the earliest parliaments were held. From a hint dropped by Stowe, it appears that this apartment was Westminster-hall: "for," says he, "when the original hall, erected by William Rufus, was taken down and re-built in the reign of Richard II., a temporary building of timber was run up in Palace-yard for the use of the parliament." In 1377, when the separation took place between the Lords and Commons, the latter took up their sittings in the Charter-house adjoining the abbey, while the lords still continued to use Westminster-hall. After the Reformation, the chapel of St. Stephen's was appropriated for the use of the Commons' House, but at what period the peers first took possession of the apartments which formed the old House of Lords is uncertain. Stowe, who is generally remarkably exact and accurate, mentions no definite time. He only says "and now of a long time, the place of the sitting of parliament remains in the same ancient palace: the Lords in a fair room, and the Commons in that which was formerly St. Stephen's Chapel."

In the last year but one of the reign of the second Richard,

the Duke of Hereford appeared in parliament, and accused the Duke of Norfolk of having slanderously and wickedly maligned the king, and of having treasonable intentions with regard to the crown. Norfolk denied the charge, Hereford gave the lie,—and as those were the days when men settled all disputes by hard blows and sharp thrusts, a passage of arms was demanded. The lists were prepared, crowds assembled to witness the fray, the king and his court in royal splendour were present. The rival champions,—armed cap-a-pie, came forward. It was a gallant show—these knights in their steel harness, their heralds in their costly tabards, their esquires in half-armour; and everything prepared to add pomp and splendour to the chivalric array. In the midst of it all, the king interposed; alas! for him it was a fatal interposition, for he whom he sent into exile soon returned to pluck the crown from his head.

Parliament witnessed another curious scene in the days of Edward IV. The king himself appeared before the assembly as accuser and witness against his brother Clarence. The charge was frivolous and incomplete, but royalty was too much respected to be thwarted by its peers; the right divine of kings to govern wrong was fully believed, and poor Clarence was condemned, and was soon afterwards drowned in a butt of his own favourite Malmsey.

And Wolsey, once the honoured and reverend cardinal, became the object of scorn and contempt to the parliament when Henry VIII. withdrew his royal support. The House of Lords came forward with a charge, extending to forty-four articles, against him, and petitioned for his punishment and removal from all authority. A few years later, parliament saw the gentle Ann Boleyn brought as a culprit to their bar, and when the sentence of death was passed, heard her soft voice, as, with uplifted hands, she cried: "O Father! O Creator! Thou art the way, the truth, and the life. Thou knowest that I have not deserved this fate!"

The first time that parliament assembled in the days of Queen Mary, high mass was celebrated before both houses of legislature with all the ancient rites and ceremonies which had been abolished in the previous reign. Taylor, bishop of Lincoln refused to kneel when the host was elevated, and, after being very roughly handled, was violently thrust out of the house. In the days of Good Queen Bess, the trials of Essex and Southampton made no inconsiderable figure in the parliamentary history of the period.

During the troublous times of the first Charles many curious scenes were enacted within the walls of the Parliament House. There appeared the Earl of Bristol, though forbidden by the King to attend, and accused the Duke of Buckingham of the highest crime of which a subject is capable. There the Earl of Strafford was tried and condemned, and there the arrogant Laud was found guilty by his peers. In the Commons' House a mighty power had begun to exert itself, a power which shook the throne. The Upper House became of no account, and the king himself was charged with high treason against the state. We are all familiar with the events of that period, and how the Long Parliament was finally dissolved by Oliver Cromwell.

Later in parliamentary history we meet with the trial of Dr. Sacheverell, in the reign of Queen Anne, and those of Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester, the Earl of Macclesfield, and the Bishop of Oxford, in that of George I. The circumstances attending the trial of the late Queen Caroline, in 1820, are fully known, and need no mention in this place; but, perhaps, the most interesting and romantic episode in the history of the old Houses of Parliament is that of the Gunpowder Plot, in 1605. It was a strange scheme of vengeance skilfully planned, the detection of which brought down a fearful retribution on the heads of the conspirators. This affair has made so deep an impression on the minds of those in authority, that a practice is still continued of carefully examining the cellars and lower building, before the commencement of every parliamentary session.

But we have said enough of the old building, a building described as unworthy of so august a body as the parlia-

ment of Great Britain. A new and splendid edifice has arisen in place of the old structure; and while it is probably the largest Gothic building in the world, is one of the most magnificent edifices ever erected in Europe. It covers an area of nearly eight acres. The first stone was laid on the 27th of April, 1840. The architect is Charles Barry, R.A. "In its style and character the building reminds us of those magnificent civic palaces, the town-halls of the Low Countries,—at Ypres, Ghent, Louvain, and Brussels,—and a similarity in its destination renders the adoption of that style more appropriate than any form of classic architecture. The stone employed for the external masonry is a magnesian limestone, from Austen, in Yorkshire, selected with great care from the building stones of England by commissioners appointed, in 1839, for that purpose. The river-terrace is of Aberdeen granite. There is very little wood about the building; all the main beams and joists are of iron; and the Houses of Parliament, it is said, can never be burnt down again. The east or the river-front may be considered the principal. This magnificent façade, 900 feet in length, is divided into five principal compartments, panelled with tracery, and decorated with rows of statues and shields of arms of the kings and queens of England, from the Conquest to the present time.*

The river-front includes the residence for the Speaker at the north end, the corresponding terminal towards the south being the residence for the Usher of the Black Rod. Between the two extremes, and comprising what is called the curtain portions, are the libraries for the House of Peers and the libraries for the House of Commons; in the immediate centre is the conference-room for the two houses. All this is on the principal floor, about fifteen feet above the terrace, or high-water-mark. The whole of the floor above the libraries, and overlooking the river, is appropriated to committee-rooms for the purposes of parliament; the Peers occupying about one-third towards the south, and the Commons two-thirds towards the north. The House of Peers and House of Commons are situated in the rear of the front building, or that next the river; and will, when completed, be enclosed also towards the west, so as to be entirely supported by Parliamentary offices. The plan of this truly national edifice is exceedingly simple and beautiful. The Central-hall, an octagon of seventy feet square, is reached through St. Stephen's-hall and porch, communicating, by noble flights of steps, with Westminster-hall, and forming an approach of unequalled magnificence. From the Central-hall, a corridor to the north leads to the Commons'-lobby and House of Commons; and a corridor to the south, to the Peers'-lobby and the House of Peers; still further to the south are Victoria-hall, the Royal Gallery, and the Queen's Robing-room, communicating with the Royal staircase and the Victoria-tower, at the south-west corner of the pile, now rearing itself in Abingdon-street, intended for her Majesty's state entrance. The Royal Entrance is 75 feet square, and will, when completed, be 340 feet in height. The height of the entrance archway is 65 feet, and is peculiarly rich in some most beautiful architectural adornments.

Various other towers break the monotony of the river-front. The central tower is sixty feet in diameter, and 300 feet high. The clock-tower is forty feet square, with a richly-decorated belfry rising to the height of 320 feet.

The Houses of Parliament are perhaps the most splendid structure of the kind in Europe; a little more taste might perhaps have been displayed in particular parts; there might have been more grandeur and simplicity in the *total ensemble*,—but it is, nevertheless, singularly in keeping with the character of the bodies who meet within its walls, and with the constitution whose working it witnesses. The adherence to antique forms, combined with the gorgeous magnificence, which modern science and research have introduced into the art of decoration, are emblematic of the spirit which now animates the English nation—the reverent clinging to the past in union with courageous and hopeful progress.

THE YOUNG BARON OF LIEBERACH.

A GREAT many years ago—some hundreds, for aught I know—there lived a proud and puissant baron, named Rodolph von Lieberach, in whom a good many of the virtues, and all the vices, of his race seemed combined. His life was passed in his castle, in a sort of semi-barbarous retirement, except when foreign wars called him abroad; and the sudden change from the bustle of the field then made him sombre and gloomy for many weeks at a time. In his youth he had spent much time abroad, and had for two years served in the armies of the Greek emperor, at Constantinople, in whose service he had won much honour, but little reward. While in the capital of the Eastern empire he had seen and loved the fair daughter of a certain Greek noble attached to the court, and when he proffered her his hand, her father and the emperor compelled her to accept it, because they feared to offend the rude Frank warrior, though she loved him not. But, alas, what a change for her!

About a mile from the city, a luxurious villa stood on a rising ground overlooking the Bosphorus. Spacious gardens stretched from the house to the shore, perfumed by the surrounding orange groves, and shaded by the citron and olive trees which overhung the calm water, as if longing to kiss it. A fountain played in the centre, and arbours at every corner invited to ease and retirement, while the nightingale sang all day long in the branches overhead. The rarest plants and flowers of Europe and of Asia grew side by side, and in every sight and sound there were music and beauty. The interior of the house was in keeping with the garden. Gorgeous tapestry—couches radiant with gilding, and covered with the richest silks which Venetian enterprise brought from the mysterious East,—busts of the ancient philosophers of Greece, and of the early martyrs of Christianity—piles of manuscripts richly illuminated, and written by cunning hands—small marble fountains to cool the hot winds from the desert—verandahs in which the inmates might sit at eventide to inhale the refreshing breezes from the water, and hear the barking of the dogs, the laughter of children, and the song of lovers from the farther shore,—met the eye on every side. Here the youth of Agatha Kale was passed. She was the only child of her father, and he was a widower. She had been carefully educated by an old priest, who had retained a large leaven of the old philosophy mingled with the doctrines of the Christian religion. Plato and Pythagoras had shared his attention with Paul and the early fathers. He had not fallen into any of the extravagancies or corruptions which time and foreign influence had mixed up in the bosom of the church. He had too much of the fine sentiment of the beautiful to let one gross thought pass between him and the objects of his love and adoration; but he had in him too much of the pride of philosophy to become a missionary or a martyr. He was a priest because it gave him opportunities of indulging his love of literary research, without coming in contact with any of the common cares and passions of life; but he had little of the ardour of devotion which reigned amongst the common people. He was in fact born out of his time, and spent many an hour in bitter regrets that it had not fallen to his lot to mingle in the solemn groups who a thousand years before had sauntered in abstraction amidst the groves of the Academy. He undertook the task of Agatha's education with joy; it gave him an opportunity of moulding a human being after his own mental image—to reproduce his own thoughts and aspirations, and regrets in a mind to which everything was new. Teaching was not to him the wearisome drudgery which so many now regard it, but an art which Socrates had ennobled. Under his tuition Agatha grew up all he could wish her, refined, speculative, fond of reading, and prone to doubt, but holding all that she embraced with tenacity, and defending it with subtlety. She grew up a model of Greek beauty—that beauty which had long inspiration to the chisel of Praxiteles, and the pencil of Apelles, a thousand years before, when Greece was in its prime, and which then, and ever since, has been con-

tinually reproduced, as if it clung to the soil, when “living Greece” is no more. The high arched head, the lofty forehead, the straight nose, the thin delicate lips, the energy in the lines of the mouth, the smouldering fire in the soft light of the dark eye, bridged over by brows black as ebony, the swan-like throat intersected by veins “like streams through fields of snow,” the graceful, wavy outline of the figure, which had never known an hour of constraint, and the soft, white roundness of the arms, were all Greek. The priest Demetrius took care the intellect should be Greek too. Every evening, from the time when she reached her fifteenth year until her marriage, the old man tottered into the garden two or three hours before sunset; and, sitting in the arbour, with a volume of the Republic, or the Phædo open before them, they talked over the anticipated Christianity of Socrates, the sweet-souled pity of Cimon, the patriotism of Epaminondas, and examined the fabrics of speculation which had in later years been built upon the Gospel, until the sun sank into the blue waves of the Ægean, and with his last rays turned the waters of the Hellespont into gold. During the last year they were together, their conversations assumed unconsciously a tone of sadness. Dire calamities were hanging over them. The Turks had come down from their mountains, fiery and fanatical, and threatened to beleaguer the imperial city, and extirpate the Christian faith. Strange rumours were abroad. The emperor held councils by night, and from these Agatha's father returned anxious and thoughtful. What if their dreams and happiness should end under the scimitar of the barbarian, their faith in their own doctrines be rudely tested by torture and violence, and their names added to the long list of martyrs and confessors! From this time their conversations, as well as their thoughts, turned more upon themselves—upon the discipline of their own hearts—more upon their feelings and less upon opinions and doctrines. They were often sad and tearful, but often far, hopeful and courageous. The old priest had not lived so long a life, with great thoughts and great examples constantly before him, without being able to rise to the level of the heaviest misfortune or calamity; and his precepts availed so well, that at length, amidst the wars, rumours of wars, fears, and misgivings which agitated all hearts in the great city, the only spot where calmness reigned was the summer-house of the senator's garden.

Thus matters stood, when the sorrowful morning arrived on which she was arrayed in bridal dress, and stood before the altar to be united for life to the Latin knight. Demetrius married them. His snowy beard seemed to quiver on his chest, and his voice faltered as he pronounced the church's blessing on their heads. His last farewell was calm and solemn.

On that evening the bride and bridegroom were rowed on board the galley in the harbour, and Agatha, standing on the deck, saw the palaces and spires of Constantinople, and the vine-clad hills above it, slowly fade from her view for ever.

When the honeymoon was over, her life in her husband's castle became weary enough. He was not a man after her heart; their tastes were not congenial. The summer brought pleasant walks in the woods, and rambles along the banks of the neighbouring stream, but neither summer nor winter brought back the sunny skies and loved friends amongst whom her youth had been passed. They had one son, born the second year after their marriage; and when he was but three years old his father died suddenly.

Time wore on. Agatha was becoming an old woman, and Hugo her son a young man. He had reached his nineteenth year, was skilled in the martial exercises of the Germans, and well taught in all the lore of the Greeks; generous to a fault, ardent in his love as in his hate, fiery and proud. She died before he had attained his majority. When she was on her death-bed she called him to her side, and gave him a paper, containing a small phyl. Informing him that it was the gift of a certain Jewish rabbi, whom she had once encountered when pursued by a mob, and who, on giving it, had

told her that if the liquid it contained were drunk by her, or those nearest and dearest to her, when in their greatest earthly need or peril, a way of deliverance would be speedily pointed out to them. With a romantic trust in the marvellous, which was quite in unison with the enthusiasm of her character, she had preserved it carefully, and never having been placed in such a position herself as in her opinion to call for its use, she bequeathed it as a legacy to him whom she most loved, and in whose path most snares and dangers were likely to lie. In some petty wars which followed he was driven from his ancestral domains, and placed under the ban of the empire for taking part with the burghers of an adjacent town against the nobles. For several days he found shelter in the cottage of one of his vassals; but at last, fearing to involve his faithful follower in danger, he left his retreat, and sallied forth to find aid and refuge where he could the wide world over.

After undergoing various toils and anxieties, and passing through sundry "hair-breadth escapes," he arrived in Paris, and for awhile, with characteristic thoughtlessness, abandoned himself to all the dissipations of that metropolis, which was then, as now, the gayest and most frivolous on earth. But his funds were soon exhausted. Those who at first smiled upon him, in deference to his birth and his romantic career, began to look on him coldly, or avoid him, and he was at last driven to cast about for some course of life that would afford him the means of subsistence. He was one evening musing mournfully in his lodgings upon his position and prospects, when he bethought him of the phial, and coming to the conclusion that he could never be in greater straits than he was then, he drank of its contents. He instantly fell into a deep sleep—a sleep as deep as death—and saw a vision. He was walking, or dreamed he was walking, along a broad avenue bounded on each side by lawns of surpassing verdure. The gnarled oaks, green with the moss of a century, threw their broad branches across the path, and streaked it with shadow. A refreshing breeze sighed gently through the leaves, and played amongst his hair, and at a little distance a brook ran parallel with his course, and, though hidden from his view, murmured gently and musically in his ear. In the trees overhead birds of the rarest plumage sang in strains of more than earthly melody, without a single pause, and it seemed to his enraptured senses as if there was hope and courage in every note, and a grateful perfume seemed to pervade the atmosphere. And far away in the long vista a bright lake appeared dancing in the sunshine, with waterfowl of snowy whiteness gliding gently and gracefully over its surface. He was enchanted. His blood coursed swiftly through his veins; his heart throbbed with rapturous excitement. It seemed as if he could never grow tired of wandering here.

He walked on thus the greater part of a day, but to his astonishment he at last began to perceive that he was making no progress. The lake seemed still as far away as ever, the same trees grew by his side, the same brook murmured in his ear, and the same birds sang overhead. Little by little he found all those features of the scenery which had at first given him so much pleasure begin to pall upon his senses. The perfume seemed to sicken and enervate him; the voice of the birds sounded heavy and dull. He longed wearily for a mountain side, with a clear prospect, a refreshing breeze, and where at least he would find the fruits of his labour in making some progress on his way, and meeting some change of scene. Pondering over the time he had lost, and the strange position in which he found himself, he sat down upon a mossy stone by the way-side. Absorbed in reverie, a voice whispered in his ear, clear as a trumpet, but he knew not from whence it came. The tone seemed to be his own, but he had not opened his lips. In energetic accents, but mournfully, reprovingly, and persuasively, it seemed to say:

"Thou art treading in a perilous path. Delights are on either side of thee, but danger and death are ever in front. Turn boldly to the right, pass through the wood, follow the road that leads up yon hill, and at the top thou shalt find rest, liberty, and peace."

Rising in obedience to a sudden impulse, he pushed boldly forward in the direction which had been indicated to him. He soon found himself in the highway. Great numbers of men were travelling along the same road. Some were strong, vigorous, and hardy—a flush of hope, courage, and ardour in their cheeks, and their eyes ever looking upwards. Others seemed faint and weary, as if they were unused to the work, and tottering feebly seemed ever prone to lie down and rest, and think no more of ascending. And, alas! at every step were the prostrate forms of those who had fallen and perished with the smile of expectation on their lips, and manly vigour in every limb. Some appeared to have sunk only after a long struggle and had left heavy footprints in the dust; and their features had scarcely yet lost the scowl of the combat, and settled into the dread composure of everlasting rest. But others seemed to have fallen almost without an effort,--terrible wrecks, like

"Ships that have gone down at sea,
When heaven was all tranquillity."

These last formed by far the greater number. Hugo prayed inwardly to be preserved from such a fate, and now that he travelled in company, and that the eyes of many were upon him, he determined to strike them by the fiery impetuosity of his onward march. But the ascent was steep and rugged, the sun shone fiercely upon his head, and upon turning round to look for sympathy he saw no look of pity for his faltering steps, and received no offer of aid. All were intent upon themselves. Wearied and disheartened, he at last sat down by the wayside, and, leaning his head upon his hand, wept bitterly.

While in this predicament, those with whom he started upon his journey passed on, leaving him behind alone. He abandoned himself to despair; a black curtain seemed to hang between him and the future, shutting out all hope of rest and peace. He raised his head, half-mechanically, and glanced vacantly along the road he had traversed. A figure appeared in the distance approaching rapidly; a little nearer, and Hugo's attention was rivetted upon it. It was a man in the prime of life, tall and athletic in appearance, and bearing in his face every mark of great internal strength. A broad and open forehead, on which thought had ploughed some furrows, was half covered by luxuriant hair, which waved carelessly in the fitful breeze that now and then blew up the valley. There was fire in his dark eyes, subdued by many a year of meditation and watching; in the thin nostrils and firmly-set mouth there were traces of energy which had gathered fresh strength with every roll of time, and now seemed to hurl defiance at the world and at fortune. His figure was such as the sculptor would love to copy. There were united all that collection of excellencies in each part which are said never to have been seen together save in the statues of the ancient artist—the sinewy limbs, the broad shoulders and expansive chest; that seemed able to sling off the heaviest load of grief that ever fell on mortal man, with one impetuous heave. There was no sign of faltering in that rapid stride and firm tread which seemed to claim the ground they measured for their own, and no backward shrinking in the lofty glance that was ever fixed on the hill top, save when he looked hastily and half carelessly aside, as if to measure his progress. Onward and upward he came, and at last stood for a moment silent and thoughtful before Hugo. At length he passed over, and laid his hand on his shoulder:

"Young man, thou art wearied and worn," said he; "but knowest thou not that delay is death? He who lingers here, goes backward."

"Leave me, I pray thee," said Hugo, "and continue thy way, friend. I can go no further."

"Nay, I will not leave thee; I have been as thou art, and have overcome my weakness; I have gained all my present strength from striving, and now find it holy and joyous to be strong; by persevering here, I have gained the power to persevere farther; by daring I have gained courage; by refusing to despair I have found my hopes fulfilled. Come on with

"I will teach thee to do as I have done, and then thou shalt become such as I am. On the summit of yonder hill, all the brave, and wise, and good, who have, since the world began, battled for truth and justice and humanity, and died for them, await our coming. It needs no brilliant exploit to qualify thee for admission to commune with them. They

us go; when thou art weary let thy courage avail thee. If thou hast none, thou art not worthy of the goal to which thou aspirest."

And Hugo awoke, and behold it was a dream.

Fifty years afterwards an old man died in Paris, a priest of



HUGO WEARY BY THE WAYSIDE.

heed not thine abilities, but thy courage, thine aspirations, and thine acts. All that thou doest, do well; march right onward, and let not this dread weariness any longer detain thee. Shed no more tears on the barren wayside; keep them for the joys and weaknesses of others, and they shall make the red earth thy feet blossom as the rose. Arise, and let

great reputation. The poor wept in crowds outside the doorway, and followed him sorrowing to his grave. The learned said a star was gone from the constellation of genius and intellect; and even the reformers, who declaimed against the Romanist clergy, extolled his virtues, his piety, his hope, and charity, and said: "Would that all were like him!"

WILLIAM HARVEY, M.D.

THE DISCOVERER OF THE CIRCULATION OF THE BLOOD.

There are two classes of persons who succeed in obtaining "a name among men," and who acquire what the world calls "immortality." In the *first* class are those bold and enterprising individuals who explore regions hitherto unknown, who found colonies and cities, who rear towers and pyramids, who construct tunnels and bridges, who guide the pencil, the chisel, or the pen. These pant for fame, and, in the majority of cases, obtain the object of their ambition. In a *second* class are those who—without seeking or desiring it, having no

the blood. He was born at Folkestone, in Kent, April 2, 1578. His parents, who were respectable, sent him to a grammar-school at Canterbury, whence, having made considerable progress in study, he was admitted to Caius College, Cambridge, in 1593, where he devoted himself to the study of logic and natural philosophy for nearly six years. Being greatly desirous of improvement, especially in medical science, he went abroad; and after visiting France and Germany, he removed to Padua, at that period a celebrated school of medi-



WILLIAM HARVEY, M.D. FROM A PAINTING BY REMMEL.

motive to prompt them beyond the acquisition of knowledge for its own sake, or as a means of benefiting those around them, patiently persevere in a course of industrious investigation and research, and after enduring for a season contempt and ridicule—find their theories established beyond all possibility of refutation, and their names enrolled amongst those of the best benefactors of mankind.

In this latter class we place William Harvey, an English physician, celebrated for the discovery of the circulation of

cine, where he attended the lectures of Fabricius ab Aquapendente on anatomy, of Minadous on pharmacy, and of Casserius on surgery. There he took the degree of doctor of medicine in 1602; and on his return to England, he obtained a similar honour at Cambridge. He settled in London, and at the age of thirty he was elected Fellow of the College of Physicians, and shortly after appointed Physician to St. Bartholomew's Hospital. In 1616 he was elected by the college to deliver the Lumleian lectures on anatomy and surgery, in

the course of which undertaking he is supposed to have first brought forward his views upon the circulation of the blood, which he afterwards established more fully, and which, about 1623, he was induced to publish.

No one imagined that there was any circulation of the blood till Harvey demonstrated that the same blood which the veins brought to the heart, the arteries immediately carried away again from it a discovery—the glory of which he lived for many years to enjoy.

The following is a brief abstract of the principal steps in this great and original discovery in physiology:—

Harvey states that the heart has periods of action and of rest; but in warm-blooded animals its motions are so rapid that the different steps of them cannot be distinguished. In cold-blooded animals they are more slow; and in warm-blooded animals also, after the examination of its action, by opening the chest of a living animal, has been continued some time. During its action the heart is raised, and its point tilted forward so as to strike against the parietes of the chest. It contracts in every direction, but more especially on its sides; it also becomes harder, as other muscles do during their contraction. In fishes and cold-blooded animals the heart may be observed to become paler during its diastole. If a wound be made in the ventricle, the blood is ejected from it during its contraction. From these facts Harvey concluded that the essential action of the heart is its systole, or contraction, and not its diastole, or dilation, as was supposed by physicians before his time; and that the result of this contraction is the expulsion of the blood into the pulmonary artery and aorta. The dilation of the arteries or pulse is synchronous with, and caused by, the propulsion of the blood during the contraction of the ventricle, and is a *passive*, and not, as was previously supposed, an *active*, operation of the vessels. If the motions of the heart be carefully observed for some minutes, it will be seen, first, that the two auricles contract simultaneously, and force the blood contained in them into the ventricles; and, secondly, that the ventricles in their turn assume the same action, and propel most of the blood into the pulmonary artery and aorta, from which it is prevented from returning by the valves situated at the entrance of those vessels.

The author next proceeds to describe the manner in which the blood passes from the right to the left side of the heart. During *fœtal* life, he says, this is sufficiently evident. Part of the blood passes direct from the right to the left auricle through the foramen ovale, while the rest is conveyed into the right ventricle, and by its contraction forced into the pulmonary artery, and so through the ductus arteriosus into the descending aorta; for, as he observed, the lungs do not admit of its passage through them in the fœtus. In the *adult* a new condition is introduced, namely, the function of the lungs, by which, he said, the question was so much obscured that physicians were unable to give a correct explanation of the phenomena. The consideration of the obvious use of the valves had led Galen to maintain that a portion of the blood contained in that vessel passed through the lungs into the pulmonary veins; but this passage he supposed to depend more upon the action of the lungs themselves than of the heart. Harvey carried out this argument still further, and maintained from it that the whole of the blood which is propelled from the right side passes through the lungs to the left side of the heart. In like manner, he showed that the blood is propelled from the left ventricle into the arteries, and so distributed to all parts of the body. He next proceeded to give approximate calculations of the quantity of blood which passes from the veins through the heart in a given time. This he showed to be so much more than is required for the nutrition, or can be supplied to the veins by the absorption of alimentary substances, that the surplus must of necessity return through the various tissues of the body to the veins again. He then argued, from the construction of the valves of the veins, that the course of the blood in them must be from the smaller to the larger divisions, and thus to the heart again. These views he still further confirmed by reference to the now well-known effects of ligatures placed on a limb with different

degrees of tightness. If the ligature be so placed as to compress the veins alone, they become swelled and tumid beyond the ligature, and quite empty between it and the heart, whilst the pulsations of the artery remain unaltered. If it be drawn a little tighter, the pulsations of the artery cease beyond, but are felt more violent than usual just within the ligature. Such is a brief abstract of the principal steps by which Harvey arrived at his great discovery.

This discovery was so directly opposed to all the previous notions of physicians, that its author anticipated that prejudices would be indulged, that objections would be made, that old established opinions would be opposed to his, and that he might have to encounter coolness if not opposition. His anticipations proved correct.

Amongst those who opposed the opinions of Harvey were Primrosius, Parisanus, and Riolanus. Parisanus was ably refuted by Harvey's friend, Dr. George Ent, Fellow of the College of Physicians; and other advocates of Harvey's views appeared on the continent. The only man who was honoured by a reply from Harvey himself, was Riolanus, professor of anatomy at Paris, in answer to whom, he published two letters. Some of Harvey's opponents, when they could no longer answer his objections, attempted to invalidate his claim to the discovery, and would fain have transferred that honour to the famous Father Paul, of Venice, to the Spanish physician, Serretus,—whom Calvin caused to be burnt for heresy,—and even to the ancient Hippocrates. But these attempts were vain; the reputation of Harvey was in no degree diminished by these attacks, and it is now admitted that whatever hints may be found in the writings of his predecessors, he first clearly demonstrated the system of sanguineous circulation, and thus brought about one of the greatest revolutions in medical science. Sprengel, in his *History of Medicine*, pays a just tribute to the conduct of Harvey towards those who differed from him on this subject; he says, "In the whole of this controversy, discretion and nice modesty of Harvey afford the best model for naturalists and scientific writers."

In 1623, Harvey was appointed physician extraordinary to James I., and afterwards performed the duties of the ordinary physicianship. He was next physician in ordinary to Charles I., by whom he was highly esteemed, and in whose court he frequently exhibited the motion of the heart, and the other phenomena upon which his doctrines were founded. During the civil war he travelled with the king, and was with him at the battle of Edgehill and afterwards at Oxford; while staying at the latter place, the king made him master of Merton College, where he had previously received the degree of doctor of medicine. This was in 1645; but Harvey held the mastership only for a few months, in consequence of the restoration of Dr. Brent, the former master. Harvey then removed to London, where his house was plundered and burnt, and his papers and museum destroyed by the party then in ascendancy. The remaining years of his life were chiefly spent at Lambeth and Richmond. In 1654, he was elected President of the College of Physicians, but in consequence of his age and infirmities he declined accepting the office. His brethren of the college had, a year or two before, testified their sense of his merits by erecting his bust in their hall, with an inscription recording his discoveries; and in return he testified his regard for the college by building for them a combination room, and by presenting to them a library and museum, and a paternal estate of £50 a year, for the institution of an annual festival and other purposes. Hence has originated the Harveyian oration.

In his old age Harvey was subjected to distressing attacks of the gout, to alleviate the pain of which he is said to have resorted to violent remedies which somewhat shortened his life. He lived, however, to complete his *eightieth* year. He died June 3, 1659, and was buried at Hempstead, in Essex, his funeral being attended by all the members of the college; a monument was afterwards erected there to his memory. He maintained to the last the esteem and respect of his contemporaries, and has secured the admiration of posterity.

AMERICAN ANTIQUITIES IN THE LOUVRE.

In a century after the conquest of Mexico and Peru, any archaeologists had been found to take as lively an interest in American antiquities as Boturini Benaduci did;* and if any *virtuosi*, forgetting, for a moment, the *chefs-d'œuvre* of Rome and Athens, had devoted themselves, as did the Italian traveller, to the study of the somewhat barbarous arts, it is true, of the *Aztecas*, there might have been collected, even a hundred and fifty years ago, a number of statues, of paintings, and relics of innumerable idols, or even of symbolical books, which the great zeal of the pious Zumarraga, the first bishop of Mexico, had done all he could to destroy. Had such been the case, the small body of learned men who direct their attention in the nineteenth century to the antiquities of Anahuac and of Tihuano, would not be compelled to remain satisfied with mere conjectures, as they are at present; it is, therefore, very praiseworthy of the directors of the museum at the Louvre to have prepared an asylum for those remains, often much dilapidated, and those fragments, often very roughly formed, which constitute the new collection. It must be owned, however, that the assemblage of these things, though it confers a real benefit on science, does not give us any very clear notions of the barbarous, yet often grand, art which struck the companions of Pizarro and Cortes with astonishment. Even the conqueror of Mexico, though well versed in the relics of antiquity, could not help participating in the admiration which this art still gave rise to in the sixteenth century.

There were three distinct centres of civilisation in the New World: that is, three regions where the rudimentary art of sculpture was held in great veneration. Peru, Mexico, and the table-land of Cundinamarca are worthy, in this respect, of being examined successively. In consequence of their theocratical government and of their isolated position with respect to one another, each of these countries possessed an art that was peculiarly its own. Unfortunately, the new museum, which occupies one of the smallest chambers in the Louvre, does not contain any of the valuable antiquities of New Granada, but of which Monsieur Jomard, one of the stars of science, has succeeded in collecting some of the finest specimens. The directors, who have already made such praiseworthy exertions, will, doubtless, soon take measures to supply this want. As for ourselves, passing over, for the present, the art of the Muisca and that of the Peruvians, we will begin at once with that of the Mexicans, as being the most curious and perhaps the most varied.

Art among the Aztec nations was, above all, *hieratic*, that is, it assumed its fantastic and often monstrous forms under the direction of priests practising a barbarous kind of worship. It would, however, be an error to imagine that the statuary of Tezucuo and Tenochtitlan confined themselves to the reproduction of the truly hideous idols which the symbolism of Mexican theogony imposed on the statuary employed in the temples. We learn from the best authority, that Mexican art, devoting itself in a more direct manner to the study of nature, perpetuated by sculpture the likenesses of the sovereigns and great men of the country. Statues representing Netzahua-

tooyotl, the Solomon of Anahuac, had been executed over and over again, and the chronicles tell us that the statue of Montezuma ornamented the beginning of the famous aqueduct which emptied its limpid water into the gardens of the imperial palace, which were themselves ornamented by the hand of the sculptor. The architects of Netzahualpilliatli executed a colossal head of this sovereign on a gigantic body of *amictli* or of *cougard*, and every one hastened to admire this wonderful work, which was placed on the side of a mountain covered with large gardens. When Ixtlilochitl, one of the last independent chiefs of Mexico, accompanied Cortes in his memorable voyage towards the Pacific Ocean, he was followed by innumerable Indians, and foreseeing, perhaps, the melancholy fate reserved for him by the ruthless conqueror, he was desirous of having his memory immortalised in a country ruled over by a sovereign who had been his ally: he, therefore, implored Apochpalan to order his sculptors to cut his statue in a very lofty block of rock which stood at a little distance from the road. "Apochpalan complied with his request," says a valuable memoir of the sixteenth century, "and his sculptors cut his statue in the rock as large as life, and represented him with the same arms he had been accustomed to wear. It is said that this statue can still be seen, an assertion corroborated by the national songs. Ixtlilochitl went to see it with Apochpalan, and, on beholding it, melted into tears. If the poets are to be believed, Apochpalan also wept, and all their attendants consoled them."

It would be useful to make a collection of several specimens of this kind, but neither Europe nor America possess many of these monuments, which are the productions of an art freed from religious symbolism, and which iconography would have willingly reproduced, had such a thing been possible. Even the hideous statues which the priests of the blood-thirsty religion of Huiztilipuchli and Tezcatlipuca had had sculptured with such care and minuteness, have gradually disappeared since 1552; and it is worthy of remark that, in 1525, more than twenty thousand of these hieratic statues were destroyed. Cortes gave the signal, by ordering the two large statues of the immense temple of Mexico to be thrown down before his eyes. We, therefore, ought not to be astonished that the Louvre does not contain a single figure of importance enough to have assigned to it the name of any one of the more important gods of Anahuac. With the exception of the spiral serpent, which, doubtless, represents Quetzalcoatl, the god of air, the divinities collected in Paris, and which are of pretty considerable dimensions, are all, most probably, but secondary ones, unless we choose to see Tezcatlipuca in Coyotl, which is near the symbolical reptile, one of the figures of which we give a drawing. Tezcatlipuca (brilliant mirror), the supreme god and soul of the world, generally represented with the features of a young man, "was fond," says Bernadino de Sahagun, "of assuming the appearance of the animal above-named, and, under this terrible form, held, among a people of America, a place similar to that held nowadays by a man-wolf in the minds of the vulgar." The best-informed writer, perhaps, who has written on Mexican antiquities, thus expresses himself, while speaking of the divine Coyotl, on this fantastic myth:—"He placed himself in the public places, right in front of the passers-by, as if to bar their passage." The sculptor's fancy has placed the wolf-god (No. 40) near the gigantic toad (No. 57), which, according to the catalogue of the museum, is the symbol of the tribe of Tamozolan; on its left, is a bust sculptured in the form of an ellipsoidal cone (No. 2), representing the face of a man, whose two hands clasp a vase in which are two ears of Indian wheat. We will mention, on the authority of the catalogue, and of the great work of Aglio, "that the stalk of Indian wheat is the hieroglyphical sign of the tribes of Otzupa and Quauhtotitlan." But the name of the god does not, for all this, remain any the less known; the

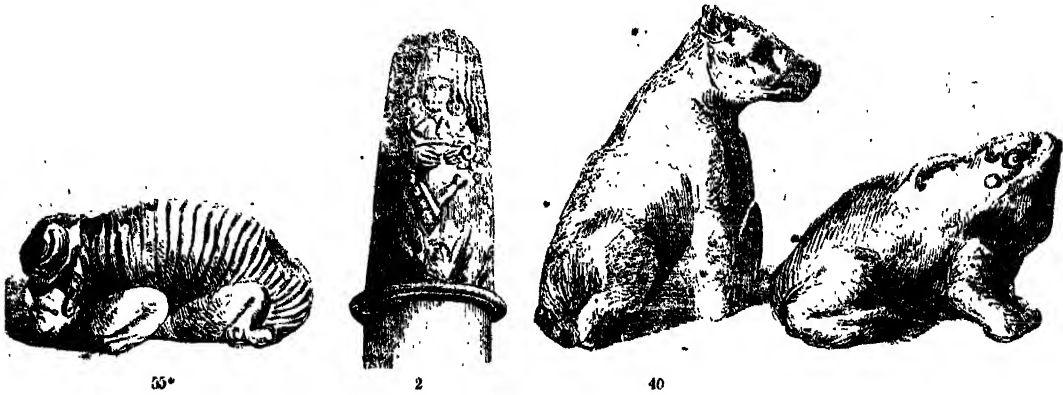
* Lorenzo Boturini Benaduci was born of an old family in Milan, and went, in 1733, to New Spain. It was the Countess of Santillane, a descendant of Montezuma, who sent him to Mexico, to look after her affairs there. While engaged in the discharge of his duties, the Italian archaeologist made the most incredible researches, in order to collect Aztec antiquities, learned the language of the Indians, and did not return to Europe before he had spent eight years in his scientific labours. It would take too much time to relate here how Boturini's collections were despoiled, how he himself was thrown into prison, and how he, at last, obtained complete redress, without, however, obtaining re-possession of his treasures. Being appointed historiographer-general of the Indies, he spent the rest of his life at Madrid, where he finished the first volume of his *General History of North America*, which has never been published. He died about 1749. His book entitled *Relos de una nueva historia general de la America septentrional* is much sought after. It is a valuable catalogue of the antiquities he had succeeded in collecting together.

* See *La Collection des Monuments Mexicains* publiée par M. Henri Teyssier.

armadillo with a human head, which comes directly afterwards, helps to throw no further light on the symbolical system of the Aztecas. Perhaps, like several other fantastic reptiles which are seen in the museum at the Louvre, it represents one of the inhabitants of the Mictlan, that central hell, reigned over by the god Mictlantuctli, where the souls of the departed assumed the forms of various animals.

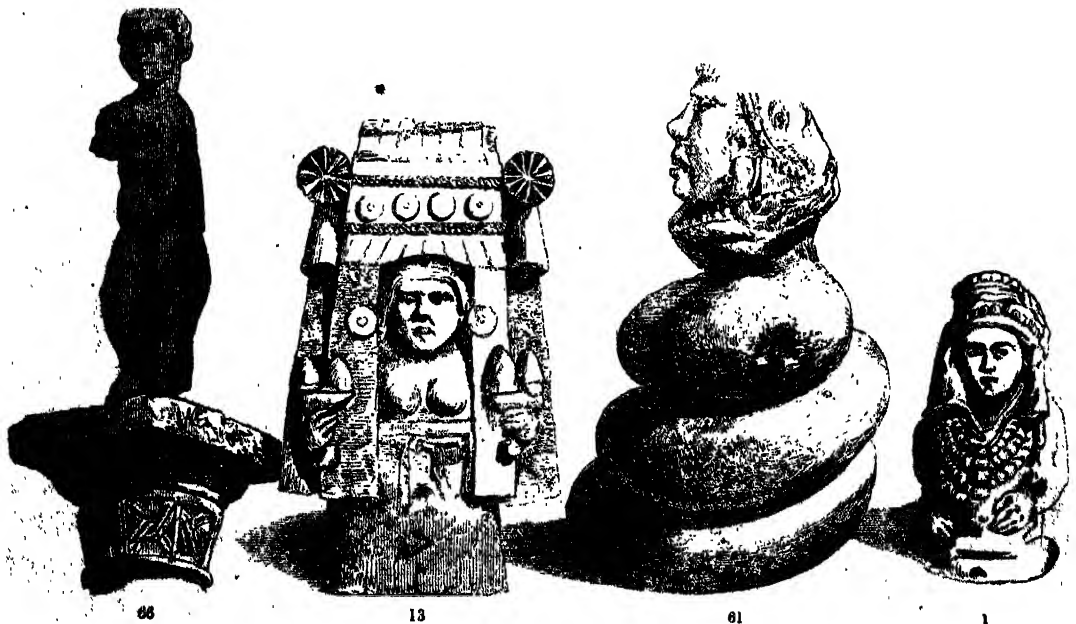
These rude remains of Azteck art, together with many other

the little figures placed in the Louvre, under the numbers 39 and 40, which are of silver and bronze, sufficiently prove that, though these people might not possess any superabundant knowledge on this point, they were certainly not ignorant of any of the caster's secrets, or even of the chaser's art. As it is fully ascertained that the use of iron was entirely unknown to the Mexicans, the Peruvians, and the other inhabitants of New Granada, and that they were obliged to substitute



fragments which the Louvre contains, suffice to prove that the Mexican sculptors knew how to employ the hardest and most durable materials, in order to represent the various symbols of their blood-thirsty religion. Statues, much anterior to the sixteenth century, are to be met with; they are made of *teotell*, or divine stone, which appears to be a black jasper, of grey, black, and rose-coloured granite, of serpentine stone, of green jasper, of basalt, of jade of different tints, and,

brass, formerly erroneously designated by the name of *tempered copper*, in its place, it is somewhat difficult to imagine by what process the Aztecas cut through basalt and granite, and how they managed to polish idols which greatly exceeded in height the ordinary stature of a man. Instruments of *ixtli*, or obsidianus lapis, with points made exceedingly hard by dint of patience and rubbing, supplied the place of the steel chisel used by us. The large figures con-



what is less extraordinary, of lava of several colours. Metals were also frequently employed to ornament idols, or even to represent the idols themselves. It is known for certain, that the formidable statue of the god of war, which ornamented the great temple of Mexico, was furnished with a gold head; and

* These numbers are the ones by which the antiquities are designated in the Catalogue of the Louvre.

tained in the American Museum, though doubtless much smaller than those which have been destroyed, bespeak, in this respect, what great difficulties the sculptor must have had to surmount. Such, among others, is the head numbered 13, which the catalogue states as representing *To-coumli*, the goddess of abundance, and which, though it is only made of brown lava, does not require any the less patience from the sculptor, if we take into consideration the numerous details

at compose its various attributes. Such is also the serpent with a human head (No. 61), which the catalogue designates, according to the great work of Lord Kingsborough and Glic, as the symbol of Acamapitchtli, king of Mexico, but which we would rather acknowledge as the Mexican Cybele, *Metembla* (our mother), who was called, according to Berno de Sahagun, *Cihuacohuatl*, the woman-serpent. The pital with an abacus, an astragal, and a torus, which is surmounted by a rough statue, and observed on entering the

was represented, says Sahagun, with the features of a flayed man, or rather of one painted red.

We will not give any more of these curious details, or of these barbarous names, which have, perhaps, already frightened more than one of our readers; we will merely add that, while the Mexicans were acquainted with the art of cutting the hardest stone, they also knew how to form secondary figures of burnt clay as well as by the means of moulding. It was, doubtless, by the latter process that was



useum, beneath No. 66, is also made of brown lava; but gure 1, which represents the insignia of royalty, is made of grey granite, and must have caused the sculptor many difficulties in its execution.

These various statuettes, worn away at present by frequent rubbing and time, were formerly polychromatic, and the different colours with which they were painted formed an essential part in the religious symbolism of these people. We know,

manufactured, on certain solemn occasions, the gigantic idol of the god Huitzilopuchtl, which was formed of different vegetable grains, stuck together by Indian-wheat paste impregnated with human blood. Some historians maintain that this idol was piled up, bit by bit, on wooden bars, but the first opinion seems to us the most likely one. This figure was broken annually during a grand religious ceremony, so that its fragments, distributed among the tribes, might be used for the



or instance, from Torquemada, that Quetzalcoatl, when he was represented under a human form, was painted entirely black, with bundles of feathers to represent flames of fire. We also saw that *Matlacwaj*, the sister of Halc, god of the sun, while she herself was goddess of the temper, wore a sun. *Teotihuacatl* (the lord who guides us), the god of omniscience, wore, according to Clavigero, a sun disk; but in fact was spotted with black and white, while his ears were old. *Metembla*, the divinity who presided over flowers,

administration of a horrible sacrament—less horrible than the one partaken of by the priests, who glutted themselves on the hearts of the victims.

Several of the little figures we have engraved have been produced by casts. No. 175, for instance, which represents *Yacua*, holding a child in his arms, is the production of a cast contained in the American Museum. The god *Teotihuacatl*, who has a little human figure in one of his arms, was, doubtless, produced in the same manner, as were also the Nos.

186, 170, and 246. It was by the means of these various kinds of baked clay, that the more important divinities of Mexican theogony, if we are to believe the conjectures of the catalogue, were represented. No. 120, for instance, represents a very strange-looking head of Quetzalcoatl, the god of air, while No. 63 is intended to represent no humbler personage than Tezcatlipoca, the god-creator, dressed in the spoils of a bird; but in spite of the manuscript of the Vatican appealed to here, we must own that we can find in this little statue none of the attributes of a superior being.* We do not know whether any more certainty is attached to No. 120, which presents us with the dreaded head of *Totca*, the military disciple of the god of air. As to Huizilopochtli (No. 121), the god so formidable in war, and to whom so many human beings were sacrificed that the number of the victims is said to have amounted to sixty thousand in a few years, we admit his authenticity more readily, because his name really is to be met with in valuable Codex of Letellier. For ourselves, we are at a loss to imagine what god No. 126 is intended to represent, unless, like the figures which surround it, it belongs to a very rudimentary state of art. Though we are not able to claim for the Mexicans a very high position in the hieratic statuary of primitive nations, it would be very unjust to judge them by such specimens as the ones we have seen. We must not forget that thousands of the innumerable household gods, known by the name of *Mitlón*, and which were constantly renewed in every dwelling, were daily manufactured by the members of a popular calling. The large idols executed by the renowned sculptors whom King Ahuetzotzli assembled together in 1487, when he finished the temple of Mexico, were, as we have already said, all broken in 1525. On the first day of that year, says Torquemada, the last temples were burnt down, at the same hour, so to say, in Mexico, in Tlascala, and in Huetzingo, and it was thus that the last traces of Mexican art were destroyed.

PALISSY, THE POTTER.

It is a London auction-mart, and the sale has just commenced. The lots consist of curiosities and articles of *terre*, and after one or two have been disposed of, the master of the hammer puts up a small lot, marked in the catalogue "unique and costly." It consists of a few specimens of a peculiar kind of pottery; a large vase, a candlestick, and some smaller ones. They are eagerly watched and hotly bid for. The owner of the vase rejoices at the prize which has cost him nearly sixty pounds, while he who wins the candlestick for twenty is hardly less happy.

This ware was made three hundred years ago. It was the work of a Frenchman, who, inspired by genius, fought his way to the mastery of an art then unknown in Europe, except amongst the Italians. The cottage of the peasant, and the castle of the baron, were almost equally destitute of those articles of utility and luxury which are now within the reach of all. Cups and saucers were as little known as bohea; while plates, dishes, and the endless variety of utensils which may now be had in the simplest ware and the finest porcelain, were then represented only by rude vessels of pottery or stoneware.

This self-taught potter was Bernard Palissy. He was born in the beginning of the sixteenth century in the district of Agenois, on the western coast of France. Having learned in his youth the art of glass-painting, he travelled for some years through his native country, sojourning in various places on his route, and maintaining himself by the exercise of his craft. Beyond this we know very little of him, until, at about thirty years of age, he married and settled in the town of Saintes. Adding to his skill in "verrierie" a knowledge of mapping and surveying, he was able to provide for the simple wants of his household. Thus a year or two was spent. There then

occurred a simple incident, which disturbed the even tenor of his life, and gave a new impulse to energies which had not before been evoked. We give it in his own words:—"There was shown to me," he says, "an earthen cup, turned and enamelled with so much beauty, that from that time I entered into controversy with my own thoughts, recalling to mind several suggestions that had been made to me in fun when I was painting portraits. Then seeing that these were falling out of request in the country where I dwelt, and that glass-painting was also little patronised, I began to think that if I should discover how to make enamels, I could make earthen vessels and other things very prettily; because God had gifted me with some knowledge of drawing. And, thereafter, regardless of the fact that I had no knowledge of drugs, I began to seek for the enamels as a man gropes in the dark."

Palissy, at this time, was not a potter. He could not have made the simplest earthen vessel which served his wife in the cuisine of her little household. But his was not a nature that could rest content with painting on glass the portraits of the good folk of Saintes, or keeping the stained windows of the neighbouring châteaux in repair. So he set diligently to work upon the new path to fame and competence which the cup opened up to him. He had been used, in his work in "verrierie," to the grinding and mixing of colours, and he began his experiments by pounding all the substances "supposed likely to make anything;" then, purchas- ing a number of earthen pots, he broke them into fragments, and spread on each some one of his different compounds. Constructing a furnace "according to his fancy," as he naively remarks, "for he had never seen earth baked," he heated it to a promising temperature, and put his trial pieces in to bake. The chemicals had not been chosen quite by chance, for many metallic colours were used in glass-painting, and these, with the action of fire upon them, were known to Palissy. Allowing such time as he supposed requisite, he drew out his pot-herds, eagerly looking for any on which the compounds should have melted. But there were none such. The labour had been all in vain, and he was none the nearer to the accomplishment of his object. He did not even know that these mixtures were not the right ones; for he was as much an experimentalist in the construction of furnaces and the baking of earth as in the art of enamelling, and it was impossible to tell where his errors lay. To produce a successful result, all the antecedents must be according to rule. Nothing daunted, however, Palissy set to work afresh; and every day found him, at all spare hours, pounding new materials, or constructing new furnaces. For all this time he worked at his old trade to maintain his household, and to supply the materials of his costly experiments. In this manner, to use his own words, "he fooled away several years." Domestic cares increased upon him, and instead of being able to improve the circumstances of his family by a new and more lucrative occupation, he was, to outward seeming, and doubtless in the judgment of his neighbours, fruitlessly expending what was their just inheritance. But such men as Palissy can work against discouragements, all kinds.

After the years thus lost, Palissy began a new series of experiments, at a pottery some miles distant. He hoped, by this plan, to avoid the large outlay on fuel and furnaces which had hitherto drained his slender resources. But, alas! disappointment met him here as before; and, after several failures, he determined to "take relaxation" for a time, and reported himself as if he were not zealous to dive any more into the secret of enamels."

Just at this time a profitable engagement fell in his way. The gabelle or salt-tax was about to be levied in Saintonge, which contained extensive salt marshes, and Palissy was employed by the government to survey and map the district. This occupied him nearly a year, and, being a much more profitable employment than glass-painting, he found himself at its close in possession of "a little money." So, with his mind at rest for a time on the subject of daily bread, he resumed his affection for pursuing in the track of the enamels. This time he had recourse to a glass house in

* With respect to this subject, the learned little work entitled, *sur la Théogonie Méxicaine*, par M. Ternaux-Compan, Paris, 1860, in 8vo, may be consulted.

as in use there being much hotter than those employed in the potteries. Nearly a hundred different compounds were duly prepared, three dozen earthen pots were bought broken; and at the appointed time, Bernard, his heart more beating high with hope, repaired to the glass-house. Surge, brave one, the clouds are breaking, and there is promise of the dawn. This time, some of the compounds had gone to melt.

Starting with fresh vigour from this new point, the unwearied worker pursued his researches for two years longer, without gaining another step in advance; at last he began to lose courage. Not that he despaired of ultimate success, or was weary of the struggle which he had so gallantly carried on. But he did not stand alone in the world. There were those who had shared with him the discouragements and privations of these long years. Doubtless his wife had listened with fond and willing faith when first he told her what he hoped to accomplish, how her husband would be sought after by all the nobles of France, and have riches and honour for his reward. But when year after year passed away, and no result appeared; when she saw him neglecting his trade, and expending a large portion of his scanty earnings in drugs, and furnaces, and fuel; when it was no uncommon entry in his journal, "I broke three dozen earthen pots, all of them new;" we cannot wonder if with such things as these came the sickness of hope deferred, or if in losing heart, the wife lost temper too. More than once the earth had closed upon a little grave, and a seat was left vacant at Palissy's meagre board, but still many little faces clustered there, and their wants were not diminishing with years. It was at least a natural thought to the wife and mother, "Why not abandon these costly experiments which have wasted so many years, when you can maintain your household by diligence in an honest calling?" Palissy began to think he must give up;—"One trial more," he said to himself, "and if I fail, I have done with it for ever."

The last effort was to be a great one. Upwards of three hundred trial pieces were prepared, and poor Bernard went himself with the man who carried them to the glass-house. The time for drawing out the batch comes, and one piece appears on which the mixture is completely melted. It is set aside to cool, and Bernard watches anxiously. As it hardens, it grows white. At length it is cold; it is the long-sought enamel: "singularly beautiful" to the longing eyes of Palissy. With what joy he turned his steps homeward that day one can easily imagine.

In possession of the secret, the next question was, how to make use of it. Palissy did not deem the housewives of that day worthy of enamelled cooking utensils, and he therefore disdained to expend his skill on the jars and pipkins which the neighbouring potteries could furnish. Without ornamental pottery his enamel was useless, so he set himself to make vessels suitable for his purpose, and this labour cost him seven or eight months. These vessels must next be baked, and straightway we find Palissy toiling at the construction of a furnace, such as he had seen at the glass-house. His finances were now so low that he could not procure himself the help even of one man; he had to carry the bricks on his back, to temper the mortar, and to erect the works with his own hands. The first baking of his cups was successful, but the more difficult task was yet to come. For more than a month he worked night and day in preparing the materials of "that beautiful enamel," and, carefully applying it on his vessels, he put them in to bake. Six days and nights he watched and fed the fires, but the enamel did not melt. Suspecting an error in the proportions of his compound, he began to grind and pound afresh, and all the while fed the insatiable double-mouthed furnace, that it might succeed.

The new compound being ready, he was forced to purchase pots on which to try it, for his own were all lost by the last failure. These being prepared were put in, and the whole of his remaining stock of wood was thrust into the furnace. Anxious he watches, but no sign of melting appears. The fire is burning, and wood is to be seen. He has neither fuel

nor money to purchase it. There was no time to be lost; now or never, thought Palissy; so he tore up the palings of his garden, and they were soon consumed by the devouring element: but all in vain. Half frantic, he rushed into his house, and, bringing forth the tables, broke them in pieces and cast them into the furnace. Still no change in the inexorable chemicals. Once more he appears before his astonished household, and, tearing up the flooring of the little dwelling, consigns it likewise to the flames. His resources, and the demand upon them, are at an end together—the enamel is melted.

"Another such victory and I am undone!" was the exclamation of Pyrrhus after a battle with the Romans; and in such a spirit might poor Palissy have spoken of his hard-earned triumph. He had succeeded in producing a beautiful white enamel, but it glistened only on fragments of broken pottery, which were of little account in the eyes of his practical wife. Exhausted by the heat of the furnace, and the excessive labour he had undergone, Palissy turned to enter his dwelling. Alas! it had been dismantled by his own hands; while his wife, she "from whom solace was due," as he touchingly expresses it, had run to proclaim publicly the insane conduct of her husband, and to incite vulgar mockery against him whose sins she should have tenderly covered. Poverty and reproaches saddened him at home, while the finger of ridicule everywhere met him abroad, and for a time his soul fed upon its griefs; but soon again he was up and at work. Having made drawings of such vessels as suited his purpose, he hired a potter to execute his designs, and once more set about the erection of a furnace. His means being quite exhausted, and the potter, discharged, he was forced to build it himself, with incredible labour, out of the materials of the former furnace. Borrowing money for the purchase of wood and chemicals, he had now, at length, a fair prospect of success, and confidently reckoned on the proceeds of the batch to clear his debts and give bread to his household. His creditors hastened to the furnace in the morning when the time for drawing out arrived. But alas! alas! an unforeseen misfortune had destroyed all his hopes. The mortar employed in the brickwork had been full of flints, and the intense heat had caused them to explode, while at the same time it had liquified the enamel. The cups and medallions were, in consequence, stuck all over with sharp fragments of flint, and thus, though otherwise very beautiful, were entirely spoiled. Some there were who offered to buy them at a mean price, but Palissy preferred to break them in pieces with his own hands; and then he lay down on his bed in melancholy—not in peace, however, for we hear some hints of maledictions added this time to the reproaches.

But, reflecting that "if a man had fallen into a pit, it would be his duty to endeavour to get out again," Palissy arose at once, and "gaining a little money by painting and in other ways," expelled want for a season from his hearth. Many times more he laboured, and saw his work destroyed by some unforeseen mischance. But he was gaining knowledge by these bitter experiences, and gradually approaching the mastery of his art. During fifteen or sixteen years he "blundered" on, as he himself tells us, but for the last six or eight of these he accomplished works which had a ready sale, and supplied him with means not only to maintain his household, but to carry on his experiments. Vigorous, indeed, must have been the frame that could endure such labour, and execute the behests of that dauntless spirit. But "sweat of the brain" and "sweat of the arm" had sapped the strong man in those days of sorrow. He tells us that for ten years together he was wasted and worn to a shadow; but most keenly of all he felt the isolation of soul in which he lived. "I often walked about the fields of Saintes," he says, "considering my miseries and weariness, and wondering, above all things, that in my own house I could have no peace, nor do anything that was considered good." True misfortune this—where a noble soul of either sex is mated with one that has sympathy neither for its sorrows nor its aspirations. True solitude—where there is association without companionship, and personal intercourse without communion of spirit.

It is curious to find, in looking at the history of one who lived three centuries ago, that with all the difference produced by the manners of a time so far distant, men and women were then very much what they are now. A certain lecture seems a modern thing, and brings up before us the image of Mrs. Caudle; but if the dead could speak, poor Palissy might tell us "there is nothing new under the sun." After recounting the hardships which attended his labours, chiefly because he had not means to protect his furnaces from the inclemency of the weather; and how, many times, at midnight or near dawn, he went to bed cold and weary, "filled with great sorrows," inasmuch as, having laboured long, he saw his labour wasted—he adds, "then I have found in my chamber a second persecution worse than the first, which makes me to marvel now that I was not consumed with suffering." But we would not deal too hardly with the failings of Palissy's wife; it would have required the devotion of a true-hearted woman to last through nearly ten years of failure and defeat. We will add but one word more, and rest content to leave to our fair readers the judgment of her sins. One night, the wind being high, and the rain falling in torrents, Palissy found that the poor hut which sheltered his furnace would no longer resist the inclemency of the weather. His precious cups and vases would be destroyed by either cold or wet, and something must be done. Entering the house he sought about for what might suit his purpose, and failing to meet with anything more portable, he carried off his wife's chamber door! We should be glad to know where is the British matron that would not be indignant at such usage!

Palissy now began to take heart to call himself a potter. No longer weighed down by poverty, he was able to procure assistance in his work, and the nobility of the province were eager to purchase the beautiful productions of his skill. The name which he assumed for himself was that of "Worker in Earth and Inventor of Rustic Figulines." These figulines were models from nature, of animals, reptiles, and plants, with which he adorned cups or vases. Palissy was an ardent lover of nature; from his youth he had delighted to wander in the forest, through the meadow, or by the sea-shore; nor was it with an uninquiring eye that he gazed upon the wonders they present. He was a close observer and a careful analyser; and in the beautiful adaptations and contrivances which he everywhere discovered in creation, he devoutly recognised the care which the Maker has exercised for all his creatures, and the wisdom which presides in every department of the universe. So fully did the artist prove himself the naturalist, that, as his biographer remarks, "his leaves and reptiles, and other rustic designs, are so copied, in form and colour, with minute accuracy, that the species of each can be determined accurately. There has been found scarcely a fancy leaf, and not one lizard, butterfly, or beetle, not one bit of nature transferred to the works of Palissy, which does not belong to the rocks, woods, rivers, and seas of France."

We have been so intent on watching the experiments which were carried on by Palissy, that we have not even cast a glance at the affairs of the outer world. Thus it was that Palissy himself would fain have lived; forgetting in his study of nature and his researches in art the sorrows and distractions of his native land. All minor factions were then being merged in the two great parties of Catholic and Huguenot. And as Palissy stood in the light of his glowing furnace, his soul had burned within him at the thought, that other fires were being kindled in France, not for purposes of science or of art, but in the vain attempt to purge the land from "heresy." But while he sought to keep aloof from scenes of suffering in which he could neither restrain wrong-doers, nor protect the weak, he yet fearlessly asserted in his own person the right of free speech and free action. We have a touching chronicle from his own modest pen of the first Reformed Church of Saintes: "A certain artisan, marvellously poor and indigent," already known to us as a diligent and reverent student of the Book of Nature, met daily with "another as poor as himself," to search the pages of that other divine volume, the Book of Life. The small beginning grew; the "little one becomes a

"thousand," and after a time Saintes was largely leavened with the purifying doctrines of the Gospel. Sometimes the members of the little church stole at dead of night to the secret rendezvous; but the days grew brighter, and, as Palissy tells us, the fields and groves of Saintes echoed with the sweet voices of virgins "who delighted to sing of all holy things."

The storm came at last, however. It swept over Saintes, and Palissy's home did not escape. He was seized at night, and hurried to a dungeon.

If this had happened in the days of unsuccessful toil, Palissy's name would have been quickly entered in God's Book of Martyrs; but his noble patrons could not afford to let his beautiful art perish. The works which he had in progress for the Constable Montmorenci and the Duc de Montpensier would have come to an abrupt termination if the hand of the cunning workman had been suffered to grow cold in death. Palissy was appointed "Inventor of Rustic Figulines to the King and the Constable," and was, of course, immediately set at liberty. This was in the year 1562, the date of the massacre of St. Bartholomew.

Another year or two the potter carried on the practice of his art at Saintes, and then removed to Paris. The Palace of the Tuileries was then in course of erection for Catherine de Medecis, and he was employed in its decoration. All that we know of the remaining years of his life in the licentious capital is highly interesting. Collecting around him such lovers of science and literature as could be found in the precincts of Henry the Third's riotous court, he delivered a course of lectures, in which he propounded his discoveries in science, his own rich collection of specimens serving him for illustration. He continued this practice for many years, and in 1580 published some of these lectures, together with a treatise on agriculture. Two other volumes from his pen had before, at intervals of some years, issued from the press. The first, a medical treatise, is lost; the others which remain prove Palissy to have been far in advance of his age, and establish his claim to many discoveries in chemistry, geology, and natural history.

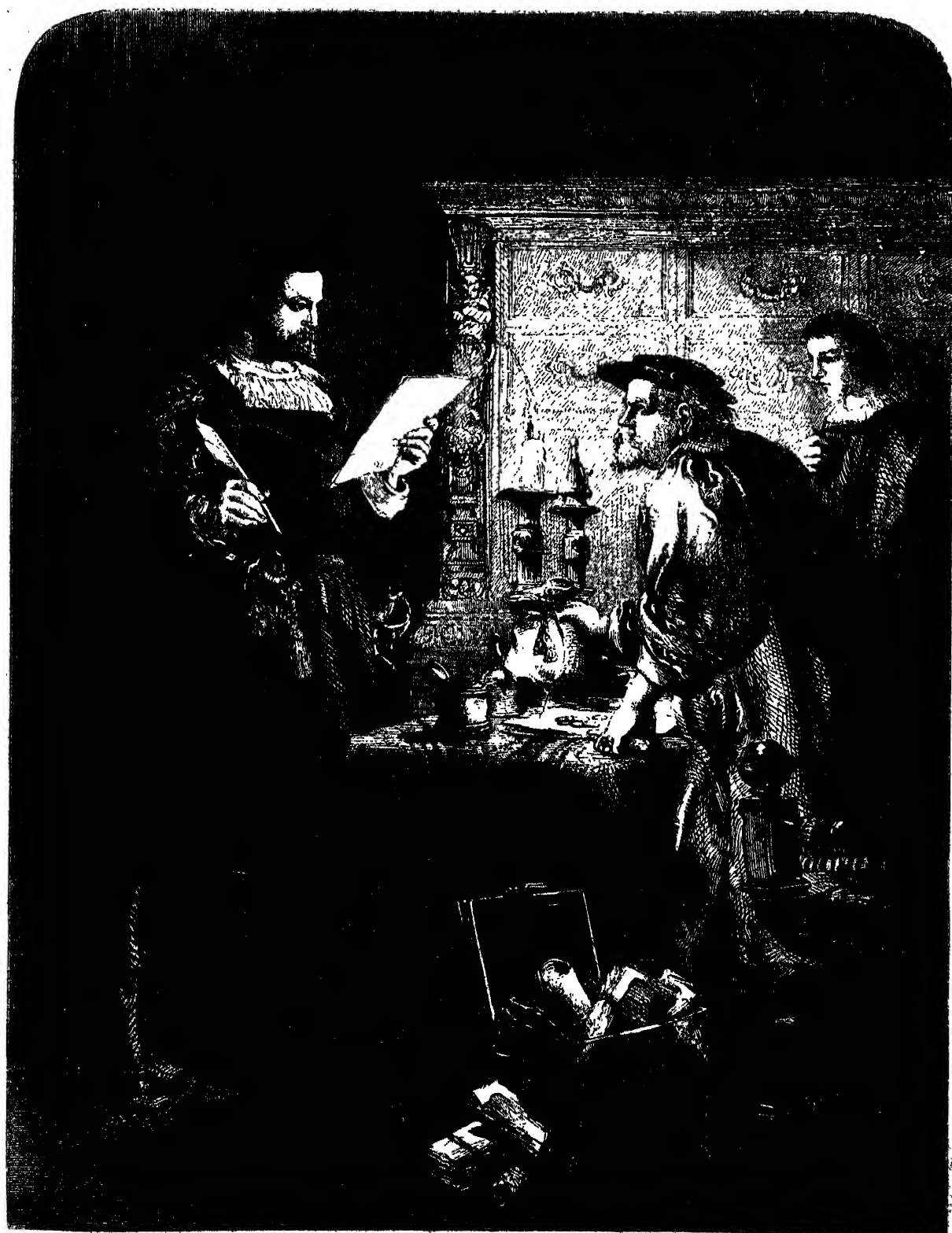
During his years of court favour, as in his rustic retirement, the Huguenot potter fearlessly avowed his religious opinions. It was the fashion to patronise "poor Master Bernard, of the Tuileries," and for a long while he stood unharmed. But in the year 1585, a royal edict was issued which made death the penalty of exercising the Reformed faith. The noble old man, then seventy-six years of age, had served the crown for forty years, but was forced to abandon for the Bastille the laboratory which his genius had enriched with gems of art. Yet, even the rude hands which spared not tender virgins, hesitated to strike Palissy. He had passed three years within those gloomy walls when he received, one day, a visit from the king.

"My good man," said Henry, "you have been forty-five years in the service of the queen my mother, or in mine, and we have suffered you to live in your own religion, amidst all the executions and the massacres. Now, however, I am so pressed by the Guise party and my people, that I have been compelled, in spite of myself, to imprison these two poor women [fair girls—guilty of heresy] and you; they are to be burnt to-morrow, and you also if you will not be converted."

"Sire," answered the old man, "the Count de Mauverger came yesterday, on your part, promising life to the two sisters. They replied, that they would now be martyrs or their own honour, as well as for the honour of God. You have said several times that you feel pity for me, but it is I who pity you, who have said, 'I am compelled.' That is not speaking like a king. These girls and I, who have part in the kingdom of heaven, we will teach you to talk royally. The Guisards, all your people, and yourself, cannot compel a potter to bow down to images of clay."

The sisters were burned as the king had said, but Palissy was spared the fiery trial. After four years of captivity he died in the Bastille.

With the potter perished his beautiful art. Two sons survived him; but the genius which presided in the laboratory had departed with Bernard Palissy.



SCENE IN THE 'DEAD BRIDAL.

SIGNING THE DEED IN THE BANKER'S ROOM.

THE DEAD BRIDAL.
A VENETIAN TALE OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.
BY JONATHAN FREKE SLINGSBY.

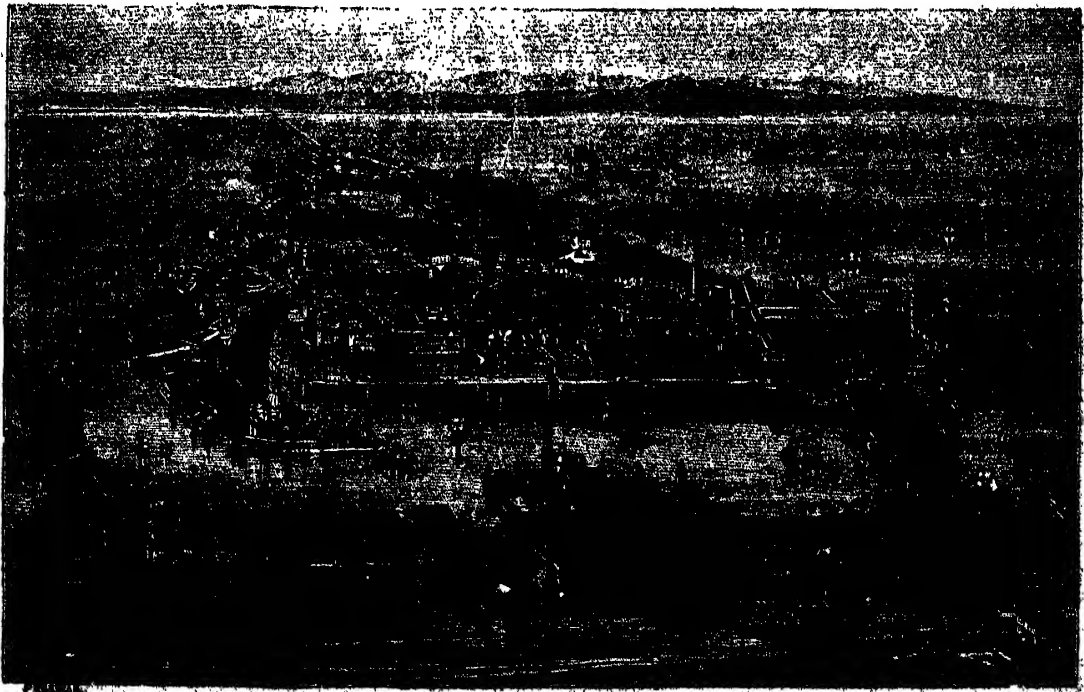
CHAPTER I.

"There is a glorious city in the sea.
The sea is in the broad, the narrow streets,
Ebbing and flowing; and the salt sea-wood
Clings to the marble of her palaces.
No track of men, no footsteps to and fro,
Lead to her gates. The path lies o'er the sea,
Invisible. And from the land we went
As to a floating city—steering in,
And gliding up her streets as in a dream,
So smoothly—silently."

Rogers.

It was midnight—deep, dark, and moonless. Not a star shone out upon the still lagunes—not a ripple swelled upon the Adriatic. Solitary and silent the minarets and dome of St. Mark's rose, a dusky mass, into the night. All the tumult and sound of busy day and of pleasant eventide had long ceased to be heard in the city of Venice. No lights were now to be seen in casement or verandah. No step to be heard in the courts and piazzas that, a few hours since, were thronged with life and motion,—all was darkness and repose, save that, in the distant chamber of the Palace of the Doge,* the

the eye loses them, all standing like ghosts in the dark, voiceless air—lifeless all, but showing that life has but recently fled. No rush or struggle through the thoroughfares; no thronging in squares or courts; no tumult of contention; no wrangling of barter in the market-place or the merchant's booth; no laughter in the public walks; no light in the closed windows! Deathlike—though it be but the death of a few hours—a sleeping city preaches sternly and importunately to man, how death is the fate of all things—how death is the renewal of all things—the sleep of time for the life of eternity. It preaches to



VIEW OF VENICE.

lamp of some sleepless senator or councillor of state, casting a pallid ray out upon the gloom, proclaimed that there be watchers over the safety of the republic, by night as well as by day,—that when the song and the lute of the lover are hushed, and the beacon-light of beauty is extinguished, the precious dew of sleep falls not on him to whom the care of a state is committed.

A sleeping city!—how solemn and sublime a spectacle at all times, but especially solemn when it sleeps in the stillness of a dark night! What a subject for contemplation to the least imaginative mind! how suggestive of thought to the philosopher, the moralist, the romancer, and the poet! Ranges of tall edifices, clustering together—solitary and detached buildings, columns, and spires, and cupolas, towering up into the sky till

him how the day shall come when the builder shall leave all that he has built, lonely and deserted as now they even appear to be—his works unfinished, his speculations uncompleted, his hopes unrealised—when the familiar haunts of his busy life-day shall know him no more—never more echo to the tread of his foot or the sound of his voice. It preaches to him of a day when the cities of all the earth shall be tenantless—of a day when even these mighty and time-enduring fabrics shall themselves wax old, as doth a garment, and be changed as a vesture at the word of Him who is ever "the same; and whose years shall know no end."

And so now slept fair Venice, darkness brooding over her with outstretched wings. Every loiterer had left calle and piazza; the last clash of the oar-blade had been heard long

since on the sluggish waters. And now the iron tongue of the great clock in the Piazza di San Marco (not that wondrous monument of art which Pietro Lombardo erected in the following century, the "Torre dell' Oro," and which, gentle reader, and classic traveller, you may now see any day of the year, surmounted with its mighty bell, guarded on either side by a bronze giant, who registers with sledge-hammer peals the progress of old Time's march—smiting on the heart with an appalling sense of life's checkless flitting;) and now, I repeat, the iron tongue of the great clock startled the silence with one hoarse note, and then another, and so on, till twelve clangs had announced the hour of midnight to any one who was wakeful enough to listen to it, or whose sleep was too light to be proof against its thunder. Scarcely had the last toll ceased to vibrate, when, from beneath the arabesque colonnade which sustains the basement story of the Ducal Palace, a figure emerged, wrapped closely in a cloak of black cloth of Padua, having on his head a bonnet of the same colour and material. Pausing a moment, to listen if any sound indicated that a watcher was near him, the person passed quickly along the Piazzetta di San Marco till he reached the smaller of the two columns of red granite—that one which is surmounted by the winged lion of the republic. Sitting down upon the steps at its base, he gazed towards the water's edge, endeavouring to discover the objects in the water beyond him. His scrutiny was vain, for the darkness rendered objects invisible even at that short distance. At length he smote gently with the handle of his poignard upon the granite, and at short intervals twice repeated the action. Then a plash as of a pebble was heard in the water. The man arose, and advancing to the head of a flight of steps that led down to the edge of the Canale Spinalonga (as it was then called, but now known as the Canale della Guidecca), perceived a head slowly raised as from the water.

"Beppo!" said the cloaked figure, in a whisper.

"Eccomi Eccellenza," was the reply.

The first speaker descended the steps and entered the black gondola that lay concealed beside them. Then the muffled oar sent the sharp steel prow so noiselessly through the water that one on the marble steps of the palazzi would scarce have discovered that there was a wanderer on its surface.

Onward the boat sped along the tortuous course of the Canaletto, or grand canal, which then separated the eastern from the western portions of the city, the great bridge which now spans the water; the Ponte di Rialto, not having yet been erected, a bridge of boats serving the purpose of transit. When the gondola had nearly reached this spot, the dexterous gondolier, with an almost imperceptible motion of his single oar, changed his course, shooting the boat under one of the low, narrow bridges that are thrown across the smaller canals. In a few moments, the close, heavy odour of the night air, and the almost impenetrable gloom, indicated that they were now entering the quarters of the city where the great mass of the population, the merchants and the mechanics, principally resided. As the gondolier faced the prow shoreward, his eye caught a faint ray of light in the uppermost story of one of the houses;—silently he pointed towards it.

"Appunto," said his master.

In another moment the side of the gondola was close to the steps which led from the water's edge to the entrance, the principal approach to most of the houses in Venice being from the canals. Placing his hand on Beppo's shoulder, his master mounted the steps, and disappeared beneath the portal of the house. The gondolier laid his oar noiselessly along the boat, and, stretching himself at full length, prepared to obey the brief, yet emphatic, injunction conveyed by his master at parting in the whispered words, "Aspetta a veglia!"

Dropping his way cautiously up the wide staircase, common to all the *piani*, or flats, into which the houses in Venice were then, as now, divided, the personage, whose movements we have been following, reached at length the upper story. His further progress was arrested by a door of great strength, and strongly secured. Failing to open it by the usual means, he knocked stoutly upon the oak panel, and was, after what seemed to him an unreasonably long delay, admitted by a

young girl into an ante-room, and thence, upon a summons from within, into an interior apartment.

As the visitant entered this latter chamber, and raised the mask of black silk from his face, the light from within fell strongly upon him. He was tall, muscular, and compact, with a proud and lofty port, a dark, restless, and somewhat haughty eye, and a brow at once bold, ingenuous, and manly. Apparently he was yet in the prime of life;—it might be about forty, or a few years more, and he was altogether a fine specimen of the Venetian noble of the age, such as the pencil of the immortal Titian has handed down to us in his numerous portraits of their doges and senators. As he flung open his cloak, he disclosed a doublet and hose of velvet, slashed with silk, and made after the French fashion, which even then was much affected in Italy, and which the Venetian nobility, notwithstanding the sumptuary laws of the state, were wont to wear beneath the cloak of black cloth prescribed alike to all citizens.

A poignard, or stiletto, was stuck in his girdle, and a rapier hung by his thigh. As he entered, an old man rose from a chair in the further end of the room, and advanced to meet his visitor.

"You received my message, doubtless, Messer Pietro Molo?"

"Yes, did I, truly, my good Lord Polani, and much I marvelled to learn that you were in Venice. May I entreat your excellency to be seated."

The noble flung himself into the richly-carved and high-backed chair, to which his host respectfully pointed, and then, opening a pouch beneath his girdle, he drew forth a letter, tied with a silken string, and reaching it to the banker, he replied,

"By Saint Teodoro, no light matter would have brought me just now from the fort at Palestrina, you may well believe, and still less up to your eyrie here in the clouds."

The banker acknowledged his sense of the depreciating echo with an inclination of the head in which ostentatious respect was mingled with ill-concealed pride—the pride that of the lordliest nobles of Venice, a count of the *terra ferma*, sought the goldsmith in his own house. "Here is something for thee, from him of whom I advertised thee; it might not be delivered by other hands than mine own. Read, I beseech thee, for time presses." The goldsmith took the packet, however, in silence, and proceeded to read its contents, meantime his visitor occupied himself in a survey of the apartment.

Pietro Molo was the wealthiest goldsmith and most extensive banker that was to be seen in the "Corso degli Orifici," the great location and resort of the jewellers and bankers of Venice, and a distinguished portion of that quarter of the city known as the "Riva Alta, or Rialto." He was, at the time in which we are introduced to him, well stricken in years, and somewhat approaching to corpulence; his eye was gray and small, but remarkably bright and keen, giving to features, otherwise placid and rather commonplace, an expression of singular shrewdness, which, however, was only observable when that organ was in motion. Ordinarily he wore the appearance of bland, and even over-courteous, deference to his superiors, though, at times, the pride of wealth, and of the power that wealth confers, would betray itself unmistakably. That pride of riches was deeply seated in the old man's heart, might be seen as well in his personal attire as in the furniture of the apartment. Though the character of both were, on the whole, rather plain than showy, yet something in each told of the banker's treasures. The chair from which he had risen on the entrance of the count was massive and finely carved, with the seat and back covered with rich dark velvet. In front was an escritoire of highly-polished walnut, inlaid with brass, and elaborately fashioned, having many drawers of curious workmanship. Upon it, at one side, stood an inkstand of Venetian glass, then highly prized, opposite to which lay several large leather money-bags, drawn together by rich cords of silk, to which were attached two pearls of great value. His head, too, was covered with a cap of crimson velvet, trimmed with fur, and looped up with a silken cord, to which was attached a

jewel of price, while on the first finger of his left hand a diamond of the richest lustre sparkled in a silver ring of antique fashion.

While the Count Polani was engaged in noting these details, the banker perused the packet; when he had finished, he put it carefully aside in a drawer of the *escritoire*, and then addressed his visitor.

"I find, my good lord, that you are acquainted with the purport of the despatch from his excellency the general, and therefore deem it best to commit my answer to your ear, rather than to the chances of writing. Be pleased to assure the noble Zeno, that I shall seek to do his pleasure in this matter as I have before done, both for his sake and for that of the state, though, indeed, it may bring me into no small strait and trouble."

"I shall deliver your words to his excellency, Messer Niolo," said Polani.

The banker bowed, but made no further observation; and the noble, after waiting in vain for him to do so, at length resumed.

"Thou knowest, Signor Banker, how this war with the Genoese and Paduans hath been a costly affair, not only to our republic itself, but has well nigh drained us Venetian nobles of what wealth we had in land or money."

"Your excellency speaks but too truly," replied the banker, with a sigh; "there are not many of our Venetian nobility by whom we poor merchants shall not suffer more or less."

"And if the merchants do suffer in some sort," retorted the count, "is it not just that they should bear their share of the public burthen? When the Contarini mortgaged his fair estate on the *Terra firma*, and Orso furnished a galley and equipped it with fighting men and rowers, would you merchants be as careful of your purse-strings as the lazy Minorites were of their over-fed bodies and strong coffers? By my faith as a Christian, I think the state did well to drive these cowardly and selfish monks from her bosom."

"Assuredly we do not seek exemption from our share of the general charge," replied the banker, with an expression at once of pride and pain. "It is well known, Signor Count, and by none better than you nobles, that I and those of my class in the *Corso degli Orifici* have remitted large sums to our debtors that we might leave them free to aid in the struggles for the state."

"Well, be it so," said the count; "I shall not dispute the point with thee. But as I said, thou knowest well, Ser Molo, how largely I have dispensed of mine own for this war. Thou didst thyself help me to turn my revenues into gold. After all, there is no philosopher's stone like that which you bankers are possessed of."

The noble smiled somewhat ruefully at his own conceit, and one might see a faint reflection of the pleasantry on the face of Molo. He said nothing, however, in reply, and waited patiently till the count should proceed with the subject, whatever it was, that he was evidently at the same time anxious, yet unwilling, to introduce.

"I would, my good friend Molo," he at length resumed, "that thou couldst see how gallantly our foreign mercenaries are equipped. There is Roberto Recanti, and the brave English knight, Guiljelmo Checo, or Cheke, or whatever be his name—"

"Ah!" said the banker, "these Englishers ever ruffle it with the best, and care not what cost they go to for their bravery. My brother at Milan sold a hauberk of steel, inlaid with gold, to the gallant cavalier, Sir John Hawkwood, and I do assure you, it cost—"

"*Maladetto*," interrupted the count, angrily, "curse the base Gondottiere! He and his *alba comitia* played us false, and he is, they say, treating with the Prince of Padua or the King of Hungary. But I was going to tell thee, that it is not for the honour of Venice that our nobles should not ruffle it with the best, as you truly say those Englishers do. You cannot understand these things as we do, good Messer Pietro, but, trust me, that a noble's retinue, such as I retain, is heavily chargeable upon me."

"Doubtless it must be, as you say; but your excellency has wisely made provision before-hand for these extraordinary requirements. The letters of exchange on my brother at Milan were, I am advised, honoured in due course."

"Content thyself on that score. The money duly came to my hands, and as duly left them. But what are a thousand golden zeechins? Our esquires and men at-arms must be maintained. I promise you they would soon dissolve thy money in the wine flagons, or disperse them with the dice box."

"And none the slower, I trow, if their master should now and then set them the example," said Molo.

"Even so. But now to the point. I want money."

"How much?"

"Four thousand ducats of gold."

"Four thousand ducats! 'Tis a large sum, Sir Count. How shall I—"

"Nay, nay," said Polani, hastily interrupting the merchant, "I know all that you would say. How should you contrive to find so much money? A truce, Messer Pietro, with all those common-places and coquetries of the counting-house. You have the money. Will you lend it?"

"My lord Polani," said the banker, proudly, "I said not, and I thought not of saying, that I had not the money. The Moli are too fair in their credit and too honest in their dealings to stoop to the paltry pretenses of the Israelitish money lenders. Your lordship is in the quarter of the Rialto now, and not in that of the Giudecca. I have the sum you name, ten times told; but I was about asking you, signor, how shall I be secured in the payment of the loan, if I should advance you the moneys?"

"My villa and estate at Fusine—"

"I have already advanced the full value upon them."

"My palazzo here in Venice—"

"It is pledged to Ben Aaroni; and I like not to glean where he has been reaping."

"My prospects in the issue of this war are, thou must perceive, worth much. Everything is prospering with the republic. We hold the enemy even now in blockade within the walls of Chioggia, and when we become masters of the town again, as assuredly we shall ere long, I warrant thee that the booty which shall fall to the share of the soldiers and chiefs of the republic will be considerable. Thou dost not forget the heaps of wealth which were got when our enemies fled from Brondolo. One might have a suit of armour for the trouble of taking it, or buy as many as he pleased for a ducat."

"I remember it well, signore, and I know that the money and the goods passed away from the victors as speedily as it reached them; but little of either found its way to the coffers or the booths of their creditors in Venice. I doubt not that the booty will be great when, as your lordship says, and may Heaven grant, the republic shall again regain her territory—but I fear it would be a security but little negotiable amongst my brethren of the *Corso*."

"Besides," continued Polani, carried away with his own visions of aggrandisement, and not altogether estimating how much his ideal wealth was at a discount with the sober-minded merchant;—"besides, the republic is my debtor, and I stand high in her favour. I am, as you know, a member of the Pregadi, and count soon on being elected one of the *Seignory*."

A shade, for a moment, fell upon the quiet features of the goldsmith, as he thought of the terrible power of that council, whose acts were as sudden, as irresponsible, and as inscrutable as those of the inquisition itself, and he remembered how often men like himself fell victims, either to the cupidity or the vengeance of some of its members.

"It will be a high honour, my lord," he said, "and one which your worth and services to the state shall well merit. The Council is, as God's providence willeth, for the good of the republic; and your excellency's services are not as well founded as they are dealer in gold, who take but

usage, and not a Jewish speculator upon chances and inheritances, I cannot afford to hazard my money upon such expectancies as your lordship mentions."

"It is well," replied the count, in a tone in which pride, anger, and disappointment were evident,—"it is well, Sir Banker. I did but give you a pre-option which you are free to decline. The Jew, of whom you spoke so slightly just now, will be as ready to strike a good bargain as he will be proud to serve a senator and a Polani."

"Your lordship's haste does me wrong," said the banker. "Pray do me the favour to be seated again;" for Polani had risen to depart. "Indeed, I would gladly serve, if I could only see how it is to be done. Permit me just to reflect for a moment."

The count resumed his seat, and after a short pause the banker continued—

"Ah, yes! There is the summer residence on the Adriatic—"

"It is not mine," replied the count. "Do you not know it is the sole inheritance of my ward?"

"True, true; I crave your excellency's pardon, I had forgotten it indeed. Now I recollect, it does belong to the Signora Bianca. Ah, what a lovely young lady! What eyes! What teeth! What ——".

"Give me leave to ask what concern Messer Pietro Molo can have with the Lady Bianca's beauty?" said the count with some disdain. "Her eyes are not diamonds, nor her teeth pearls, on which he will advance gold!"

"Ah! a very pleasant thought, truly. And yet I know not that your lordship is altogether so far astray. I have seen pearls and diamonds, without the fairness of the one or the brightness of the other, fetch twice as much as you ask me to lend you."

The keen gray eye of the old man sparkled with some hidden meaning, and a thoughtful smile stole along his features, till his face wore an expression of unwonted archness. The count gazed on him with amazement.

"In the devil's name," said he at length, "what are you driving at, Messer Molo? Do you dare to make a mock of me or mine?"

"Your pardon, my good lord, I meant indeed no such impertinence. But your remark suggested an idea so strange, and yet so pleasant withal, that I could not but smile,—and then it comes so opportunely for the loan of the ducats."

"Out with it then, for Heaven's sake," said the count, impatiently, unconscious that he was at the time betraying his hopelessness of aid in any other quarter.

"Your excellency must first promise to hear me to an end, and to remember that the idea is of your own creation."

"I promise."

"Well, then, your lordship is in present need of some four thousand golden ducats, and I am very willing to supply your want, but merchants must have some security. Now my brother Jacopo has just sent me from Milan, that sum, and more, with orders to invest it in some safe venture for his only son Girolamo. I was minded to barter it with the Turk for spices and gums, as I am advised by my correspondent in Aleppo, Mohammed Ishmael, by letter under date the 15th ultimo," (here Molo methodically took the letter from a file and ascertained that he was correct as to the date), "that such merchandise will double their cost in our market. But your lordship's pleasant remark, as I said, has suggested quite a different venture. I shall be content to pay you down to-night the sum you want out of my nephew's money, and ask but your own obligation with twelve months for the repayment. On that day he and I shall wait on your excellency at the Palazzo Polani, where, if you repay him with just usage, as no doubt you will if your expectations bear but half the fruit they promise, why well. But if it should not please you so to discharge the debt, you shall then and there give the fair Bianca in marriage to the youth, who is by birth a citizen of our republic, and I shall thereupon write you an acquittance. Said I not truly, my lord Polani, that your fair ward's eyes were jewels for which even an old goldsmith would count down ducats?"

The Count Polani had long since started from his chair, and during the entire of the old man's proposition he continued striding up and down before him, eyeing him alternately with rage, scorn, and wonder; yet still his curiosity controlled him in some sort till the goldsmith had concluded. Then the storm burst with a vengeance.

"Now, by the blessed St. Marco and the Holy Virgin, and all the Apostles on the altar-screen, you are a bold man, sirrah! What! Bianca Morosini, the descendant of a doge, mate with the spawn of the counting-house? Madre di Dio, shall the blood of princes mingle with the puddle of money-lenders? Corpo di Bacco, dost think that the nobles of Venice are going to worship every golden calf which they themselves have bloated and fattened up? It is too much. Santo Diavolo! it is too much for human endurance!"

The count flung himself down in his chair again, fairly wearied with his fury. He had expended all his breath and all his vocabulary, and had not the power of saying anything more, even if he had anything left to say. And yet, it was surprising how much that select anthology of maledictions, sacred and profane, had conduced to cool his temperature and reduce his system. Molo seemed to expect some such result, and to know the choleric temper he had to deal with. Calmly, and yet with much of real dignity the old man replied:—

"Count Andrea Polani, the princes of Venice are sprung from merchants. It is their boast to be so, though recent laws of our republic have forbidden even the poor noble to pollute his hand with the honourable soil of trade. But the time may come again in Venice, as it has come elsewhere throughout the world, when the merchant of to-day shall be the sire of the prince of to-morrow. You have heard, doubtless, of Giovanni di Medici, the banker of Florence, who is even now, though sprung from a base physician, as your order would say, the chiefest in that city. Who shall say what places his children, and his children's children, shall fill in the annals of Tuscany, or even Italy? Know, too, that the house of Molo has as fair and as wide repute, from the Gulf of Genoa to the Adriatic, as has any noble of you all; and that a scroll from their pen can open gates at which the mace of the warrior would batter in vain; aye, and I say it without offence, that their simple word is as trusted as the knightly pledge of the proudest name in chivalry. Girolamo, too, is a goodly youth, pleasant to look upon and well nurtured, and, as I hear, learned withal; and I trow, that with a prince's wealth, he will not fail to find a noble dame to mate with, if such be his humour. Therefore, my lord, I did but mean you kindly in what I offered; and suffer me to say, that you have but unworthily repaid that kindness by harsh and insulting words. I shall keep the money for the Turk."

We will not venture to assert that the Polani heard every word of this lengthy oration of the good banker. Certes he sat plunged in a reverie as the words fell on his ear. With all his hot temper and hereditary pride, he was not wanting either in generosity of spirit or in good sense. And so while he was regaining his breath, he was also taking counsel of his own thoughts, which shaped themselves somewhat in this fashion, as the old banker was proceeding:—

"The churl presumes on my empty coffers—empty indeed! aye, there's the pinch. A plague upon poverty! A noble without a zecchino, will cut as sorry a figure in the camp as at the court; therefore I must have my purse replenished—that point is plain at all events—but how, I know not, per Dio, if this goldsmith fail me. A Morisini marry a banker—pahaw! the notion is intolerable, or rather it is ridiculous—the man is doting, surely. Princes have been merchants—so they have, in faith, and, as he says, merchants may become princes—well, not in our days, please Heaven. The ducats now down in hand and twelve months to repay them. Twelve months! great changes take place in half the time, and I shall not want the means to pay him back his gold and laugh at him for his folly. So I think I may as well do what he proposes, especially as I have nothing else to do. After all, it will be but humouring honest old Molo with a condition which I shall never be called upon to fulfil. No doubt, as he says, he meant to do

kindly by me, and I may as well speak him fair; so then let's make a beginning."

These cogitations led the count insensibly to a state in which he could discuss the worthy goldsmith's proposition with something like temper—a process which, to speak the truth, was much accelerated by the click of bolts and the closing of drawers, as the banker stowed away his papers and moneys into various places of security.

"By mine honour, Messer Molo," the count began, "thou fliest at high quarry. 'Tis bold falconry and perilous, I warn thee. Dost thou forget that a patrician may not marry one who is a mere citizen, unless the grand council shall give their sanction—a thing not easily obtained, even should I be disposed to take thee at thy word."

"Content you, my lord, on that head; I should not require the hand of the fair lady for my nephew other than with the permission of the republic. If I fail in obtaining that, the forfeiture shall be mine. You shall be absolved from the condition, and yet keep the money."

"In that thou speakest fairly, and I care not if for the nonce I indulge thee in thy humour. But I advertise thee thou shalt shoot short of the mark—the bolt wilt not mount the higher for being tipped with gold."

"So be it, my lord, I shall be content with either issue; and now I shall make a fair engrossment of the obligation and condition, which your excellency will please to sign."

In a few minutes the writing of the instrument was completed, and Molo, touching a silver bell, summoned his grandson, a sober-looking, clerkly youth, to witness its execution. Writing was not a very knightly accomplishment in those days, nevertheless, the Count Polani contrived to append his signature to the document in bold straggling characters. This formality having been duly witnessed by the youth, who flourished his name in a corner of the bond, the banker deposited it carefully in the *escritoire*; then he opened a strong oak chest, bound with iron straps, and secured by three locks, and as he drew forth several large canvass bags, said with a quiet smile,—

"Does your lordship desire the whole amount in specie?"

"Diavolo, no!" said the count, "wealth would be too burdensome on such conditions. I will have a hundred ducats, or so, in gold, for present use, the rest will I take in bills, which thou wilt honour as occasion may require."

The matter was speedily arranged to the satisfaction of the count, and as he stowed away the gold loosely in his pouch, and the bills somewhat more carefully in the breast of his doublet, the banker opened a buffet which stood in a corner of the apartment, and took from it a silver salver, on which stood a bottle of vermilion-coloured glass, encased in flagree-work of silver, and on each side of which was a small golden goblet, chased with the most exquisite and elaborate workmanship. Into each of these Pietro Molo poured a little of the contents of the bottle, and courteously extending the salver to his guest, he said,—

"Will it please your excellency to taste, ere you depart, such Maraschino as you will not meet at the works of Palestrina. I brought it myself from Zara, and know the Marasca cherry from which it was made."

The count took the cup, and emptied the contents with a gusto that showed the commendation was not unmerited.

"In faith, it hath the true flavour of the nut, good friend Molo. But I must away now, for the night wears apace, and morning must find me again at my post. I would not that men should know of my visit to thee."

"You have but short time for such travel, my lord, so I shall not offer to detain you. May I make bold to reckon so far upon your condescension, as to beseech you to accept, in memorial of our compact, the goblet in your lordship's hand. It will cumber you but little; nevertheless, though it be small, you will not, I think find its fellow, save this here, in Italy. They are a gift from my good friend Bartoluccio Ghiberti, the goldsmith of Florence, and are the workmanship of his young son, Lorenzo, whose fame is already spreading through the neighbouring states, and they say even as far as Rome."

"You have made your own terms throughout, my worthy Molo," said Polani, "and it would not be fitting to gainsay you in such a matter as this. I shall willingly keep it in memory of thee, when all thy other golden memorials shall have slipped through my fingers."

So saying, the count briefly admired a gem, whose worth he did not half understand, the work of one of the finest geniuses and the most famous worker in metals of his own or any other age,—he, of whose bronze gates, in after years, Michael Angelo declared that they were worthy to be the gates of Paradise.

"O, come bello!" said the count, as words of course, while he drew his black cloak close round his figure and resumed his mask. "And now, Signor Molo, I wish you a good night."

"Buon viaggio, Eccellenza," said the banker, as he ceremoniously attended the count, lamp in hand, to the outer door. In a few minutes the latter was again in his gondola. Now, however, he drew the dark curtains close round, and Beppo at a signal moved noiselessly away as before. He retraced his way as far as the point where the "Dogana del Mare" now stands, and thence through the Canale di Santo Spirito. Here, at its junction with the Canale di Malamocco, at a motion from the count, the gondola glided silently up to a galley lying in the middle of the water; at a signal the rowers stood to their oars, and the count springing on board, in a moment every oar-blade was dipped in the water, and the vessel started on its course with the utmost speed at which stout hands could force it through the water. Next morning, when Count Andrea Polani joined his companions in arms, none knew the journey he had made since they parted on the preceding evening, or had any notion of the strange mode in which he had procured the golden ducats, which he now displayed with a careless ostentation.

FADED AND GONE.

FADED and gone are the Summer's sweet flowers,
 Strewn by the wintry winds o'er the dark mould!
 Smilers, when sunlight stole through the soft hours,
 Down from you azure their leaves to unfold.
 Bright were their beauties when breezes swept on
 O'er the blue waters to gather perfume;
 Whisperers lovely, now faded and gone!
 Slumberers lonely 'mid chillness and gloom!
 Oh! but the Spring-time will come o'er the plum
 Wooing the whispering blossoms again,
 With its soft tread o'er the emerald lawn—
 Then we'll not mourn for the faded and gone!

Faded and gone are the ones that we cherished,
 Fondly and true, in our bosoms of yore!
 Slumbering buds may awake o'er the perished,
 Their faded hearts shall unfold here no more
 Sweet is the music that Memory flings
 O'er the oasis of Life's early love,
 Where flew the Angel on fluttering wings,
 Bearing our lost through the starlight above:
 Oh! there's a land where the perished ones bloom,
 Where cometh never a shadow of gloom!
 Fadeless and fair is that glorious dawn—
 Then we'll not mourn for the faded and gone!

Faded and gone are the sweet dreams of childhood,
 When the young wings of the Spirit were free,
 Folded or furled 'mid the shadowy wildwood—
 Sweeping the surface of life's sunny sea.
 Time's fading finger hath sullied the leaf,
 Stainless and lovely in childhood's pure years;
 Pages of beauty once brilliant, yet brief,
 Wear its deep impress of changes and tears!
 Oh! but the blossoms of childhood will bloom
 Brightly again, o'er the shadowy Tomb!
 Infinite gladness flow endlessly on—
 Then we'll not murmur for the faded and gone!

A MORNING AT BILLINGSGATE.

It was still dark, for the iron-tongued bells of many-steepled London had not yet struck "five of the morning," when we started from our temporary domicile for Billingsgate. And how strange did the old city seem at that early hour! The unwonted solitude which prevailed contrasted, almost painfully, with the bustle and uproar which is so intimately connected with all one's associations of those thoroughfares; the darkness seemed rather to be "made visible" than dispelled by the street lamps; the universal quietness was broken only by the footfall of the policeman who slowly paced in his nightly vigils along his beat; while the thought that, within a three or four miles' circuit of where I was standing, some two millions of human beings were locked in the embrace of Morpheus, seemed scarcely possible of realisation. The moon, as she now shone forth, and anon was hid behind the dark rain-clouds which intervened, first gave a mild and feeble tint to the more prominent objects which presented themselves to view, and then seemed to make everything but the darker as she disappeared.

As we approach the great fish-market, the profound silence of the night is now and then broken by the wheels of the fishmonger's light cart, who is hastening to the same destination; and at length the hum of those who have already arrived at the scene of operations is heard, as the whole area of the market, brilliantly lighted with flaring streams of gas, which the wind tosses remorselessly in all directions, comes into view. We are early on the ground, for the fish have not yet been exposed for sale in any large quantities, and the company is at present but thin. We pass on among the tables, the fish, and the salesmen, to the front of the building, and from the back of the river we see the vessels moored alongside the shore some four or five deep, which will be left hard and fast in the mud when the tide has retired. As we glance at the cold murky waters, feel the chill of the damp breeze, and hear the clatter of the rigging and the spars, we feel thankful that it has not been our lot, as it has been that of others, to spend the past night in hauling ropes and nets, and handling cold, wet, flabby fish.

The clock strikes five, and instantly the scene changes. The fishermen and porters have been busily engaged in arranging their cargoes for delivery as soon as the market commences, and two or three minutes ago the salesmen took up their positions for beginning business. Immediately the hour of five strikes, the porters march off with their burdens, to the spots which have been indicated to them by the salesmen. Let us look at one of these men, for they are a fraternity enjoying exclusive privileges, and are, in some respects, worthy of their vocation. He is a stalwart fellow, with massive lumbering limbs, dressed in a jacket which is evidently a cross between a smock frock and a tarpaulin coat, and trousers which have been so long exposed to the weather and so bedaubed with mud that it would require minute and professional investigation to ascertain their paternity. His huge head is protected by a black shiny hat, the edges of the brim being curled up to catch the wet, while resting upon his shoulder is a heavy basket of fish. The contents of the latter are quickly deposited on the tables, and he hastens back for a fresh supply. By these means some tons of fish are speedily deposited in the market and arranged for sale.

Meanwhile business has actively commenced, and a strange spectacle presents itself. The white bellies of the turbot, whose heads and tails are tied together, shine in the lamp-light; the huge cod is quivering in its last agonies on the sloppy boards; and the blue-black piles of small live lobsters move about their bound-up claws and long feelers. The eels are making languishing efforts to escape they know not where, while one of them, being of an enterprising disposition, has got adrift and struggles furiously for liberty, setting at naught the efforts of a young amateur fisherman to retain its slippery form in his hands, and it is not till an experienced practician seizes it by the fin and head that it is secured and restored to its companions. Piles of baskets containing herrings block up

the narrow paths; women, having the long limp tails of cod-fishes dangling from their aprons, elbow their way through the crowd; men, bearing huge hampers, force a passage onward; while others, grouped round the auction-tables, are turning over piles of soles, which slide about in their own slime, and carrying on their bargains with the salesmen. The stalls groan under their weight of fish. Cod, mackerel, plaice, haddock, soles, whiting, herrings, salmon, sprats, eels, flounders, dabs, oysters, lobsters, crabs, shrimps, welks, mussels, cockles, and periwinkles, crowd every available spot, all being either alive or very recently dead.

By the time that the market has thus been carried on for a couple of hours, the best of the fish has been purchased by the regular fishmongers; and about seven o'clock they are succeeded by a new class of buyers—the costers. A long line of vehicles may be found in every direction converging towards the market as the centre of attraction, perhaps extending as far as the City side of the Monument, and consisting almost exclusively of hand-barrows and donkey-carts. Everybody also obviously made a point of coming to Billingsgate in worsted stockings, and no one knows the ultimatum of a coat's durability till he has visited the market. Nor should the visitor be unduly scandalised if he finds the cold dab of the tail of a cod pressing against his cheek, or an odd sprat or two in his coat-pocket when he returns home.

Business is now at its height. The sales were at one time effected by Dutch auction, the seller putting up his goods at his own price, choosing—one may be sure, a sufficiently high item with which to begin—and gradually lowering his demand till it reached the limit which the purchasers might be prevailed upon to pay. This system has, however, been given up, and the usual method now adopted is that of advancing on previous biddings. Other buyers stand around while bargains are being effected, perhaps thinking that they can do better elsewhere, and then they go off to other salesmen, having ascertained the range of prices in the market. The purchasers pass rapidly from one salesman to another, in order to give the least possible price, while the money in the outstretched hand of the dealer sometimes indicates the highest amount he will pay. If the buyers were to give too high a price one day, their sales would fall off; they would buy less the next, and prices would be lowered. Concise and expressive are the terms and phraseology employed by all parties, but there is scarcely any remains of the vulgarity and abuse which were at one time so prevalent here, as to have attached a proverbial character to the lowliness and profanity of the spot. "There," cries a salesman, "that lot of soles are worth your money," as he sees one of his would-be customers moving off leisurely, "none better in the market. You shall have 'em for a pound and a half-a-crown." Presently a tall porter, with a black bag full of oysters, passes staggering under his burden, muttering through his clenched teeth, "Shove on one side!" as he forces his way through the crowd. Girls ask you to buy baskets, and women with bundles of twigs for stringing herrings cry out "Ha'penny a bunch." The entire scene is one of excitement and confusion.

Salesmen and hucksters of provisions, caps, hardware, and newspapers, are bawling at the top of their voices, and purchasers are exercising their lungs to the utmost advantage in order that their biddings may be heard, till the place is a perfect Babel of competition. "Ha-a-ansome cod! best in the market! All alive! alive! alive O!"—"Ye-o-o! ye-o-o! here's your fine Yarmouth bloater! Who's the buyer?"—"Here you are, governor, splendid whiting! some of the right sort!"—"Turbot! turbot! all alive! turbot!"—"Glass of nice peppermint, this cold morning; a ha'penny a glass!"—"Here you are, at your own prices! Fine soles, O!"—"Oy! oy! oy! Now's your time! fine grizzley sprats! all large and no small!"—"Hallo! hallo here! beautiful lobsters! good and cheap! fine cock crabs, all alive O!"—"Five brill and one turbot, have that lot for a pound! Come and look at 'em, governor, you won't see a better sample in the market."—"Here, this way! this way! for splendid skate! O! skate O!"—"Had-had-had-haddock! all fresh and good!"—"Current

and meat, puddings a ha'penny each!"—"Now, you mussel-buyers, come along! come along! come along! now's your time for fine fat muscles!"—"Here's food for the belly, and clothes for the back, but I sell food for the mind!" (shouts the news-vender).—"Here, smelt O!"—"Here ye are, fine Finney haddock!"—"Hot soup! nice peas-soup! a-all hot! hot!"—"Ahoy! ahoy here! live plaice! all alive O!"—"Now or never! whelk! whelk! whelk!"—"Who'll buy brill O! brill O!"—"Capel! water-proof capel! sure to keep the wet out! a shilling a-piece."—"Eels O! eels O! alive! alive O!"—"Fine flounders, a shilling a lot! who'll have this prime lot of flounders?"—"Shrimps! shrimps! fine shrimps!"—"Wink! wink! wink!"—"Hi! hi-i! here you are, just eight eels left; only eight!"—"O ho! O ho! this way; this way, this way! Fish alive! alive! alive O!"

At the end of the market may be seen the line of oyster-boats moored alongside the wharf, whose tangled ropes and masts appear innumerable, while their decks are so crowded with men and women on board, and with the crews—who are readily distinguished by their red worsted caps, that they seem as if they would sink under the burden. The costermongers have nick-named this row of vessels "Oyster-street," and the scene which they present to view is full of animation. Each boat has its hold filled with oysters and sand, while some of them have a blue muddy heap of mussels divided off from the "natives." These are disposed of by the bushel. The sailors in their striped guernseys sit on the boat-sides smoking their morning's pipe, allowing themselves to be tempted by the Jew boys with cloth caps, old shoes, and silk handkerchiefs. There are also the Dutch-built cel-boats, with their bulging, polished, oak sides, and with their holds fitted up with long tanks of muddy water, while the heads of the eels are seen breathing on the surface. When a purchaser arrives, the master Dutchman takes his hands from his pockets, and seizing a sort of long-handled landing-net, scoops from the tank a lot of eels, which he weighs in a pair of scales fitted up with a conical net-bag to receive them, and then hands them to his customer.

Of the business of the costermongers, who buy so largely in the market, a word must be said. One of them, in speaking of his business to Mr. Mayhew,* said, "That it was formerly much better than now; he having frequently made from three to five pounds a week, while at the present time he did not clear more than fifteen shillings." Alluding to his business, he said:—"I don't do much in lobsters. Very few speculate in them. I do more in pound crabs. There's a great sale for haporths and pennorths of lobster or crab, by children; that's their claws. I bile them all myself, and buy them alive. I can bile twenty in half-an-hour, and do it over a grate in a back-yard. Lobsters don't fight or struggle much in the hot water, if they're properly packed. It's very few that knows how to bile a lobster as he should be biled. I wish I knew any way of killing lobsters before biling them. I can't kill them without smashing them to bits, and that won't do at all. I kill my crabs before I bile them. I stick them in the throat with a knife and they're dead in an instant. Some sticks them with a skewer, but they kick a good while with the skewer in them. It's a shame to torture anything when it can be helped. If I didn't kill the crabs they'd shed every leg in the hot water; they'd come out as bare of claws as this plate." No fewer than 60,000 lobsters and 50,000 crabs are sold annually in the streets of London by the costermongers, while they dispose of oysters to the number of some 124,000,000 a year, for which about £125,000 are paid. Of periwinkles, too, a very large amount is sold. One of the costers in the "wink business" said, that he made some twelve shillings a week by his stall. His cry was uniformly, "Winketty-winketty-wink-wink-wink-wink-wink—wicketty-wicketty-wink—fine fresh winketty-wink-wink-wink." He confessed that he was often so sore in the stomach, and hoarse with hallooing, that he could hardly speak. Some poetical and philosophical reflections may be suggested by the experience and observation of another mem-

ber of this fraternity. Speaking of his customers, he said: "When a young woman's young man takes tea with her mother and her, then they've winks; and then there's joking, and helping to pick winks, between Thomas and Betsy, while the mother's busy with her tea, or is wiping her specs, 'cause she can't see. Why, sir, I've known it." The gross money value of the fish purchased yearly in the streets of London has been estimated, by those in whom confidence ought, we think, to be reposed, at no less a sum than £1,460,850!

The following table will indicate the quantity and weight of some of the principal kinds of fish sold in Billingsgate-market in the course of a year:

	No. of fish*	Pounds weight of fish.
Salmon, and Salmon-trout	406,000	3,180,000
Live Cod	400,000	4,000,000
Soles	57,520,000	20,880,000
Mackerel	23,520,000	23,520,000
Fresh Herrings in barrels	175,000,000	42,000,000
" " in bulk	1,050,000,000	252,000,000
Smoked Haddock	19,500,000	10,920,000
Bloaters	117,000,000	10,600,000
Oysters	495,896,000	
Shrimps	498,425,640	
Periwinkles	204,000,000	

The increased facilities afforded by the railways and steam-boats for communication with remote districts have greatly extended the market for fish. The inhabitants of London are thus enabled to consume the cod and salmon, and other fish caught in the Atlantic, and the bays and rivers on the north-western coast of Ireland; this, in the days of sailing-vessels, canals, or waggons, would have been out of the question. The fishermen who supply the London market, instead of coming to Gravesend or other parts of the Thames or Medway, put their cargoes, already packed in hampers, on board the steamboats which pass along the eastern coast, as far north as Aberdeen, and land them at Hull, whence they are conveyed to town by railway. Fast sailing cutters are sometimes employed to take provisions to the boats on the fishing-ground, and to bring back the fish taken by each.

The fish imported in 1848, and paying an import duty, were

Anchovies	161,100 lbs.
Eels	76 ship-loads.
Salmon	1,314 cwt.
Turbot and Sole	41 "
of British taking	99,147 "

ST. PETER'S CHURCH, AT LOUVAIN.

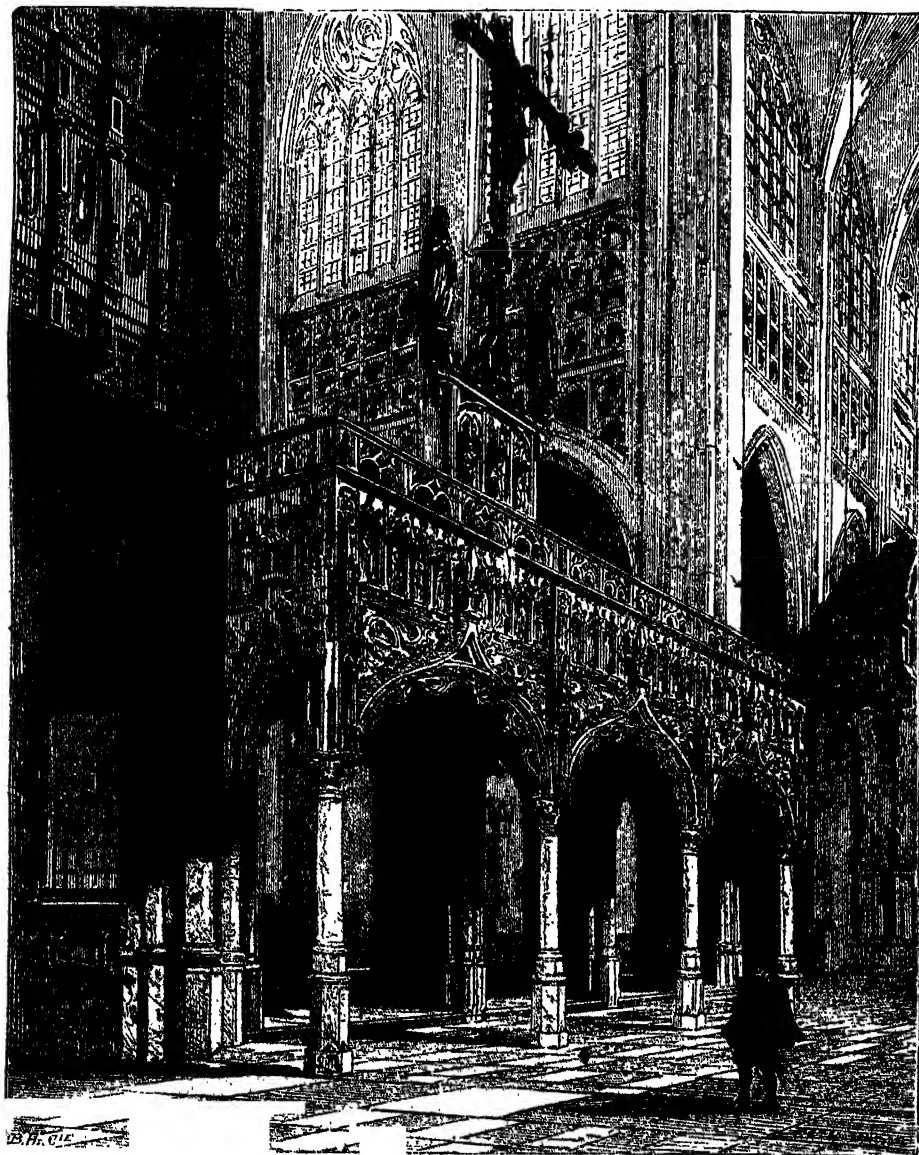
St. Peter's Church, at Louvain, was originally founded by Lambert le Guerroyeur, the first Count of Louvain who attained to any celebrity; but as it was built of wood, it was burnt down by the great fire of 1130, which destroyed the greater part of the town. The present building, which stands upon the same site, dates only from the fourteenth century. Its appearance suffers from the great number of small edifices which have been erected around it, and even close to its walls, in the eighteenth century only. Before that period, and before the various accidents had occurred by which the church has been greatly mutilated, it was remarkable for standing in the centre of a great open space, and was surmounted by three towers, the central one, according to a plan still preserved in the Town-hall, reaching 536 feet in height. In January, 1604, this was blown down by a terrible storm, and in its fall it overturned the two others also. The remains of St. Peter's tower went on decreasing from day to day, so that they were obliged, in 1778, to cease ringing the bells in it; but, at last, in spite of all their precautions, every fresh breeze detached large pieces from it, and, in 1827, it was pulled down altogether.

The church is in the form of a Latin cross, and entrance is gained by three gates. There is nothing remarkable about the

* London Labour and the London Poor.

northern one; the southern was built with the design of having an exterior porch, raised upon a double row of graceful small columns, which have not been preserved. But the handsomest of these entrances is that named the *Long Staircases*. All the fantastic devices of the *tertiary style* are here displayed with a profusion of riches, which does not, however, exclude harmony. The principal nave, formed of twenty-three pillars, is really magnificent. Its effect is marred, however, by its too great height, and also by the glare of light which is thrown in by a great quantity of glass. The latter is sur-

five feet high, in which the artist has combined all possible architectural devices—turrets, colonnades, niches, pendentives, buttresses, statues, curious groups of leaves and flowers. The passion of Christ is represented in it in detail; and the whole represents, on a small scale, the Tower of Anyers with its lofty crown, and the elegant spire of the Hotel de Ville of Brussels. This bijou belongs to the year 1433. It is a curious specimen of the high degree of perfection to which art had attained under the opulent House of Burgundy. The jube is composed of three arches supported by cylindrical



INTERIOR OF ST. PETER'S CHURCH, LOUVAIN. FROM A DRAWING BY STROOBANT.

rounded by very graceful arabesques, in the form of rose-work. The two lateral naves are constructed in the same manner as the principal one, and contain a great number of chapels lighted by windows of very strange architecture. The chapel of St. Margaret, behind the choir, possesses a beautiful casket, containing the relics of the saint. In another chapel is a very beautiful Christ, black as ebony, and partly covered with a red robe. But the real *chefs-d'œuvre* of this church are the jube and the tabernacle. This last is one of its finest works of Gothic art. There is a tower, thirty

columns. The archivolt is beautifully sculptured, and with great delicacy. It is adorned with beautiful foliage, and arabesques which seem to have been formed by caprice rather than any settled plan. Above this jube, which is also decorated with statues of exquisite workmanship throughout its entire extent, and nearly to the full height of the roof, rises a Gothic cross in the same style, and equally ornamented. In front of it hangs a chandelier in wrought iron, its masterpiece, the work of the celebrated painter-blacksmith, Quintin

JOHN LOCKE.

"His office was to detect the errors of thinking, by going up to the fountains of thought, and to direct into the proper track of reasoning the devious mind of man, by showing him its whole process, from the first perception of sense to the last conclusions of ratiocination, putting a rein upon false opinion, by practical rules for the conduct of human judgment."—*Lord Erskine.*

JOHN LOCKE, "the wise philosopher," as he has been justly termed, was born at Wrington, near Bristol, on the 29th of August, 1632. His father was steward to Colonel Alexander Popham, and, on the breaking out of the civil war, became a captain in the parliamentary army. At a proper

of Master of Arts. He then adopted the study of medicine; but after making considerable progress, the weakness of his constitution presenting an obstacle to successful practice, he at length abandoned his design.

In the year 1664, he accepted the office of secretary to Sir



JOHN LOCKE.

age, John was sent to Westminster-school, whence he was elected to Christchurch-college, Oxford, in 1651. Here he applied himself with great diligence to the study of classical literature, and by the private reading of the works of Bacon and Descartes, he sought to acquire that aligment for his philosophical spirit which he had sought for in vain in the Aristotelian scholastic philosophy then taught at Oxford. In 1656, he took the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and in 1658 that

W. Swan; and Sir William being appointed by Charles II. envoy to the Elector of Brandenburg and other German princes, Mr. Locke accompanied him; but he returned to Oxford in the course of the year, and renewed his studies with increased ardour. He soon afterwards received an offer of considerable preferment in the Irish church, but he declined taking orders, alleging as his reason, that "he could not content himself with being undermost, possibly the middle-

most, of his profession; and that care ought to be taken not to engage in a calling wherein, if a man chanced to be a bungler, there was no retreat."

In 1666, Locke became acquainted with Lord Ashley, afterwards Earl of Shaftesbury. So high an opinion did this nobleman form of Locke's general powers, that he prevailed upon him to take up his residence in his house, and urged him to apply his studies to politics and philosophy. From this time he attached himself to the fortunes of his lordship through life, and after death vindicated his memory and honour. In the house of his noble friend, Locke became acquainted with some of the most eminent men of the day, among whom were the Duke of Buckingham, the Earl of Halifax, and the Earl of Northumberland. His conversation was highly acceptable to these celebrated men; and to show the value he attached to their conversation, as well as the familiar terms on which he stood with them, the following anecdote is worth recording. On an occasion when several of them met at Lord Ashley's house, the party, soon after assembling, sat down to cards, so that scarcely any conversation took place. Locke, after looking on for some time, took out his note-book, and began to write in it, with much appearance of gravity and deliberation. One of the party observing this, inquired what he was writing. "My lord," he replied, "I am endeavouring to profit as far as I am able in your company; for having waited with impatience for the honour of being in an assembly of the greatest geniuses of the age, and having at length obtained this good fortune, I thought that I could not do better than write down your conversation; and, indeed, I have set down the substance of what has been said for this hour or two." A very brief specimen of what he had written was sufficient to make the objects of his irony abandon the card-table, and engage in rational discourse.

While residing with Lord Ashley, Locke superintended the education, first, of his lordship's son, and afterwards of his grandson, the third Earl of Shaftesbury, the author of the "Characteristics." In 1672, Lord Ashley received an earldom, and the office of chancellor, when he gave Locke the appointment of secretary of presentations, which, however, he enjoyed only till the following year, his patron having lost favour with the court and being deprived of the seals. He then became secretary to the Board of Trade, of which the earl still retained the post of president. The commission, however, was dissolved in 1674, so that he lost that appointment also.

A few years before this, Locke had commenced his investigations into the nature and extent of the human understanding; but his numerous avocations long protracted the completion of his work. The delicate state of his health, and his being apprehensive of consumption, induced him, in 1675, to visit France, and he resided for some time at Montpellier. Here he formed an acquaintance with the most eminent literary men of that country, and also with the Earl of Pembroke, to whom he afterwards dedicated his celebrated essay. In 1679 he was recalled to England by the Earl of Shaftesbury, who had been restored to favour and appointed President of the Council. Six months after this, however, the earl was again disgraced, and after a short imprisonment in the Tower, was ultimately compelled to leave England to avoid a prosecution for high treason. On his taking refuge in Holland, Locke accompanied him in his exile, at the hazard of his own safety. After the death of his patron, he remained in Holland, but found it necessary, even while there, to conceal himself from the rancour of his political opponents in England. In 1686 he ventured to appear in public, and in the following year he instituted at Amsterdam a literary society, the members of which (among whom were Leclerc, Limborch, and other learned individuals,) met weekly for the purpose of enjoying each other's conversation.

The Revolution of 1688 finally restored Locke to his native country, and he returned to England in the fleet which conveyed the Princess of Orange. Being regarded as a supporter of the principles on which that revolution was established, he was made a Commissioner of Appeals. He now became a

minent defender of civil and religious liberty, in a succession of works which have exerted a highly beneficial influence on subsequent generations, not only in Britain, but throughout the civilised world. His letter on Toleration, originally written in Latin, was translated and published in Dutch, French, and English, and he was soon after gratified by the establishment of toleration by law.

In 1690, Locke published his most celebrated work, the "Essay on the Human Understanding," in the composition of which he had been engaged, at intervals, for eighteen years. It will be interesting to most persons to hear how he himself states his object in presenting this essay to the world. In the prefatory epistle to the reader, he says:—"Were it fit to trouble thee with the history of this essay, I should tell thee that five or six friends meeting at my chamber, and discoursing on a subject very remote from this, found themselves quickly at a stand by the difficulties that rose on every side. After we had awhile puzzled ourselves, without coming any nearer a resolution of those doubts which perplexed us, it came into my thoughts that we took a wrong course; and that, before we set ourselves on inquiries of that nature, it was necessary to examine our own abilities, and see what objects our understandings were, or were not, fitted to deal with. This I proposed to the company, who all readily assented; and thereupon it was agreed, that this should be our first inquiry. Some hasty and undigested thoughts on a subject I had never before considered, which I set down against our next meeting, gave the first entrance into this discourse; which having been begun thus by chance, was continued by treaty, written by incoherent parcels; and after long intervals of neglect, resumed again as my humour or occasions permitted; and at last, in a retirement where an attendance on my health gave me leisure, it was brought into that order thou seest it."

It is evident that Locke was gradually led into other fields of investigation, for of the four books of which the essay consists, only the last is devoted to an inquiry into the objects within the sphere of the human understanding. Enfield, in his "Abridgement of Brucker's History of Philosophy," gives the following brief summary of the contents of the completed work:—"After clearing the way, by setting aside the whole doctrine of innate notions and principles, both speculative and practical, the author traces all ideas to two sources, sensation and reflection; treats at large of the nature of ideas, simple and complex; of the operation of the human understanding in forming, distinguishing, compounding, and associating them; of the manner in which words are applied as representations of ideas; of the difficulties and obstructions in the search after truth which arise from the imperfection of these signs; and of the nature, reality, kinds, degrees, casual hindrances, and necessary limits of human knowledge." The third and fourth books are generally considered the most valuable portion of the work; in the third, the author treats of the nature and imperfections of language, and in the fourth the subject already mentioned.

The success which attended the publication of this essay was very considerable. Independent of the merits of the work itself as an attempt to apply the Baconian method of observation and experience to establish a theory of human knowledge, many circumstances contributed to its success: amongst others, the personal celebrity of the author as a friend of civil and religious liberty, and the attempt made at Oxford to prevent its being read in the colleges, a measure which could not fail to have a contrary effect. Numerous editions passed rapidly through the press, and translations of it having been made into Latin and French, the fame of the author was quickly spread throughout Europe. No book of the metaphysical class has ever been more generally read; or, looking to its overthrow of the doctrine of innate ideas, none has produced greater consequences. In the opinion of Dr. Reid, Locke gave the first example in the English language of writing on abstract subjects with simplicity and perspicuity. The fact was, that he hated scholastic jargon, and wrote in language intelligible to every man of common sense. His noble pupil, Shaftesbury, says of him,—"No one has done more for the cause of reasoning."

philosophy from barbarity, into the use and practice of the world, and into the company of the better and politer sort, who might well be ashamed of it in its other dress." "Few books," says Sir James Mackintosh, "have contributed more to rectify prejudice, to undermine established errors, to diffuse a new mode of thinking, to excite a fearless spirit of inquiry, and yet to contain it within the boundaries which nature has prescribed to the human understanding. An amendment of the general habits of thought is, in most parts of knowledge, an object as important as even the discovery of new truth, though it is not so palpable, nor in its nature so capable of being estimated by superficial observers. In the mental and moral world, which scarcely admits of anything which can be called discovery, the correction of the intellectual habits is probably the greatest service which can be rendered to science. In this respect the merit of Locke is unrivalled. His writings have diffused throughout the civilised world the love of civil liberty, the spirit of toleration and charity, a rich and generous disposition to reject whatever is obscure, faint, or hypothetical in speculation, to reduce verbal disputes to their proper value, to abandon problems which admit of no solution, to distrust whatever cannot be clearly expressed, to render the simple expression of facts, and to prefer the conclusions which more directly contribute to human happiness. If Bacon first discovered the rules by which knowledge is improved, Locke has most contributed to make mankind at large observe them. He has done most, though often by remedies of silent and almost insensible operation, to cure those mental distempers which obstructed the reception of the rules, and thus led to that general diffusion of a liberal and vigorous understanding, which is at once the greatest of all improvements and the instrument by which all other improvements must be accomplished. He has left to posterity the instructive example of a practical farmer, and of a philosopher temperate as well as liberal, which spur the claims of the good, and avoid the temptations with obstinate and formidable prejudice. These benefits are very slightly counterbalanced by some political doctrines liable to misapplication, and by the scepticism of some of his more ardent followers, an uncertainty to which every philosophy school is exposed, which does not steadily limit its theory to the more expository of experience. If Locke made few discoveries, Science made none. Yet he did more for the improvement of the understanding, and not less for the progress of knowledge, than the authors of the most brilliant discoveries.

In 1690 Locke published his second letter on Toleration, in answer to an attack on his first letter by John Proust, a clergyman of Queen's College Oxford. In the same year appeared his two Treatises on Government, with the view of refuting the principle advanced in the *Patriarcha* of Sir Robert Filmer, who had maintained that men are not naturally free, and therefore could not be at liberty to choose either government or forms of government, and that all legitimate government is an absolute monarchy. The first of these essays was devoted to a refutation of Filmer's argument, that all government was originally vested by God in Adam, as the father of all mankind, and that kings, as the representatives of Adam, are possessed of the same unlimited authority as parents exercise over their children. In the second essay Locke proceeds to establish what had been the leading doctrine of the Puritans and Independents on this subject, - that the legitimacy of a government depends solely and ultimately on the popular sanction, or the consent of men making use of their reason to unite together into a society or societies.

Finding the air of London disagreeing with him, in consequence of a constitutional complaint of asthma, he accepted the offer of apartments in the house of his friend, Sir Francis Masham, at Oates, in Essex, where he resided for the remainder of his life. While in this retirement, he wrote his third letter on Toleration, which called forth a reply from his former antagonist on the subject, his answer to which, a fourth letter, in an unfinished state, was published after the death of Locke. In 1695 he published his "Thoughts con-

cerning Education." In 1695 he was made a Commissioner of Trade and Plantations, but he still found leisure for writing. In the same year, he published his work "On the Reasonableness of Christianity," which was intended to facilitate the execution of a design which William III. had projected, to reconcile and unite all sects of professing Christians, and accordingly the object of the tract was to determine what amid so many conflicting views of religion, were the points of belief common to all. Dr. Edwards attacked this publication with great warmth, in his work entitled "Socinianism Unmasked," and Locke published a first and second "Vindication of the Reasonableness of Christianity, &c.," in which he defended his opinions with considerable mastery. Locke was again engaged in this controversy in 1697, in consequence of the publication of a "Defence of the Doctrine of the Trinity," by Dr. Stillingfleet, Bishop of Worcester, in which the bishop had contained certain passages in the "Essay concerning Human Understanding," which he considered as tending to subvert the fundamental doctrines of Christianity. Against this charge Locke vindicated his essay, and the controversy, after having been continued for some time, was terminated by the death of the bishop. Whatever opinion may be entertained as to the soundness of Locke's views on this question, all admitted that his publications respecting it were distinguished by mildness and urbanity.

Soon after the publication of this last work, Locke retired from the press, and his health became so impaired, that he determined to resign his office as Commissioner of Trade and Plantations. King William was very unwilling to receive his resignation, and urged upon him the acceptance of a pension, so that to which the services he had rendered the public fully entitled him. But with the rectitude which distinguished the whole of his conduct, Locke declined to accept of it, observing that he could not in conscience accept a salary or pension, when he was no longer able to discharge the duties which the office involved.

The remainder of Locke's life was devoted chiefly to the study of the Holy Scriptures, his profound veneration for which was most beautifully expressed in the character he gave of them to a friend in that well known sentence, "They have God for their author, salvation for their end, and truth without any mixture of error for their subject." Among others of his religious labours at this period, a "Discourse on Miracles," and "Paraphrases, with Notes, of the Epistles of St. Paul," together with "An Essay for the understanding of St. Paul's Epistles, by consulting St. Paul himself," were published among his posthumous papers. These contained also the work, "Of the Conduct of the Understanding," and "An Examination of Luther's Malebranche's Opinion of Being all things in God." The sufferings incidental to his disorders were greatly alleviated by the kind attentions and agreeable conversation of Lady Masham, who was the daughter of the learned Dr. Cudworth, for many years his intimate friend.

Mr. Locke remained for nearly two years in a gradually declining state, and at length expired in a manner consistent with the uniform excellence of his character, on the 28th of October, 1704. He was buried at Oates, where a neat monument is erected to his memory, with a modest Latin inscription inscribed by himself.

"The personal character of Locke was in complete harmony with the opinions which he so zealously and so ably advocated. Truly attached to the cause of liberty, he was also willing to suffer for it. Perfectly disinterested, and without any personal objects at stake in the political views which he adopted, he never deviated from moderation, and the sincerity of his own profession rendered him tolerant of what he believed to be the conscientious sentiments of others."

The works of Locke have been collected and frequently published. There is an edition in three volumes, folio; another in four volumes, quarto; and a third, which is the most complete and best, in ten volumes, octavo. A "Life of Locke" was published in 1828, by the late Lord King, a lineal descendant of his sister.

THE FAMILIES OF PLANTS.

ROSACEÆ.—THE ROSE TRIBE.

CALYX four or five lobed. **Petals** five, perigynous, equal. **Stamens** indefinite. **Ovary** superior, one-celled. **Ovules** two or more, suspended. **Embryo** straight. **Herbaceous** plants or shrubs.

This family of plants is exceedingly varied and extensive; and not a few of its members excite peculiar interest, not only for their exquisite beauty, but for their great utility.

"The roses laden with the breath of June,"

when found in the hedgerow of the lane and in the garden, whether the hardiest or the richest, were the theme of praise hundreds of years ago, as they are still. Well might one of our poets say:—

"Ah! see deep blushing in her green recess
The bashful virgin rose, that half revealing,
And half within herself, herself concealing,
Is lovelier for her hidden loveliness."

More than a hundred distinct species of the rose are known, and about two thousand varieties are said to be the objects of

Fig. 1.



Rosa Centifolia.

care to the British gardener. The rose, in some one or other of its species, is a wild flower in almost every country of the northern hemisphere of the globe—from Sweden to Northern Africa, from Kamtschatka to Bengal; and from Hudson's Bay to the high mountains of Mexico; but neither South America nor Australia has the rose-bush, either as adorning the deepest valley or the mountain height.

The cabbage rose, *rosa centifolia* (fig. 1) is well known by its numerous petals, closely folded over each other, like the leaves of a cabbage. A bush of this sweetest of roses appears in almost every cottage plot. It was long thought to be a native of France, but this seems doubtful. In some low woods on the eastern parts of Caucasus it is certainly wild, and its odour perfumes the air. In the Isle of Rhodes it is also profuse in all its fragrance. Upwards of seventy kinds of this rose only are under culture. The cabbage rose is planted, both in England and France, for the sake of its petals, which are gathered, when fully blown, for

rose-water, and also for the conserve of roses, sold by the druggist.

The size of the Persian rose-trees, and the number of flowers on each, far surpass anything we are accustomed to witness. Sir R. K. Porter, describing one of the gardens of that country, says:—"On first entering this bower of fairy-land, I was struck with the appearance of two rose-trees, full fourteen feet high, laden with thousands of flowers, in every degree of expansion, and of a bloom and delicacy of scent that imbued the whole atmosphere with the most exquisite perfume; indeed, I believe that in no country of the world does the rose grow to such perfection as in Persia, in no country is it so cultivated and prized by the natives. Their gardens and courts are crowded with its plants; their rooms ornamented with vases filled with its gathered branches; and every bath strewn with the full-blown flowers plucked from the ever-replenished stems. Even the humblest individual, who pays a piece of copper money for a few whiffs of a *kalioun*, feels a double enjoyment when he finds it stuck with a bud from his dear native tree. But in this delicious garden of Negaustistan, the eye and the smell were not the only senses regaled by the presence of the rose; the ear was enchanted by the wild and beautiful notes of the multitude of

Fig. 2.



Rosa Rubiginosa.

nightingales, whose warblings seemed to increase in melody and softness with the unfolding of their favourite flowers; verifying the song of their poet, who says:—"When the charms of the bower are passed away, the fond tale of the nightingale no longer animates the scene."

The sweet-briar rose, *rosa rubiginosa* (fig. 2), is the true eglantine, so often sung by the poets. We can only take the language of one of them; it shall be that of Brainard:—

The breeze of Spring, the Summer's western wind,
Robs of its colours none so sweet a flower,
In all the blooming waste it leaves behind,
As that the sweet-briar yields it; and the shower
Wets not a rose that buds in beauty's bower.
One half so lovely: yet it grows along
The poor girl's pathway, by the poor man's door.
Such are the simple folks it dwells among,
And humble as the bud, so humble be the song.
I love it, for it takes its untouch'd stand,
Not in the vase that sculptors decorate;
Its sweetness all is of my native land,
And e'en its fragrant leaf has not its mate

Among the perfumes which the rich and great
Buy from the odours of the spicy East.
You love your flowers and plants, and will you hate
The little five-leaved rose that I love best,
That freshest will awake, and sweetest goes to rest?"

We pass now from

"The pride of plants, the grace of bowers,
The blush of meads, the eye of flowers,"

Fig. 3.



Rubus Cæsius.

to plants of a very different kind, yet members, as has already been stated, of the family of the *rosaceæ*.

Fig. 4.



Pyrus.

The bramble has not wanted poetry to celebrate it: the following is a pleasing instance by Elliott:—

"Thy fruit full well the school-boy knows,
Wild bramble of the brake,
So put thou forth thy small white rose,
I love it for his sake.

"Though woodbines haunt, and roses blow
O'er all the fragrant bowers,
Thou need'st not be ashamed to show
Thy sun-threaded flowers.

"For dull the eye, the heart is dull,
That cannot feel how fair,
Amid all beauty, beautiful
Thy tender blossoms are.

"And thou, wild bramble, back dost bring
In all thy beauteous power,
The fresh green days of life's fond spring,
And boyhood's blossomy hour.

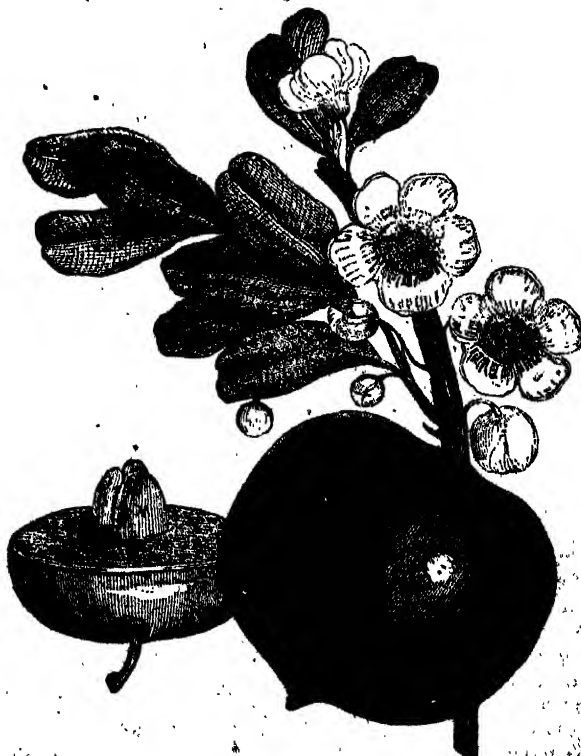
Fig. 5.



Amygdalis Persica.

'Again thou bidd'st me be a boy,
More fair than bird or bee,
To gad in freedom and in joy,
O'er bank and brake with thee."

Fig. 6.



American Apricot.

Among the pulpy fruits we have, as natives of this country, not only the bramble, but the strawberry, the dewberry-bush, and the raspberry. In these shrubs and plants, the fruit is composed of numerous lesser ones, collected into a head that is more or less round. In some instances the fruit becomes pulpy, as in the raspberry, where it should be observed that each of the small grains is an entire fruit or berry.

In other instances, the fruit is merely a composition of many smaller seed-vessels. This is seen in the cinquefoil, and in the tormentil. The *tormentilla officinalis* bears a pretty little yellow flower, and is very common among furze and other bushes on heaths.

The common dewberry, *rubus cerasus* (fig. 3), is very much like the common blackberry. It differs in the fruit, the grains of which are larger and fewer in number, and ripen rather

Fig. 7.



Prunus Armeniaca.

sooner; the leaves have not so many leaflets in them, and they are green underneath. The stem is nearly round, the prickles small and almost straight, and the calyx incloses the fruit.

Among the choicest and most useful fruits which belong to this family are the *pomaceous*, or apple-bearing trees and shrubs. This tribe is distinguished by its fruit, which comes under the definition of a *pomum*, or apple; that is, a fruit, the texture of which is granular, and has its seeds within cells

Fig. 8.



Geum Coccineum.

that are lined with a peculiar material differing from the rest of its substance. *Pyrus communis*, the pear, and *pyrus malus*, the apple, are examples of the genus *pyrus* (fig. 4), and of the usefulness of this order.

If the fruit of the mountain ash be examined, it will prove to be an apple in miniature. To the same family belong the medlar and the quince.

The *drupaceous* trees, or such as produce a drupe, or stone,

which contains a nut, within a fleshy pulp or covering, belong also to this family, with the almond, *amygdalis*, the drupe or fruit of which is composed of a juiceless fibrous bark, and a nut pierced with many holes. The bitter and sweet almonds are varieties of the same species, the *amygdalis communis*.

The peach, *amygdalis persica* (fig. 5), distinguished by having in the centre of a large fleshy drupe a nut roughed with furrows and wrinkles in a remarkable manner. Of this, there are two species—the peach and the nectarine.

The apricot, *armeniaca vulgaris*, has its drupe large and fleshy, covered with a velvet down like a peach, but the nut is blunt on one side and acute on the other, and smooth, with the exception of a single furrow. An oil is prepared by pressing the nuts or seeds of a species of apricot, which is a native of Dauphiny in France. We give an engraving of the American apricot (fig. 6).

Prunus is a genus embracing the damsons and various kinds of plums. The drupe of this genus is very smooth, and covered with a fine powder; the nut is flattened and sharp at each end. The cherry, *prunus armeniaca* (fig. 7), has a drupe which is round, destitute of powder, and with a smooth roundish nut or stone.

Fig. 9.



Alchimella vulgaris.

We conclude our account of the remarkable and most interesting family of the *rosaceae*, with a reference to a few of its humble plants.

The avens, or herb bennet, *geum urbanum*, is very common by the side of hedges; its flowers are yellow, but it may be easily known by the hooks into which its pistils are changed when the fruit is ripe. It is by these hooks it lays hold of our clothes, and thus offers itself to our notice.

The *geum coccineum*, of which we give an engraving (fig. 8), is a species from Asia Minor, having numerous flowers; the petals being very large, and of a beautiful scarlet.

The common lady's mantle, *alchimella vulgaris* (fig. 9), is found in pastures, and by the side of brooks, rivers, and pools. Its flowers, of a yellowish green, in numerous corymbose clusters, growing on short stalks, may be observed in the months of June and July.

A few genera are allied to *spirea*, the meadow-sweet, etc. It is marked by the fruit, which consists of numerous lesser ones, gathered in a circle round an imaginary axis. This character may be seen in the *spirea*, cultivated in our gardens, or in the meadow-sweet (*S. ulmaria*), known by a profusion of small white blossoms, and a sweet scent. It is commonly found by ditches, in the early part of the summer.

SKETCHES OF SPANISH AMERICA.

THE history of the colonisation of the two great divisions of America, their progress in civilisation, and their present condition, are, to the thoughtful man, subjects of the deepest interest, and offer to him a wide field for observation and inquiry. History loses here her dry formality and tedious details, and becomes a gorgeous romance filled with a succession of wild tales and striking incidents unparalleled in older and more prosaic countries. The most superficial observer is struck by the strange discrepancies and singular differences presented by the two great continents of North and South America; and, tracing back their history, we find in every portion of it the same opposing features. The early settlers on the northern continent were men of peace, who sought a refuge from religious or political persecution in their own countries; and who, in their newly acquired territory, practised only the arts of peace, anxiously avoiding collision with its wild inhabitants. Gradually the ancient forests fell before the sturdy pioneers, and fruitful fields and thriving towns flourished in their stead. The towns became mighty cities; the infant settlements grew into great states; and the little colony of fugitives rapidly expanded into a powerful nation, whose fleets now cover the once solitary ocean, whose railways pierce the trackless forests, and whose countless steamboats rudely break the silence that has for ages brooded over the vast lakes and noble rivers, turning their gloomy solitudes into great highways of commerce, and planting on their banks new towns, and fertile farms, and thriving villages. But the peaceful invaders have driven the Indian from his home; tribe after tribe have disappeared from the land of their forefathers; the pale-face dwells in the villages of the red-skin; and the plough glides smoothly over his deserted hunting-ground.

How different is the history and present aspect of the southern continent! How slight the resemblance between the first European settlers in the two countries! Between the pilgrim fathers and their exiled families, seeking only a quiet shelter, and coveting no treasure save the produce of their own toil, and the Spanish leaders, with their ruffian bands, burning with the thirst for gold, and, in their eagerness to allay it, slaughtering hundreds of thousands of the unoffending and half-civilised inhabitants, destroying their cities, devastating their country, and spreading ruin and desolation wherever they appeared. But whilst the emigrant Anglo-Saxon quietly ejected the Indian from his territory, and gradually became sole master of the land, the warlike and victorious Spaniard, overburdened by his stolen riches, sank into apathy and indolence. The blood of the conquered and the conquerors mingled in their descendants; and the broken nations of Mexico and Peru, though at first slaves to the victors, became, by degrees, amalgamated with them. The mixed breed thus produced assumed an important place in the fabric of society; and though the man of pure Spanish descent still claims the first position, and pretends to be the aristocrat of the republic, yet few of the most wealthy, and scarce any of the middle and wealth-producing classes, are without a tinge of Indian blood.

The Indians of the mountainous districts still retain the language, and many of the customs of their fathers; and in some instances, the ancient dislike to the invaders has descended to them. But the inhabitants of the low country present a singular mixture of races and of customs, and, though speaking one language, mingle the manners of the Moor, the Spaniard, and the aboriginal Peruvian. Their cities, too, exhibit in their architecture the same confusion. The streets, in Spanish fashion, crossing at right angles, enclose in the squares or *cuadras*, houses with all the peculiarities of Madrid, large, roomy, and secluded in deep courtyards. The centre of the city is occupied by the great square, on one side of which towers the magnificent cathedral, richly decorated with Moorish ornament, and on another stands the palace of the government, plain, massive, and strong, built like the stately residences of the royal

Incas, the ruins of which still exist in the city of Cuzco, the ancient capital of Peru.

Since the Spanish colonies threw off the yoke and declared themselves independent republics, they have been subject to repeated political convulsions and to frequent changes of government. But the revolutions have been usually short-lived, and governments have risen and been overturned with a rapidity unknown in other nations. Yet, amidst all these changes, society has remained the same; and though the influx of foreigners has introduced into it a new element, it continues to run on in its old channel; and Peru, with a thoroughly republican and democratic form of government, retains in all its social institutions the very essence of conservatism. With these peculiar characteristics, the manners of the Peruvians, their social usages, and domestic habits offer attractions to the traveller rarely found in more modernised communities; and the advantage of a short but familiar residence among them enables me to give, from personal observation, a sketch of these peculiarities.

The tract of country lying between the Andes and the Pacific is called *Las Valles*, and that included in the range of mountains *La Montana*. The former of these, to which we will at present confine ourselves, is more essentially Spanish than the high country, contains more of the appliances of civilisation, and exercises a greater influence over the destinies of the republic.

Entering the country by its chief sea-port. Callao, we drop anchor in the bay opposite the town, and proceed to examine the strange scene which has suddenly opened to us. On one side of the harbour rises the lofty island of San Lorenzo, a huge barren rock, fourteen miles in circumference, and nearly fourteen hundred feet in height, abounding with seals and sea-lions, and the resort of innumerable sea-fowl, especially pelicans, of which thousands are seen hovering over the bay, flying fearlessly among the shipping, and occasionally diving with great velocity in search of fish. Stretching from the town towards San Lorenzo is a long, low, sandy point, on which Callao once stood before its destruction by the great earthquake of 1630. Numbers of strong arches of burnt bricks remain nearly level with the ground; and beneath these many excavations have been made by treasure-seekers in search of the wealth supposed to be buried in the ruins. These excavations are now filled with skulls and bones, the remains of those who were driven out of the fortress as useless mouths during its siege in the war of independence; and who either crawled into these recesses to perish miserably by famine, or—happier fate—died beneath the fire of the attacking fleet. The government disgracefully allows these ghastly mementoes of war to remain unburied and uncare for. The fortress of Callao—Castillo de la Independencia—is the largest and strongest fortification in South America, and at one time mounted four hundred pieces of cannon; but it does not now contain more than one hundred and twenty. For eighteen months after the declaration of independence, the flag of Spain waved over this solitary castle. During the whole of that period it was strongly besieged both by sea and land—the republican fleet being commanded by Lord Cochrane—and it was only after the original garrison of four thousand men had been reduced by famine and disease to a miserable remnant of two hundred, that the Spanish General Rodil surrendered. He capitulated on the 19th of February, 1826, and with him fell the Spanish power in South America—the last vestige of that once mighty empire. The fort is now more usefully employed as a bonded store, and casks and bales of merchandise replace the murderous piles of shot and shells. In one part of it are two dark, gloomy, and unhealthy vaults used as criminal prisons, and these are seldom untenanted by English sailors, sent there by the consul for some petty breach of discipline. I remember, on my first visit to this prison, being amused by seeing one of the soldiers on guard seated on a bench reading his wife's gown, while she sat on the ground beside him comfortably smoking a cigar.

The attention of the stranger in Callao is immediately attracted by the number of flag-staffs scattered over the town.

each mole being crowned by a large bird, called by the Spaniards *Gallinazo de cabeza colorada* (red-headed vulture), but known to English sailors as the turkey-buzzard. The streets and the roofs of the houses abound with these birds, which are the scavengers of the coast towns; and their services are much needed, for the inhabitants—according to our notions of cleanliness—are extremely filthy in their habits. Callao, in common with all the smaller Peruvian towns, presents to the traveller a mean and rather disagreeable aspect, arising from the lowliness of the houses, the universally flat roofs, and the temporary structure of the buildings. The majority of the houses are mere sheds of reeds plastered with clay and roofed with grass matting; few of them possess the luxury of a glass window, and none of the meaner ones contain a fire-place; in many, the window is in the roof, a square opening, into which is fitted a wooden grating that can be raised or lowered at pleasure by a small line, which, passing over a pulley, hangs down in the middle of the room. But the frequency of earthquakes accounts for this slight style of building, and the total absence of rain renders sloping roofs and water-proof walls unnecessary. Every port on both the coasts of South America possesses its *piscatoria*, or "fisherman's bay," as the word is literally translated. This is the lowest part of the town, the Spanish Alsatia, where all the ruffians and vagabonds are lodged. In Callao the *piscatoria* is composed of rows of huts, built of reeds alone, without plaster, many of them wanting roofs, and all exceedingly well ventilated. Into this district it is dangerous for a well-dressed man to venture after night-fall, for the long knife of the Indian Chilo is a ready weapon and is used with but scant ceremony.

The mole or landing-place at Callao is usually blocked up by huge heaps of wheat imported from Chili, and thrown loose upon the ground, with no other covering than a few mats spread carelessly over it to protect the grain from the heavy night dews. Surrounding these heaps are rows of *botigas* filled with *Itika* or *Pisco*, a strong colourless spirit distilled from grapes, and chiefly obtained from the port of Pisco—whence its name. The *botiga* is an earthen jar, in shape resembling a pear, pointed at the lower end and gradually increasing in bulk to the top, which is rounded over and ends in a narrow mouth-piece. This singular shape necessitates a constant reclining position, but it is found the most convenient for the mode of conveyance universally adopted—the backs of mules and asses. On each side of the pack-saddle is an iron hoop, in which the *botiga* is placed with the small end downwards; and in this manner spirits, oil and other liquids, are conveyed across the trackless desert on the coast, and over the shapeless roads and frightful chasms of the snow-crowned Cordillera. The frequent accidents to which the *botigas* are liable from the falling of the mules, or from the collisions which ensue in the desperate rush that occurs on reaching water in the desert, have caused the occasional substitution of goat-skins as a means of conveyance. The mode of obtaining these skins is most barbarous. The goat is hung up alive by the horns, and an incision being made round the neck, the skin is torn off the struggling animal in such a manner that it forms a bag having only one seam. It is

until the arrival of another foreign engineer, as, throughout the puerile republic, not a single man could be found to carry on the work—road-making being a science not commonly taught in the schools of Lima.

Pending the completion of the railway, we leave Callao in an airy omnibus driven by a negro, the six horses running three abreast. The carriage resounds with a perfect *Babel* of languages, and the faces of the passengers present every shade of colour, varying from the ruddy cheeks of the newly-arrived German, and the pallid countenance of the creole, to the rich brown of the *mestizo*, and the jetty black of the woolly-headed *zambo*. As we enter the high road, we notice on the left a stone obelisk that marks the spot to which a large frigate was carried from the harbour in the disastrous earthquake of 1746. On a small eminence to the right are the ruins of an old fort, above which stands the village of Bonavista, the barracks, and an English hospital. The road now enters the pampas, or, more correctly, the "plateau del Calloa," an undulating plain plentifully watered by little rivulets, but producing only harsh grass diversified by a field of stunted maize or a plantation of spreading plantains. The ground is covered with a yellow sulphurous powder strongly impregnated with nitre, and at a few miles distance are some extensive saltpetre works. From the absence of rain, the road is knee-deep in dust, and the troops of asses which we pass, and the cavalcades of horsemen who pass us, are completely enveloped in white clouds.

The compact little horses of the cavaliers move rapidly over the ground at a long swinging pace, an easy run, which never breaks into a gallop or subsides into the English trot. In fact, the latter pace is considered a great defect, and the horses are carefully trained to avoid it. Every horseman wears the poncho—a square cloak with a hole in the middle, through which the head is passed, the folds falling over the chest, shoulders, and back. This article of dress, common throughout the Spanish republics, is, in Peru, often made of the finest alpaca wool, and dyed in the most brilliant colours; and the cavalier, enveloped in one of these gaudy cloaks, with his head covered by a finely-worked Panama sombrero, has a very picturesque appearance. His horse is hidden beneath a profusion of coloured wool and leather fringes, with a multitude of straps and silver buckles. The heavy stirrups are of wood, beautifully carved and inlaid with silver, whilst his spurs of the same metal are of a most preposterous length, and terminate in rowels of three or four inches diameter. A full-sized pair of spurs contains three marks, or a half of silver.

Half way to Lima, we stop for a few minutes to water the horses, and to visit a *puerto*—a union of a dram-shop and a the old church of *La Virgen del Carmen*, with the conventional accompaniment of a small picture of the crucifixion upon a little table at the gate, and a plate to receive the contributions of the pious traveller. As we approach the city, which stands on an elevated plain at the foot of the Andes, the scenery is improved by large gardens filled with fruit-trees; and at about a mile from the gates commences the *Alameda*, a beautiful promenade between rows of trees planted on the road-side, and offering a grateful shade, cooled by a

Callao and Lima, the six-horsed omnibuses which conveyed passengers between the port and city, will now be superseded by a railway recently opened; the first, and, I believe, the only one, in South America. A little incident connected with this railway is worth recording. During the progress of the works, the engineer, an Englishman, was taken seriously ill, and his brain being affected, he was ultimately ordered home. The consequence was that the proceedings were at once suspended, and the completion of the miniature railway was delayed.

an Irishman—bearing the euphonious name of O'Higgins—at one time a small shopkeeper in the city, then a Chilean soldier, and ultimately a marquis and viceroy of Peru.

The appearance of the "City of the Kings" (so called from its having been founded on the 6th of January, the celebration of the Epiphany) is, not by this entrance very inviting; the houses presenting only blank walls pierced by narrow apertures, and the streets, though wide, are very dusty. But as we advance into the more frequented streets, the scene changes.

churches and convents appear. Windows are broken by elegant shops, overhanging balconies relieve the sameness of the houses. Fountains play in the streets, and small streams of clear water sparkle through the middle of the principal streets. The spacious mansions of the inhabitants are perfectly secluded from observation. Walls, in which is built a small chamber with a window, where the ladies often sit watching the passers-by. Entering through a lofty gateway, and a portico ornamented by brilliantly coloured paintings, we pass into a quiet yard, round which are the offices, coach-house, &c. Beyond the gateway are the principal rooms, reached by a short flight of broad steps, the windows open to the ground, the iron bars wrought into ornamental shapes and often gilded. In the rooms a low subdued light prevails highly favourable to the full enjoyment of the *siesta*, or afternoon sleep, a Spanish luxury which all the republicanism of the *Limenño* cannot induce him to forego; and to which he adds a seat by his custom of taking it swinging in a cool grass hammock opposite the open door-way.

Society in Lima is particularly unconstrained, and a generous hospitality pervades all classes. Every evening comes the *tertulia*—the house is thrown open for the admission of all friends who choose to come. The guitar, or, in some European families, the piano calls to the dance, in which the newly-entared visitor joins without ceremony. No introduction is necessary; the rays of a lamp placed at the entrance of the apartments give notice that the family is "at home," and serve as a sufficient invitation. The stranger enters without hesitation, and the fact of his being a foreigner ensures him a still more certain welcome, almost doubly hospitable reception. Slight refreshments are offered—as ices, sweetmeats, and cigars. You are treated by all present as a brother, and on taking leave of your entertainer, are overwhelmed with protestations of regard, and informed that *La casa esta a la disposicion de usted*—"the house is at your disposal," which is equivalent to an invitation to visit there whenever you think proper; an invitation, moreover,—unlike similar ones in England—given in perfect good faith. The formal party—*la baile de convite*—is equally open to strangers, though it is an occasion of great importance to both the entertainer and his guests. The most remarkable feature about these parties is, that the populace of all classes have the right of *entree* to the court-yard; and this right is invariably exercised, the doors and windows being crowded with spectators, who pass very free but good-humoured remarks on the dress and appearance of the guests. The ladies display all their jewellery, both real and false, on such occasions, and heartily enjoy the pleasure of being gazed at by the crowd; whilst the *tapadas* are objects of especial remark and observation. These *tapadas* are ladies closely veiled in their long mantles, a disguise assumed sometimes from coquetry, but occasionally from a wish to avoid recognition by other visitors, or from want of means to provide a proper dress and ornaments. So closely is the idea of an intrigue associated with this dress, that a foreigner marrying a Lima lady frequently stipulates that she shall renounce it from the day of marriage. At a party the *tapadas* do not often mingle with the dancers, but remain in an adjacent apartment, where, through the open folding-doors, a good view of the scene. Here the veiled ladies are by their friends, occasionally slightly removing their disguise for the benefit of some particular favourite. At these parties gaming is commonly introduced, and large sums are frequently won and lost. Deeply as all the South American republics are stained by this vice, Peru may claim an infamous pre-eminence among them. The rancorous passion affects all ranks and ages, and the games may be classed with the most determined gambles of the community. They are found in their original and rope girdles at the hillside tables, cock-pits, and lottery offices; and are never-failing attendants at the card-tables in the coffee-houses, always ready to bet with the ignorant chaps, and openly gambling with the most depraved and vicious of the town. The afternoon of the Sabbath is particularly devoted to cock-fighting, a

second to the bull-fight in the estimation of the *Limenño*. At every door in the lower districts of the city you see one or two cocks tied by the leg, and need not be surprised, on entering the house, you discover one in each corner of the entry room. The circus for cock-fighting is a handsome building, in the form of an amphitheatre, with an arena in the centre, though large, and capable of accommodating a considerable number of persons, it is usually filled to overflowing on Sunday, when from fifty to a hundred birds are not infrequently killed. The cocks are armed with a single spur, a keen steel blade curved like a scimitar, and, armed with such a weapon, the first spring generally decides the contest. The bull-fights are held in a large circus erected for the purpose in the suburbs across the river Rimac. Every great festival is signalled by one of these brutal exhibitions, and during the season one usually takes place every Monday. No true *Limenño* would on any account miss one of these spectacles, and the most intense excitement prevails in the city previous to any extraordinary fight. The ladies take especial interest in these cruel amusements, and attend them in great numbers, applauding the bravery of the torridors, and rewarding every successful feat by loud expressions of approbation. Each principal trading company annually presents a bull to the people, and these animals are paraded through the city decorated with flowers and ribbons. The sports are more varied than in Spain, the bulls being attacked in many different modes; and the barbarities of the Spanish circus are greatly augmented by the ingenious and inhuman tortures customary in that of Lima. It is difficult to understand how so gentle and indolent a people as the Peruvians can find pleasure in such savage scenes, but the bull-fight has become a national custom, and in the intense gratification that it affords its cruelty is overlooked or forgotten. Perhaps to this early intimacy with these bloody spectacles may be attributed the wanton ferocity which has distinguished the civil wars of Peru, whose history, crowded as it is with legalised murders and tragic narratives of unarmed prisoners shot in cold blood, can only excite in the mind of the civilised reader sentiments of deep horror and of sickening disgust.

The foreigner in Lima is astonished at the number of monks and friars who continually pass him in the streets—mean, vulgar-looking men, whose gowns and faces appear to be equally guiltless of any close acquaintance with soap and cold water, and who seem to divide their time between gambling in the cafes and lounging in the cigar-shops. Lima is proverbial for the extent and splendour of its ecclesiastical buildings, and though the churches have been repeatedly plundered during the revolutionary wars, they still retain some remnants of their former magnificence. The cathedral is rich in shrines containing beautiful wax figures of various saints, before which stand huge wax candles of fantastic shapes. Among the numerous offerings of plate and jewels are many little silver legs and arms presented on recovery from some accident or malady affecting those members. In the cathedral a magnificent choir carved in wood, and the splendour of the grand altar there almost exceeds belief. The beautifully wrought golden tabernacle, sparkling with brilliant jewels, glistens in the blaze of many tapers placed in massive silver candelabra, and a row of elegant silver columns lends increased splendour to the *coup d'oeil*. The church of San Augustin is chiefly remarkable for its outer decorations. The whole front is one mass of pillars, statues, scrolls, and similar ornaments, but they are all of plaster, and are now falling to decay. Among the fifty-two churches and convents which the city possesses it is difficult to particularise a few. They were formerly noted for their valuable collections of paintings, but most of these have now disappeared, and as an instance of the care and taste of the priests in such matters, I may remark that I noticed in one church a magnificent painting of the Madonna seated with a large pearl necklace and massive gold rings, having been one night taken to admit these fearful ornaments. By the side of the churches stand the *cofrades* and *cofrades* convents. One of them, dedicated to St. John, is situated on the grounds, an

neglected, and the diminished revenues of the monks have left hundreds of cells vacant. Within this convent is a small chapel, over the door of which stands an image of the Virgin; and the priests tell us that during the great earthquake of 1630, this figure turned towards the altar, and, devoutly kneeling, prayed for the safety of the doomed city. This intercession, say they, saved Lima from utter annihilation.

The monasteries of Santo Domingo, Santo Diego, San Augustin, and San Pedro, are all falling to decay; and in the *Plazuela de la Inquisicion*, a gloomy and almost tenanted building, is the only vestige of that once terrible institution. Yet Peru, in common with her sister republics, is deeply sunk in the religious superstitions, and no religion but Roman Catholicism is tolerated within her boundaries. A few years ago, the British minister in Lima, wishing to give to his countrymen an opportunity of attending religious worship in accordance with their faith and consciences, hired a house to be used as a Protestant chapel. The people on hearing this assembled in a mob, threatening to pull down the house, unless the landlord withdrew his consent and turned out the pestilent heretics. He was compelled to obey. Yet half the commerce, and nearly the whole of the manufactures of the country, are in the hands of these despised heretics; and to foreigners alone does Peru owe even her nominal place among nations. The most eminent officers of her patriot army were natives of Britain or of France. Her merchants are from England, Germany, or the United States; and her shopkeepers are Frenchmen or Italians. Her engineers, her sailors, and her artisans, are of all nations; and even her Lilliputian fleet is in a great measure manned and officered by foreigners, among whom the Americans and English are conspicuous; though the difficulty of obtaining any pay from the government has latterly considerably diminished their number.

The religious processions of Lima are among the favourite amusements of the people; and all the members of the government, the whole army of the republic, and the swarming multitudes of priests and monks, take part in them. The statues of the saints form a portion of the spectacle, and their rich decorations, with the gaudy dresses of their negro bearers, add to the gaiety of the scene. Numbers of tapadas closely veiled join the procession or mingle with the spectators, and as these constitute nearly the whole population, the streets are crowded with a motley assemblage of all colours, whose merry faces evince the joyous interest which they take in the brilliant pageant.

Among the popular recreations of the Limennos the fête of the *Amancaes* is perhaps the most curious and characteristic. At a short distance from the city, in the direction of the mountains, is a small plain which, during the greater part of the year, is a mere barren waste; but in the months of June and July the night dews falling on the arid soil cover it with beautiful carpet of verdure abounding with flowers, among which a handsome yellow fly grows in great profusion. On the 24th of June, St. John's-day, Lima literally empties itself upon this plateau; the whole population rushes frantically to the *Amancaes*, wild with delight and anticipated pleasure. The road is thronged by parties of men and women, shouting, laughing, and dancing, in the exuberance of their joy. Negroes mounted on spirited horses ride at full speed along the road, exhibiting the most extraordinary feats of agility and horsemanship. Rapidly passing some other cavalier, they clasp him round the waist, and dragging him by main force from the saddle, carry him some distance on the road. In a similar manner they occasionally catch up an unsuspecting Indian or mulatto woman, and placing her before them on the saddle gallop rapidly away. The most extraordinary vehicles appear on the road loaded with gaily-dressed choles, the females glittering with gilt chains and heavy gaudy ornaments. Amidst a party of equestrians you see coloured women riding in the same fashion as men; or occasionally a group of cavaliers and fair ladies, distinguished by their graceful bearing and the dexterous management of their beautiful horses. The ladies of Lima are celebrated as graceful horsewomen. They wear a short white dress, which, provided it is not too short,

did poncho, trousers trimmed with silver lace, from beneath which peep the delicately small feet enclosed in satin slippers; and an exceedingly pretty hat woven of very fine grass, and decorated with a broad streaming ribbon. On reaching the plain you find it covered with booths, where you can obtain provisions, spirits, or chicha, a pleasant liquor made from maize, and an especially favourite beverage with the coloured population. Every man and woman on the plain wears a bunch of the yellow lilies, and yet the ground is brightly covered with them. The huge mountains almost encircle the plateau, frowning in grim stolidity upon the merry scene, and casting back in broken echoes the joyous shouts and peals of happy laughter which dare to invade their silent solitude. Here is a mirthful group seated on the grass busily discussing the provisions they have brought with them, and passing from mouth to mouth the huge tumbler of chicha, or the little goblet of Italia. There a jocund party form a ring for the *sambadores*, the favourite dance of the Peruvians. The eternal guitar twangs out its monotonous notes, accompanied by the low chant of the women, and by the uncouth music of another performer, who beats time with a stick upon a wooden box. A well-built mulatto, throwing aside his hat and poncho, steps into the circle, leading a pretty mestiza, or a darker zamba, with her short, frizzled hair worked into a hundred little plaits, and decorated with newly-gathered flowers. The woman commences the dance, carrying in her hand a handkerchief, and slowly moving round her partner, who follows every footstep, gazing on his mistress with an indescribable air of timorous entreaty. By degrees the musicians and the dancers become more excited; the guitar twangs with redoubled energy; the woman, throwing into her countenance an expression of disdain, quickens her movements, and flies before the pursuing swain in the most graceful evolutions, shaking the handkerchief in his face as she passes. With steady perseverance he follows every turn, and soon the tired maid becomes herself the suppliant; vainly she now tries to avoid him by the most desperate springs and rapid changes; he presses more closely upon her, and at length, exhausted by her efforts, she sinks upon his outstretched arm, and drops the handkerchief in token of defeat; the surrounding crowd loudly applauding the triumph of the proudly-conscious victor.

As night approaches the happy multitude return to the city, their horses and themselves covered with flowers; and as they pour along the Alameda, and across the bridge, the jocund laugh and sportive song ring out as merrily as though the much-loved festival was but commencing, and the long day of pleasure had left them still unwearied and uncloyed.

Such scenes as these are the blood of the Peruvians, the only objects worth living for. The world of the Limenno is a stage, a bull-ring, a cock-circus, or a *plazo de Amancaes*. Give him these, varied by an occasional religious procession or a military spectacle, and he is perfectly contented; always provided that there is plenty of ice in the plaza, and that his cigar-case is well filled. Thus provided for, he is heedless of all else; satisfied that Lima is the greatest city in the world, and that he, himself, is the most graceful dancer it contains. It matters not to him that, though under a thoroughly democratic government, his country lags far behind the most absolute monarchies of Europe. He cares not to know that whilst art, literature, and science, are striding with unparalleled rapidity over the rest of the world—in Peru, in Bolivia, in Chili, in Ecuador, they are either stationary, or actually retreating. The prophecy of the liberator, Bolivar, that great destinies were in store for the Spanish republic, and that they would one day attain to an eminent position amongst the world's nations, seems to be as far from fulfilment as when it was uttered. And yet the cause rests only with themselves. The only obstacles to their advancement are in their own indolence and inactivity; in their inveterate love of pleasure, and their utter want of energy. What other country can vie with Paris in the number and the richness of its varied productions? Her wine swarms with life; the Spanish whale rolls

her ports the ships of all countries, and pouring into her every vast store of gold for which she gathers the spoils. For thousands of years, on the barren guano islands, her wealth has been accumulating, and were it possible to transport the China and the Lotos rocks to the mouth of the Ganges or the Thames, all the gold of Australia would scarce suffice to purchase the rich fertilising matter which they bear. On the banks of the streams which water her deserts grow the vine, the cotton-plant, the sugar-cane, the olive, tobacco, maize, barley, lucern, and many other valuable products. Her plantations abound in rich fruits, among which are oranges, pomegranates, lemons, figs, plantains, guavas, dates, pappas, pineapples, and many peculiar to the country. The deep valleys of the Sierra are rich in the most valuable productions,—

indigo, dyewoods, gums, medicinal barks, and costly timber. Flocks of sheep in the Sierra supply large quantities of wool; and on the table lands of the Cordilleras, is produced the soft silky fleece of the alpaca, which the enterprise of a single Englishman has raised into an article of great commercial value. Copper, iron, lead, and gold are found in the mountains, and their prolific silver mines are celebrated all over the world. But when we turn from the country to the people, all is barren as their mountain-peaks, arid as their searching deserts. Superstitious, apathetic, unstable, the Peruvian gives little hope of future progress. His moral, intellectual, and even physical condition, is most debased and degraded; and to him, the noble country, its magnificent scenery, and its vast treasures, are but as pearls cast before swine.

GIACOMO ROBUSTI, IL TINTORETTO.

We recently gave an engraving illustrative of one of the most interesting incidents in the life of Giacomo Robusti—namely, his painting his daughter's portrait after her death. In presenting our readers with a portrait of an Archbishop of Spalatro, a man to whom no interest attaches beyond the fact that Tintoretto painted him, we have now an opportunity of entering at more length into the details of the great artist's life.

He was born at Venice, in 1512, and was the son of a dyer, whence his name of *Tintoretto*. From his earliest childhood he showed a marked predilection for art, and covered the walls of his father's house with rude sketches. We have already remarked upon this early indication of genius in the case of Sir J. Reynolds, Benjamin West, and some other great artists of modern times. In Italy, in the seventeenth century, if a child displayed an inclination of this sort, an attempt was seldom made to divert or obstruct it. Tintoretto's father, therefore, had him instructed in the elements of design, and, when he was old enough, placed him under the tuition of the great Titian, who was then in the zenith of his fame. His advancement was now so rapid, that he soon outstripped all his fellow-pupils. Titian one day seeing in the studio some drawings of extraordinary excellence, inquired whose they were; and on being informed that they were Tintoretto's, ordered some one to conduct the boy home. This mean jealousy was certainly unworthy of Titian, but it did not in the least dishearten Tintoretto. "Nothing piqued by the indignity, and nothing daunted by the disappointment, he went to work with new courage. It was a common object of ambition with the artists of that time to be considered successful followers of Titian; namely, But Tintoretto now conceived the loftier idea of becoming the founder of a new school upon a system of his own making, which should hand down his name to posterity. His intention was, if possible, to unite in his style all the excellences of the great artists of his time, and add to them what was, in his opinion, wanting. The boldness of this step was characteristic of the fiery impetuosity of his disposition. No sooner had he conceived the idea, than he set about carrying it into execution. His circumstances did not allow of his hiring an apartment very well adapted for his work, but he determined that his achievements should dignify and ennoble the humble garret in which he was for the time obliged to pursue his vocation. Over the door he wrote up, "Michael Angelo's design, and the colouring of Titian," to indicate the leading qualities which he would endeavour to combine in his work. He had always been an indefatigable imitator of the latter; he now began to spend his days and nights in copying models of statues by the former, as well as of ancient marbles and bas-reliefs. He had models also sent him from Florence of the figures of the tomb of the Medici by Michael Angelo, taken by Donatello da Volterra. There was an ancient head of Virgil, upon which, in particular, he was informed he was always employed in designing and learning. Least told of these things, in the habit of designing his models by

of his light and shadow; and with the same view he made little figures of chalk, clothed them carefully, adapted them to little houses composed of pasteboard and slips of wood, and supplied them through the windows with small lights, by which he could regulate the chiaro-scuro. At this time very little attention was paid by Venetian artists to fore-shortening, or the apparent diminution in the length of a figure when viewed longitudinally compared with its appearance when placed perpendicularly. In Lombardy, however, this branch of art was closely attended to, and Tintoretto set to work with great zeal to perfect himself in a knowledge of it. For this purpose he suspended his models by cords from the ceiling, and then designed them from different points of view, and in a variety of positions. Sensible also of the importance of an acquaintance with the muscular structure of the human body, he attended the lectures and dissections of anatomists, and designed the naked parts as much as possible in a variety of shortenings and attitudes. By these studies he formed a plan of his own, which he determined all his followers should adopt, beginning with designing from the best models, and having obtained the idea of a correct style, copy the naked parts, and correct their defects. Even when his powers were in their prime he was employed in painting for the church of La Trinita, "Adam and Eve seduced by the Serpent," and the "Death of Abel," Ridolfi says, "he designed the figures from nature, placing over them a thin veil, to which figures he added a peculiar grace of contour, which he acquired from studying rilievo."

To all these aids and advantages he united two others, without which these would have been useless—a terrible genius, which extorted admiration even from those most disposed to condemn or criticise him severely, and one of the most fertile imaginations with which any artist of ancient or modern times was ever gifted. But there was something wanting which is more valuable even than genius or intellect, though they be of the highest order, without which they can do little, but which alone can do wonders,—diligence, steady, persevering, unfaltering industry,—"a virtue which of itself," says Cicero, "seems to include all the rest." But of this Tintoretto was unfortunately not possessed. It is seldom found in conjunction with great dispatch. Of his possession of the latter in a most wonderful degree he gave the following remarkable proof. The members of the confraternity of St. Rocco, at Venice, having determined to decorate the church with a painting representing the apothecary of their patron saint, instructed some of the most celebrated artists of the time, including Paul Veronese, Andrea Schiavone, Salvetti, F. Zuccaro, and Tintoretto, to prepare sketches of the subject, that the most approved might be chosen and carried into execution. Upon the appointed day the great painters appeared with their designs, but, to the astonishment of all present, Tintoretto, in a few minutes, had sketched out his figure. His first, and

During the earlier part of Tintoretto's career, however, his diligence fully equalled his rapidity, and some of his pictures executed during this period are amongst the wonders of Venetian art, and equal to those of Titian. Amongst these is his celebrated picture, "The Slave," representing the miraculous delivery of a Venetian slave who had been condemned to death by the Turks, and having invoked the miraculous interposition of St. Mark, the saint complies, the executioner's weapon is broken, and the crowd of persecutors is dispersed. This picture was formerly in the Scuola di S. Marco, afterwards in the gallery of the Louvre, but has since been restored to Venice. The attitudes of the men assisting at the spectacle are varied, appropriate, and animated, and that of the saint who flies to the rescue gives an excellent idea of the swiftness of an angel being.

Tintoretto's soul was shared between two great passions—love of his art and of his daughter. Of her we have already spoken, and we can hardly do better than here repeat the touching story of his sorrow and bereavement.

When Tintoretto was forty-eight years old, a daughter was born to him. To the cultivation of the mind of his child the great painter devoted himself. The little girl was a bud of promise. As her intellect was developed and began to put forth its powers, she gave evidence of very great ability. She was beautiful as a child, and showed an early genius for music as well as painting, and performed remarkably well on several instruments. Tintoretto became her sole instructor, and under his teaching she progressed with amazing rapidity and great success. But though she was qualified to make a considerable appearance in historical subjects, she devoted her talents wholly to portrait painting. Tintoretto took great pains to direct her judgment and skill in that branch of the art, till she gained an easy elegance in her manner of design, and an admirable tint of colour. "Her pencil was free, her touch light and full of spirit, and she received deserved applause," Jacob Strada, the antiquarian, celebrated in the court of the Emperor Maximilian, was painted by Marietta, and so gratified was he with the beauty of the portrait, that he presented it to the emperor. She was solicited by Maximilian to reside at his court; Philip II. of Spain and the Archduke Ferdinand made similar proposals; most of the nobility of Venice sat to her; but such was her affectionate attachment to her parent, and such the affectionate attachment of Tintoretto, and her love of home was so strong, that all these glittering offers were refused. She married, but still continued to reside with her father, and the old man's heart was gladdened by the rising fame of his well-loved child. He seemed to live again amid all the glory of his early years—every shower of praise, every offering of applause, were dear to him on her account; he loved to watch her as she sketched and painted in his studio, to whisper here and there a word, to see the picture grow beneath her pencil into exquisite loveliness, to notice nature reproduced in all its ever varying shades, and ever changing forms. His own glory appeared to be as nothing—he forgot himself in her—he lived in her redown. And the father's love was only equalled by the strong attachment of Marietta. Venice, the city of palaces, was dear to them both. It had been, and still was the scene of Tintoretto's fame; it was associated with the earliest recollections and the dearest remembrances of Marietta.

But a cloud was to shut out the sunshine that made the old man glad. Marietta, not yet thirty, was seized with a dangerous illness. Day by day her father watched beside her bed; through the long, long, weary days, and through the long, sad, weary nights, he could scarcely be persuaded at any time to leave her side; he watched the ebbing life, the ashy paleness of her cheeks, till all hope was gone, and the eyes grew fixed and her pulse ceased to beat, and they laid the old man away and whispered she was dead.

That night Tintoretto returned to the death-chamber of his child. He had come prepared to resign the likeness of her who had the strongest hold of his affections, to erase the features of his daughter before his was committed to the tomb. There she lay in all the beauty of womanhood, and the

strange, mysterious stillness of death. During the whole of that night the old man pursued his melancholy employment. M. Leon Cogniet has represented this last scene: the painter, sombre and austere, mastering for the time his overwhelming grief, is looking upon the features of Marietta; the bed-curtain is drawn aside, and the object of his love is seen almost as if she slept, the symbol of her faith is lying on the bed, and the light of a lamp falls upon the features with a peculiarly sombre effect. The work was completed that night,—the last touch was given, and the painter's vocation was gone, his art had now no attraction for him; fame and glory were worthless now that they would be reflected upon no second self.

When they had laid the body of his child in the sepulchre, when they had lowered it into its last resting place, Tintoretto placed his palette and brushes upon the pier, and, retiring from his old associations and old companionship, lingered out his few remaining days as if every object in life was taken from, and his only business in the world was to die.

In his latter years, however, Tintoretto had lost his diligence, and nought remained but his impetuosity, and rapidity, which marred the effect of many of his pictures. He aimed rather at liveliness than grace, and drew most of the models for his heads and attitudes from observation of the people of his native state. In some of his "Suppers," Lanzi says, "his apostles might be taken for gondoliers, when their arm is raised ready to strike the oar, and with a native air of fierceness on the face, when they raise the head either to look out, to ridicule, or to dispute." He also varied Titian's method of colouring, making use of primary grounds no longer white, and composed of chalk, but shaded, owing to which his Venetian pictures have felt the effects of time more than the rest. He never thoroughly succeeded in attaining his great aim of uniting the design of Michael Angelo with the colouring of Titian, but his study of the works of the former led him into the adoption of a naturalistic style. The naked figure is with Michael Angelo a symbolic form, but Tintoretto introduces it for the sake of the muscular drawing, in which he excelled.

His portraits are his best works. Here his conception is fine and even grand, and generally combined with careful execution. There are three of his best in the Berlin Museum; a very fine one in the Louvre. In the collection at Castle Howard are two "Dukes of Ferrara, with servants and pages, engaged in their devotions in a church." In the same gallery are the "Sacrifice of Isaac," and the Duke of Sutherland has in London "A Party of Musicians." There are also some fine specimens in the Bridgewater Gallery.

Some of his pictures are enormously large. In the palace of the Dogs, at Venice, there is a representation of Paradise, painted in oil, seventy-four feet long and thirty feet high.

We cannot do better than conclude this brief sketch by Kugler's estimate of Tintoretto's style and genius:—

"He was one of the most vigorous painters that the history of art exhibits; one who sought rather than avoided the greatest difficulties, and who possessed a true feeling for animation and grandeur. If his works do not always please, it must be imputed to the foreign and non-Venetian element which he adopted, but never completely mastered, and to the times in which he lived. His off-hand style, as we may call it, is, it is true, always full of grand and meaning detail, with a few patches of colour he expresses sometimes the liveliest forms and expressions; but he fails in that artistic arrangement of the whole, and in that nobility of motives in parts, which are necessary exponents of a high taste. His compositions are not expressed by finely-studied degrees of participation in the principal action, but by great masses of light and shade. Attitudes and movements are taken immediately from common life, not chosen from the best models. With Titian the highest idea of earthly happiness is expressed by beauty; with Tintoretto it is more almost strength, and the sense of a very rude and simple life."

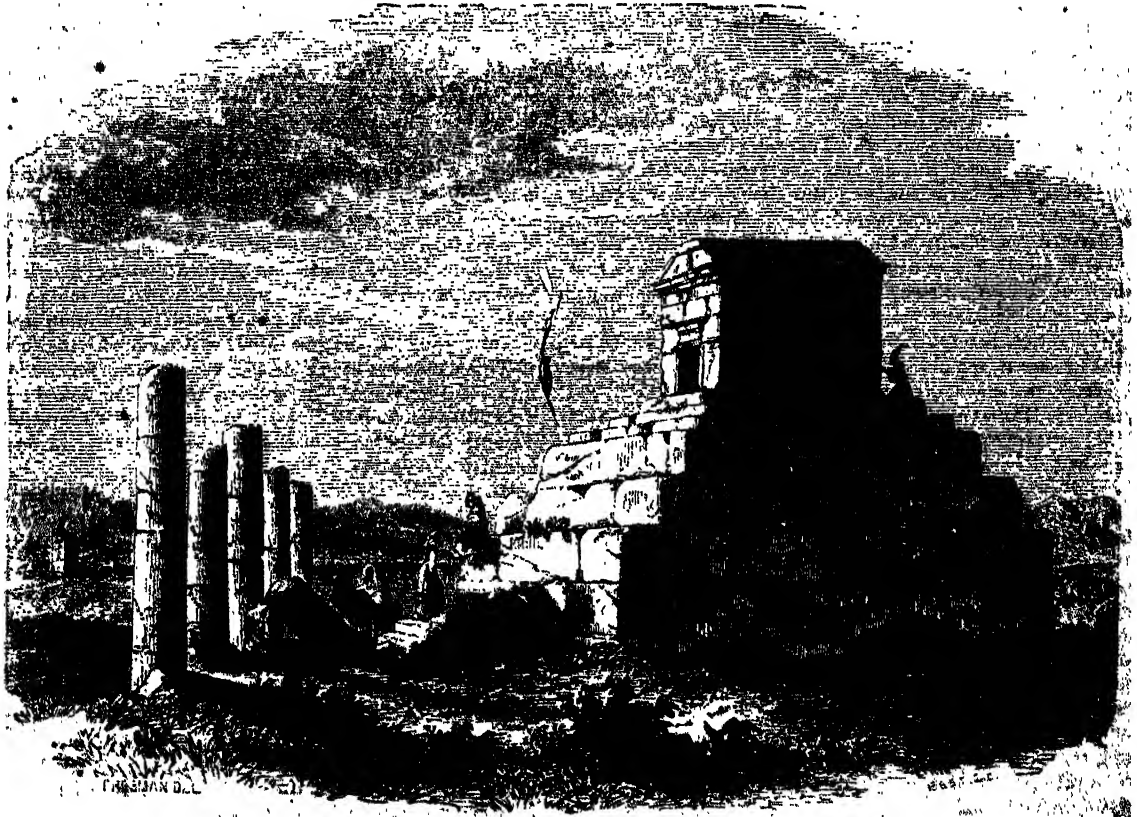
Revised at Venice in 1864.

THE TOMB OF CYRUS.

Alexander, waging war victoriously for thirty years, Cyrus, who had made himself master of the whole of Western Asia, perished in a combat against the Scythians led on by a woman. Tomyris, queen of the Massagete, a people who occupied a part of country from the north to the east of the Caspian Sea, hit to revenge the death of her son, and it was by her that the body of Cyrus was dragged from beneath the slain, and that the head of it was cut off and thrown into a vessel of human blood. "Though I am still alive and victorious," exclaimed the queen, "you have brought destruction on me, by causing the death of my son, who had allowed himself to be inveigled by your snares; but you shall now have your fill of blood, as I promised." It is also said that she addressed the pale face of the lifeless conqueror in the following violent words:—"Drink this blood, after which you ever thirsted, but by which your thirst was never allayed!"

you are soon about to go to where the gods abide." This dream awoke him; and he immediately offered up sacrifices on the summits of the mountains, not to implore Jupiter and the Sun to prolong his life, but to thank them for their constant protection. On the third day from that he gently breathed his last, after having administered consolation and advice to his sons and to the first magistrates of his empire.

Lúcian thinks, in his turn, that Cyrus, after having attained the age of more than a hundred years, died of grief, because his son Cambyzes had put most of his friends to death. This version is not at all improbable. Cambyzes was quite capable of putting his father's friends to death, or even his father himself; for Cambyzes also was a great conqueror. Writers have attempted to excuse his cruel extravagances on the ground that he was subject to cataleptic fits. If, however, he did not make his father happy when alive, he paid him all



TOMB OF CYRUS. FROM A DRAWING BY FREEMAN.

Such was the end of this celebrated king, according to what was related to Herodotus in Persia; but the great historian adds: "There are various accounts concerning the death of Cyrus."

According to another tradition, Ctesias relates that the last enemies against whom Cyrus fought were the Derbices (Scythians of Margiana), who had Amareus for their king. These Derbices put the Persian cavalry to the rout by means of their archery, which they suddenly led out of an ambuscade; Cyrus himself fell from his horse, and an Indian pierced his thigh with a javelin. Three days afterwards he died of his wounds.

Again, Xenophon declares that Cyrus died tranquilly, surrounded by the smiles of his relatives and his friends. He was buried in a tomb, of his approaching end, by a woman who, according to Xenophon, was much more beautiful than the queen, and who said: "I have seen Cyrus, and

honour after his death, and raised a tomb to his memory at Passargarda, a city which Cyrus had built on the very spot where he had vanquished and dethroned Astyages, king of the Medes, and who, according to some historians, was no other than his own grandfather.

If the Massagete put Cyrus to death near the Caspian Sea, they must have given up his body to the Persians, or the latter must have re-taken it. History is silent in this respect. The monument at Passargarda might also be nothing else but an empty tomb, simply commemorative, like the numerous sepulchres of Enese, or the aspidochres that certain Greek nations raised on the battle-field of Plataea.

This tomb has been described by Anaxagoras. It was in the royal garden of Passargarda, in the midst of rose trees and tall shrubs, among which ran streams of living water.

was a square edifice standing on a stone platform, and consisted of one little vaulted chamber, which was entered with difficulty through a door, both very narrow and very low. In the middle of the chamber was a golden urn in which the remains of Cyrus were preserved. This urn was placed on a table which was covered with rich stuffs from Babylon, and which had legs of massive gold. The chamber itself was covered with a purple carpet. Near the urn, were seen the royal dress, magnificent Assyrian garments, with others of a hyacinth colour, Median armour, necklaces, rings, and ornaments, in which sparkled gold and precious stones. At a short distance from the steps which led to this tomb was another little edifice, where the magians, who were charged to watch over the remains of Cyrus, resided. It was the wish of Cambyses that the fathers should be succeeded in this pious duty by their sons. Each day a sheep, flour, and wine were carried to the magians; and each month they were presented with a horse, which they sacrificed in memory of the great king. On the frontispiece of the tomb was the following epitaph: "Mortal, I am Cyrus, the son of Cambyses; I gave the Persians universal dominion, and I reigned over Asia; be not jealous of my monument."

When Alexander visited the tomb, says Arrianus, all that he found there was the urn and the bed. The remains of Cyrus had been carried off, and the most vigorous efforts had been made to displace the urn. The magians were suspected of being no strangers to this act of spoliation, or of being, at least, acquainted with the perpetrators of it. They were put to the torture; but they made no avowal, and they were graciously allowed to live. Alexander ordered Aristobulus to repair the monument, which was, doubtless, in a state of dilapidation; the door was afterwards walled up, and the royal seal was placed all over it.

Quintus Curtius relates this circumstance somewhat differently. "Alexander," he says, "ordered the tomb in which lay the body of Cyrus to be opened, as he wished to pay funeral honours to this monarch, believing, at the same time, that the tomb itself was full of gold and silver, as had been reported by the Persians; but he found in it nothing but an old rotten shield, two Scythians' bows, and a scimitar. The king placed a gold crown on the urn, and covered it with his cloak, at the same time expressing his astonishment that so powerful and renowned a king had not been more sumptuously interred than a man would be."

One of the courtiers remarked, on hearing him speak thus, that the tomb had contained three thousand talents, and insinuated that the treasure might have been carried off by Orsmes, a satrap of Passagarda. In consequence of this accusation, inspired by hatred, Alexander had Orsmes arrested, and the satrap, less lucky than the magians, because he was not so rich, perhaps, was condemned, without his guilt being proved, and put to death.

But does this tomb still exist? And where was Passagarda? On what spot was the great battle, in which the destruction of Astyages was achieved, delivered? No conclusive answer can be given to these questions; for it is as difficult to judge of the veracity of the various historical facts, as it is to form an opinion from mere supposition, and men of learning are not less divided in this respect than theorizers. The battle took place in the southern part of Persia, which at present forms the province of Farsistan. Ancient ruins are by no means rare about this part of the country, formerly the theatre of so many revolutions. There are some near a little village called *Fasa*. Now the scientific world hardly make the shadow of a difference between the two words *Fasa* and *Pasa*; and, moreover, great use is made in the south of Persia of the Zend termination *-ghar*. *Fasagard* and *Pasagard* are therefore the same; and from the latter word comes *Passagarda*, the place where, without doubt, the tomb of Cyrus was erected. But then, on the other hand, the ruins of *Fasa* are of little importance, while there are others in every province more worthy of attention at a few days' journey higher up the country, near the small town of Morghab, at a little distance

suppose that the field of battle of the Medes and Persians was near the frontiers. It has been, therefore, presumed that *Passagarda* was situated in the environs of Morghab, and this notion is strengthened from the fact that, in the midst of a vast plain which exists in these parts, and among ruins of a truly antique appearance, there is a monument of an antique form and aspect which possesses all the characteristics of the mausoleum spoken of by Arrianus. Monsieur E. Flandin, the last traveller who has seen and sketched this tomb, describes it in the following manner:—

"The whole structure, which rises about thirty feet above its foundation, is divided into two parts of nearly the same size; the first, which is composed of six steps retreating one over the other, serves as the basis or pedestal to the second, which constitutes the funeral chamber. This chamber is rectangular in form, and is made, like the steps, of enormous blocks of white limestone highly polished. Each of the two narrowest lines of its roofing forms a fronton. The monument is so situated that the entrance, which consists of a little door surrounded with a case and surmounted by a cornice, looks towards the north-west. Though these different mouldings are, for the most part, destroyed, it is still easy to recognise their style, which is that of Grecian profile. The door is so low that you are obliged to stoop in order to penetrate into the tomb; after entering, you find yourself, first of all, in a sort of little rectangular antechamber which is very narrow. Beyond is a second door, which was, doubtless only opened after the first one was shut, so that the light and noise, or the eyes of persons from without might not penetrate into the sanctuary, which is oblong, and has a ceiling composed of three courses, which rest on the side walls. It was in this sepulchral chamber that the sarcophagus was placed, or at least the mortal dust which had been enclosed in it, for we have no clue with respect to what it was that received the body of Cyrus within it. The walls, now black with smoke, bear no trace of either sculptures or inscriptions. This tomb must have been violated and sacked several times during the wars and invasions of all sorts which harassed Persia after its erection. It may be supposed that it was only after every thing it contained had disappeared that the Mussulmans be thought themselves of turning it into a shrine for pilgrims, and of placing it under the protection of what they call *Madere-i-Suleiman*. But who is this Suleiman whose name is held in such veneration, and who has replaced him to whose memory the tomb was erected? Is it Solomon? or is it one of the modern heroes of Islamism? Whoever he may be, the tomb, after having been profaned, and then abandoned as an impure place, like all monuments of the same kind, has undergone a transformation both of name and purpose. It has been turned into one of those *imamzadehs* which attract the most devout believers in Persia from all quarters. This transformation as rendered it necessary to make some slight alterations in its interior. A few Arabian lines from the Koran have been engraved on the walls of the inner chamber, in front of a *kebleh*, traced on the stone on the southern side. The Persians have thus turned this antique tomb into a celebrated place of worship, under the name of *Meched-i-Mader Suleiman*; it is principally used by women, who alone, it is said, have the right to enter it."

The shafts of a few pillars are still seen standing around the tomb; but it is not at all certain that they are in their primitive places, or that they were erected at the same time as the mausoleum. It may be supposed that the modern Persians have taken away from the edifices, whose ruins are seen a little further off, fragments of pillars, in order to enclose the tomb; they have restored in honour of the mother of their Suleiman.

At a few paces from the tomb is a ruin which has a modern appearance, although antique remains are found in it. It is said that it was formerly a *madrese*, or convent, which served as a residence to the mullahs who guarded the tomb; that it is now abandoned. This tradition agrees in many particulars with what Arrianus says, and it appears as if a temple

ART EDUCATION.

We have long known, that in almost every continental nation the arts and sciences have been more encouraged by government and valued by the people, than in England;—but the Great Exhibition, by demonstrating this, in the superior power and precision of foreign workmanship, made it a reality worth an effort to contend with. Hence memorials were sent last year to the Royal Commissioners, from the merchants and manufacturers of our principal towns, praying that the proceeds of the Great Exhibition be expended in the establishment of a great Central College of Arts and Manufactures, resembling that instituted in Paris in 1829, in the magnificent building which is the subject of the accompanying engravings. The reports of Mr. Dyce, prove that schools exist all over Germany affording the highest scientific instruction to all classes; that geometry, with drawing and modelling from the antique, is taught at a merely nominal charge, which in cases of poverty is dispensed with; while pecuniary aid is often given, and the talented transferred to the art academies. The great Trade Institute of Berlin is free, and gives a full, scientific, and technical education, with a view to producing a class of skilled and intelligent artisans. Bavaria shows a most complete system of public instruction, in every stage of which art is combined with science, design for industry included, and drawing made as common as writing. In France, as is well known, attention to art, in its first principles, is promoted in every sphere, and that drawing, especially of the figure, is practised by all. What wonder, then, where art and science so mingle with the most elementary details of instruction, that they should enter into the whole character of a community, and be shaped to the exigence of its commerce;—that the metal-work of Nuremberg, the silk-trade of Lyons, the ceramic art of Sevres, should variously illustrate the thorough artistic grounding which continental governments secure to the masses? That England, so great in mechanical appliances, is so wanting in self-assured science and the general expression of artistic feeling, must be attributed to our want of love and faithfulness toward these high graces of the mind. On the part of government and people, a too self-willed contempt of show has led to the grave error of contempt for the great truths of Nature, written alike in flower and star; to know which intimately must elevate the individual and promote general prosperity.

In contemplating the many institutions and educational advantages possessed by France, we remark the evident devotion of her people to those truths. Even in the noble institution before us, the object of which is to educate civil engineers, drawing and design rank high among its studies; and, according to Dr. Playfair, a certificate from the school is "equivalent to assured success in life," while more than six hundred foreigners, from all parts of the world, have been educated there, and the most eminent men in France are among its professors.

This institution, called "L'Ecole Centrale des Arts et Manufactures," was formerly established by private enterprise, on the conviction of its necessity, which had been vainly urged on government; its existence, however, was its strongest appeal, and it became acknowledged as a national institution in a country where every public school is patronised by government.

Established in the great Hotel Sale, which was built by Albert Fontenay, in 1656, it was subsequently the seat of nobility—converted to a school, under the direction of M. Goussier and M. Andrew, it admirably answered its purpose. The candidate for study must be between eighteen and twenty-five years of age, and must pass through two examinations, one oral and the other written; in Paris these are made by the professors of the school, and elsewhere by the university professors of mathematics. The qualifications are of a high character, requiring a liberal acquaintance with arithmetic, algebra, and elementary problems of mathematics, geometry, and descriptive geometry, and a good knowledge of drawing, in ink and colour.

sketching and colouring. The course of instruction occupies three years, with a general examination at the end of each. During the first year, all the studies are binding on each student, but in the middle of the second they are divided into a general and special course, the latter having reference to the pupil's destination. Four special classes are established. 1st, Mechanists. 2nd, Engineers. 3rd, Metallurgists. 4th, Chemists. The instruction is scientific and practical; and the student sent forth to apply his various knowledge, proves its manifold advantage in his own special pursuit. At the last examination the diploma of civil engineer is granted to those who answer satisfactorily, and a certificate of capacity to those who show less ability.

The government and departments of France have granted exhibitions, in connexion with the school, to educate poor persons of talent, and, indeed, preference in admission is shown to those of limited means. Four purses are accorded at the end of the three years examination, and other prizes of money awarded by government. The general fee for all the branches is about £36 per annum.

Not only here, but in the provinces and at Paris, exist institutions as finely adapted to their various purposes as this high college of science; as for instance, the "Conservatoire des Arts et Metiers," founded in the Hotel de Montagne at Paris, in 1783, and forming its finest collection of machinery. The instruction here combines all that relates to industry, therein resembling the Polytechnic Schools of Germany, being calculated rather for artisans than for engineers. It is aided by a valuable library and lectures by distinguished professors. France has many such establishments—and in such, as well as the numerous museums of art, even more than in the special schools of design, we find the source of French superiority in taste and manipulation. We will now glance at those that are more decidedly artistic schools.

The "Ecole Royale Gratuite de Dessin" at Paris, was founded in 1767, mostly by private donations, with a view to improve the porcelain, bronze, carpet, and other manufactures. As its name implies, it is almost free—a very trifling fee being required of each student.

The school is open early in the morning for four hours, and the only entrance qualification is that the pupil be above nine years old, and able to read and write. Two hours' instruction is given in the evening to persons above fifteen, chiefly artisans.

The studies consist of mathematics, design, modelling, and sculpture. Models in stone, wood, and machinery, anatomy, and the study of living plants and animals, forming the means. Several professors have lately been added, attending on days appointed by the director, M. Belloc, himself an artist.

The school is supported partly by government and partly by the municipal budget. A subscription of 40 francs gives the privilege of appointing a pupil, who is furnished with materials; and three francs are paid to the school by those entering on an apprenticeship.

Scholarships are established, with which materials and instruction are given free, and prizes of books, medals, &c., are annually awarded in public. Artificers of all kinds are educated here, and since 1830, 12,000 or 15,000 students have been sent forth; only a few have followed fine art, but some were transferred to "L'Ecole Royale des Beaux Arts," and have there gained prizes.

We here find the study of the human figure combined with that of mathematics; a feature, indeed, less characteristic of this than of most drawing schools in France. In the school of St. Pierre, at Lyons, the study of flowers, and of the figure is deemed of first importance. The great secret of the French designer's success undoubtedly lies less in his educational opportunities, than in public appreciation, and the value set on him by the manufacturer.

In France the designer is regarded as an artist, and his taste entirely directed to the beautiful. He is treated as

secondary to the demand for a fabric, or his employer's caprice. This is the result, in the one case of general art-education, and in the other of its absence.

In France, consumer, producer, and designer, agree in mind and will; and hence the sovereignty of French fashion, which, however defective it may be in itself, is a striking proof of the strength of mental unity. The French designer sometimes gains nearly 10,000*fr.* a year; and M. Miroy has paid as high as 6,000*fr.* for the model of a clock-wheel, which, when finished, could not realise more than 2,000*fr.*

In 1835, the attention of parliament was directed to the great need of instruction shown by our fabrics, which, though in themselves avowedly superior to the foreign, displayed false taste in decoration, both of form and colour. Two years later the schools of design were instituted in many manufacturing districts of the country. They seem to have long had little or no effect, and in many instances were quite unknown; and, although the annual reports show steady progress—both in the schools, and their practical influence—fourteen years have been insufficient to produce public respect for true prin-



CENTRAL SCHOOL OF ART AND MANUFACTURE AT PARIS. VIEW OF THE EXTERIOR.

To the state of industrial art in England, there is but one remedy—a patient course of working up to the standard to which years of cultivation have raised neighbouring nations. This is begun, and, we would fain to believe, so nobly, so fully, that, in a few years, we may ourselves feel surprised at the effects. As yet, all the investigations carefully and expressly made have proved the existence on the continent of no general school of ornamental art—some being polytechnic, embracing design as complimentary, others, like that at Lyons, for special manufacture.

principles of taste, or indeed any clear appreciation of their existence.

That something has been done, is proved by the fact that in Belfast the manufacture of the embossed bands for linen, formerly French, is rapidly becoming a home manufacture, and thus an expenditure of several thousand pounds is being circulated through native hands. In Coventry, too, the designs for ribbons, once wholly French, are now chiefly native; and the specimen shown at the Great Exhibition of the "Coventry ribbon," was designed by an artist educated and

at the school there. A medal for the Queen's College was the design of a student at Cork; and at the time Dr. Layard went to Nineveh, Mr. T. S. Bell, then an exhibitor of the London school, was chosen by the British Museum trustees to accompany him, and make drawings of the works excavated there. The reports for 1850 showed, that although the School of Spitalfields was in itself progressing, it had as yet, but slightly affected the silk-manufacture there, very few of its pupils being connected with that branch of industry; but the next year's report proves a decided change for the better—twenty-two pupils being engaged in the silk-trade, either as

business, as the pattern-drafters usually work late in the manufactories during winter; but, whatever the cause, the refusal was ill-advised, as the whole success in application of a fine design depends on the taste with which it is transferred to the loom.

As much as possible has of late been done to foster taste, by distributing the government books, casts, and drawings, throughout the schools; and in some cases the galleries so formed have been periodically opened to the public, thus attracting many visitors.

In different localities the instruction takes a different



CENTRAL SCHOOL OF ART AND MANUFACTURE AT PARIS. VIEW OF THE GRAND STAIRCASE.

designers, weavers, or pattern-drafters. This last important branch of woven fabric-manufacture has lately claimed much attention, and in several manufacturing towns, numbers following this occupation are pupils at the schools. The government report for 1850-51 states, that in Paisley, during the winter of 1849-50, the pattern-drafters who attended the school, were allowed to leave their work at seven o'clock for this purpose—that is, to attend the evening class. But in the last winter this indulgence was generally refused, notwithstanding a strong appeal from the committee to the manufacturers. This was probably owing to a greater want of

course—in Nottingham, for instance, geometric drawing is recommended, to improve the style of lace-patterns; at Sheffield the studies are mostly confined to form; while at Stoke and Hanley, the pupils are principally engaged in work connected with the potteries. It must, however, be observed, that in all is enforced the same severe course of free-hand outline drawing from the flat and from the cast, followed by shading, and, as the case may be, more or less of figure and flower delineation, from good examples, and from nature, geometric composition, and elementary design.

To ensure full instruction, a class has long existed at the

London school for the purpose of training masters; the requisites for admission to which being a general education, including the elements of geometry, and ability to draw and paint in ornament the figures and flowers from nature. On admission to the class, the candidate must attend morning and evening, pass through the whole school-course, with strict examinations thereon, "including practical geometry, perspective, and the principles and harmonies of colour; and it is intended that candidates for masterships in schools of ornamental art, shall pass through a special course on the human figure, either drawn, painted, or modelled; as well as a course connected with the peculiar manufactures of the district wherein each candidate is desirous of obtaining an appointment."

The most hopeful characteristic of progress lies in the new attempt to extend elementary drawing schools, which may be done at little cost, even in the remotest quarters. Wherever the necessity is acknowledged sufficiently to prompt an effort, the Department offer aid; and on a guarantee from a committee, formed in any town, that a room shall be properly kept for the purpose, and that twenty persons are willing to join a school, suitable examples and models are lent, materials provided, and a master appointed, to whom a certain income is assured in case the fees or subscriptions are insufficient—these fees not being less than sixpence a week from each student: and wherever it is thought desirable to form a permanent school, the estate, &c., of the department are furnished at half their cost price. Such schools have been already commenced—that at Westminster, in connexion with the Literary Society, is an example—and many drawing classes connected with public schools and institutions have been aided by the teachings and examples of the department. Visiting masters have also been appointed to take certain localities that have a number of schools, and will pay £5 a year each. Thus radical good must be effected, and a promise afforded of making art-appreciation in this country what it is abroad—a part of common intelligence.

The central school of London was first established at Somerset-house, where, owing to the many offices held there, want of space greatly cramped its operation. The female classes were subsequently detached, but the reports of several years complained of continued inconvenience to all the classes, while the valuable collection of casts were decaying for want of air in the cellars of Somerset-house. Movements for improved organisation were from year to year suggested, and special classes for design established, which, however, do not appear to have been fully brought into operation. In 1849 a parliamentary committee decided on certain changes, which were postponed, probably by the intervening of the Great Exhibition, which, if it for a while retarded, proved surely the school's best friend; for after its removal, the public mind being more awake to national deficiencies, a plan was formed in which the new department of practical art took a distinct and important place. On the representations of the Prince, Her Majesty last year graciously granted the use of about forty rooms in the large building of Marlborough House, formerly occupied by Queen Adelaide. A grant of £5,000 was mostly spent in the purchase of a collection of specimens chosen from the foreign, English, and Indian works of the Great Exhibition, by a committee of scientific gentlemen. This collection, augmented by important loans, and enriched by the plaster of Somerset-house, was deposited in what were formerly the lower bed-rooms at Marlborough-house, and is destined to form the nucleus of the finest museum of ornamental art in Europe.

Its present space is inadequate for the display of all its riches, although the whole museum is classified; and even in its narrow sphere enough is arranged to form a consecutive history of ornamental art. Lord Granville, to whose exertions the department owes its museum-grant, has, among several others, contributed valuable loans; and Her Majesty's loan of Swiss porcelain, of the finest workmanship, is said to be unrivalled, save at Versailles in the time of Louis XIV. About 1,500 casts, principally of ornaments selected of every

style, from the finest works of all ages, are now removed to Marlborough-house; of these, 1,500 are, from want of space, consigned to the cellars, and thus, although accessible to the students, are hidden from the visitor. This collection is generally richer in illustrations of the *renaissance* than of any other style; 100 fine specimens from the various forms and periods of the *renaissance* are arranged and coloured to represent the originals; portions, contributed by the French government under M. Guizot, from the bronze gates of Lorenzo Ghiberti, at Florence, of the fifteenth century, and from the Chateau de Gaillon, the earliest great monument of the French *renaissance*, are examples. The art of ancient Greece and Rome, and of the Mediæval and Gothic age, are here less perfectly represented; but it is hoped that time will increase the store. Drawings, representing large works of which fragmentary specimens are given, enhance the interest.

The museum occupies a series of rooms, each of distinctive character; one being devoted to the display of objects illustrating what is considered false in decoration. From want of room, only a portion of the beautiful woven fabrics of the department are exhibited; but those exquisite examples of Indian taste, together with the metal-work, enamelling, jewellery, pottery, carving in wood, ivory, &c., of many lands, and all selected for excellence of either design or workmanship, form in themselves a lovely spectacle, heightened by artistic arrangement, and historical interest. Here may the thoughtful eye read the faith of ages, clothing itself, as true faith ever must, in a vesture of beauty, significant as it is truthful.

Being free to the public on two days weekly, and on others at the charge of 6d., its well-classed catalogues should make its merits known: it has, indeed, in fourteen weeks, been visited by more than 27,000 persons, 2,174 of whom paid to study there. It is not by a casual glance that such a collection may be estimated, or can afford that sterling instruction which shall influence appreciation. The thought of ages may not be caught in the moment's glance; and the lesson taught us by those great works of the past, is one of patient devotion paid to its object by unceasing toil.

Three rooms are devoted to a magnificent library of reference, containing works on the history, theory, and practice of art; on antiquities, science, and manufactures; besides valuable prints and drawings. It is free to the students; and subscribers to the museum of one guinea a year, or a monthly ticket of 1s. 6d. may be procured, while 6d., charged for an occasional visit, gives admission for six days. The annual subscription to the museum is to encourage those connected with manufacture, to partake its benefits, and, the ticket being transferrable, any member of a firm or a workman may be sent. It is proposed to establish branch museums in the provinces, but this will, doubtless, be a work of time.

The most advanced students have been re-organised at Marlborough-house, where nine special classes are at work in the upper rooms, where the space is very insufficient. These classes are,—1st, For woven fabrics of all kinds, lace, embroidery, &c. 2nd, Metal-work, the pupils having the advantage of attending demonstrations of actual processes. 3rd, Pottery. 4th, Porcelain-painting, in which English artists have as yet generally proved deficient; the students see the works fired in the kiln which is on the premises. 5th, Wood-engraving for female-students only. 6th, Chromolithography, also for females. Most beautiful and exact copies from the Indian draperies of the Museum have been produced by this process, and may be seen among the examples of the school-studies which form part of the exhibition. By this means perfect representations of decoration in colour may be obtained; and, indeed, the first exercises of the students here are studies from the works in the collection. The 7th class is for anatomy, the pupils having first to draw a figure carefully from the east, the professor explaining the position and offices of the bones and muscles which are to be drawn within the outline; they then proceed in the same manner to analyse the living model, and afterwards the limbs of animals, which are dissected and compared with those of man. 8th, Practical construction, in which a long course of geometry and perspective is first

required; then plans for the various branches of constructive appliances, such as the work of masons, smiths, and carpenters; then a course on the structural lines and proportions of architecture, with exercises in drawing buildings, utensils, &c. Casting and moulding. Each class has its professor, who demonstrates to his pupils the various processes, and who may be consulted at any time by manufacturers paying £5 a year; or by any one they may send. The fees for these classes vary from 3s. a month to 30s. a quarter, or £5 a year paid in advance. The schools at Somerset-house and at 37, Gower-street, are deemed preparatory, besides the twenty-two provincial schools, several of which have sent pupils.

A wide range of practical appliance is thus placed within the student's reach. The Duke of Wellington's funeral car, with its decorations, was the first large result of its operation: though in this instance many obstacles stood in the way of success, shortness of notice and want of facility in manufacture proving not the least. One incident, mentioned by Mr. Cole in his opening address last year, is a good example of the latter. Certain spaces in the car were to be fitted with helmets, a model for which was sent to Birmingham: the manufacturer returned the required number of helmets too large, and of another design; so papier maché was obliged to be substituted. A similar instance occurred in another part of the decoration. These casualties illustrate the need of art-education in England, especially among producers, who, employing the designer, scarcely give him credit for understanding his business as well as a common workman, that a pattern is sometimes not even seen until practically applied—that education, which teaches the French manufacturer the value of *respect* in stimulating the designer's talent.

That manufacturers have, however, acknowledged the benefits of the schools, is proved by their liberal response to the invitation to offer prizes for competition. £42 is at present offered by different houses, which have the privilege of purchasing the competing designs at a fair price. Besides these special prizes, others to the amount of £110 are, with bronze medals, and books, offered by government for works in the various classes; in these the principles of art taught in the schools must be observed, and the conditions of manufacture fulfilled; while competitors are required to state their age, and period of instruction, with the stages passed through at school, their works in which must be submitted for inspection if required.

Annual exhibitions of works from all the schools have long been made at Marlborough-house, being selections from those sent in for this purpose by the teachers. These exhibitions are open to the public, who are thus able to judge of progress in the schools.

To afford a wider range of comparison, it is now determined to define the subjects exhibited, making them the same from all the schools,—so that the exhibition for this year, differing from all former ones, will evince the power of emulation to produce improvement.

The establishment of scholarships, ranging from £10 to £30 and £40 a year, is a principal encouragement to talent; they ensure free instruction and admission to the lectures and demonstrations of the professors.

Those lectures form a main feature in the new system. Lectures have hitherto been delivered in the schools throughout the country, by Ralph Wornum, Esq., on the principles, history, and application of art, and have been generally well attended; but now a continuous series of courses is ensured to the students of the metropolis, at the fee of 6d. each lecture.

The first course was delivered last year, at Marlborough-house, by Mr. Owen Jones, on the articles in the museum; which, by its elucidation of the first principles of form and colour in decoration, as well as by the beautiful examples produced from the collection, was calculated in itself to improve the taste of his audience.

The regular series have now been commenced, introduced by addresses from the superintendents in November last. The first two courses have been delivered, one being by Dr. Lindley, on the symmetrical arrangement of leaves and flowers,

amply illustrated from nature; and the other by Mr. J. Thompson, the professor to the wood engraving class, on the history and improvement of that art. Mr. Wornum, on the ornament of the *renaissance*, will follow; and Dr. Lyon Playfair, on chemistry, as applied to pottery; with others on subjects of varying interest.

In reviewing a subject so full and hopeful, but one drawback seems presented. In most of the continental schools, art-instruction is nearly, or quite, gratuitous, the governments deeming the aim in view worthy of their full support; and hence the widely-spread influence of taste. In this new movement in our own country much has been ably said on the worth of making a system self-supporting, and thereby self-respecting; but if, as the superintendent has clearly avowed, the intention is, so to invite the attendance of all classes, that if the schools are not filled, it is the fault of the department, and not of the people, this will scarcely be effected by raising the fees in the *general* schools. The value set on art is as yet too low to claim devotees, unless won to it by its promoters; and until *appreciation* is self-supporting, we fear the schools for its encouragement will never be so. The charge was formerly but 2s. a month, which was last year raised to 4s. on advanced studies, or those pursued after following the three first stages of the drawing course; a further charge has been made within the last few weeks, raising the fee for figure-drawing from the cast to 30s. a quarter, or 4 guineas a year; other fees remain nearly the same, if paid for a longer time in advance, though by the single month the elementary or *outline* class now pay 3s. each. This arrangement may perhaps tend to keep away those who would come for a short time only, and without fixed idea, save that of spending a few hours in a novel and pleasant manner; but it must be remembered, that the schools were not instituted for the rich, but principally, at least, for artisans, or those who desire to add to already slender means by a respectable and useful calling. This is peculiarly applicable to females in the present state of society, and many who may afford 2s. or even 4s. a month for the experiment, may be quite unable to raise the larger quarterly or yearly sum, to be paid for an indefinite term without hope of return; and thus the burthen of the charge falls on those who most need aid, or deprives them of it entirely—while the class for the figure, in France deemed so important, the worth of which, as an exercise, is so well known by the artists, and practically enforced by the department before the study of wood-engraving—is placed out of their reach, unless there were certainty of success.

Time must, however, teach; for every system, like every man, is, in its youth, liable to error. The superintendents have expressed their willingness to succumb to the teaching of results, which, we must hope, will eventually lay the right foundation, by proving whether the experience of foreign systems or of our own is most productive. As yet, the proceedings have been thrown open as much as possible, and particulars about them may be known with very little trouble; the recommendation of the late President of the Board of Trade having been fully adopted—"Let your proceedings be such as may be placarded at Charing-cross!"

Our great need appears yet to be the establishment of some general college of science to meet our requirements, as the Ecole Centrale does those of France. This may scarcely be done by even so noble an institution as our School of Mines, lately established, and the sphere of which is not at present great. The Society of Arts, which, by its special exhibitions, led on to the Great Exhibition of 1851, has been exerting itself to form a Trade Museum. The Royal Commission for '51 have, we learn, purchased the estate and ground adjoining Grosvenor, facing Hyde-park, with a view to combining in one group the many scattered societies of London, among which are numbered the schools of the department; and it is hoped this concentration of our unions for art and science will be crowned by an institution worthy of a land which in one year, evinced the grandest effort of applanant genius, and is now preparing yet mightier machinery to increase the number gathered there.

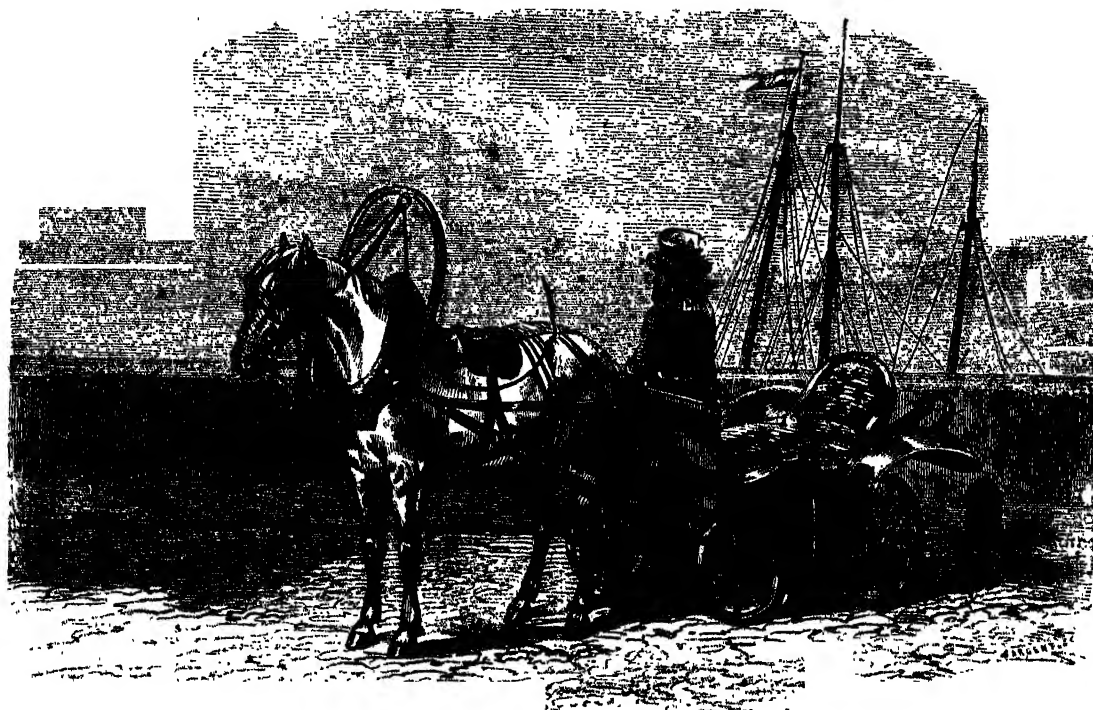
RUSSIAN CARRIAGES.

In Russia, besides the ordinary trains or sledges which are used for travelling during the long and severe winter, the people employ nearly all the vehicles which are known to the rest of Europe—in the great cities the upper circles of society are every day adopting more and more the habits of the French and Germans. The truly national Russian carriages are generally small and uncovered, the traveller sits alone, and the driver occupies a position in the front.

Among the vehicles most commonly employed, and which are the most remarkable in form are three, represented in our engravings, namely—the droski, the teleka, and the kabitka.

The droski is a species of tilbury—very low, and very narrow. The officers of the guard and aristocratical young gentlemen chiefly make use of these vehicles, and in the fashionable quarters of Moscow and St. Petersburg they may be seen whirling along at the fashionable hour. They are ordinarily drawn by one horse, strongly built, and gallily harnessed; although some of the gallant Russians add a

gallop on either side. Some sledges have a roof or hood over them, but the majority are open like a chaise or gig. In the country the horses are decorated with bells, but in the towns this is not allowed, in consequence of the intolerable noise the use of such ornaments would occasion. The Russian couriers are perhaps the most enduring and hardworking class of men to be found in Europe. Seated on a board covered with a thick leathern cushion, in a wooden vehicle, without springs or back to lean against, and on a level with the traces, the courier travels at full gallop over the most wretched roads, without rest or repose, to Odessa, to Chiva, or even to Port St. Peter and St. Paul, 12,800 versts from St. Petersburg. Add to this, that the courier, so long as he is on Russian ground, is forbidden, under pain of dismissal, to close an eye in sleep. On such tremendous journeys as the last referred to, nature becomes at last too powerful for duty to resist her call, and the harassed courier allows himself brief repose. But it has often occurred that when the despatches reached their



second horse to that in the shafts, and drive the couple tandem fashion. The horses are matched with regard to their strength and size, and no attention is paid to their colour. The postillion is generally a lad, who wears the national costume, and who sits either at the side or on the front of the carriage. The chief employment of these boys is to shout to the passengers in the streets as the vehicle whirled onward with inconceivable rapidity over the smooth ice, which completely deadens the sound of the wheels. The horse in the shafts is usually a powerful animal, but the other horse is designed for show rather than service, and rears and plunges like a horse in heraldry. The vehicle itself is light and elegant.

The teleka is a travelling carriage, duly licensed by the government, and altogether under government control. Especially in the winter time this is the usual mode of travelling. The general form of the sledge is that of a wheelless cradle or chaise, with a pair of shafts attached. The better kinds of vehicles have three horses, the centre one of which is fixed to the shafts with the two outer ones

place of destination, the bearer was unable to deliver them,—he lay a corpse in the carriage.

Less fatiguing than the journeys of these couriers, but still far from agreeable to the foreigner, is the travelling with post-horses, or by diligences. By the first mode he is very much at the mercy of chance. If he quits St. Petersburg provided with a good *patroisk* (an official document to procure him post-horses), and if he finds no competition at the posting-houses, he gets on pretty well. But if he has not the paper in question, or if there happens to be a demand for, and consequent scarcity of horses at the relaying place, he may abandon all calculation as to the probable progress of his journey, and resign himself to the will of Providence. Supposing him to have at last got his horses, and to have left the post-house far behind, he yet has no certainty when he may reach the next; for he may chance to fall in with a courier, or with an officer travelling on service, to whose horses some accident has happened, and who forthwith, and without the slightest ceremony, strikes the luckless stranger, and takes him

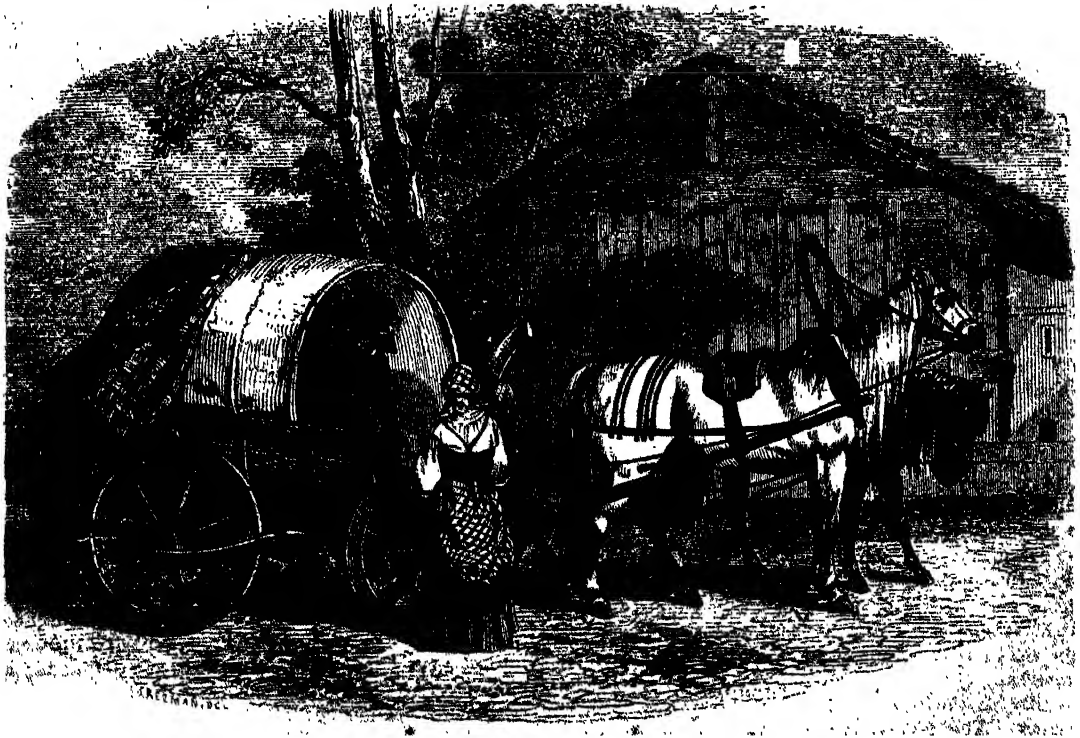
his carriage, harnesses them to his own, and gallops off perfectly indifferent as to the fate of the man whom he thus leaves

thank, for his safety, the quick ears of his postillion, who hearing his cry of distress, pulls up and waits until he can pick himself



TELEKA.

horseless and helpless upon the emperor's highway. The traveller by sledge—say even from Riga to St. Petersburg, up out of the snow, into which (and out of the sledge) a sudden violent jolt has shot him.



between which places the road is tolerably good—may deem himself fortunate if he does not get lost in the night, and may

The kabika is less a carriage than a waggon. It is now used only for the carriage of goods. The trader who

has to transport his commodities—cloth or furs—to the various parts of the country, has no other means of conveyance. Hundreds of kabitkas are often seen slowly making their way along the great roads, piled with the trunks of trees, and conducted by a few carriers. The men are at the same time the hawkers and carriers of all Russia; they halt in every village where they hope to meet with buyers, and travel all over the vast extent of those cold northern regions.

GROUPS FROM THE BRITISH EXODUS.

At the present moment in England, how few are the households among the middle and lower class where no sympathetic, anxious thoughts accompany the fleets of Australian emigration-ships which each week sail from our shores! One would naturally imagine that the artist class, almost less than any other, would be drawn within the agitating whirlpool of this Australian excitement. Yet speaking from my own experience, I know that strange Australian images, interests, and speculations have glided into my studio, mingling in bewildered amazement with old objects of affection and reverence. The good ship "Haleyon," bound for Port Phillip, for the last several weeks has been disputing with Raphael, Titian, and Tintoretto, for supremacy in my thoughts! And groups of this mighty British exodus in their living freshness, vigour, and tenderness, have put to flight visions of mere ideal heroism and beauty. I shall tell you by what singular combination of circumstances my interest has centred itself upon this ship, the "Haleyon." The first of my Australian groups introduced itself to me in the following manner:—About two months ago, a Mrs. Cathcart, a widow lady, accompanied by her daughter, called at my rooms, inquiring whether it would be possible for me to make a hasty sketch of her invalid son who was about to sail for Australia. He was able, said the ladies, to come to my studio; and the necessary preliminaries being arranged, the following morning the invalid arrived, being accompanied by his mother and sister. He was about seventeen, very thin and spectre-looking, with those large bright eyes, and those long ivory fingers, which so affectingly speak of consumption. There was a certain something about the three which immediately interested me, beside the natural sympathy which the young invalid excited. There was an air of singular frankness and decision about the daughter which would have rendered her very charming to one's imagination, even had she failed to delight the eye by her noble countenance, which was surrounded by masses of that crisp, golden hair, so familiar to us in Titian's beauties, so rare in real life. The mother's countenance was of the same character as the daughter's, only a shadow cast across it, as by the way of the Angel of Suffering. That the mother's heart told her, with sickening foreboding, that this her son's departure was a departure for ever, I could not doubt, as at times a strange contraction of brow and mouth would pass convulsively across her countenance. But they all spoke cheerfully about the great voyage and separation; the invalid, perhaps, the most cheerful of all. "Oh, yes; the sea would do every thing for him, to say nothing of the glorious climate which awaited them—he should grow a very Titan in strength—Elizabeth might soon give up her office of nurse, depend upon it—he should be so strong! he should shoulder his spade himself and be off to join Frank at 'the diggings,' who by that time would have collected several 'pint-pots of nuggets,' sufficient to send over 'for you, dear mother,' and our little 'graces,' Aggie, Maggie, and Carrie," and the poor lad's eyes gleamed with sanguine joy as he pictured the delicious meeting. There was much that struck me as contradictory about my new acquaintances. That they were far from wealthy the dress of the ladies evinced, for although elegant, its material were of the most inexpensive kind; the address, also, on the elder lady's card was one which belonged in no way to either wealth or fashion. Yet a renowned physician was spoken of as the suggester of this voyage to Australia, and as Willie's medical adviser. The

sister and brother were going out as first-class passengers, and with every seeming comfort—nor yet, with regard to the sketch I was making, had expense seemed any object. Miss Cathcart had a fine appreciation of art, and spoke with much knowledge and feeling about various galleries abroad. She referred also to three particular pencil-sketches of a rare old Italian master in Lord B——'s collection, entering so minutely into her recollections of certain attitudes and groups in these designs, as greatly to amaze me; so that, half thinking aloud, I exclaimed—"Why really, like myself, you might have spent three weeks studying in that fine old gallery!" "Three weeks!" replied she, with a bright smile, "I have spent three years there—and these pictures are among my dearest friends! But the owner of these pictures has been the great and kindest friend of all; has he not, Willie?" asked she, her eyes swimming with tears. "The kindest, noblest friend; it is glorious to encounter in the world such truly noble men as Lord B——, and glorious to express one's sense of their nobility! For five years have I been the governess of Lord B——'s daughter; thus I have had time to test the true character of that household. It was through Lord B—— that Dr. S—— prescribed for Willie,—it is through Lord B—— that I am enabled to accompany him. To me, it all is one bewildering dream this last six weeks"—pursued she, speaking hurriedly, and the bright colour flushing her neck and brow. "The news of Willie's intended voyage reached me at Vienna, where Lord B——'s family had passed the winter. For the first moment the scheme amazed, nay almost stunned me. My brother Frank had thrown up his situation and would accompany Willie; but he would be the money-maker—the bread, if not the gold winner. It was impossible for our dear mother to attend him for many reasons—it is for me to accompany him, rang through my soul! As if speaking in delirium, I poured forth all my anxieties and wishes to Lord and Lady B——. To my surprise, they not alone did not think me insane, but in every way seconded my departure, smoothing away many a difficulty and foretelling success and benefit to our poor Willie! It seemed to me as I flew home, as though the whole world were impelled by the same strange destiny as myself to wander. Waking out of my feverish, restless meditations, and gazing forth for repose upon the quaint dreamy landscape through which we were travelling, everywhere I saw troops and troops of wanderers toiling along—what were they? Pilgrims to some Catholic shrine? No, that could not be, for no banners of crucifix or chanting priest led the way! Yet evidently they were bound upon some great pilgrimage; there were men of all ages, women of all ages, children of all ages; with slow and weary steps they toiled along; the nearer I drew towards the Rhine the more numerous became these bands. These are costumes of Odenwald, of the Black Forest. As we enter Mannheim, the railway omnibus is obliged to pause, as a dense crowd of these wanderers leave the railway-station. 'Who are these people?' I asked of an old lady seated beside me. 'Emigrants to America; these dreadful revolutions, this great dearth in the Odenwald, are driving forth our poor peasants, but driving them forth to a kinder home; but you have friends among them, I see; I beg pardon,' said the old lady kindly, laying her hand upon my shoulder, as involuntary tears chased each other down my cheeks as I watched these wanderers—such startling embodiments of my own strange thoughts. The Rhine steamers were crowded with poor emigrants, many of them singing with a melancholy monotony their plaintive people's songs as they floated rapidly down their beloved and renowned river. Everywhere lay heaps and piles of emigrant goods, both upon the steamers themselves, and upon the quays of the quaint towns past which we sailed. Placards connected with emigration met my eye at every turn. 'Nach America!' and 'Nach Australien!' were the watchwords. The stream of emigration flows across Belgium; there my eyes again encounter swarms of wandering emigrant faces, which gaze out of the windows of long trains slowly occupied by them, and which are whirling them off to Germany, where in the shipping and the dense forest settlements await

The Celebritys are dear old-fashioned folks in their early hours; and I found them at tea in that pleasant familiar sitting-room of theirs, so agreeable to the eye and the heart, with its dark wainscoted walls; its many books, its old rare china, and its odorous flowers. But instead of the calm peace usually reigning there, to-night it resounded with a Babel of tongues; it might really have been Celebrity's final levee. The strong cheery Mr. Celebrity, with his keen eyes flashing beneath his massive forehead, around which clustered his crisp iron grey hair, sate in his antiquated carved chair, so busy talking and being talked to, that he had let the tea in his cup grow quite cold, and never heard little Sybilla's repeated question, "Would not papa take another cup?" To his right sat a lady in very ample robes, and of a most imposing mien; she was collecting Mr. Celebrity's opinion upon

"Gentlemen!" said Mrs. Celebrity, advancing towards the group of speakers with an open letter in her hand. "a communication to my husband has just arrived for which I must crave both his and your consideration by agreement. Here it is:—

Celebrity, Esq., on his expatriation, and possessing the honour of voyaging in the ship to Australia similar to him, hopes to enjoy its favour and interest. Aaron A., Esq., encloses its card:

'AARON ANGSTWURM, Esq.,
'Royal Professor of Modern Languages.

"Teaches by instruction is aboriginal maternal tongue, with genuine Swabian pronunciation, the best in native Fatherland—also in Italian what he has learnt in Turin, in a three monthly sojourn, very thoroughly, with the veritable Piemontese enunciation; also French—but only elegant speaking and reading. A. Angstwurm, Esq., also teaches the English grammar to the Irish and Foreigners in general."

"TERMS.

"Sixpence at home, and one shilling from home Per Lesson."

"A. A., Esq., being a German graduate in medicine, operates Corns for very moderate prices without pains. He has had the honour to excise the Corns from the Lord and Lady Lieutenant, the Marchioness of Lansdowne, and the Right Honourable Lady Georgiana Morgan, the Earl of Auckland, before his death, and others too long to mention."

"Glorious Aaron Angstwurm!" cried Celebrity, laughing heartily till the tears rolled down his cheeks; "glorious Aaron! he'll work us so hard on shipboard, I promise you, my friends, that there'll be little time left, I fear, for the development of female intellect or the researches of science!"

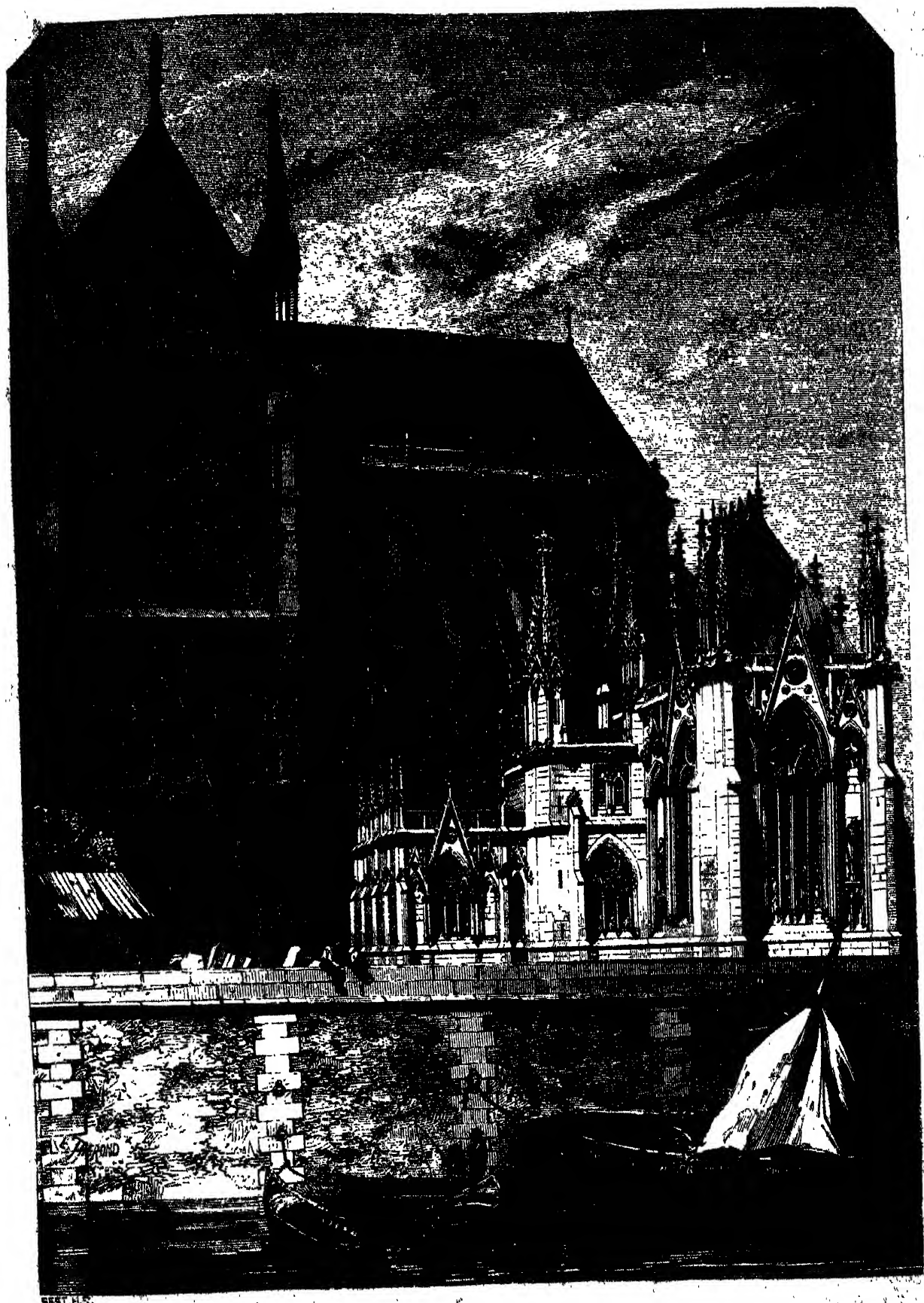
But my sympathies were destined to be still more enlisted for the fate of the "Halcyon."

"What think you of Beverley and Ford being off to the golden Australian fields? And they sailed in the Halcyon!" cried our artist's friend bursting in upon me almost breathless with his astounding news a week or two after my evening at Mr. Celebrity's.

"That dreamer, Beverley," pursued he—"Beverley with his fastidiousness, his tender idealism, imagine him roughing it at the 'diggings!'—the voice of gold, then, is a syren's voice even to him, with all his seeming un-worldliness! I wonder how all the Fra Angelico and Perugino sympathies will find him instead there out in the 'bush?' ha! ha! ha! He will have visions of saints hovering around him as he toils all day in his muddy hole, digging for his vile and filthy lucre! and then solaces himself at night by cooking his kangaroo steak for supper. He declares himself willing to endure any martyrdom provided that after his martyrdom—like the saints and martyrs in the old pictures he idolises—he may repose on a golden ground at his ease:—he is dreaming of Australian gold purchasing years of peace beneath Italian heavens—poor Beverley! Do you remember that story of —, over, which you and I had such a hearty laugh, where two indolent, *Dolce far niente* lovers, two lovers too indolent even to make love to each other, work themselves for four mortal years nearly into their graves, in order that for the rest of their lives they might repose beneath odorous orange-groves, lulled by soft music,—and do nothing! Now I begin to think that picture not so very much over-coloured—our dreaming friend's scheme may be its counterpart. Now that Ford should be bitten by the gold-fever does not amaze me, there is a depth of the grotesque and comic in him—a fund of animal spirits, and love of the wild in nature and the adventurous in life, which harmonises with the whole expedition. He is in the highest possible glee—so proud of their tent, so witty over their imaginary adventures. I verily believe he is quite impatient for their brand-new clothes to wear out, in order to exhibit his powers in tailoring. Then, as to his washing, he declares that on a Sunday, when he and Beverley put on their clean shirts, they shall be the envy of all their neighbours. He has already composed a set of songs for the diggins too. You should only hear him sing what he calls his "Australian Pick-pocket Songs," which he means to sing in character that glorious day he foresees, when he picks one of nature's pockets agreeably lined with a golden lining worth several hundred pounds sterling. By the bye, come down to-night to my rooms. Ford will be there, and several of our sets; and bring Beverley with you, that is, if he can be dragged from his home by main force. We will have a right jovial night of it. But do you

know where to find Beverley? If he is not at his studies in — street, you must seek him out at his Aunt Palmer's, No. 52 of the same street. He is a sly, mysterious fellow, is Beverley. We've often heard of 'My good Aunt Palmer,' 'My glorious aunt,' yet who ever heard of 'My good Cousin Angela,' 'My glorious cousin?' But I assure you, by Jove, that that Cousin Angela is his model for all those ethereal saint-like creatures in his clever sketches, let him cast up his eyes ever so much, and shake his head, and talk of 'merely a faint shadow of my ideal.' This Australian scheme has broken down the barrier between us all and Beverley's good relatives, for that good old soul of an Aunt Palmer is acting the mother in Israel to Beverley and Ford, and to any other of our young adventurous spirits who will join their party. I shrewdly myself suspect the old dame of being the originator of the scheme; and you would think so did you only hear her declarations of how, if she had only the means, she would be off too to the gold-fields; and then, says she, 'You should see what a grand table-d'hôte and laundry, under the superintendence of Sarah Palmer, should grace the diggings; would not I cook and wash well for all you youngsters? And who knows whether I should not make my fortune sooner than you make yours?' Yes, really, she is a good old soul. Two years ago, she shipped off to New Zealand two other nephews of hers. 'My poor lads,' as she calls them, 'they are doing famously there;' and most proud she is of their success, and most proud of all her knowledge of "out-fits" and preparations for long voyages, which experience she is volunteering now most good humouredly to her other 'poor lads.' But really I must be off"—cried my talkative friend, who now first paused to take breath, so excited was he by his news—"Addio! we meet to-night you know;" and away he rushed.

As it happened, I knew considerably more about Aunt Palmer and Angela than my loquacious friend did, although I did not know about the Australian scheme. I had long, through Beverley, revered Mrs. Palmer as one of the most energetic, most practical, and kind-hearted of women; as one who had fought, and was still fighting, most bravely in the stern "battle of life." Angela I knew to be a singular mixture of her mother's and of her cousin's temperaments—hopeful, energetic, devoted; yet her path in life rendered more difficult than her mother's, through a touch of romance and poetic sensibility so richly developed in the artistic nature of Beverley. She had also the artist's hand and soul, though in her the artistic aspirations flowed in a much humbler channel than her cousin's. She is a maker of wax-flowers; and in the modelling of lovely, gorgeously tinted forms, in the religious, worshiping study of nature, she has found her peace and great joy in life, as well as a most useful bread-winner. So great is her skill, and so exquisite her taste, that a group of hers carried off one of the principal prizes at the Great Exhibition last year. Of course, I went that evening in search of Beverley; he was not at his studio, neither was he at Mrs. Palmer's. "He cannot be long now, Mr. Hardwicke," said Mrs. Palmer, in her hearty voice; "you will keep us company till his return, and we will have a pleasant gossip, although the fingers of such busy people as Angela and myself may be active the while!" and away she went rapidly stitching at a great piece of sheeting, about which she considered it quite unnecessary to apologise, taking it for granted that every one must know it was sewing for Australia, and would, therefore, pardon it for the sake of her "poor lad." Her "poor lad's" sea-chest stood beside her, half packed with its heterogeneous contents. It was quite night already—the little tea-table stood awaiting Beverley's return, close to a window, where a quaint brass lamp illumined a mass of ivy, which was tastefully trained around the interior of the window, and also a rich bouquet of exotics blooming in a tall grey china bottle, adown the slender neck of which trailed a delicate spray of scarlet passion-flower. These flowers were the sole luxury of the room; but they were Angela's models. Seated at another table near her mother, and working by the light of a lamp similar to the one in the window, sat the young flower-maker. She was



SACRISTY OF THE CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE DAME, PARIS.

modelling a spray of white lilies, and scarcely less white and pure was she herself than the flowers. As I watched her clever little fingers moulding the delicate petals, I could not avoid expressing my admiration of her skill and wonderful success.

"Oh, Mr. Hardwicke! do not you talk to me as every one else talks," exclaimed she, flushing crimson; "you are an artist, you know what nature's works are—how unutterably, unapproachably beautiful! How contemptible one's best, one's most loyal efforts would be, unless the yearning after, and study of, unapproachable beauty did not each day unfold new wonders, new perfections—and thus every leaf, every petal, every anther, becomes to one's soul a sermon and a hymn! And as for my success as you call it,—and for which mother dear, we are most thankful, are we not?—it is all owing to Paul!—all, all owing to him who is so severe a critic, because he so loves the beautiful and the true, and who cannot touch a simple ivy spray, but it becomes instinct with a ten-fold grace. Yes, truly I expect when he goes all my success will desert me. Therefore is it not very good of me to wish him to go, Mr. Hardwicke?" said she, with a little low laugh—half laugh and half sigh.

"But that must be Paul!" cried she, starting up as steps were heard slowly ascending the staircase.

"There is something amiss, mother, with Paul, I am sure there is." And as the door slowly opened, and Beverley stood there with a white, sad, hesitating countenance, little Angela fled like a swift shadow towards him, and seizing his cold hand, and looking up into his troubled face, exclaimed, "Paul, Paul! What has happened? Something terrible, I know. Speak—speak—dear Paul! O God! you are ill."

"No, not ill, Angela; but I have done for myself! I have finished off with myself!"

"Paul!" exclaimed Mrs. Palmer, with anguish, and rushed to him with clasped hands.

"Yes, I have finished myself off! I've lost my £20 bill—all that remains of my money—I'm quite penniless now—I shall never more hear of it—for I have forgotten its number!—now, at the last moment, there is no time to earn more—and so my passage-money will be forfeited—yes, I've finished myself fairly off!" and the miserable Beverley sank on the sofa and buried his face in his hands.

"Oh, thank God! thank God! dear Paul, that it is *only* the money," cried Angela.

"The money *only*!" groaned he.

"Oh, it is very bad to lose the money, very bad, indeed, just now; but it might have been so much worse. We must—should we never hear more of it—make up the money, short as the time is, for, dear Paul, go you *must*. You must directly set to work and make some of your lovely sketches, for which—and—— will give you, I know, any price, if you will only ask it. Then I am just finishing my grand group of flowers, for which I shall immediately be paid; and then, if money still falls short, we must—must we not, mother dear?—set our wits to work to see what else may be done. But is the money *really* lost, dear Paul—are you quite certain it is lost?"

"Quite, quite certain; I missed it an hour after I left you; I've been searching for it all day—oh, such a day as it has been! I put the bill loose in my waistcoat-pocket—more fool I!—and when I went to take it out to get it changed, it was gone! I have emptied my pocket a hundred times, but there it is not!"

"Oh Paul, Paul!" sighed Mrs. Palmer, looking very grave, as indeed she had done the whole time;—"how could you put it loose in your pocket?—what could you be thinking about?"

"Oh, he was thinking about Italy, no doubt! But, mamma, don't let us scold him until the money is found," ejaculated little Angela;—"we'll all scold him heartily when it comes back—and come back it must. Paul, do let us look into your pockets—we will empty it back again. According to mamma, women empty anything, and you know I can empty."

"Well, dear Angela, you may look," said Beverley, mechanically taking out a handful of loose papers from his luck-

less pocket; "but it is of no possible use."

Angela, kneeling before him, received the papers into her hands. She unfolded one! Down fell the others upon the floor! Up sprang she, crying, "It is found! it is found!—it is not lost! It is here!" and displayed the delicious tissue-paper before the bewildered eyes of Beverley and her mother.

Paul's fevered brow sunk upon her slight shoulder—hot tears of joy fell upon her encircling hands, as he murmured, "My little Angela! my little angel! however can I wander away from my little guardian-angel?"

Mrs. Palmer was no less rejoiced than the happy cousins—shall not we also say the happy lovers?—But she with her practicality began to prepare tea, which she knew would refresh poor Paul more than anything else after his harassing day. Of course I was only too happy to stay and enjoy it with them; and I believe not a single thought about the artist-soiree, where Beverley and I were expected, ever entered our heads—what a merry, delightful tea it was! Beverley declared, that never had his favourite *marinade* been such ambrosia to him—never had tea so fragrant and refreshing been "brewed,"—and certainly never did I see Beverley in such marvellous spirits. All thoughts of the approaching trial of their separation seemed to have been swallowed up in the bliss of the present moment. Angela was certainly the most silent of the gay little party, but her sweet hazel eyes beamed heavenly love, and her merry little laugh resounded cheerily as Beverley described the excitement in which he had left the whole of a little street near Golden-square. In this street he had purchased six-pennyworth of gooseberries from a tiny old woman, who kept a fruit shop, just a quarter of an hour or so before he discovered his terrible loss. Back to the old dame he posted, and every basket and every hamper and measure in her little shop was turned over to discover the missing bank-note, which, you must remember, all the time he was snugly carrying about with him! The old woman was extremely excited and distressed, scarcely less so it seemed than he himself. "Search the poor gentleman! the unlucky gentleman! But would you search his pockets there and then?" He did so, but no note was to be seen by their eyes! They hunted and hunted; neighbours came and hunted about in the gutters with them—slatternly women carrying big slatternly night-capped children, and men with very greasy hats came. Beverley searched everywhere, down that street and others, himself snatching at every bit of paper he saw, like a madman, and not at all feeling unlike one. But, as we know, all in vain.

"And depend upon it, even now, could we only see them, dear Angela, whilst we are laughing here over the adventure, they are still searching, poor wretches!" cried Beverley, bursting once more into an uncontrollable fit of merriment.

I know not how late we might have remained around that pleasant little tea-table, it seemed so sad to disturb such a blissful time; had not good Mrs. Palmer forcibly dispatched from her hospitable door Beverley and myself.

On reaching home I found lying on my table the following note:—

"DEAR HARDWICKE,—Can you come and breakfast with me to-morrow? I must have an hour's chat with my old friend before I start upon my adventures, for I am off to AUSTRALIA! I am to sail by the 'Haleyon'; I have many things to say to you, but have been so driven for time, that I could never get round to you, so charitably come round to me. Besides, I am going to claim an old friend's privilege, and shall beg you to witness 'the last will and testament' of your ever,

"Hornley."

Another passenger, then, from among my acquaintance for the Haleyon! And what possibly could be the attraction to my friend Thornley in these Australian wilds! He, a young and rising barrister, with a most comfortable little private fortune of his own, and with friends and intellectual pursuits, and a little bachelor home of the most agreeable and refined character—what could be the attraction? And pondering thus, I pursued my way towards Hornley, on one of the brightest June mornings that ever shined on the English land.

Thornley himself opened the gate of his little rustic home for me. "You'll pardon my want of ceremony, old friend," said he, grasping my hand with a hearty shake. "You'll pardon my being this morning both 'master and man,' but it's as well to begin roughing it at once," said he, laughing; "and besides it happens that this is a very important day here. Reuben, you know,—Reuben, my *factotum*, my gardener, my groom, my '*stiefel fuchs*' as I should have called him in my German student days;—well, Reuben has taken it into his wise head to follow his wise master to Australia, and this morning he and his goods and chattels take their departure to join the vessel at Gravesend. Poor Reuben! it is a much greater trial for him to leave home than it is for me, for he leaves behind him a brave-hearted little wife, who would only too happily accompany him across the great waters, did they not expect, before many weeks are past, the birth of their first-born. They live, poor things, in hope of a joyful meeting next year, when she and the child are to go over to him. I can assure you this couple have been quite affecting to me, although I'm by no means given to 'the melting mood.' She's quite a heroine in her way, is Reuben's Dolly; such a brave spirit as she has shown throughout! Last night when I came home, after midnight, as I passed their cottage,—you've just now passed it, you remember that semi-summerhouse all covered with honeysuckle and roses, at the end of the lawn, and which serves as my 'lodge'—well, there was a bright light streaming through the little kitchen window, and Dolly, as busy as a bee, ironing away at her husband's shirts. I could not help pausing, and looking at her with admiration through the little casement, as the fire-light flickered and gleamed so cheerily upon every thing, for she had a cheerful fire burning,—I suppose for her ironing of certain shirts and gay cotton pocket-handkerchiefs, which were displayed upon a line across the little room. A heap of blue worsted-socks lay in a basket upon the chair, and I've no doubt but that the good little body would sit up all night putting the last stitches to her husband's poor clothes. And there, on the 'dresser,'—as we should say, down in our part of the world,—direct '*clan-jan-gie*' of tin pots and pans, for Reuben's use on ship-board,—a right capital ham, a case-bottle, and various other sundries. It is quite wonderful all the little comforts Dolly has managed to collect for her husband, and all out of their own earnings—for you know it is a maxim of mine, never to give money. And on the hearth, with its lid open, displaying a good array of 'outfit,' I noticed a marvellous box, which Reuben and I had drawn forth from dusky and dusty obscurity in the stable chamber, and which Reuben has rendered still more marvellous by attaching a pair of little wheels to, so as to be able to drag it himself on shore, and up the country if necessary.

"I assure you, old fellow, I consider Reuben's Dolly a regular heroine, and shall preach up her example to my faint-hearted sisters. As for Reuben, poor soul! he's grown so thin upon the prospect of the great 'sea-change' awaiting him—or it may be upon the prospect of parting with Dolly, and has gone about in such a dream, and looking so like a spectre—that I scarcely know whether it is my man Reuben or his 'wraith.' Then my neighbour Bolton's coachman has, I hear, nearly upset Reuben's courage with frightful accounts of spearings by black fellows, and of valleys so swarming with snakes, that at a distance they look like moving water, and, as Bolton's coachman is a reader, and as poor Reuben, on the contrary, does not know his letters, these horrors have come with all the greater weight upon poor Reuben's soul. But Dolly, I understand, has invariably cheered him up with the remark: 'Law, Reuben, now you don't ever go to suppose as how master would leave his sweet pretty home for nasty valleys full of snakes, or that all the accounts I've read you out of the papers and books master's lent us about the fine climate and fine wages aren't truer than the cock-and-bull stories Tom Alder's been stuffing you with!'

"But, Hardwicke, I'm forgetting how mighty an appetite your walk hither must have given you; and that coffee and toast are awaiting us, I perceive, by a vision of my comfortable

old housekeeper beneath the verandah yonder. Don't stand snuffing up the morning air and breaking off my beautiful roses in that brown study of yours, but come and snuff up the odour of my lobster-pie and Yorkshire ham; you shall amuse yourself, and listen to the melodious cawings of my rookery after we have despatched breakfast and business." So brushing away the dew from the masses of clematis and roses which shaded his verandah, we stepped into his pleasant breakfast-parlour.

"In the name of all that is astounding, Thornley," cried I, coming out of my musings, "what has enticed you to set off to Australia? The more I ponder on the reason, the less can I compass it."

"The love of change inherent in that queer medley man, perhaps," quoth Thornley laughing, as he poured forth the most fragrant of coffee into the most delicate of china cups.

"No, in sober earnest, it is partly a love of novelty, but chiefly because, as you may chance to remember, emigration has long been one of my 'hobbies,'—have I not for ever and a day been preaching it up in print and from platforms? Now I want to put the seal of personal experience upon my words. Besides, also, down in the country around the estates of my uncle in the midland counties, I have seen such misery among the peasants and small farmers, that there I have always been agitating the question of emigration among them. Now this trip of mine to Australia seems to me an opportunity of doing much practical good. I am going forth, I assure you, with a set of retainers like a gay knight of old romance. The wonder is, that you did not notice some of my retinue at the public-house down in the lane as you passed—certain rosy-faced, sun-burnt, slouching fellows, very uncomfortable in their new clothes, and very uncomfortable because they don't know what to do with their arms and legs; we shall be summoned before long, I expect, to witness the departure of the emigrant procession, for without the command and countenance of 'Mester Ben,' they would not stir a step, I warrant you, and it were to become rich as Cræsus! Oh, ye gods! what an Herculean labour has been mine in stirring up my clod-hopper friends! No, no! go they would not in the government vessels—no, bless you! they were not going to trust themselves to your governments! Who was responsible for government? Government might whip them off in no time to Botany Bay; no, thank you! no governments for them! And as to Mrs. Chisholm, there was no use either talking to them about her—wasn't she a woman? and what could a woman know about ships? Al'appen they might go if Mester Ben were to go, or any grete gentleman o' Mester Ben's acquaintance, 'for after all,' said they, 'there mun be some truth i' all these tales, since Samny Sprat,'—the bracklayer, of Hipposly, who had gone over to those parts,—'had written such wondrous news of th' mining for gold, and of the country; and had said, as if he went on as he'd begun, he should grow as rich as th' squire himself—and especially as he'd really sent over money for his old *slab* (assistant), Billy Fin, to come to him—the poor chap as n'body had ever showed kindness to afore Samny Sprat took him for his *slab*, because his fayer had beaten him because he was so under-sized that they'd neither take him for a soldier nor a sailor. And so as under-sized Billy Fin was going, and if Mester Ben would go, they'd e'en go too.' And 'Mester Ben,' pondering upon their words, made up his mind to put himself at their head, and be off to Port Philip. And so now you know the origin of my resolve!" said my friend, smiling; "and," added he, "we are going to be mighty industrious on board ship—we are going to school! I'm turning schoolmaster, and they are turning scholars! Grievous to say, several of these poor fellows can neither read nor write. Reuben, now, capital fellow as he is, can neither read a letter from Dolly, nor write one to her. I have a whole set of copy-books, spelling-books, and slates with me among my traps. It is an opportunity not to be lost, these three or four months of the voyage. I mean to turn out some pretty decent scholars before we reach Port Philip, or at all events, I shall hope to instil, if possible, a little wholesome knowledge into their

unbumpkins. As for myself, this is all education for me; just the experience I want to enable me to carry out certain plans I've chalked out for myself in the future. Some day you'll be seeing me back among you again, pray God, and until that day I willingly bid adieu to the luxuries of home. My sisters will take up their abode here. They must console themselves as well as they can, poor souls! but, in fact, I consider they will be much benefitted by being thrown upon their own resources during my absence; they are old enough, and this independence will be education for them.

"But hark! don't you hear a feeble shout? It is my scholars—expectant, depend upon it! Come down, Hardwicke, and see them." And up we started from the breakfast-table, and hastened down the lawn towards Reuben's cottage. The cheers proceeded from the road, but we saw no one; all seemed silent and dead about the howery little cottage as it basked and glittered in the sunshine. Thornley opened the gate, and a discordant "hurrah!" greeted him. There stood two carts, one filled with Reuben's bedding and marvellous chest, together with a hamper, out of which protruded the necks of several bottles; in the other were seated half a dozen country bumpkins, ranging from the ages of forty to fourteen, and among them the sickly-looking Billy Fin. "Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! for Mester Ben!" shouted the men, with a most discordant hoarseness; Billy Fin's weak "hurrah" lengthening itself out long after the others had ceased. "We return our humblest thanks and dooty for Mester Ben's goodness!" slowly began the tallest and awkwardest man of the party, rubbing his loose coat-cuff over his lips as though they were very dry—"and..."

"Never mind, Blinks! I know all you would say, my good fellows! God bless us all! and do you be right jolly till I join you at Plymouth; and there's something for you in the hamper yonder to drink my health in, and the health of all our good folks down at Thornley, and be sociable with my nian Reuben Sikes, who is going with you!"

"That we will! be sure of that, Mester Ben!" hoarsely chimed the chorus.

"But Reuben, where is Reuben?" exclaimed Thornley, and ran back to the cottage,—still all was silent there, and neither Reuben nor Dolly visible. Only a widow woman, an acquaintance of Dolly's, who against Dolly's will—had volunteered to accompany the poor young creeturs down to Gravesend, and cheer up Dolly's spirits on her return, was standing at the door wiping her eyes violently upon a huge handkerchief, and mourning and murmuring, "The poor young creeturs! the poor, blessed young creeturs! and him to be a-sailing across the briny sea!"—

The door opened, and there stood the poor couple—Dolly's eyes were very red with weeping, and her face sadly flushed; still at bottom she seemed brave and cheery. But Reuben! never shall I forget his face, so deathly white, so bewildered, so stolid in his grief, his eyes so dead, the lids so heavy and red; it seemed as though the full strangeness of the change before him had for the first time fallen upon him, and he stood amazed and helpless in his ignorance.

"Good bye, Reuben!" said Thornley, with an unusual huskiness in his manly voice. "Good bye, Reuben, be of good cheer! My sisters will look well after Dolly."

"Thank-ee, Sir!" said Reuben, with the same stolid face, and letting his hand fall stiffly out of his master's grasp.

"Good bye, Sir," said Dolly, brushing her husband's coat with her hand, and hurrying him towards the cart. The drivers of the cart in which were Reuben's goods, helped him with difficulty to ascend, for he seemed to have lost all power of voluntary action. Then followed Dolly, and next the widow woman. The countrymen raised one more feeble "hurrah!" the drivers cracked their whips, and away rolled the carts; Reuben's head sank upon his breast, and Dolly earnestly held his hands, whilst the widow woman convulsively wiped her eyes with the big white handkerchief,—and so they turned the corner of the road.

"Hardwicke," said my friend, as we returned towards the house,—“Hardwicke, it is a great, an awful responsibility that I have taken upon myself. Never till this moment did I feel its true weight. But I have ever heard in those voices from Australia, the voice of Providence loudly calling to us; let us, therefore, witnessing such bitter partings, only the more religiously, earnestly brace up our nerves, and work solely in God's name!"

Here are the last tidings of my brave friend, and the good ship "Haleyon:"—

"Plymouth, Thursday evening.

"One more line. We are off! Whilst we were in town the wind changed, and we hastened back to the vessel. You shall see the scene. The people all crowding on the deck. The men working at the anchor, and singing, 'It is time for us to go!' The captain coming on board amid repeated hurrahs! The men running like squirrels up amongst the rigging. The great sails spreading themselves out like huge wings, the captain shouting to the men aloft through his speaking-trumpet, and everybody in excitement! Away we go. God bless you all, dear friends, a thousand times! The sun looks out, and shines upon us as we depart—and he descends!"

"Yours ever,

"BEN. THORNEY."

CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE-DAME, PARIS.

THOUGH we learn from Victor Hugo that the cathedral of Notre-Dame de Paris was begun under Charlemagne and finished under Philip II., yet the obscurity which envelopes the origin of Paris itself also extends to the construction of the cathedral in question; and it is difficult to discover, in the midst of the contradictory statements of the old French historians, what saint or king really laid its first foundation. When so many writers disagree, what each of them states appears but fiction, and the mind, consequently, loses itself in a thousand conjectures.

For instance, some historians assert that St. Denis laid the first stone of the cathedral pile, but they are not certain whether it was in the *Cité*, or any of the *Faubourgs*; neither do they know whether the cathedral was first called *Notre-Dame* or *St. Denis du Pas*. There is, however, every reason to believe that St. Denis had nothing at all to do with the construction of this edifice.

Gregory of Tours tells us that when St. Denis came to Paris, he did not go to the city, but to the island of Île de la Cité, which was then a small island, which was approached on each

side over wooden bridges." Now, at that time, Paris was under the sway of the Druids; St. Denis and his neo-phytes could, therefore, only celebrate the sacred mysteries of their religion in lonely places, called *crypts*, which are supposed to have been situated on the site now occupied by the quartier Saint Germain des Prés. It is, therefore, very improbable that the Druids, on whose altars Christians were sacrificed, would have tolerated the construction of a Christian church in the very heart of the rising city.

The persecutions to which Christians were exposed, ceased, however, in the fourth century. Several Christian churches, consequently, now sprang up in the Île de Paris, and one of them, doubtless, took the name of *Sainte Marie*; in fact, this circumstance can be almost incontestably proved by authentic authorities now extant.

Towards the end of the fourteenth century, for instance, Childbert made a donation, by charter, of the lands of Orléans, near Montereau-Faut-Yonne, to the mother church of Paris, dedicated to *Sainte Marie*; this circumstance proves that the cathedral of Notre-Dame was built under the first race of French kings.

In the life of St. Cloud, also, it is stated, that this saint made a

donation of his monastery to the *mother church*; that is, to the church of *Sainte Marie*; and *Frédégonda* retired into the basilica raised in honour of *Sainte Marie*.

Under Philip II., Maurice de Sully had the choir of the church built on the existing foundation, in front of the new street, which then received, and has since retained, the name of *Rue Notre-Dame*. This street was celebrated by the poet Guillot, in the thirteenth century, in his "*Dictionnaire des Rues de Paris*."

The high altar was consecrated in 1182, four days after Whitsuntide. An inscription found on some part of it proves that it was still in course of construction in 1257, and, as it was not terminated before the fourteenth century, it took more than three centuries to complete it. In spite, however, of the length of time taken, and the different artists employed to complete this and the other parts of the building, great unity of *ensemble* reigns through its entire space. The style of the nave, which is less pure than that of the rest, proves that this was the part of the building which was begun first: at the entrance, near the two organ pillars, there are four columns unlike any others in the cathedral, a circumstance which distinctly shows that they were nothing else but an unhappy beginning.

The cathedral of Notre-Dame is built in the form of a Latin cross. It is a Gothic edifice, and its exterior is marked by the distinctive characteristic of the architecture of the Goths, it being surrounded with arched buttresses which begin from the bell-tower, are supported by struts from without, and counteract the effect of the thrust from within. Its length, in the clear, is 390 feet; its width, 146 feet; and its height, up to the keystone, eighty-four feet.

The façade was constructed under Philip II.; it is ninety-six feet long, and is terminated at each end by a square tower 204 feet in height. It formerly possessed a great many beauties, which will be sought for in vain at present. Before the Revolution of 1793, there was, above the three doors, a series of twenty-seven statues of the old kings of France, from Childebert to Philip II., and among them was Pepin le Bref, seated on a lion. On each side, also, of the middle portal, was a figure representing, the one, Faith, and the other, Hope. The façade was approached, too, by eleven steps, which time has destroyed by raising the surface of the surrounding earth. But was it time that removed the statues, and defaced the middle of the fine central porch by the new and bastard ogive now seen there? No; this was not done by time, but by the architects and artists of the present day, who have likewise placed a wooden dove, carved in the style of Louis XV., side by side with the arabesques of Biscornette. But we need not be astonished at this, for it is the same men who have removed from the interior of the cathedral all the statues that were found, carved out of every kind of material and in every posture, in every niche and corner of the edifice. It is they, too, who have meddled with the altars, and ill-treated the pavement—who have replaced the magnificent coloured glass of the windows with panes of the commonest white—who have smeared the walls with an unseemly wash, and who have thus treated the wonderful art of the middle ages as typical of nought, as a thing unworthy of preservation.

But to return to our narrative. A nobleman from Chartres, of the name of Gobineau de Montluisant, had formed a complete system of symbols out of this façade, and had discovered in it the history of hermetic science.

For instance, the figure of the Almighty spreading his hands over two angels, was the Creator forming the breath of life out of chaos; and the triumph of *Marcel*, near the portal to the right, with the dragon beneath his feet, was the discovery of the philosopher's stone, the two elements, the fixed and volatile, being represented by the mouth and the tail of the dragon.

It is impossible for these explanations to be admitted here; and, unfortunately, there exists no rational description of the curious forms seen on the middle portal.

Above the door, are three divisions of bas-reliefs. At the top is a figure of the Almighty, with two angels on each side

of him; nothing can be conceived more graceful than this composition, the effect of which is truly imposing.

The second division represents a demon, dragging after him, with a chain, the links of which are of an oblong form, a crowd of men and women, who are, probably, the personification of different crimes and vices. The features of this demon are truly satanical in their formation and expression, while his body and legs are those of a lion. Below, in the third division, is a number of saints, male and female, with features devoid of expression.

In the voussure or coving, to the right, are six bas-reliefs, which appear to be intended to celebrate the triumph of Hell. The imagination of the artist who sculptured the scenes on them must have indeed been in a most disordered state. The eye sees nothing but hideous demons, and more hideous reptiles, flames of fire, and slaughtered children, priests, kings, and queens, all huddled together; faces expressive of the most atrocious pain, or vilely distorted with laughter, and a few calm countenances with figures undergoing torture in ridiculous or obscene postures. Long after the visitor has gazed on these bas-reliefs in the parvis of Notre-Dame, he is still pursued by the recollection of curious instruments of torture,—of demoniacal-looking forks, and of bodies all deformed and tightly interlaced one with the other.

What strange times were those when religion, leaving the pulpit, called men to piety by means of exhortations, half sublime, half grotesque, and by addresses of the most terribly-tragical, or of the most trivially-comic nature; and when the faithful were prepared, at the very entrance of the temple, to witness the most astounding dramas, by having suspended over their heads, by the side of the pure and naïve images of Heaven's angels, the infamous orgies of a witches' sabbath!

In the porch of the door on the southern side are a few bas-reliefs representing subjects that relate to the martyrdom of St. Denis; and in the porch of the door on the northern side, is a zodiac, the signs of which are borrowed from the Grecian zodiac; figures representing agricultural subjects, are placed by the side of these signs; but the twelfth, which represents the Virgin Mary, is placed on a column by itself over the middle of the door; the only peculiarity worthy of notice about this sculpture is, that Ceres, who forms, with her child, the twelfth sign of the Grecian zodiac, is replaced by the Virgin Mary, holding the infant Jesus in her arms.

The doors of the two side porches are covered with iron ornaments of the form of twisted scrolls, which are somewhat delicately executed. Above the niches which formerly contained the statues of the kings of France, is the large rose window of the nave. This window and the two others in the towers are surmounted by a peristyle composed of thirty-four very slender pillars, formed out of a single piece, and crowned with a balustrade.

The interior of the cathedral is divided into one large and four small naves, a choir, and an apsis. It formerly possessed forty-five chapels, but their number has been gradually reduced to thirty-two. The divisions are marked by 120 thick pillars which support the ogive vaulting. Around the nave and choir, are galleries supported by 108 small pillars formed out of one piece.

The choir, which is 115 feet long, and fifty-five wide, is ornamented with oak stalls, on which bas-reliefs, representing subjects taken from Scripture, are beautifully sculptured. They are surmounted by eight large pictures, not one of which, however, is the work of a good master. The choir is thus almost entirely shut out from view. Most of the pillars are round, and are terminated by capitals, from each of which spring forth into the nave and choir three slender columns, also terminated by three capitals, whence the nervures of the vaulting proceed. In the aisles, the nervures of the vaulting, which is not very lofty there, spring from the capitals of the large pillars. These capitals are ornamented with acanthuses, in imitation of Corinthian capitals. There are also in the aisles eight other large round pillars, which have their bases and capitals surrounded by five or six small slender columns detached from the large pillars, of whose

capitals they allow portions only to be seen. This disposition is productive of a most graceful effect.

Throughout the whole of the cathedral of Notre-Dame there are but six large pillars that shoot forth into a sheaf of small columns from the ground to the roof, two being at the entrance to the choir, and two at each end of the nave. It is principally owing to the absence of such pillars that the roofing appears so low. There are also very few of those grotesque figures, which decorate the vaulting and replace the capitals, ornamented with acanthuses in the Lombard style of architecture. Around the exterior wall of the choir are seen bas-reliefs, representing various subjects taken from the New Testament, and sculptured with all the want of knowledge, in all the grotesque postures, and all the confusion, which belonged to the times of primitive art. These sculptures were executed by Jean Ravy, the mason to the cathedral, and by his nephew, Jean Bouteiller, who finished them in 1353.

Before the Revolution, the towers of Notre-Dame were furnished with a complete set of bells, and there were also eight little ones in the steeple that surmounted the window, but they were reduced in number after the Revolution; and an architect amputated the charming little belfry, and replaced it with something that looked like the top of a porridge-pot. The great bell, which was cast in 1683, weighs 82,000 pounds, and the clapper 973 pounds.

In the time of Victor Hugo's deformed and athletic hero, Quasimodo, who lived some 200 years before the above bell was cast, the towers of Notre-Dame contained fifteen bells. There were two large ones in the southern tower, six more in the other tower, and six smaller ones in the belfry on the transept, with a wooden bell, which was never sounded but on a particular occasion, once a year. The great bell was christened "Mary," by its hideous-looking ringer, who, before it was put in motion, always gazed on it with great affection for awhile, patted it with his hand, as one would a horse about to go a long journey, and regretted the labour that "Mary" had to undergo. After these caresses, he would call to his assistants, who were in the lower part of the building, to begin; and, as they hung to the rope, the enormous mass of metal began to move. Quasimodo followed its every swing with a beating heart, and vibrated with its vibrations. At last, the great peal commenced, and then he was indeed in an ecstasy of delight; he would tremble from head to foot; but, suddenly, a sort of frenzy would seize him, and he would then watch the swinging bell for an opportunity to spring upon it, and, catching hold of the handles that were on each side, would move backward and forward with it, would press it with his knees, spur it with his heels, and thus increase, by his movements, the loudness of the tones pealed forth from it.

Since the archbishop's palace has been pulled down, there has been nothing to hide, or to detract from, the exterior magnificence of Notre-Dame on either the eastern, the north-eastern, or the south-eastern side. There are few Gothic monuments in all Europe so admirably or so openly situated.

The cathedral of Notre-Dame will always inspire the visitor with more wonder and admiration than will the majestic colonnades of the Louvre, of the Bourse, of the Panthéon, or of the Madeleine. There are, between the shores of the Mediterranean and the kingdoms of the north, between Rome and St. Petersburg, many beautiful imitations of Grecian art, and these imitations inspire you with admiration for a people that no longer exists; but living nations cannot be characterised by the reflections of past glory, by mere tracings on stone walls; they can be only truly proud of the works which they have produced spontaneously, and the French may, therefore, be justly proud of the cathedral of Notre-Dame de Paris, which their forefathers considered, at the time it was finished, the finest temple ever raised in honour of Christianity.

The historical occurrences associated with the cathedral of Notre-Dame are too numerous to be mentioned here. We cannot, however, pass unnoticed the coronation of Napoleon I., which took place in the great apse, in which the emperor

of the once purple-clad exile played so prominent a part. Eight-and-thirty years ago, the imperial robes were for ever torn from the shoulders of Napoleon I., to be restored, in direct contradiction to the calculations of human foresight, to his nephew, and thus to lend their prestige to the marriage of Napoleon III.

The solemnity of the coronation of their majesties the Emperor Napoleon I., and the Empress Josephine, was celebrated on the second of December, 1804, in the cathedral of Notre-Dame.

Before proceeding to Notre-Dame, the emperor was clothed in the imperial ornaments at the archiepiscopal palace; and, on arriving at the porch of the cathedral, he was received by the French cardinals, the archbishops, and bishops, preceded by the master of the ceremonies and his assistants. Next, advanced the empress, in the imperial mantle, but without the ring and crown, which had preceded her. Both their imperial majesties were here presented with holy water by the cardinal archbishop of Paris. Their majesties then advanced under a canopy borne by canons, and seated themselves in the sanctuary, on chairs prepared for them, the empress being on the right hand of the emperor.

When their majesties entered the choir, the Pope, descended from his throne, went up to the altar, and commenced the "Veni Creator." While this hymn was being sung, the emperor and empress knelt down in prayer, and when they arose, the arch-chancellor of the empire approached the emperor and presented him with the Hand of Justice. The arch-treasurer then received the sceptre, the grand elector took off the crown, and the grand chamberlain took off the collar. Then the mantle was taken off, and the emperor drew his sword, and gave it to the constable.

After the usual ceremony of anointing and the profession of faith, their majesties were conducted by the holy father to the grand throne raised at the end of the church. Then the pope recited a prayer, kissed the emperor on the cheek, and, turning towards the assistant, said, with a loud voice, "Vivat Imperator in æternum!" (May the Emperor live for ever!) and the assistants replied, "Vivent l'Empereur et l'Impératrice!" (Long live the Emperor and the Empress!)

When mass was over, the grand almoner gave the book of Gospels to the emperor, who, remaining seated, and placing his hand upon it, pronounced the oath. The chief herald of arms then cried out in a loud voice, "The most glorious and most august emperor of the French is crowned, and enthroned: long live the emperor!" On which, all present exclaimed, "Long live the emperor and the empress!" and a discharge of artillery announced the coronation and enthronement of their majesties.

The pope then began the "Te Deum." The secretary of state drew up the *procès verbal* of the emperor's taking the oath, and it was signed by all the dignitaries present. Then the arch-chancellor presented it to the emperor and the princes.

After this last formality, the emperor and the empress descended from the throne, and were conducted back, under a canopy, to the archiepiscopal palace. And thus terminated the coronation of Napoleon I., emperor of the French.

On Sunday, the 30th of January, 1853, Napoleon III. was married at Notre-Dame, to Mademoiselle Montijo, Countess de Téba, a lady of Spanish origin, and who was educated, with her sister, the present Countess of Alba, in England, at a school at Bristol.

On this occasion, both the exterior and interior of the cathedral presented the most magnificent appearance.

Before the façade, a large Gothic portico was erected, communicating with the middle portal. This portico, which was surmounted all round with a beautiful fronton, was decorated in bright colours with all sorts of ornaments and tracery, in keeping with the architectural style of the cathedral, and befitting the ceremony that took place in it.

The upper angles of the fronton, both at the sides and in front, were ornamented with the letters N. E. surmounted with an imperial crown, and surrounded with garlands of flowers, mixed with tinsel. Above the side golden eagles, and the impe-

rial initials. Enormous pillars supported the façade of the portico, and were ornamented with niches containing statues of saints, in the style of the middle ages. The sides were painted in imitation of green drapery, studded with golden bees.

Oriflammes floated from the summits of the towers, at each corner of which was an eagle with outspread golden wings, and between the towers was a colossal statue of our Saviour.

Painted statues of Charlemagne, of St. Louis, of Louis XIV., and of Napoleon I., were placed in the embrasures of the ogive windows of the two towers, and the niches separated from each other by small pillars above the portal were decorated with statues of the kings of France painted on a grey ground, and exactly imitating sculptured stone.

The interior of the cathedral was decorated with the utmost splendour. On each side of the chief nave, the pillars were covered from their bases to their capitals with crimson velvet, bordered with gold. On each side, also, was an *estrade*, that was continued to the back of each of the side naves.

From the railings of the balustrade of the galleries hung curtains of crimson velvet, bordered with ermine, while from the windows hung green curtains, studded with golden bees,

and ornamented with the imperial initials. Garlanded evergreens and flowers stretched from window to window and lustres were suspended from each ogive of the gallery, the pillars of which were covered with blue hangings ornamented with golden bees.

The aspect of the choir was magnificent, the spaces between the windows being covered with hangings of cloth of gold while an innumerable quantity of lustres were suspended from the roof over the middle of the sanctuary.

The high altar was removed to the front of the choir, and was overhung by a splendid canopy, which was united to the side columns by an elegant Gothic gallery.

A platform, overhung by a canopy, decorated with eagles and surmounted by an imperial crown, was raised before the altar, and on it stood two fall-stools and the throne.

The marriage was solemnised with all the expected pomp and the "Te Deum" sung which had before celebrated the triumph of Ansterlitz, and the ill-fated union of Marie Louise with the conqueror of Europe. Who shall say who will be the chief actors in the next marriage or coronation which this old church shall witness?

THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P.

THE Chancellor of the Exchequer's recent re-election for the University of Oxford has been attended with circumstances that have materially helped to familiarise his name and attributes with every class of the public, and will render some particulars in relation to his career acceptable to those of our readers for whom the *personnel* of cotemporary politics possess usually but little interest. Mr. Gladstone, though only in his 44th year, has been conspicuous in the parliamentary arena for upwards of twenty years, having sustained in the House of Commons the exalted reputation that was augured from his collegiate eminence, which, again, had maintained the *prestige* he had carried thither from Eton. In these educational antecedents, as also in his debating skill, and in his early attainment of official status, he greatly resembled Sir Robert Peel; and not less so, perhaps, in his moral and even physical idiosyncrasy: for there is a close similitude in the bodily organisation and facial expression of the two men; or rather, there was great similitude up to the period of the fatal 28th of June, 1850, when the nation sustained a loss that could have been surpassed only by the death of the one still greater man who has gone from amongst us, and whose chief fame as a civilian sprang from his co-operation of a quarter of a century with him who reformed the criminal code, freed his fellow-citizens from religious disabilities, and enabled the masses to feed themselves by the produce of their own labour.

The predecessor of Mr. Gladstone in his present office, Mr. Disraeli, in his "Life of Lord George Bentinck," speaking of Sir Robert, says:—"Wanting imagination, he wanted presence. No one was more sagacious when dealing with the circumstances before him; none penetrated the present with more acuteness and accuracy. His judgment was faultless, provided he had not to deal with the future. Thus it happened through his long career, that while he always was looked upon as the most prudent and safest of leaders, he ever, after a protracted display of admirable tactics, concluded his campaigns by surrendering at discretion. He was so adroit that he could prolong resistance even beyond its term, but so little foreseeing, that often, in the very triumph of his manoeuvres, he found himself in an untenable position. * * * He had a peculiarity which is, perhaps, natural with men of very great talent who have not the creative faculty; he had a dangerous sympathy with the creations of others. Instead of being cold and wary, as was commonly supposed, he was impulsive, and even inclined to rashness. When he was ambitious, unsatisfactory, reserved, tortuous, it was that he was perplexed, that he did not see his way, that the routine which he had admirably administered failed him, and that his own mind was not constructed to create a substitute for the custom which was crumbling away. Then, he was ever on the look-

out for new ideas, and when he embraced them, he did so with eagerness, and often with precipitancy. Although apparently wrapped up in himself, and supposed to be egotistical except in seasons of rare exaltedness, as in '41-5, when he ruled under favour of the court, the homage of the continent and the servility of parliament, he was really deficient in self-confidence. There was always some person representing some theory or system exercising an influence over his mind. In his 'salutary days,' it was Mr. Horner and Sir Samuel Romilly; in later and more important periods it was the Duke of Wellington, the King of the French, Mr. Jones Lloyd, some others, and finally, Mr. Cobden."

What others were to him, Peel was to Mr. Gladstone, who was Sir Robert's other self on a small scale, his double, his *alter ego*, necessarily exaggerating at the outset these initiative peculiarities, as is unavoidably the fashion with the copyists of those who copy. Indeed, to so remarkable an extent did this simeous but self-diffident weakness proceed, that one of the greatest political satirists in England since the days of Swift, and, like the Dean, the editor of an "Examiner," described him as the "Pony Peel," an appellation whose singularly malicious applicability was universally recognised and long adhered to the object of it, even after Sir Robert had emancipated himself from the thralldom of the traditions in which he was born, and commenced that bold and decisive course which has consecrated his name to the remotest posterity, as it has endeared it to his immediate survivors. Mr. Gladstone, too, has lately also entered upon a definitive and intelligible line of action, and unquestionably a large and distinctive popularity awaits him; but hitherto undoubtedly the mental infirmity we have referred to impaired his reputation, and afforded inferior men the welcome opportunity of sneering at a seeming feebleness of character that in reality arose from too great mental fastidiousness and metaphysical over-refinement. Still his evident sincerity of conviction, the amiability of his disposition, his avoidance of everything in the shape of vituperation or offensiveness, and his desire to elevate and purify the tone of debate by introducing into the discussion of worldly affairs a consideration of our obligations and responsibilities to a higher power, all tended to preserve him the respect and attention of the house on points wherein his seeming inconsistency with himself, and the very arguments he may have lost used when he spoke upon the same subject, had begot comparative indifference towards him on the part of the giddy public, who might well be excused misunderstanding one who seemed a puzzle to himself. Thus, for example, on the question of the Jewish claims, and especially on the still more vexed question of making permanent the Maynooth grant, one of his several speeches was regarded by inconsider-

read writings as the best possible answer to the other; while his "explanation" of the incongruities between the two lines of argument were intelligible to no faction and unsatisfactory to all; his conduct in reference to the latter question being to such incomprehensible and inscrutable. Having come into office with Sir R. Peel as Master of the Mint and Vice-President (and subsequently President) of the Board of Trade, he relinquished this double post in 1845 rather than acquiesce in the Maynooth measures then propounded by his chief; but he would not oppose those measures by speech or vote; and after they were carried he returned again to office in a higher grade than before, succeeding as Colonial Secretary to Lord Stanley (Derby), who had seceded from the Government in consequence of its free-trade tendencies.

Mr. Gladstone's tenure of office as Minister for the Colonies lasted but about six months—too brief to be distinguished by anything remarkable, save one unfortunate episode in connexion with Sir E. Wilmot, the Governor of Van Diemen's Land. Sir Eardley, it appears, had become the object of some colonial scandals, which were embodied in anonymous, or, at least, unavowed letters to Mr. Gladstone, who called upon the accused party to exculpate himself without telling him who were his accusers, or what were the precise charges; and, in the meanwhile, felt constrained, by an inexorable sense of what was due to decorum and propriety, to punish him as if already judicially convicted, by suspending him. This was equivalent to the ruin of Sir Eardley, a gentleman of an ancient Warwickshire family, who had gone out to the colony in the reliance that he would receive the usual retiring allowance at the end of six years, which had nearly expired. He died in Van Diemen's Land, where he had resolved to remain till he could learn from England the nature of his offences, so as to meet them on the spot by the evidence of witnesses who must have been cognizant of the facts, and in the face of those who had calumniated him behind his back. The family estates had to be sold at home to meet the difficulties this cruel affair had occasioned. The deceased's son, the present baronet, a barrister, who goes the Midland circuit, where his great talents deservedly recommend him to a rapidly increasing practice, was promised occupation in the public service, for which he was thoroughly fitted in education and aptitude, by way of some recompense for the injustice his father had fallen a victim to; but from that hour to this he has never obtained a particle of preferment, though successive Governments have been reminded of the hardships of his case. For the almost merely honorary office of Recorder of Warwick, conferred upon him last year, had no reference whatever to the circumstances we have glanced at, and which were brought in detail before parliament in '46. Mr. Gladstone truly assured the house, that he "meant no wrong, had done everything for the best, was sorry for what had happened." And so the thing ended; the public being too much absorbed in political matters to waste time about the immolation of an individual to the malice of irresponsible backbiters 16,000 miles away. The injustice, however occasioned, was so transparent—though its full consequences have really never come to light,—that considerable damage unavoidably accrued to Mr. Gladstone. However, time wore on, the general election of 1847 supervened; Mr. Gladstone, who, for his previous parliamentary life, since 1832, had sat as the nominee of the late Duke of Newcastle for the borough of Newark, was returned for the University of Oxford—having been a double first class of Christ Church in '31, and D.C.L. in '48;—and, the Russell ministry being in power, of course took his seat on the opposition benches, without, however, figuring often or prominently in debate during the lifetime of Sir R. Peel, who indeed, himself, became more of a spectator than an actor, save in the last great debate just previous to his death—that on the Pacifico-Palmerston business, wherein Gladstone also acquitted himself with great ability. Since Sir Robert's death, he has come far more frequently and individually forward—that is, more in the character of one who competes for a

vacillation, already referred to, and on which we shall cite a remarkable authority presently, seemed altogether to mock his ambition and frustrate his pertinacious efforts. On one or two of those remarkable propositions for a re-adjustment of the incidence of taxation with which Mr. Disraeli occupied the house and the country before this time twelve-month, Mr. Gladstone spoke with great effect and voted in their favour, therein differing from the other leaders of the Peelite party, and leaving the impression that he was a very mitigated free trader, judged by the Manchester standard. So natural was this conviction that, on a disruption of the Russell Government in 1851, Lord Derby being called upon to form an administration, waited several days the arrival of Mr. Gladstone before doing anything, and then relinquished the task he contemplated on finding that the right honourable gentleman would not join him in the imposition of a five-shilling duty on wheat; the main point, we believe, on which these two eminent personages differed at the time. Meanwhile, however, he seemed to separate himself more widely than ever from the Whigs, and not less so from the Tories, while inclining apparently to the very advanced Liberals and the Irish Roman Catholic party, by making a most determined stand, in common with Sir James Graham, Sidney Herbert, and other distinguished Peelite members and advocates of the Established Church, against the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill of Lord John Russell. It was on this occasion, for the first time in his life, that he put forth his varied powers in an independent capacity, stood upon original ground, scorned precedent, defied sarcasm, and established himself a real political puissance in the State. So far as popularity or expediency was concerned, nothing could have been more desperate or forlorn than the course he pursued—so much so, that there was probably not a constituency in England he durst face at the time; and, long after, when the irritation to the national feeling occasioned by the Papal aggression, and by the arguments of those who counselled its being suffered to pass with impunity, had subsided, the recollection of the offence cost Mr. Curdwell, Lord Mahon, Sir G. Clerk, and many other well-known Peelites their seats, and had very nearly ousted Mr. Gladstone from the University. More than that, the remembrance of his speeches then supplied the main animus to the unprecedented antagonism he has lately been subjected to on taking office, when the poll was kept open, on the part of Mr. Dudley Perceval, to the utmost duration allowed by university electoral usages—some fourteen days, we believe—for the express purpose of avenging the slight he was supposed to put upon that Protestantism of which he had been the admitted champion, by not resenting the insolence of the Vatican, in respect of its assumption of titular dignities and influence in this realm of England.

It would be a weary and profitless occupation to revert to those proceedings now, or to trace the reason for the modification of public opinion in respect to the aggression, and those who refused to visit it with the penalties of the law. Enough to say, that the independent, or as some consider it, the exceedingly indiscreet and intemperate course adopted by Mr. Gladstone then, appeared to embolden him to follow it up at the commencement of the present session, when he took the command of the heterogeneous opposition with the tacit acquiescence, if not the actual approval, of all the sections it was composed of, that of the immediate Russellite, perhaps, alone excepted; though they were much too prudent to advertise that they had been superseded by calling attention to the mortifying fact patent to every eye. And well did he show himself qualified for the important post, not only by the tact and discretion evinced in the embarrassing debate on Mr. Villiers's motion, which affirmed the justice, wisdom, and beneficence of free-trade, though in terms to whose retrospective spirit the ex-protectionist ministry not altogether unreasonably objected; but by the dignity, fire, and impressiveness of his wind-up of the budget debate, in reply to Mr. Disraeli, whose speech and his own together formed perhaps the finest gladiatorial rhetorical encounter since Channing and Buchanan combated in the same arena. That speech would

in the absence of all other evidence, have sufficed to mark out Mr. Gladstone for Chancellor of the Exchequer, for which indeed his previous official training at the Board of Trade, together with the fact of his being the son and brother of distinguished British merchants, had peculiarly fitted him.

Accordingly, the general public heard without surprise, but with great satisfaction, that, in the recent distribution of office, the control of the finances of the country had been committed to his able care. From the circumstance of his being brother to Robertson Gladstone, President of the Liverpool Financial Reform Association, no less than from the attention he has given to fiscal topics of every kind, large expectations are formed of the manner in which he will acquit himself in his very difficult and, at this juncture (with the renewal of the income-tax pending), very delicate position; and we doubt not that all reasonable and moderate anticipations will be fully realised. Previous to the present, or at least to the preceding session, Mr. Gladstone was better known as a parliamentary polemic than as a politician, in the ordinary acceptation of that term; and was always regarded as the House of Commons exponent of high church principles, at least from the date of his first defence of those principles in 1839, entitled the "State in its Relations with the Church." The opening of the "Edinburgh Review" of this, by Macaulay, has always been quoted in a notice of Gladstone, not only on account of the author and the critic, but because of the importance alike of the text and the commentary, and because of the singular illustration of the prophetic truth of the latter afforded by the distinction which Gladstone has since justly attained, not more by his own talents than by his gradual abandonment of the extreme tenets which Mr. Macaulay so firmly reprobates.

In the annexed passages the reviewer gives a complete anatomy of the peculiarities of Mr. Gladstone, as shown in the first part of our notice, viz.:—"The author of this volume is a young man of unblemished character, and of distinguished parliamentary talents, the rising hope of those stern and unbending Tories who follow, reluctantly and mutinously, a leader whose experience and eloquence are indispensable to them, but whose cautious temper and moderate opinions they abhor. It would not be at all strange if Mr. Gladstone were one of the most unpopular men in England. But we believe that we do him no more than justice when we say that his abilities and his demeanour have obtained for him the respect and good will of all parties. His first appearance in the character of an author is therefore an interesting event; and it is natural that the gentle wishes of the public should go with him to his trial. We are much pleased, without any reference to the soundness or unsoundness of Mr. Gladstone's theories, to see a grave and elaborate treatise on an important part of the philosophy of government proceed from the pen of a young man who is rising to eminence in the House of Commons. There is little danger that people engaged in the conflicts of active life will be too much addicted to general speculation. The opposite vice is that which most easily besets them. We therefore hail with pleasure, though assuredly not with unmixed pleasure, the appearance of this work. That a young politician should, in the intervals afforded by his parliamentary avocations, have constructed and propounded, with much study and mental toil, an original theory on a great problem in politics, is a circumstance which, abstracted from all consideration of the soundness or unsoundness of his opinions, must be considered as highly creditable to him. We certainly cannot wish that Mr. Gladstone's doctrines may become fashionable among public men. But we heartily wish that his laudable desire to penetrate beneath the surface of questions, and to arrive, by long and intent meditation, at the knowledge of great general laws, were much more fashionable than we at all expect it to become.

"Mr. Gladstone seems to us to be, in many respects, exceedingly well qualified for philosophical investigation. His mind is of large grasp; nor is he deficient in dialectical skill. But he does not give his intellect fair play. There is no want of light, but a great want of what Bacon would have called daylight. Whatever Mr. Gladstone sees is

refracted and distorted by a false medium of passions and prejudices. His style bears a remarkable analogy to his mode of thinking, and indeed exercises great influence on his mode of thinking. His rhetoric, though often good of its kind, darkens and perplexes the logic which it should illustrate. Half his acuteness and diligence, with a barren imagination and a scanty vocabulary, would have saved him from almost all his mistakes. He has one gift most dangerous to a speculator, a vast command of a kind of language, grave and majestic, but of vague and uncertain import; of a kind of language which affects us much in the same way in which the lofty diction of the Chorus of Clouds affected the simple-hearted Athenian. When propositions have been established, and nothing remains but to amplify and decorate them, this dim magnificence may be in place. But if it is admitted into a demonstration, it is very much worse than absolute nonsense; just as that transparent haze, through which the sailor sees capes and mountains of false sizes and in false bearings, is more dangerous than utter darkness. Now, Mr. Gladstone is fond of employing the phraseology of which we speak in those parts of his works which require the utmost perspicuity and precision of which human language is capable; and in this way he deludes first himself, and then his readers. The foundations of his theory, which ought to be buttresses of adamant, are made out of the flimsy materials which are fit only for perorations. This fault is one which no subsequent care or industry can correct. The more strictly Mr. Gladstone reasons on his premises, the more absurd are the conclusions which he brings out; and, when at last his good sense and good nature recoil from the horrible practical inferences to which his theory leads, he is reduced sometimes to take refuge in arguments inconsistent with his fundamental doctrines, and sometimes to escape from the legitimate consequences of his false principles, under cover of equally false history. It would be unjust not to say that this book, though not a good book, shows more talent than many good books. It abounds with eloquent and ingenious passages. It bears the signs of much patient thought. It is written throughout with excellent taste and excellent temper; nor does it, so far as we have observed, contain one expression unworthy of a gentleman, a scholar, or a Christian. But the doctrines which are put forth in it appear to us, after full and calm consideration, to be false, to be in the highest degree pernicious, and to be such as, if followed out in practice to their legitimate consequences, would inevitably produce the dissolution of society."

We regret that it is incompatible with our space and design to give further extracts from this admirable essay; but as it is already very familiar to the reading public, and has again just been issued in a remarkably economic and accessible form, those whom our specimens may have sufficiently interested to wish for more, can readily procure the composition in its entirety. Mr. Gladstone is the author of various publications, principally on Church of England matters; and of numerous pamphlets, chiefly consisting of his own speeches on the current topics of the time. His largest work is a translation of Luigi Farini's "History of the Roman States," of which three volumes octavo have already appeared; but by far his most important literary performance, the one that has done most good to humanity, to Europe, and to himself, is his celebrated "Letters to Lord Aberdeen," two years ago, in exposure and denunciation of the horrible atrocities, of which he obtained personal cognisance on the spot, as having been inflicted in cold blood, and with fiendish malignity, by Naples on its political prisoners. These famous effusions, the effect they produced in England, and it is believed in every court in Christendom, where our ambassadors presented them by order of Lord Palmerston,—all these facts are of too recent occurrence, and of too vivid impressiveness to require the least amplification; and the mere mention of them will answer every purpose that could be expected here. It only remains for us to say, that Mr. Gladstone is the son by the second wife of the late Sir John Gladstone, whose Sir J. Gladstone was a merchant who had been a member of the House of Commons.

mercantile firm of great repute, now conducted by the brother already mentioned; and that the Chancellor of the Exchequer himself has been left by his father an ample fortune, for th-

by right of his own talents. Perhaps no man ever before did so who had so few enemies, or so many who so cordially wished the fullest success to his pure and patriotic motives,



THE RIGHT HON. WILLIAM GLADSTONE, M.P., CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. DRAWN BY H. ANELAY.
ENGRAVED BY H. LINTON.

maintenance of the interesting family he has by the daughter of the late, Master of the present, Sir Stephen Glynn, the Flintshire baronet. He occupies the first position in this country

his virtuous zeal, glowing and enlightening eloquence, and exemplary character in every relation of life—private and public.

THE RAILWAY REFRESHMENT-ROOM.

It is a great fact in the history and habits of Mr. John Bull—the operations of which follow him into all the relations of life—the knowledge of which has enabled some to deal with him with singular success, and the ignorance of which has brought down deplorable discomfiture upon others who have aspired to guide the national taste or character,—that to have him in a good-humoured and docile condition, he must be kept *quite full*. This amiable weakness has demanded the thoughtful consideration of all who have aspired to be leaders of the people; and it is a peculiarity worthy of the profoundest attention of friends and relatives, of wives and children, whether the peace of social life is to be preserved, or domestic harmony is to remain unimpaired. What wife, indeed, except the most unobservant, or the most complacent, would think of asking for money to pay the milliner while her spouse was dressing for dinner? and if a child dared to plead for a half-holiday before his parent had finished carving, would any one pity him if he only received a snarl for his pains? Now, we are credibly informed on historical evidence, handed down to us by the illustrious Joseph Miller, that a ferocious fire-eater, who had, early one morning, challenged a companion to fight a duel, requested that the latter would accompany him into an hotel just at hand, where he at once uttered to the waiter the significant order—“Pistols for two, and breakfast for one;” thus manifesting an economical disposition which has been commended to general imitation. But a deeper acquaintance with the character of Englishmen is manifested in the records of naval and military service, where we constantly read, if but the opportunity is by any possibility afforded, that before going into action—“The signal was then given to go to dinner!”

But without delaying further in any philosophical reflections which the theme would suggest, we may look more directly at the fact itself, and the arrangements which it has been found necessary to make in consequence thereof. It happened, that some time ago we were journeying on the London and North-Western line; our companions in travel consisting of a party of four, comprising two young ladies, a younger brother, and their mamma. Between two of them rested a large square box, covered with leather, looking particularly like an immense folio family bible, and it was evidently regarded with great satisfaction by the group. We had scarcely passed Cheddington Junction, some five-and-thirty miles from London, when, the conversation having decidedly flagged, a bright thought suggested itself to one of the fair maidens, which at once found expression in a tone which indicated that such an oversight was at once singular and painful:—“*La, Jane, we haven't had anything since we left Euston!*” The secret recesses of the box were at once brought to light, where were a multitude of massive little sandwiches, packed like herrings in a cask, which had been provided for the journey between London and Birmingham, and which by a young officer on a commissariat staff would, we believe, be regarded as sufficient to last a troop of cavalry for—we won't say how long. But as a quarter of a hundred-weight of ham-sandwiches is not within arm's reach at any moment, and as there is a peculiar liability to have one's appetite quickened by a couple of hour's run by train in the fresh air, our railway companions have been under the necessity of providing ample arrangements, by which the ever-recurring wants of the inner man may be satisfied, and passengers may be preserved in a state of amiable tranquillity.

Who is there, who is at all accustomed to travel, who has not heard of Wolverton's far-famed red hot coffee, with the five minutes allowed for its consumption, and the various contrivances which have been adopted to drink it within the time? Who has not laughed at the remorseless way in which, when he asked for milk to cool the scalding beverage, the amiable attendant filled up his cup with boiling milk? Who has not had to thump stout gentlemen between the shoulders, and to pat the backs of middle-aged ladies, who have, in their haste to devour the provisions they have ordered, unfortunately attempted to swallow more pork-pie or sausage-roll than

agreed with the capacities of their pharynx? But let us turn to the scene itself, and for ourselves observe some of its wonders.

As the train sweeps gallantly alongside the platform, a multitude of doors are opened, and the carriages have hardly paused in their career, when the passengers with headlong speed bound out, verifying the declaration which some one has uttered, that it takes twenty minutes to fill a train, but only twenty seconds to empty one. The appearance presented by the refreshment-room is much the same everywhere, except that at Swindon, which surpasses all the rest. There is usually the same long counter, upon which stand the mountainous tureens of soup, and the tea and coffee urns, flanked by plateaux of pork-pies artistically piled, and strata of sandwiches protected by glass bee-hives, and interspersed with dishes of buns and cakes, or plates with slices of pie enticingly supplied with knives and forks for instant operation.

Behind the counters stand a number of maiden and of men attendants, and if the visitor thinks that they will be surprised at the rush made into the apartment, he will be very much mistaken, for as though calmed by the fuss and haste which most of the passengers make, whose thirsty throats or vacant stomachs stimulate them to extraordinary activity, they wait with supreme indifference, though unimpeachable civility, upon all who demand their aid, as though they felt the deep truthfulness of the declaration that it was indeed “nothing when you are used to it.”

Yet “what a strange notion,” it has been remarked, “the young ladies at a refreshment-room must have of their travelling fellow-creatures! They only see them in the guise of ravenous monsters—flinging themselves upon edibles, and consuming all before them, entombing in a brief five minutes hecatombs of flesh and fowl, absorbing floods of the muddiest of coffee and the weakest of tea, roaring for pale ale and stout, and deluging themselves with ‘soda and sherry,’ or, the stronger minds, ‘soda and brandy.’ And the same process is constantly being repeated. The refreshment young ladies never encounter their fellow-creatures except in the act of eating or drinking. Almost every hour during the long summer day, sometimes every half-hour, another and another flood of ravenous humanity arrives. The urns and tureens are hardly replenished, when they are again attacked—the superintendents of these constantly recurring feasts retiring at last, if they ever do retire at all, to dream of crowds of hungry faces, and open mouths, and eager eyes, grinning, and glaring, and munching, and swallowing, round their virtuous beds.”

The round of daily duty devolving upon the attendants at the refreshment establishment is much the same at the different stations. Early in the morning, the exact time depending on the arrival of the first train, the servants rise whose duty it is to awaken the young ladies who are appointed to the work of attending the passengers who may arrive; and from that time till the departure of the last train, up or down, which is perhaps about eleven o'clock at night, they are constantly passing to and fro, between their own private apartments and the refreshment-room, or, at the ringing of a bell, from one side of the line to the other, according to the direction from which the train may be approaching. “By about midnight,” says Sir Francis B. Head, who alludes to Wolverton Station, “after having philosophically divested themselves of the various little bustles of the day, they are all enabled once again to lay their heads on their pillows, with the exception of one, who in her turn, assisted by one man and one boy of the establishment, remains on duty receiving the money, &c., till four in the morning, of the up-mail.” The young person, however, who in her weekly turn performs this extra task, instead of rising with the others at seven o'clock, which is the usual hour, is allowed to sleep till noon, when she joins her companions behind the long counter, and resumes her important occupations.”

Should any of our readers ever be detained at home or on

at a railway station where there is a large refreshment department, he may find much to amuse, and perhaps something to instruct, in a careful observation of the numberless little incidents which there transpire. But to see the whole thing to advantage, he should be at a refreshment-room on the route of some great branch line, for people who are about to set off on a journey generally arrive at the terminus with a very respectable allowance "on board" for present consumption, and cannot therefore be regarded as fair game. No better spots could be selected for observation than Wolverton or Swindon.

A very correct idea may often be formed of the characteristics and habits of the passengers at the refreshment-stall. There may be seen the thin-faced cadaverous-looking man, who is always in a hurry and never in time; seeming to realise the condition of the individual who explained the cause of his constant want of punctuality by the declaration that he was born just twenty minutes too late, and that he had, *par consequence*, been twenty minutes late all his life. Then there is a stout gentleman, who has enveloped himself in two great-coats, and wrapped up his neck in a huge parti-coloured cravat, which seems only one size less than an average table-cloth; who pokes his elbows most unconsciously into every one's ribs, till he has reached the counter, where, in the brief space allotted to the work, he contrives without any difficulty to consume an incalculable amount of cold beef or pork pie, and to drink stout in proportion. There are nervous men who are in a state of intense alarm lest some one should occupy their places in their carriages, or steal their carpet-bag and rug which have been left under the seat; and then there are cool men, who are never afraid of anything, who enter the refreshment-room as quietly as if they were going no further by the train, who go straight up to the exact part of the counter at which they shall find just what they want, who manage to dispatch their soup before their neighbours have cooled it into eatable condition, and who are deep in the analysis of a slice of bacon or tongue before others have eaten a penny bun. And last, not least by any means, are the ladies, who with an equal diversity of style and method avail themselves of the opportunity to drink boiling tea and to nibble "ladies' fingers," till at the first sound of the bell, which the older travellers quite disregard, they rush frantically to their carriages, leaving upon the counter a larger proportion of the unconsumed beverage. Thus here, as everywhere, character and characteristics go together; but as the best opportunity for seeing the real disposition of a man is when he is off his guard, and acting by the simple dictates of his nature, such occasions as these should not pass unimproved to those who feel any interest in "anatomising" their fellow-men.

In some instances a very questionable economy has been manifested at the refreshment-stalls. Not many months ago, we are assured that a curious illustration of this kind took place at the Tunbridge Station, on the South-Eastern line. A train having stopped there, the passengers rushed out to obtain some refreshment. "They had hardly begun to sip their hot coffee, when the bell rang, and the exclamation of the guard, 'Now, gentlemen, take your places, if you please,' compelled them, however reluctantly, to resume their seats. But, from some cause or other, the train did not start for several minutes, and before it left the station the travellers had the pleasure of seeing their almost brimming cups, which they had left on the counter, emptied back into the urns for the next customers! As they rolled away, one of them made an estimate of how many times the same cup might thus be calculated to serve before it was finally consumed; but the result of this calculation, like many other theories, had better pass away without a record."

One of the handsomest and most complete of our railway refreshment establishments is that at Swindon. This stands between the main line and the branch line, which, from either side, runs to Gloucester; and passengers proceeding from one to the other have to pass through the luncheon-rooms. These are two splendid apartments, in each of which the counters

are placed under a noble arch enclosed, within which is a magnificent glass, through which the people in one department may see those in the other. The effect produced by this is very curious, for the observer is inclined to imagine that the view which he has of the crowd at the other end is the reflection of the company who are on his own side of the arch. Hence some curious mistakes have been made. One visitor assures us, that exactly opposite to the place where he stood—in the act of enjoying a glass of sherry and a biscuit—he discovered what he took to be a counterfeit representation of himself. But what an extraordinary result, he thought; for he saw a prodigious man, with enormous whiskers, ramming a large veal pie into his mouth with one hand, and holding in the other a tumbler of porter. He looked at the glass of sherry, and gave the biscuit a more vigorous bite—but it had none of the flavour of the veal and porter; so he discovered, he tells us, that the law of optics was unchanged, and that he had escaped the infliction of so voracious a double-gauger.

We have thus attempted to point out some of the incidents connected with the department of railway economy which relate to the refreshment of travellers. We trust that here, as in many other spots, interest may be found if it is sought. It is a fact which can scarcely be pondered too frequently, that habits of observation will bring to the inquiring mind many an amusing and many an instructive hour; and that if there be in any one the desire to accumulate large stores of general information, there are, on every hand, and in every department of human activity, rich and abundant fields over which to expatiate.

HEART AND SOUL.

THERE is a strife in the bosom, a strife between eloquent pleaders.

Heart unto Soul making protest, and Soul unto Heart giving answer.

"Sweet," says the Heart, "to be weak, and to lean on the strength of another,

Like the gray morn, that is passively filled with the glory of sunrise;

To be weak, and to carry the light of a life that is stronger; Sweet to have sorrow and wrong, if, lifting the eyes in their weeping,

Eyes full of pity shine on them, and fond arms encircle the weeper;

Sweet to lose self like a sigh in the air or a drop in the ocean: Sweet, oh, most sweet! to be loved, though the price that must buy it be anguish:

And for the love that the stronger draw up from the ranks of the weaker,

Can it compare with the love the weak draw from strength that is noble,—

Tender, encompassing, warm as the glow of the tropical summer. Sweet," says the Heart, "to be weak, and to lean on the strength of another!"

"Blest," says the Soul, "to be strong, and to give from our strength to another,

Patiently hiding all pain in the silence and depth of the spirit, Wrestling alone with the powers and dangers that haunt and beset us,

Seen but by God and his angels, who smile down, approving and blessing.

Then, with the joy of a conqueror, forth among friends moving gladly.

Aiding by that which we are, far more than by absolute action; In the wild current of Passion and Error a mooring of safety.

Blest and most beautiful is it to feel we are helpful to others; Blest, oh, most blest! so to love them, although they return not the loving;

Love, like the wings of an angel, shall fold round them, felt, yet perceived not;

Blest," says the Soul, "to be strong, and to give from our strength to another!"

So, there is strife in the bosom, a strife between eloquent pleaders; Heart unto Soul making protest, and Soul unto Heart giving answer.

THE SWISS SOLDIER.



THE RETURN OF THE SWISS SOLDIER. FROM A PAINTING BY EDWARD GIRARDET.

It has been the custom for several hundred years for those amongst the Swiss peasantry who can find no occupation at home, to serve for hire in the armies of foreign monarchs. Having been always celebrated for their fidelity to those whose cause they have once undertaken, most of the kings of Europe have kept them as a body-guard.

The dangerous nature of the calling they follow is, however, perfectly well known, both to themselves and their

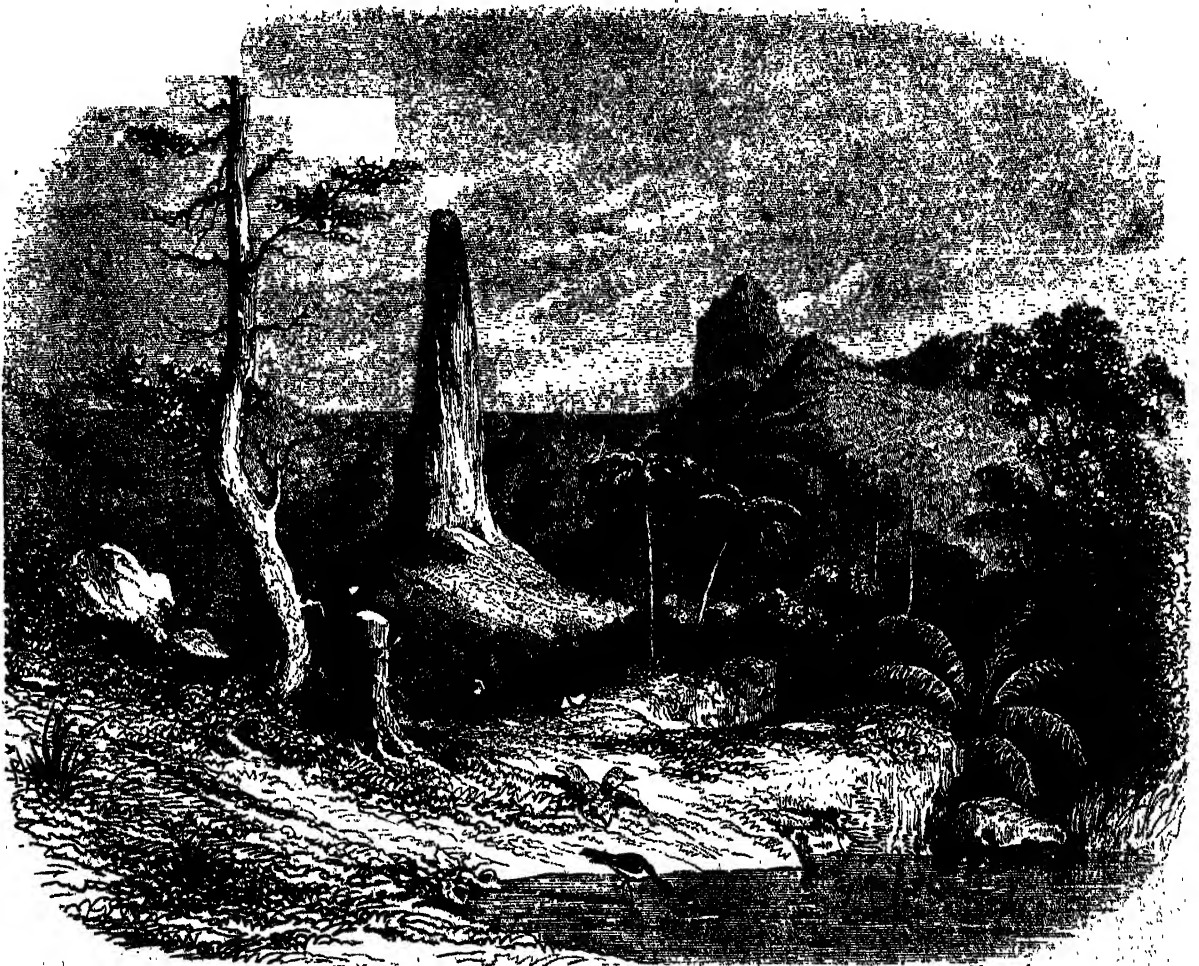
relations, and consequently, when a young man leaves home with the intention of seeking his fortune in foreign armies, both he and they but too keenly feel the uncertainty of his return. His reappearance is, therefore, hailed by his own friends and the other villagers with as much joy as if he had risen from the dead.

The return of one of these wanderers is depicted in our engraving.

THE ISLE OF ST. THOMAS, IN THE GULF OF BIAFFRA, WESTERN AFRICA.

A mixed soil, black coarse sand upon the shore; black and ferruginous rocks, rising abruptly in the form of needles; rank and luxuriant vegetation, which is pressed together as if for want of space; limpid waters, which reflect the everlasting blue of the sky; half tame birds which give charm and animation to these splendid solitudes;—such are some of the leading characteristics of the four volcanic islands of the little bay of Biafra, at the extremity of the immense Gulf of Guinea. All these peculiarities appear to owe their origin to some volcanic eruption of nature. The little island of Anno-Bom to the south, is nothing but a volcano; its sides are covered with herbage, and the crater is filled almost to the edge with pure water, calm at the surface, the depth of which has never

of government at St. Thomas, in the little town of Santa Anna de Chaves. The most remarkable object in St. Thomas is the lofty column called the Pico de San Thomé—represented in our engraving—which rises like a colossal tower, the last vestige of some edifice constructed by giants. This natural column, which is from three to four hundred yards in height, and is one hundred and fifty yards in circumference at the base, presents various shades of colour, according to the direction at which the light falls upon it. Some mosses, some tufts of plants, grow here and there upon its surface, which is channelled in various places by the fall of the rain, and by fissures which descend in spiral irregularities from the summit to the ground. By



THE PICO DE SAN THOME.

yet been fathomed. Fernando Po to the north, is not less luxuriant. The centre of Prince's Island, in which grows the pandanus, of which we have already given an engraving, is justly celebrated among travellers as containing some of the most splendid scenery in the world.

The island of St. Thomas, which lies rather nearer to the mainland, has rather more resemblance to the general characteristics of the African soil. The surface is mountainous, traversed by deep ravines, and in the central district, towards the west coast, there is a high peak, the ascent of which is rendered almost impossible by the richness of the vegetation which clothes its sides.

Fernando Po belongs to England; the other three islands are the property of Portugal, which has established the seat

a singular contrast with these vast proportions, the huge trees, which surround the base of this immense obelisk, appear only like diminutive shrubs. Few living beings are ever seen in the neighbourhood, save the dwarf-birds and their species. Innumerable flocks of parrots, the size of our house-sparrows, with a plumage glittering with a thousand different colours under the rays of the sun, are seen flying in every direction. These beautiful birds live upon the wild fruits they find in abundance at St. Thomas; but as they are also very fond of millet and maize, which this island does not produce, they often alight upon the coast of Africa, and ravage the field, but they never venture to Prince's Island, because they would there meet with a very unpleasant reception from the grey paroquets.

DIARY OF A VOYAGE TO AUSTRALIA.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

(Continued from page 317, Vol. II.)

PART III.

THE SHIP KENT.—*South Latitude 28° 1', West Longitude 23°.*
 —*Aug. 1st.*—The ship that took our letters was the brig "Monarch," a Guernsey vessel, coming with a cargo of coffee from Nicaragua, on the Pacific side of the isthmus of Panama, and bound for London. She was a small vessel of 200 tons burden, and had been out ninety days, and suffered considerably in coming round Cape Horn, her canvas being torn and her bulwarks carried away, so that the seas must have washed completely over her. Having stood out that, I think there is little fear of her reaching London in safety. She came suddenly upon us in the morning, and the moment the captain said she was a homeward-bounder, there was a stir and a running on deck which must have been something like preparing for action. All the passengers ran first to get a sight of her over the ship's side, and when the captain said, "Get your letters ready," all was agitation, first a tremendous cheer, and then a scuffle and hunder of feet hurrying below deck. The next moment our captain was shouting "Haul up the main-sheet, and square the mizen-yard!" and then they knew that he was in earnest. Scarcely had we time to seal our letters, and run up upon the poop and throw them into the bag, than the vessel was alongside us. Five sailors and the second mate were in the boat, together with Alfred, who went to speak to the captain, and bring all the news he could. The people gave a succession of hurrahs, answered by the crew of the brig; the bag was dropped into the boat, and away they went. A few letters, as is always the case, were too late, and were flung at random down to the boat, two or three went into the water and were picked up, all excepting one, a stout packet, probably such another journal as mine. Alfred told the sailors to put back and pick it up, but the captain, who did not know what caused the delay, called out in a voice of thunder to cut away. That letter troubled me for hours, but the writer himself bore it with great equanimity, saying, "Never mind!" I suppose others of his friends had written, so that his friends at home would hear he was well. Quick as the boat was, the ship was about a mile on her way before it reached her.

It is wonderful how light and cheery we all seemed the day after. I felicitated myself with the idea of your joy some morning when the servant came in saying, "Here are ship letters!" I suppose you will receive them about the time we reach Melbourne.

The same day we saw a sperm whale. These whales are smaller than the others, and this must have been quite a small one, as it was supposed merely to be about thirty feet long. He was first discovered by the fountain of snowy spray that he was blowing up, and then his whole dark-looking body was seen. He every now and then heaved himself half his length out of the water, and then chopped down again with a blow that sent the white water up around him like breakers. Then he swam along at an enormous rate, showing only his dark back and fin and tail, making the deep around him "boil as if it were hoary." You could see a wake where he had gone like that of a ship. And so he sailed away to the horizon. We expect to see much larger ones as we go farther south.

That same evening we had a little mutiny. I was writing in the cuddy after tea, when suddenly there arose a clamour, bustle, and scuffle, a running, a stamping, and a shouting,—as if all the people were fighting together. I ran up, and found the captain surrounded by a mob of nearly all the men in the ship, and in violent contention with three or four drunken sailors. The system of making the ship a floating gin-palace had produced its natural fruits. All the disturbances in the ship amongst the intermediates had arisen from that cause; they got drunk, and made the sailors drunk. This had gone on till the man at the helm, or the *Allen* as all our sailing people call it, had let the ship go out of his hands. It was

just at sunset, and about a week ago, I was walking the deck, and had been looking directly from the ship's side at the sun, when, to my surprise, I saw her going at once directly towards it. At the same moment a number of people cried out that the ship was running round, and the second mate was seen at full speed hastening to the wheel and pushing the man away. Had there been a brisk gale, it would have taken the sails aback, and very likely carried the masts all away together. Now again we had a disturbance from drunken sailors, though there was no danger to the ship, but many dreadful threats on all sides.

Tuesday, Aug. 3rd.—We have been getting along very badly for several days. On Friday we had a smart gale. The sea rose higher than in the Bay of Biscay, and washed several times over the deck and poop; but we were now seasoned to it, and did not mind it ourselves; several, however, have suffered severely by it. Since then we have had little wind, the vessel rolling miserably. In bed you are regularly churned up by it: head up, heels down; head down, heels up; that is it, till it quite muddles you. At table you cannot prop your plate or cup as you can when the vessel heels one way; one half second things are shot from you, and the next shot back again. You must hold your tea-cup in your hand, or put it on the swinging tray over head. And as to writing, you may believe it is no joke to write with the table going down from you, and then up against you.

We are now coming among a new class of birds. Every latitude has its particular birds or fish. After we left the shores of England and her gulls, we next saw the Mother Cary's chickens, which came to herald the storm. They stayed with us for weeks, flying night and day like a flock of swallows. Then came the region of flying fish, sharks, skipjacks, bonetas, and albacores. All these have left us. We only saw two sharks, and that in the dusk of evening. We saw not a single dolphin, though the captain says he saw two. We hoped to catch a shark, but in vain. We saw several black fish, and now we have seen two or three whales. We are got amongst the Cape-pigeons, parsons, and shear-waters. The Cape-pigeon is a sea-bird which abounds in the neighbourhood of the Cape of Good Hope. We have had a dozen or two flying after the ship for the last few days. The shear-water, or shear-wave, is a large tern or sea-swallow. The parsons are a kind of sable gull; but they are not black, but of a dusky brown-black, and about the size of crows. They have an odd undertaker-kind of look; some of them have white heads, which makes them look still odder. The Cape-pigeons are the prettiest; they are about the size of a good large pigeon, and seem close, bear a strong resemblance to that bird, with a wood-pigeon's bill, but with webbed feet. Seen as they fly about over the sea, they resemble a kind of great sea-moth. They are somewhat plump in shape, while the parsons and shear-waters are slender. Their bodies are white and downy, their heads brown, and their wings marked with brown, for all the world like moths or butterflies; and at the same time, they remind one of the white and brown marking on porcupine's quills. These birds circle about in the wake of the ship day and night. They seem never to require any rest, and only settle on the water to pick up food, which consists of all sorts of things that are thrown out of the ship. The people fish for them with bits of meat, but they are most frequently caught by shaking the line as they fly past, so as to entangle their legs and wings, and thus they are drawn on board. As they are of no use, they are merely caught for amusement and let go again. All these birds, however, have an awkward habit, the moment they are brought on board, of throwing up everything in their stomachs on you. I have no doubt it is a defence given them by nature, for people who are not aware of it are taken by surprise, and soon let them go again.

We are now coming into the latitudes of the albatross. As yet, however, we have only seen a small one. It appeared about the size of a goose, but with very narrow wings. The body was white and the under side of the wings, but the upper part of the wings was a finely marked copper-brown. It is wonderful to see how these birds, and indeed, the smaller

ones that I have described, float and skim about without moving their wings at all for a very long time together. They seem to direct their course by the slightest turning of their bodies, so as to alter the inclination of their wings, which, stretched out straight and firm, bear the bird up or down or many miles off in a few seconds in a surprising manner. They float and skim, but do not fly, according to our ordinary notions. I can imagine angels borne on bright pinions in such a manner, without effort and without thought, launching down through infinite space with the smooth, still speed of lightning. Many of the albatrosses are wholly white, snowy white, others have white bodies and brown wings. But those with brown colour upon them are probably young birds, that, like *cygnets*, have not arrived at their full white plumage.

Since I wrote the above, Alfred and Mr. C. have been shooting with Alfred's Minié rifle at the albatross. I know you will exclaim at the wanton destruction of these fine birds that are of no use when shot. But remonstrance was in vain. In a ship, where people have little to do, the love of shooting is too strong for them to listen to reason. I have remonstrated and quoted the "Ancient Mariner," and so has an old pawnbroker-poet in the ship, but to no purpose. Alfred and Mr. C. had many shots at the albatross, and at length, at the distance of one hundred and eighty feet, as was supposed, shot him dead. Of course he could not be come at, and almost instantly sunk in the water.

Wednesday Morning.—Another albatross has made his appearance—or, as some wag in the ship will have it, Mr. Albert-Ross, never having come home last night, Mrs. Albert-Ross has come to inquire after him; and as I now write two more are flying about. Cape-pigeons are increased to hundreds. They quiver over the waves numerous as the flocks of flying-fish used to be. The glittering, blinking waves are all alive with them, and ever and anon dense flock of them settle down, and an albatross comes and settles in the middle of them, looking like a goose surrounded by a large flock of goslings; they give great life and cheerfulness to the scene. We are now going on with a better breeze. We are in south latitude $31^{\circ} 9'$, west longitude $15^{\circ} 26' 30''$, having gone one hundred and fifty-eight miles in twenty-four hours. The Cape is only 35° of south latitude, and as we are not so far further south than latitude 40° , we are now bearing away south-east, and once at the 40th deg., as you may see on the globe, we are in the direct highway for Melbourne.

Living on board ship for a good while, one gets very different ideas of ships at sea to what one has on land. There we see ships in full sail going out, and seem to think that, with sails set and the wind blowing, there is little to do but to steer away; but not so. No one can realise the constant action on board ship, and the constant attention, day and night, that is demanded even on the broad ocean. Imagine that never for a moment, while a ship is out, be it for years, is there absent a man from the helm. There stands every instant during the whole time a being—a thinking being—carefully watching the compass before him, and turning the rudder to keep the ship on her prescribed course. Every two hours the man is changed, and every four hours, day and night, the watch is changed; that is, the number of sailors necessary to work the ship. With these one of the mates comes on duty, who commands in absence of the captain, but cannot alter the course without the captain's orders, and therefore, if it be necessary, goes and speaks to him in his cabin, waking him up if he is asleep. Whenever the mate comes off his watch, he comes to the captain and gives him notice of it, by saying, as I constantly hear, "It is eight bells" (twelve o'clock), or, again, "Eight bells (four o'clock), sir," as it may be. Of course, when the weather is bad, all hands are constantly in action, and the captain up and alert; but even when it is fine weather, there is always something to do. If the wind varies, the sail must be brought round to the same degree of variation. There is a constant cry of "Loose the weather-braces," or the "weather-braces," in order to make the change. If the wind gets up a little too much, the royals and top-gallants must be reefed; if, on the contrary, it falls off, they must be hoisted; and when

you are before the wind, that is, on your right course, and the wind aft, the studding-sails, or, as they call them, stun-sails, hung out. Sailors are always in motion, pulling and hauling, and running up and down. Such a thing as perfect rest is rarely known. Thus when we think of all the ships that are sailing all seas at all hours, what an idea of never-ceasing care, close watchfulness, and movement it brings with it! Day and night, when we take our meals, or our amusement, and when we are asleep, there are tens of thousands of people on the ocean on all sides of the globe in perpetual action.

I am now beginning to know the voices of the different sailors who sing out while huddling, as only one does it in each set, except when they are all pulling at the anchor, or one of the main-braces, when they sing in chorus "Cheery man, cheery man, cheery iho!" to the song, whatever it be; that one of them sings. There is here a mulatto sailor who cries "Hay ho! hay!" in such a soft and feeling manner that, if you did not see him, you would think it was somebody in agony. Another whoops as if he were calling up cows; and the Holsteiner, or Dane, as he is called, always sings out again, "Oh, whip-a-hoy!" No two sailors sing out alike.

I frequently sit after tea and let the captain spin one of his yarns. Sometimes he is on the Hooghly going up to Calcutta. His vessel is now moored along with others. He sees the "bore" coming—that is, a high tide that runs up and meets the descending stream, and sweeps all light craft gway like so many matches, sinking them, or dashing them to atoms on the shore. He sees the "bore" coming up, presenting a front of from twelve to twenty feet high, careering as fast as a horse can gallop. Ships are torn from their anchors, or whirled round on their cables, and then let down on their anchors, which drive a hole through their bottoms, and they sink; or they are so strained that they become water-logged and sink. Then, again, he is in the Canada timber-trade; he is loading his ship at Quebec; they cut holes at the prow of the vessel, into which they introduce the long beams of timber between decks, and which are often nearly as long as the ship itself. He tells of vessels that are loaded chock-full of timber out at sea—they cannot sink, for they are all timber; but the timber can get water amongst it, and swell and float upwards and blow up the deck. Such vessels are sometimes found out at sea perfectly water-logged, that is, filled with water and yet floating, the deck blown up, the sailors clinging to the shrouds and staving, for all their clothes and provisions are under water. Many of the vessels that trade thus are badly built, trusting to the floating nature of the cargo. One such a Russian officer found in that condition belonging to Bristol, took off all the sailors and carried them home, when he received an honorarium of £200, and the mate £100, raised by subscription, besides much feteing and thanks. A Russian ship was thus picked up by one of Green's captains, who received an "order" from the Czar for it, which he occasionally wears. One such ship was built, and loaded as it was building. It was all of deal, and was meant to cheat the Customs by breaking it up when they discharged cargo, and so sell all that duty-free. But the Customs would not allow it, therefore they made another voyage, ran the ship aground on the coast of Belgium, shipped the timber in other vessels to England, and broke up the ship, and sold it for firewood where it was. Imagine what sort of ship it must have been for sailors to expose their lives in across the Atlantic with a chance of stormy weather! So endless are the schemes of traders. Again, he is carrying troops to the East Indies and convicts to Sydney. I was curious to know how they managed to carry out convicts so far, without having attempts at mutiny and their getting the mastery of the ship. He said, the convicts were often in number from two to three hundred, and they had some twenty soldiers, or so, sent to keep guard. The convicts had part of the between-decks, and a strong partition and door was run across the ship before the mainmast, and there a soldier was always on sentry. If necessary the convicts were kept in irons. He, however, mentioned one occasion on which the convicts laid a scheme for mastering the ship. They cut a hole down into the hold, through which they could get at the spirits; then

they cut another through a bulk-head, that is, a partition, so as to come out behind the soldier on sentry. One of them, however, blabbed some ten days before the outbreak was to come off. The captain now ought to have secured the fellows by putting them in irons, but he foolishly waited till the appointed time. There was then heard a tremendous noise in the middle of the night in the convicts' apartment. They had got drunk with the spirits, in order to get their courage up, and by and by their noise defeated their object. The soldiers threw open the windows in the partition, and called out, that if they were not quiet, that they would fire. The fellows were too frantic to take notice, and the soldiers fired and killed seven of them, and wounded others. This settled them, and in the morning all were put in irons, and kept so till they reached Sydney. There the governor, on hearing the case, declared it was one not so much of insurrection, as of murder against the captain and the doctor, who *might*, and who *ought*, to have prevented this mischief. He put the captain and doctor in custody, and sent them home again for trial, with a number of the convicts and soldiers as evidence. The case was tried in London, and the captain and doctor acquitted. The owners of the ship then applied for the payment on their ship's homeward voyage, as they had lost their cargo—that is, the opportunity for one. Government refused; the owners commenced an action for its recovery, and compelled government to pay it, with costs of trial, £14,000.

Again, the captain described one voyage when he was chief mate of the ship, in which they were alarmed by a similar noise in the night; but as the convicts said it was only Dennis Murphy and another Irishman fighting, he went in and fetched them both out in the dark—the soldiers keeping the door. Dennis, it seems, was a determined talker. As he sat, in irons, on the poop, he kept up a continual stream of explanation of the occurrence. The captain bade him hold his tongue, but it was in vain; he only gabbled on the faster. He threatened, if he would not cease, to gag him; but he still kept on talking, if possible, faster than ever. So they brought out an iron bolt and put it between his teeth, and secured it behind his head. Still Dennis kept up a “bub-bub-bub-bub-wuh!” till he was fairly tired out. The next morning the captain told him he would take the bolt away if he would promise never to make such a noise and talking again. Dennis nodded assent; and as soon as the bolt was out of his mouth, he said, “Oh, jewel captain, if you will never put that nasty iron in my mouth, I will be as still as a fish!” The captain told him if he would promise to be quiet and well-behaved, he would take his irons off too. “Ah! jewel captain, only do that for me, and I’ll bless you till the day I die!” So they took them off, and Dennis kept his word.

The doctor and the chief mate (our captain) set up a school in this ship, and taught the convicts to read and write; and so well-behaved did they become, that they took all their irons off for the remainder of the voyage. When they got to the end of their voyage they had them all up, and the doctor read them a parting address of advice as to their behaviour when on shore—how, by good conduct, to get tickets of leave, and final enfranchisement. He said that there was not a dry eye amongst the convicts; and when the magistrate at Sydney, who receives the convicts from the ships, came on board and put the regular questions as to their trades, and whether they could read and write, he was perfectly astonished to find that all, or nearly all, could do so, most of them saying that they had learned on ship-board. The governor sent a letter of approbation to the captain, doctor, and chief mate, saying that the gratifying fact should be reported home. The convicts gave three cheers at leaving the ship; and the next day, a number of them passing the ship in a cutter, under care of a lieutenant of the navy, on their way to some station up the coast, saw the mate, and began whirling their caps and hurrahing. The lieutenant was so alarmed that he immediately put back, when the convicts explained to the magistrate that they were only cheering because they saw the chief mate on their old ship, where they had been so kindly treated. I was glad to learn from the captain how well the convicts are pro-

vided for their long voyage, havin’ no less than three suits of clothes for it, to change according to the temperature, and everything necessary for them; even needles and thread, put up in little packets and duly delivered to them. Of course, this convict-carrying is now nearly done with for Australia.

Sunday, Aug. 8th.—Latitude, south 36° 20', west longitude 4° 45'. We have had another fit of stormy weather. For a couple of days the wind was high, and the sea mountainous, and the weather cold. The sea washed over the decks, and even the poop. It struck the ship sometimes till it made it stagger; and it rent up the main top-sail like a bit of paper. The sea had a most wintery look. It appeared like a vast hilly country with winding valleys all covered with shushy snow just melted, and here and there, the top of the waves, the snow yet unmelted. The air was cold as winter, for it blew from the antarctic ice. Charlton and Alfred said they liked it; and as there is no danger with a good ship and sea room, nobody troubled themselves about it. One wave, however, came slap-dash into our cabin. We were sitting at dinner, and a wave struck the ship. The captain, with the quick ear of a seaman, said, “There, that is gone into your cabin!” Alfred jumped up to look, and there, sure enough, it was. Though the glass slide was closed, the scuttle was up, and spite of the glass, it had deluged the whole floor, so that we have been obliged to have the carpet up.

We are now scudding away in the right direction, south-east. Yesterday we made 205 miles, and in a few days shall pass the Cape. On Friday we passed the island D’Acunha, which, with two others, the Inaccessible and the Nightingale, you will see on the globe. We were three hundred miles distant, and Tristan D’Acunha can be seen one hundred miles off, being 10,000 feet high; but at our distance, we, of course, saw nothing of it.

Once past the Cape, and we shall be looking towards Port Philip as our last great object. After all, a voyage of three or four months is no joke, and we shall be heartily glad to have done with it. What a budget of news will burst upon us from letters and newspapers! It is startling almost to think of. One great satisfaction, however, is, that the ship is sailing homeward which has our letters, and that in a month from this time you will probably receive them. You will be glad to know that all our things, shirts, coats, etc., do exceedingly well, and that we shall have clean linen to the end of our voyage. Our beds, also, are extremely comfortable. We have just put on our blankets again, and nothing can be better than our sleeping.

Monday, 9th.—To-day we cross the meridian of Greenwich, so that we are nearly in the same longitude as you in England, and therefore have the satisfaction of knowing that our time agrees about with yours. I assure you this is no trifling or imaginary satisfaction, for we have not been able to know exactly how our time and yours agreed, and to-morrow it will be so again; for we have been scudding about on the face of the great deep, now eastward, outrunning the sun, now westward, falling behind it. We are now going right eastward, so that we meet the sun, and lose an hour a day. We shall advance from 0°, our present longitude, to 145°, that of Port Philip, and every day be rising so much earlier, that at length we shall get about seven hours different from you. But one comfort is, that we are now going steadily twelve knots an hour, or about 250 miles in the twenty-four hours, allowing for variations in speed during that time.

Friday, 13th.—This week we have been running on at about 200 miles per day on an average; some days as much as 220. We have had one day the roughest since we have been out. It is now also cold, as in winter; but fine and healthy.

We are now followed by large flocks of Cape-pigeons, Cape-hens, a bird, rather larger and browner on the back than the Cape-pigeons, Molly Mawks or Molly Hawks, undecided which, but generally the former, a large bird, as big as a goose, and like a small albatross. There are numbers of albatrosses, but none so large as I expected, nor are they snowy-white, but olive-brown, with white heads and backs, and white on



STREET IN THE CITY OF MEISSEN, ON THE ELBE.

their under sides. The sea is all alive with them; and at night the phosphoric lights have assumed a new form. They come up in dense and very luminous oblong masses of perhaps twelve feet long. You see them floating like pieces of red-hot iron all about, having a most singular appearance. They are said to be a kind of jelly containing millions of luminous animalculæ, and that it is this on which the whales chiefly feed.

Previous to the gale we had a good deal of rain, and were then excessively annoyed with bad smells, which came partly from below, and partly from some cabins in which the ship-brokers, among their many sins, committed the unpardonable one of filling four out of the seven cuddy cabins with intermediates, who are least of all remarkable for cleanliness. They will hear a good deal about this. * * *

Tuesday, Aug. 31st.—When I wrote up this letter on Sunday week, I said we were going on bravely, and all were well. Scarcely had I written those words when the doctor announced that a child was ill of scarlet fever, and a poor woman so ill and delirious that he did not expect she would get over it. The poor woman in her delirium was continually demanding of her husband, "Where is the gold that you promised me?" This announcement occasioned no little alarm, for our sanitary regulations are anything but satisfactory. The wind being aft for some days, had brought a terrible stench from below into the cuddy, through the wooden funnel put up before leaving England by the government inspector through the cuddy skylight, till the place was almost intolerable; and below were two hundred passengers huddled together, six, eight, and ten, in a cabin, many of them anything but of cleanly habits, and no single air-vent excepting the door-way, for the port-hole which was open on shore was closed immediately on getting to sea—a matter of absolute necessity, or the water would have dashed in. And this the government commissioner had passed over, as he had done a dozen other things. * * *

The scarlet fever, however, was fortunately a false alarm; and the woman who was delirious is getting better. But scarcely was this alarm over when bad weather set in, and it has been such that I have not been able to write since.

Yesterday we passed the island of St. Paul's, in south latitude $38^{\circ} 58'$, and east longitude $77^{\circ} 19'$. It was so stormy that we could only see the island for a short time; we were about a dozen miles to the south of it—a long range of high rock soon again lost among the gathering storms. The island is resorted to for seal-fishing, and there are, it is said, many wild cattle and animals upon it which the fishing-ships when short of provisions kill. I believe people live upon it for months together engaged in boiling down seal oil. What a desolate abode! In summer there is some fine weather on it, but for the greater part of the year storms rage around it. The night before last we had the first thunder storm that we have had on the voyage. The lightning was intense, but the thunder could scarcely be heard above the bellowing of the wind in the sails. Inside we have been knocked about tremendously. What they call a *fair* wind—that is, a wind directly aft of the vessel—has been the worst of all, for the ship being badly ballasted, and now the greater part of the water is drunk, and the casks, instead of being refilled with salt-water as they should be, left empty for them to get at the stores, the ship therefore rolled intolerably when the wind came direct from the stern.

When the first squall came we were at tea. In a moment there was a shock, and the table began to rock to and fro like a child's cradle. Everything on it shot to and fro like shuttles in a loom. Bread-baskets of biscuit sent their contents like hail against the opposite wall; jugs of milk and cups of tea sent their contents over the opposite person. The cup and saucer of the gentleman opposite me gave first a run, then a jump, and jumped exactly into mine, which I was holding in my hand.

On deck the confusion was equally great. Everybody was pitched here and there. On the main deck the people were drenched with the waves that came over. The sailors were running about in crowds, hauling down sails and howling out their usual abundance of noise. The passengers on the poop

were sent against the coops, and clung to the rigging, like the old Friend in Hood's sketch, saying, "Friend, dost thou call this the Pacific?" The doctor, who seems to have neither ballast nor specific gravity, and almost every day goes flying off his chair or off his feet, to be picked up quite helpless, was sent right across the poop, from side to side, three times before he could stop himself, for before he could clutch hold of a rope the ship lurched the other way, and he was sent back to the other side.

At every few minutes' interval these shocks came through the night, and just as the cuddy lamp was put out, and we had put out our lamp, and were snug in bed, there came a shock beyond all description. There was a stunning blow of a wave right amid-ships, and the vessel went down on one side to the very water's edge, and then as rapidly down on the other, so that down went everything that was moveable in the ship. The noise, the shuddering and quivering of the ship, the fall of heavy boxes, the smash of glass and earthenware, the rattle of all sorts of things, the bawling of the sailors above, and the frantic outcries of people below, are indescribable. Numbers of passengers thought all was over. We could hear people below shouting "Help! help!" and a clamour of voices as if they were fighting and struggling together. One man, the old pawnbroker-poet, who bears the elegant cognomen among the intermediates of "Strike-a-light," came out of his cabin in his shirt, with his hands clasped, and solemnly crying, "It is all over! We have struck on a rock! We are going to the bottom!"

Friday, Sept. 10th.—Latitude $39^{\circ} 13'$, east longitude, 120° . To-day it is exactly three calendar months since we left Plymouth. With favourable wind and weather we may reach Port Philip in a week; if we do that it will be an excellent voyage.

Sunday Morning. It is dangerous felicitating ourselves at sea. Scarcely had I written the preceding sentence, when there came a fierce squall. The weather changed altogether, and we had a very rough day and still worse night. About midnight there came a terrific squall which seemed as if it would tear away masts and sails and all together. There was in an instant a scampering and bawling of the sailors to haul in the sails.

While we were at breakfast there was a heavy fall, and a whirling and scuffling sound on the poop aft, which made us start up, believing that the rudder-chain had broken. We rushed on deck, and saw the carpenter and another sailor holding, or endeavouring to hold, the wheel with all their might, but unable to prevent it dashing to and fro in a furious manner. On the deck near lay Smidt, the Holsteiner, as if dead, and the captain was running up, crying, "Hold her head! Keep her to it!"

A heavy sea had struck the rudder and sent the wheel round with such force that Smidt, who was steering, was whirled over the wheel, fell under it on the other side, and the hands of the wheel struck his thigh with such violence that two of them were broken clear away, though about two inches thick. Smidt lay for some time like a dead man, but when they attempted to move him he began to groan. It was found that the bone was not broken, though the thigh was awfully crushed, and the shock had nearly stopped his pulse—a little more, and the doctor said he would have been a dead man.

I said to the carpenter at the wheel, "Why are there not two sailors at the wheel in such a sea?" And with that sailor-feeling which will not allow a landsman to know anything of sea affairs, he smiled and said, "Oh, there is no occasion for more than one."

Scarcely were the words out of his mouth when another sea struck the rudder, and dashed him loose from the wheel, as if he had been a child. Round spun the wheel with mad velocity: the roll of the ship pitched the carpenter back again against the bar of the tiller, and jammed his leg between the rudder beam and the wheel-post. His leg was in danger of being crushed to pieces, but another turn of the wheel released him, and he was flung back against the hen-coops, and the third mate, who was with him at the wheel, against the other. They were both carried off to the fore-castle, and what is called

a "reliever-tackle" added to the tiller-chain, to prevent mischief if the chain should break. By degrees the weather cleared up during the day.

We shall now be soon all anxiety and agitation about landing: shall begin to lay ready white shirts, and hang our surtouts in the air to take out the creases, brush up hats, and pack away things ready for a start. I fear a great number below will have nothing to land with. They have drank, and smoked, and gambled all away!

Friday, Sept. 17th.—Longitude 138°. For two days we have been lying with very little wind. Yesterday we only did eighty miles; and to-day I fear we shall do less. We are now just off Adelaide, and a couple of good days' sail would carry us to Port Philip. We calculated on being there on Sunday. We have this morning, for the first time for some weeks, seen a small whale, which has been spouting round the ship for a good part of an hour.

Sunday Evening, Sept. 19th.—Longitude 41° 1' 30". For nearly three days we were almost becalmed; yesterday a wind sprung up, and though too much ahead we are going seven knots an hour. We are now only fifty-seven miles from Cape Otway, the cape before we turn into Port Philip Bay. There is a lighthouse on it, and all the ship is in excitement, expecting before midnight to see the light.

To-morrow, if the wind is favourable, I trust we shall cast anchor off Melbourne, making the voyage in 102 days.

To-day, on opening the scuttle in our cabin, I perceived an aromatic odour, as of spicy flowers, blown from the land! People at first could not believe it, but there it was, strong and delicious as Milton describes it, from "the coasts of Mozambique and Araby the blessed." The wind is blowing strong off the shore, and the fragrance continues something like the scent of a hay-field, but more spicy. I expect it is the yellow mimosa, which Richard said we should find in flower covering all the hills.

Half-past Nine.—Hurrah! We see the light on Cape Otway! There it is, and no mistake, a revolving light! There is a great hurrahing at the sight. We now may go to rest contented. The captain, after tea, took a stellar observation, by which he found that the light must be about thirty miles off. The chief mate and Big Sam went aloft, and they cried "Light-a-hoy!" There was a stunning shout. The captain said, "Thank God! We have made no mistake then!"

We must give Captain Terry credit for being a very good navigator. He has always but every point he has aimed at to a tittle; and the Kent, though sent out in very bad order, is a truly excellent sea-boat, and a good sailer.

Monday Morning.—In the morning, about two o'clock, the ship was so still that I was afraid the captain, in his anxiety to be safe, had cast anchor under the land. I got up and looked out; we were in perfectly still water; the land was in sight along our left hand, and Cape Otway light lay a good way behind us. They were hauling in the lead, and were lying-to for that purpose; they found no bottom, and set sail again; and now this morning we are holding along the left-hand shore at some miles' distance, but near enough to see the wooded hills, very much resembling the hills of the Odenwald, as you go from Mannheim to Heidelberg. Through the glass we can see the ravines and hollows, and the tall white stems of the gum-trees. We are now, ten o'clock, within sight of the heads of Port Philip Bay, but I am afraid, as the bay itself is forty miles long, and as we are some distance, we shall hardly be able to get on shore to-night. No matter; here we are, safe and sound, at the Land of Promise! You will rejoice to hear it!

Monday Evening.—We are arrived in port and have cast anchor. Our voyage is accomplished, and we find that instead of sixteen thousand miles it is only thirteen thousand, as I used to suppose. We know, from a daily account kept on board, that it is only that distance. The fine stretch of woody hills on our left hand sunk down as we advanced into flat land, and when we reached the Heads, as they are called, of the bay—that is, the opening into the bay—at about two o'clock, we were amidst perfectly flat scenery. The opening into the bay

is, I suppose, half a mile wide, but there is a reef on each side which contracts it still more. At this place a pilot came on board; and it is very necessary, for no less than four wrecks lying outside the reef show that it is a very dangerous spot. There is a lighthouse on the left-hand side, on a piece of somewhat elevated land, containing an inclosure of one or two fields, which looked very neat and home-like after our long voyage at sea. On the opposite side are wild sand-banks covered with something looking vastly like gorse-bushes. Here the pilot came on board, bringing with him a basket of geraniums and stocks in flower. The stocks were white and red, and very beautiful and odorous—at once a reply to the assertion that flowers in Australia have no scent. The bay spreads out into a vast width, and you only see the land on the left hand covered with woodlands that seem to grow in the water. The nearer we approach Hobson's Bay, the port of Melbourne, the flatter is the scenery. At about six o'clock we cast anchor close by another ship just arrived from Liverpool full of people. It, and another from Sydney, preceded us up the bay, and two others were following us. There are one hundred vessels lying here at anchor, all of whose sailors have run away, and the vessels are obliged to remain. We see nothing here except the lighthouse and the ships. They call it William's Town, but no town is to be seen. Melbourne is eight miles off by water, as the river winds; by land it is only two miles and a half; to the house of my brother it is four miles. We should have gone on shore here, and walked up, had last evening been fine, and had the medical inspector been on board, which he has not, and till he has done that we cannot leave the ship under a penalty of £500.

Well, the main thing, the existence of gold, is all right. The pilot, who seems a sensible fellow, says that there never was more gold. He says that there are already 100,000 diggers, at least that number of monthly licences have been granted, and therefore there are many more diggers, no doubt.

The pilot brought a number of Melbourne papers on board, which fully confirm his accounts. So far so good; on the other hand, everything is very dear. They charge five shillings for taking you by steamer to Melbourne, so that it would be 30s. for us to go and return. The price of the conveyance of luggage is equally heavy. Horses which used to be £6 or £7 each—poor hacks, says the pilot—are now £70 each, and draught bullocks which used to be £7 the pair, are now £30 or £35! The charge for the carriage of goods up the country is £70 per ton, or more than £3 per cwt. Imagine what must be the price of provisions at the diggings! One of the worst things, however, that I have heard of, and which any one thinking of coming out here ought to know, is that Bank of England notes are not taken at less than 20 per cent. discount. Thus, any one bringing them instead of sovereigns, and many people do so, is at once robbed of one-fifth of his whole capital. It is a grievous infliction.

Such are some of the particulars we have picked up to-day since our arrival; we shall hear further to-morrow. But what an excitement is the arrival to the passengers themselves! Of course all are brimful of anxiety to learn something about the gold fields. When the pilot came on board he was surrounded with the passengers as by a swarm of bees. A hundred questions were put to him. "Ask me no questions now," says the grave-looking man of business, "I must attend to the ship."

That is a dumper, but by degrees the important news oozes out. First the pilot pulls out a lot of Melbourne newspapers, and crowds seize upon them, rush around them, and you soon see half a dozen hands holding one paper, and a dozen heads peeping one over the other, devouring the all-important columns. Here and there a brilliant paragraph is read out, of the abundance of gold, of new diggings discovered, of the good market price of gold, or amazing instances of luck. That is followed by an hurrah. Then come inquiries about the price of provisions, of freight, of carriage, of horses and bullocks, and all look blank with consternation.

How in the world great numbers are ever to get out of the ship even, I do not know. The system of the sale of spirits on board these emigrant ships produces the worst consequences. Here are a number of young men whose friends have given them orders on banks here, that they might not spend their money in the ship, yet who, nevertheless, have managed to dissipate it all.

Did I say that four or five vessels that set out at the same time, or even after us, are in before us? The Bangalore that walked off so gallantly from us at Plymouth, has been in twenty days. The Black-friar and John Taylor are in; the Deborah from Bristol and a Liverpool ship, with others. One ship from Liverpool came in with a loss of one hundred passengers by sickness out of eight hundred and twenty-one.

Tuesday Morning.—The first news this morning is, that four of the sailors have carried off the captain's gig from just over his head, and are gone clean off.

We are going on shore.

Sep. 23rd, Melbourne. Here we are, and have been two days. We found all well, and heartily glad to see us.

Yesterday Alfred and I went down to the ship to see if we could get our things out of it, but all was confusion there. All the sailors had gone off except three. As we approached the ship, we saw that the boat was also missing from the larboard side, and suspected the cause. On getting on board we learned that seventeen of the sailors had gone off in the night. The boat was chained, and the chain put through the scuttle into the chief mate's cabin and fastened to his bed. But the men had forced one of the links asunder and carried her off. There are about a hundred ships lying in the harbour here, some of them amongst the finest merchant ships of London, and they are deserted almost to a man. Here they are and here they may stay. The sailors from the Kent went off in the night when it was raining hard. They would be wet to the skin, but they got safe off, and left the boat drawn up on the beach, where she lies; the other boat is not yet found. Yesterday the captain of another vessel, lying alongside the Kent, got into the steamer which came alongside his ship to go to Melbourne, when sixteen of his sailors threw their bundles down into it, and followed them themselves, armed with different implements. The captain insisted on the master of the steamer putting them out again, but he replied that they had paid their fares and he had nothing to do with it. Nine of the soldiers sent to keep guard have deserted, and such is the excitement that no man can be depended on.

The charges for everything are monstrous. As there is no quay to the harbour, people and their goods are obliged to take a boat, and the charge is enormous. A boat to take you to the beach charges 3s. each, and then you have to walk two miles and a-half to the town. If you go by steamer, you have to pay 2s. 6d. to get at her, and 5s. fare. As there are but two steamers, they are very independent, and play into the hands of the boatmen, and *vice versa*. With very little extra trouble they might put you down at your vessel, but that they will rarely do. The freight from London hither costs £3 per ton, and from the bay to Melbourne, eight miles by the river, they charge half that sum, and then you have a heavy cartage to any part of the town. The carriage of goods up to Mount Alexander is £70 per ton. It has been as high as £120. Everything is in proportion.

There has been so much rain this winter that the roads to Mount Alexander are almost impassable. The number of people pouring into this country is astounding, and there is the utmost difficulty in getting lodgings at any price. A couple of little empty rooms are let for £2 a week, and the most extravagant prices are asked for decent lodgings. Numbers of people can get none, and are camped out in the outskirts of the town. All articles of life are in proportion. Beef and mutton, which awhile ago were 1½d. per lb., are now, this week, 6d. The quartern loaf, 1s. 6d. Butter, 2s. 6d. per lb. Eggs, 5s. per dozen. Beer, 1s. per bottle. Port and Sherry, 8s. per bottle. Washing, from 3s. to 5s. per dozen; and so on. But then, such is the success of the gold fields that the people, once through the town, do not care for the high prices.

The diggers and diggers' wives outspend the gentry. A gentleman told me the other day that he saw a digger's wife buy a diamond ring for £20, and the other day also the governor's wife was looking at a handsome shawl in a draper's shop, for which a very high price was asked. She objected to give so much, when a digger's wife, standing by, said,—“Let me look at it; oh, yes, it will do for me; it will do for my second best!” I saw a digger's wedding yesterday; at least, I saw the party driving about in an open barouche, with a driver in smart livery, with a white favour on his whip-stock, and the two ladies in the most superb dresses with large white veils. It seems, they always drive all about the town to show themselves, and have an extravagant feast at an inn.

Well, I must give you some idea of the place.

We were put on shore at what they call Liardits, where you can walk over the flat country adjoining the Yarra to Melbourne, two miles and a half. It was a low sandy shore where we landed, and where was a shabby sort of inn, looking English but slovenly, with a shabby sort of long waggon meant for an omnibus, which offered to take us the two miles and a half for half a crown; they think of nothing less than half a crown here. But after the thirteen thousand miles of sea confinement, we were too anxious to stretch our legs on terra firma. We marched on amid a wildish scene of sand, ferns, odd sorts of shrubs, and here and there a new wooden hut in process of erection. Around us were plenty of stumps of trees standing, cut off about a yard high, American fashion, and a sprinkling of very old-looking trees, some like battered wind-torn willows, and some like great trees of broom, while others were like dead trees, stuck all over with tufts of mistletoe. These were the white gum trees, and the broom-like trees were the shiack, corrupted to shee-oak. We advanced along the level amid lagoons of water, full of bull-frogs and other frogs, shaking a most noisy chorus, and amid green meadows, which sometime will, no doubt, be rich ones. Then we came to a green hill, on which was an encampment of tents, belonging to people who were waiting to get to the diggings. Some of the passengers of the Bangalore were there, beginning already their camp-life. These tents looked thin and white, and there were women frying and boiling at fires in front of them. Further on, in the tents, we heard singing and merriment. We went on and crossed the Yarra by a good bridge—Melbourne, a town of some extent of red brick, showing itself on a slope before us.

But now I must relate a little circumstance. Some weeks ago, while yet at sea, I had a dream of being at my brother's in Melbourne, and found his house on a hill at the further end of the town, next to the open forest. His garden sloped a little way down the hill to some brick buildings below, and there were green-houses on the right-hand by the wall as you looked down the hill from the house. As I looked out from the windows, in my dream, I saw a wood of dusky-foliaged trees, having a somewhat segregated appearance in their heads; that is, their heads did not make that dense mass like our woods. “There!” I said, addressing some one in my dream, “I see your native forest of Eucalyptus!” This dream I told to Alfred and Charlton, and to two of our fellow-passengers, at the time. And now, as we walked over the meadows, long before we reached the town, I saw this very wood! “There,” I exclaimed, “is the very wood of my dream. We shall see my brother's house there!” And so we did. It stands exactly as I saw it, only looking newer; but there, over the wall of the garden, is the wood, precisely as I saw it, and now see it as I sit at the dining-room window, writing. Is it not extraordinary? When I look on this scene I seem to look into my dream.

Melbourne is a considerable town, well situated, except that it is too far from the bay, on a rising ground. It has a straggling and unfinished appearance, with a considerable number of churches and chapels standing in open waste places, which one is astonished to find where land for building sells so high. As the Chief-Justice says in a pamphlet which he has just left me, “it is a capital that is neither lighted, paved, nor drained.” The streets are left tolerably wide at right angles, but are at present very muddy from the rains; and I

understand in summer, as bad from the driving dust. The houses are very low, a considerable number being only of one story, and even when they are two, they have a dwarfish look. That which, perhaps, astonishes one most, is the number of wild backwoods'-men-looking fellows abroad, in broad-brimmed hats, rough coats, and dirty boots, riding about, all on a canter, on very rough-looking horses. Whether the riders, with their long, wild hair and shaggy beards, or the horses look the most unkempt, it is hard to say.

But the country round Melbourne is pleasant. The town stands on a fine eminence, around a good part of which the Yarra winds. At this time of the year the grass is green, and the gum trees scattered over it give it a park-like appearance. All the trees are evergreens. Some of these trees are covered with bunches of small white blossoms, while the shiack, with its broom-like foliage, and the yellow mimosa, now in full blossom, vary in some degree the monotony, but do not present the vivid and tender variety of verdure of an English spring. All the swamps and watery river-flats are filled with mimosa and tea-scrub, green and olive; they are like low woods of cyprus, arbor vitæ, and juniper, with here and there a tall naked stem, with a round head standing up above them.

I have taken some short walks about the neighbourhood. Everywhere there is the same park-like look, the same erection of houses of all kinds, from the gentleman's country-villa,—differing in no respect from the same class of houses in England,—down to the little wooden hut with tents pitched round for accommodation, which the house is too small to afford.

About a mile from the town, in the vale of the Yarra, is a most singular scene. You pass over the hills under those scattered, dusky trees, and a fine valley lies open at your feet; the opposite side of it is covered with wood which conceals the river, and these masses of trees appear mountain ranges. But the scene that demands your attention lies in the valley, under your feet. It is that of little tenements, chiefly of wood, and all of only one story high; these extend as far as the eye can command the vale, which is for about two miles. Here is a population equal to that of Melbourne itself. The place is called Collingwood, and has sprung up from the rapid influx of immigrants, and from the prohibition by the town council of wooden buildings in the city. It is one of the first things which has impressed on me the rapidly running stream of immigration. Here is a new settlement in all its newness! The houses are some of them complete, others are just erecting. Wood and rubbish are lying about—with pigs, hens, geese, and goats, but not a trace of—or even the idea of—a garden amongst the whole of them. These small tenements are set down on the open field, as if they were the abodes of Squatters; but they are all built upon small purchased allotments; but with no trace of outer inclosure or garden. No! this is too busy, too excited a generation to have any time for gardens. Their time is too precious! They are but the resting-places of the families of gold-diggers, while the diggers are at the distant Mount Alexander or Bendigo Creek, and the temporary resort of the diggers themselves during their short pause in the winter.

It is amazing the value that is set upon land round Melbourne. Allotments are sold at prices which appear fabulous. We think one and two thousand pounds per acre, near London, high, but here it is often sold at from four to five thousand. I see houses frequently pointed out in the outskirts as having been sold for seven or eight thousand pounds, with a garden, and, perhaps, a small paddock, which, in the vicinity of London, would not fetch more than two. Small houses, which, in London, would not let for more than forty pounds a-year, here let for four hundred. These extravagant prices arise not merely from the high price of the land, but from the exorbitant price of labour, and, consequently, of all building materials, as bricks, hewn stone, lime, wrought timber, etc. A slater is paid £1 per day. A young man, an engineer, who came over in the same ship with us, was immediately engaged at the same price. A tailor was immediately engaged at £5 a week, and so on. Commercial clerks are, however, at a dis-

count. There is, already, a glut of them. Let this be known as much as possible, to prevent disappointment.

In the towns you see plenty of people about, both men and women; you would not think there was any want of them, but the moment you get out into the country you perceive the immense scarcity of men. Women are eagerly engaged on landing; and men, who could resist gold, and would be willing to work in agricultural labour and gardening, would be jumped at for 12s. per day. My brother has a gardener just now, and his garden is as well kept as an English one, while the gardens of several other gentlemen are perfect wildernesses; they have, literally, nobody to cultivate them. They are magnificent wildernesses in which arums, such as we cultivate in the house, are now standing, putting up their marble-like spathed flowers, with jonquils, the native indigo, splendid cacti, prickly pears, roses, red and white, stocks, as large and tall as shrubs, yellow jasmine, date trees, tobacco trees, the two species of India-rubber, and a host of strange shrubs and curious flowers, amid a mass of weeds up to your middle. I shall send a list of the flowers and shrubs in my next; and of many of the plants that stand out through the year in the gardens here. At present I can only give you a general idea. It is strange to drive up to a good house with its English look, its English approach, and English fields all around, and on reaching its shrubbery find it looking as if it were deserted. The walks all overgrown, and the most gorgeous flowers and beautiful tropical plants and trees lost in a desert of weeds; while the cockatoo, the parrot, the little love-birds flit about, with their strange voices. The honey-bird, a bird covered with longitudinal black and white streaks, about the size of a sparrow, is busy sucking honey from the splendid orange and scarlet flowers. I hear a bird, too, though I do not know its name, that has a song containing some of the most striking notes of the nightingale; and the piping crow, or rather magpie, is seen about, but does not pipe for some time yet to come.

Saturday.—We have a most difficult job to get our things from the ship. It cost us each 16s. to get to the ship and back. We were yesterday, Alfred and myself, working like griffins, but did not get all our things into the lighter, and must go down again to-day, at another cost of 32s.

The number of people pouring into the colony from all parts is wonderful. I have no doubt but that this year there will be 200,000. The monthly licenses alone, at the diggings at Bierley Creek, are 20,000; yet there appears to be gold enough for all—and gold keeps up its price.

Yesterday, when we went down to the ship, steamers were coming up from the Bay, crammed with diggers from Sydney. The very diggers come thence, though Sydney is full of gold. You should have seen this sight; some hundreds of men, with bad, battered, straw, or cabbage-leaf hats, huge beards, blue shirts and trousers yellow with clay and earth. Almost every man has a gun and a huge dog, half hound, half mastiff, in a chain. Each had his bundle, containing his sack to sleep on, his blanket, and such change of linen as these men of the diggings require; they had besides, their spades and picks tied together, and thus they march up the country carrying all they want, and lying out under the trees. Every day more are pouring in, and thousands in the same style take the road overland all the way from Adelaide, having drays with them loaded with provisions. These are wonderful times!

Sunday.—I must conclude, as I must make up the parcel to-day, the Australian sailing to-morrow. I shall put in a few of the wild spring-flowers that I have gathered, and a few twigs of the principal trees. The Eucalypti and the gums are the most common. The red gum has a white bark which peels off like the plane-tree, and the white gum a brown bark. Otherwise they are much unlike. The white gum is just in flower, the red only in bud. There is also a manna tree, much of the same kind. I saw some of the gum to-day hanging from a wound in the tree like sticks of sealing-wax, only light and transparent. The Eucris, which is the heath of Australia, you will recognise as growing in our green-houses.

Now, no more at present, except that we are all well and in excellent spirits.

THE SHRINE OF PRINCE ARTHUR IN WORCESTER CATHEDRAL.

WHEN the cold, crafty, and avaricious Henry the Seventh wished to carry out any scheme of his crooked policy, no consideration was allowed to stand in his way. His love of money and power overbore all other considerations, and sunk all natural feelings. To these projects he sacrificed the happiness of his children. His eldest daughter, Margaret, when little more than thirteen years of age, was married to the King of Scotland; and his eldest son, Arthur, in consideration of a jointure of 200,000 crowns, though scarcely fifteen years of age, was married to the Princess Catherine, the fourth daughter of the King of Spain. This marriage, which

source was minutely traced, and predictions made of the long line of descendants which was to spring from this union. No prophecy, however, could more signally have failed; for this boy, on whom, from his amiable disposition and personal beauty, the hopes and affections of the nation had been fixed, died before he had been married five months.

Immediately after all this pageantry was over, the young prince, with his bride, was sent to keep his court as Prince of Wales at the magnificent castle of Ludlow; and this forcing on him of duties far beyond his years no doubt shortened his life, for he died here on the 2nd of April, 1502. The transition



DRAWN AND ENGRAVED BY JEWITT, OF OXFORD.

took place at St. Paul's Cathedral, London, on the 6th of November, 1501, was celebrated with the greatest pomp. The king, on this occasion, seeming to have forgotten his wonted parsimony, spent large sums in feasts, masquerades, pageants, and tournaments, the nobility vieing with each other in splendour and magnificence. Heraldic devices, as tending to strengthen the claims of Henry to the crown, were used in abundance; and as the king claimed, through Owen Tudor, descent from the famous King Arthur, and had named his son after him, this formed the chief ground-work of the allegorical masques which, according to the usage of the time, were performed at the marriage. His descent from so high a

from one pageant to another was sudden, the marriage-feast being scarcely ended before the funeral rites began.

His remains were removed to the cathedral of Worcester, where his obsequies were celebrated with as great pomp as his marriage had been a few months before. Bishops and abbots, priors, priests, and choristers, with torches innumerable, received the corpse, and the crowd of nobles and clergy rendered the ceremonial as solemn and imposing as had been that of his nuptials.

Immediately after the death of Prince Arthur, the King of Spain proposed that the young widow, his daughter, should be affianced to her brother-in-law, afterwards Henry VIII.

This union, therefore, in the sequel, led to consequences of the utmost importance, not to this kingdom alone, but to the world at large.

The gorgeous Chantry Chapel was erected in 1504, and a chantry founded for the performance of masses for the repose of the prince's soul. It is similar in its general design to that of William of Wykeham, in Winchester and other cathedrals, but its architecture, though of the style denominated the *Perpendicular*, is of the latest period, and is usually known as the *Tudor* style.

It is situated on the south side of the choir, filling up the space of the last arch next the altar. The engraving will explain the details better than a description. The chapel consists of a small room, the entrance to which is by a door from the choir. It is divided into compartments by rich buttresses, covered with richly canopied niches containing figures. The spaces between the buttresses are filled with panelling, which at the ends is solid, but in the other parts pierced into windows. The whole is surmounted by a rich pierced parapet and pinnacles.

The interior is richly panelled, and the roof groined. The east end, where the altar formerly stood, is a mass of elaborate tabernacle work, containing figures of saints in niches, and divided into four compartments by buttresses similar to those on the exterior, but the figures are much mutilated.

Owing to the elevation of the altar platform, the floor of the choir is much higher than that of the aisles; and the side of the shrine, therefore, next the transept, which is shown in the engraving, is considerably higher than the other, and another small room has consequently been formed under the chantry, and contains two monuments, one of a bishop and the other of a lady, both of the thirteenth century, and said to be those of Bishop Giffard and a Countess of Surrey. These monuments probably occupied their present positions before the shrine was erected. The space between the upper and lower stories is occupied by panelling, filled with a very interesting series of badges of the Tudor family; and as these, or some of them, were in the chapel of Henry VII., in Westminster Abbey, and

in most buildings of the period, it may be interesting and useful to give some account of them. They are as follows:—*The Red Rose*: This was borne by Henry VII. as being descended from the House of Lancaster. *The Tudor Rose*: A white rose within a red one—in allusion to the union of the two houses by his marriage with the Princess Elizabeth of York. *The Portcullis and Ostrich Feather*: The portcullis was assumed by the family of Beaufort, who were the children of John of Gaunt, or Ghent, by Catherine. Swinford, being intended conventionally to represent the Castle of Beaufort, the place of their birth; and it was borne by Henry to show his descent from that house. The ostrich feather was a badge of John of Gaunt. *The Falcon and open Fetterlock*: This is a badge of the House of York, and was borne by Prince Arthur in right of his mother. *The Sheaf of Arrows*. This was borne by Prince Arthur in compliment to his wife. It belongs to the House of Arragon, and was assumed by them in commemoration of the conquest of Granada, which had been achieved by the superior skill of the Arragonese bowmen. *The Rose en Soleil*, or rose surrounded by the sun's rays: Another Yorkist badge, the origin of which is said to have been as follows:—"On the morning previous to the battle of Mortimer's Cross, there appeared to be in the heavens three suns, which, as the day advanced, became joined in one; and this omen, which preceded a signal victory over the Lancastrian party, induced King Edward (IV.) to assume as a badge this figure, which would perpetuate the memory of both circumstances." *The Fleur de lis* was another badge of the House of Lancaster. The *Royal Arms* also were along with the badges.

The whole building is well worth examination and study. It is interesting to the heraldic student, as illustrating the various armorial bearings and devices of a period when they had attained their greatest splendour, and were used in the greatest profusion; to the archaeologist, as illustrating the sepulchral usages of the middle ages; and to the architect, as exhibiting Gothic architecture in its last stage, before it was debased by a mixture with the revived classic styles.

MEISSEN ON THE ELBE.

Our illustration shows the little river Meise, flowing through the narrow street of a picturesque old town. We are struck by the beauty of the shadowy foliage, the quaintness of the buildings, the old castle on its rocky height, the exquisite tracery of the cathedral spire, and our interest is increased, when we learn that this is Meissen on the Elbe, where, in 1710, the materials and fabrication of porcelain were, after many weary trials, discovered and perfected for the first time in Europe. Never since then has its furnace-fires died out; and the porcelain manufactory, peacefully enshrined in the old feudal castle we behold, sends forth to the tables of kings and nobles, and the cabinets of the wealthy, those masterpieces of ceramic art known as Dresden china. It seems as though the centres of fictile art were necessarily associated with the picturesque and lovely in nature. The classic Etruria was embosomed amidst hills and vineyards; the manufacturing cities of Asia-Minor looked out upon blue seas and golden sands; and this little town of Meissen, not a whit less lovely in its way, stands on the green undulating shore of the Elbe, with a noble bridge across the wide and rapid stream, and beyond a road—a ceaseless avenue of trees—that at the end of fourteen miles brings the traveller to the walls of Dresden—not inaptly called the "Florence of Germany." It is indeed an art-city—with its library of 250,000 volumes, its incomparable picture-gallery, in which hang masterpieces of Raphael, Coreggio, Titian, Paul Veronese, Carlo Dolce, Julio Romano, Guido, and Tintoretto, and a collection of home and foreign porcelain, that, containing 60,000 pieces, is barely enshrined in eighteen rooms! Such a place is worthy of possessing, as it does, a modern Veii or Tarquinii, with its chemists, its

fabricators, and its artists, amidst the vineyards of its neighbouring hills.

Art, in all its branches, bears so obvious a relation to the character and degrees of civilisation, as to be no other than a relative term. To say that art dies, is in our opinion a minor sort of atheism; to lament that types of it become extinct, as far as creativeness goes, is a fallacy begotten by ignorance. Were its creative and fabricating power ever so masterly, no modern nation would think of exhausting the wonders of ceramic art to form lachrymatories for tears, and urns for the ashes of the dead; for the simple reason, that the sentiment necessary to such a type of art passed away with the barren philosophy and morals of the classic ages. When it rose again in its new birth, its character was wholly changed. Acted upon, though unconsciously, by the dawning spirit of a new and great age, men now sought to make utility the foundation of art. This they did coarsely, rudely enough at first, particularly in relation to what was fictile; but at length, as they advanced, as the truth began to dawn upon them, that UTILITY would still be more divinely served through an alliance with BEAUTY, then, like eager children, they sought far and wide to give effect to this first glimpse of a divine idea. Simultaneously, yet without concert, they strove to this end in many countries, through many difficulties and hindrances, by many methods—the honour at length falling upon the little town of Meissen on the Elbe, in Saxony.

From the date of the tenth to the nineteenth century, much had been done in Europe—by the Moors in the Spanish peninsula, by the Italians at Faenza in the States

of the Church, and by the Dutch and French, in the improving and glazing of earthenware. But when, in 1518, the Portuguese begun the importation into Europe of the exquisitely fabricated, though ill-shaped, porcelain of China, it was soon seen, as this passed commercially from hand to hand, that much had to be discovered, as well as practised, before the exquisite hardness, glaze, and pellucidity of the Chinese porcelain could be imitated. The spirit of eager inquiry was roused in all directions. In this country it took its usual healthy course, that of individual enterprise: in other countries, less emancipated from feudal influences, royal and governmental patronage stepped in with effects and institutions that continue to this hour.

The great need was to discover a clay like that called by the Chinese "kaolin," for by this time moulding, baking, turning, and other operations of the potter's art were well understood. At length this was effected by an accident, only rivalled by one to which Astbury, the English potter, owed his greatest fictile improvements. Previous to this, in 1701, a youth named Böttger, apprenticed to an apothecary of Berlin, began to be widely known for his reputed skill in alchemy. He pretended, and probably believed, that his researches in the transmutation of metals would lead to the fabrication of gold. These reports reaching the King of Prussia, Frederick William I., he manifested so much interest as to alarm the apothecary's apprentice, who, fearing he might be seized for the purpose of extracting his secret, fled from Berlin into the state of Saxony. He was, however, pursued and arrested at Dresden; but Frederick Augustus I., King of Poland, and elector of Saxony, sharing in some degree the King of Prussia's belief in the virtues of alchemy, refused to surrender Böttger, or the *Maker of Gold*, as he was more popularly called. He was conducted to Wirtemberg, and consigned to what might be considered solitary imprisonment, though supplied with all the means of pursuing his chemical researches, and treated with great kindness and consideration. With an allegation, or rather an unconsciousness of what constitutes the rights of personal liberty, that reads more like a fact of the twelfth than of the commencement of the eighteenth century, this strict surveillance was continued over Böttger, the elector wishing to secure to himself the prospective golden results of his researches. These, as might be expected, were looked for in vain; and ceasing, perhaps, at length to have faith in their probability, the Elector placed Böttger in communication with a person named Tschirnhaus, who had been engaged for some time in experimental researches relating to the fabrication of porcelain. The elector possibly thought, and wisely too, that the skill and chemical knowledge which had failed in solving the secret of the transmutation of metals, might, in a more practical direction, assist in the coveted discovery of the ingredients of which porcelain was composed. Tschirnhaus, who had already succeeded in discovering a clay in the neighbourhood of Dresden of value, though not of the kind sought, for it had neither whiteness, translucency, or fineness, wisely seconded the elector's new opinion, and dissuading Böttger from the further pursuit of experiments so barren of result as his had been, led him, at length, to become his co-operator in researches not only eminently practical, but likely to result both in wealth and fame.

These experiments were carried on with a degree of mystery that reminds one of the old alchemist. The better to secure them from observation, the elector gave up his chateau, or castle, of Albrechtsburg, at Meissen, to the two experimentalists, for whose use a laboratory was fitted up and workmen supplied. Here everything was done to render their life agreeable consistent with the strictest surveillance, especially as regarded Böttger, who was never for a moment permitted to escape the sight of the officer constantly attending him. It was feared he might escape and bestow his secrets elsewhere. In 1706, when Charles XII. entered Saxony, Böttger, Tschirnhaus, and three of their workmen, were conveyed under an escort of cavalry to the fortress of Königstein: hither their laboratory was removed, and here they remained a year

closely guarded, the elector fearing their seizure by the King of Sweden as much apparently as he did his crown.

After a year's seclusion at Königstein they were brought to Dresden, and lodged in the Jung Ferbastei, which was fitted up for their use with a laboratory. Here they renewed their labours for the improvement of porcelain, and especially such researches as might vouch the secret of its component parts. Their labours were extraordinary and incessant, approached only in intensity and endurance by those of the admirable Bernard de Palissy. The elector often assisted personally at these long vigils and extraordinary labours; still the results, though in some degree successful, did not reach the discovery of a true porcelain. It was still stoneware, not china.

In 1708 Tschirnhaus died. Soon after, accident revealed to Böttger the secret that experiments had failed to produce. Henceforth his name became associated with the discovery of kaolin, or china clay, and that of Dresden with an exquisite advance in ceramic art. The assistance of accident must not rob Böttger of a particle of his worth as a fine experimentalist and chemist. Had his mind not been directed to this object by previous research and study, the accident would have passed by, as accidents commonly do, without notice, or, at least, without producing effects; but already a master of induction, already aware, in the beautiful sense of one of Bacon's immortal aphorisms, that "nature is only subdued by submission,"* he seized the accident, caused it to become experiment, and produced, therefore, an immense advance in connexion with one of the loveliest arts that moulds and increases civilisation.

Böttger wore a wig and used hair powder as was the custom of his time. Happening one day to take in his hand the packet of powder supplied by his valet, he was struck by its extraordinary weight, and, on inquiry, learnt that it was a new mineral powder lately introduced by an iron-master named Schnorr, in place of the vegetable powder formerly in use. It occurred at once to Böttger that an earthy material of this whiteness might serve the purpose he had so long needed; he made experiments, and the results were perfect. Schnorr was applied to, and from him it was learnt that passing on horseback along a road near Aue, he observed it to be covered with a white and soft clay, from which his horse raised its feet with difficulty. It occurred to him that this mud or clay might, if dried, calcined, and prepared, be converted into a mineral hair powder. He therefore brought home a sample of the clay, was successful in producing from it a fine white powder, which in a short time became an important article of commerce.

The place from which Schnorr drew his supplies was now examined, and it proved to be a vein of fine kaolin, identical in all its properties with that which constituted the material of the porcelain of China. Its exportation was at once prohibited by the elector under severe penalties, and it was transported to the porcelain works of Böttger in sealed barrels. Its use in the fabrication of Dresden china was also concealed with extraordinary precaution. An oath of *secrecy till death* was imposed upon all persons employed in the works, as likewise a solemn declaration monthly from the foremen of the different departments of the manufactory. It was also inscribed upon all the doors of the workshops, that all who betrayed the secret of the place should be imprisoned for life in the fortress of Königstein.

A clay being thus discovered which rivalled that of China and Japan, the elector established a royal manufacture of porcelain at the chateau of Albrechtsburg, at Meissen, to which Böttger was appointed director. This castle or palace had been formerly the common residence of the margraves, burgraves, and bishops of Meissen; but the margraves transferring their residence to Dresden in the thirteenth century, it was afterwards rebuilt in 1471. As it stands in our illustration, crowning the rocky height, it looks exactly the place where a jealous state secret might, with some success, be

* *Novum Organum*, Lib. I. Aph. 3

guarded. To this end it was, as soon as the porcelain manufacture was established, subjected to the conditions and discipline of a fortress. It was approached by a drawbridge, which was never lowered except at night, and the entrance was interdicted to all except those employed in the manufactory. Even when the elector introduced distinguished strangers to see the works, all the processes of manufacture were carefully concealed from them.

But secrets of this kind, depending on the wants and tastes of men, it is impossible to keep; and Meissen had no escape from the usual law. Through deserters and other means, but principally at the date when Frederick the Great, conquering Saxony, transferred some of the workmen from Meissen to Berlin, porcelain manufactories were established elsewhere: at Vienna, at Nymphenburg, near Munich, at Louisville, near Stuttgart, at Berlin, Copenhagen, Brunswick, and St. Petersburg. So late as the year 1812, when M. Brogniart, director of the royal manufactory at Sèvres, visited Germany at the command of Napoleon, M. Kahn, director of the works at Meissen, had to be specially released from his oath of exclusion before M. Brogniart was admitted.

Regarded in a commercial sense, these royal manufactories, supported by state subsidies, and encouraged by state patronage, cannot be said to bear more than an artistic relation to the great field of fictile enterprise and competition. As schools of artistic excellence they are invaluable; but as sources for the ceramic needs of civilisation they are useless. It is competition and enterprise that spreads the tables of the world; as our own wonderful exports under the head of

"earthenware" prove. Formerly, we imported large quantities of inferior china from France and Holland; now we export to Germany alone upwards of 2,128,471 pieces of earthenware per annum, at a declared value of £25,669. This was in 1844, the date of the last returns; since then, both export and value have largely increased, and prove that a monopoly carried on irrespective of commercial profit, may stimulate exertion to the advance of art, but has limits that fall necessarily far below the needful averages of supply and demand.

Meissen contributed some of the rarest treasures of ceramic art sent to the Great Exhibition. Two vases of light blue, with the portraits of the Queen and Prince Albert, were, as it may be recollected, of exceeding beauty. A girl playing a guitar, with laces; a flut-player, an etagere with girandoles in flowers in relief; a picture of the lacemaker, after Slingslandt, and a figure of Ganymede, after Thorwaldsen, were also amongst the richest productions. But the *chef-d'œuvres* were two collections of paintings on china, after classical pictures by the well-known artists of Dresden, MM. Walther and Bucker. The *camelia japonica* in porcelain, though wonderful as a work of art, must be reckoned as objectionable in taste: there are provinces of nature it is worse than useless to imitate; and the floral abundance of the seasons is sufficient, without the vain attempt to create a likeness at the potter's wheel.

May the château of Albrechtsburg long overlook the blue and flowing Elbe, its green hills and purple vineyards; and help through artistic ministration to perfect and exalt nature!

FRANKLIN PIERCE.

LIKE many eminent men in the United States, Franklin Pierce is the son of one of the old heroes of the revolutionary war. His father was a certain Benjamin Pierce, of Hillsborough County, New Hampshire, a New England yeoman, who, when eighteen years of age, was ploughing one day when the news arrived that blood had been spilled by the British, at Lexington. He instantly unyoked his team, went home, and took down his rifle from over the fireplace without saying one word, and marched off to the scene of action. From that day until the war was over, a period of seven years, he never returned to his native place. He enlisted as a private soldier, fought at Bunker's Hill, and rose by successive grades to the command of a company. Two years after the close of the contest, he was appointed brigade-major of the militia of Hillsborough County, which office he retained till his death, at which period he was a general, and a member of the Council of the State. He was a brave, stern, inflexible old man, a thorough democrat, and a good soldier. He was married twice—his first wife dying a year after their marriage, leaving him one daughter. In 1789, he married a second, who bore him eight children, of whom Franklin was the sixth. The latter was born on the 23rd of November, 1804, and is now, consequently, in his forty-ninth year. His father had felt throughout his life the want of a regular education, and determined his son should not labour under the same disadvantage. Franklin was therefore sent at an early age to an academy at Hancock, and afterwards to another at Franconstown. He was distinguished in these places by his diligent application to his lessons and the uniform kindness of his disposition; and the women of the neighbourhood still conjure up reminiscences of his blue eyes, curling hair, and the sweet expression of his face.

In 1820, at the age of sixteen, he entered Bowdoin college, at Brunswick, Maine. Here he endeared himself to his fellow-students by his cheerfulness, vivacity, and unflinching good temper. Amongst his most intimate friends and companions was Nathaniel Hawthorne, who, during the thirty years that have elapsed since then, has led a life as remarkable for its unobtrusiveness and retirement as Pierce's has been for its stormy vicissitudes. Singularly enough, the quiet scholar has

crowned himself with laurels, which promise to bloom for many a year after the more ambitious labours of the lawyer and soldier have been forgotten. Professor Stowe was also one of his class-mates.

During the first year of his course Pierce was not by any means remarkable for his scholarship, but towards the close he became more diligent, and obtained a very high degree. During his collegiate career, the first spark of the military ardour displayed itself, which in a few years after induced him to abandon a lucrative profession, in which he held a high position, for the toils and dangers of active service in the army. He was an officer in a student's corps, of which Hawthorne was private. Here he was as distinguished for the proudness of his port and his attention to points of discipline, as for his manly and yet gentle demeanour. During one of his winter vacations he taught a country school. So did Webster, and so did many other New England statesmen. It seems as if in America some practice in wielding the birch was necessary for the skilful handling of the wand of office.

In 1826 Franklin returned to his father's house at Hillsborough, and was present at an entertainment given by the aged veteran to eighteen of his old companions in arms who had survived the seven years' war. He chose the law as his profession, and entered the office of Judge Woodbury as a student. He afterwards studied for two years in the law school of Northampton. In 1827 he was called to the bar, and commenced his legal career by making a miserable failure in the first case in which he was engaged. This was by many of his friends regarded as a damning misfortune, but it seems to have had the good effect of revealing to Pierce for the first time the full extent of his own resources. The spirit of resistance to circumstances rose within him, and armed him in proof. "I will try nine hundred and ninety-nine cases," said he, "if clients continue to trust me, and if I fail, just as I have to-day, I will try the thousandth."

He did not, however, at this time persevere in the pursuit of legal distinction. His father was so largely mixed up in the politics of the state, that his attention naturally enough began to be turned to them too. He came out as a thorough-going democrat, and was elected a member of the legislature.

by the town of New Hampshire, in 1820. He sat for four years in this body, in the two latter of which he held the office of speaker, to which he had been elected by a majority of 155 over 58. Though he displayed some diffidence at first, he proved himself in the sequel to be admirably adapted for its duties. He was firm and yet courteous, and his great clearness of intellect enabled him to seize the point of a question at a glance, disentangle it from the mazes of a hot debate, and lay it in its simplicity before the house.

In 1833 he was elected a member of Congress. Here his conduct bears a striking analogy to what we are told of Sir

of Representatives which renders it impossible to call him a great man. In all discussions on the slavery question he invariably sided with the south against the abolitionists. "He loved," says Hawthorne, "that great and sacred reality—his whole, his united native country—better than the mistiness of a philanthropic theory." This sounds very well, and looks very pretty on paper, but it has, in reality, as little meaning, and that little of as bad a sort, as the author of the "Scarlet Letter," could possibly put into one sentence. "The misty philanthropic theory" is the famous declaration, "that all men are by nature free and equal," a principle that



PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

Robert Peel, in the first year of his parliamentary life. Few men said less, and few men did more. He was a diligent attendant upon the committees, and went through all the drudgery attendant upon them with sedulous industry. He thus had a far greater share in transacting the real business of the country than many men who occupied a much larger space in the public eye. He seldom spoke, and then shortly and to the purpose; always rising in answer to an unmistakeable call of circumstances, and, what was more remarkable, always stopping when he had delivered his opinion. There was one circumstance, however, attending his career in the House

lies not only at the foundation of the republican constitution, but at the foundation of Christianity itself. All classes of mankind, from the emperor to the beggar, and from the first ages of the world down to the present moment, have at one period or other of their lives borne solemn testimony to its truth, and Christ himself placed on it the seal of his sanction. It is the great bulwark of all political liberty. If there be anything in this world a reality, it is this. Hosts of martyrs have died in its assertion and vindication; multitudes support their misery and oppression by a patient reliance on its verity, and firm faith in its triumph. Assuredly,

Nathaniel Hawthorne ought not to be the man to glorify his friend for not believing in it. And what is the "sacred reality?" Why the bond entered into between the north and the south for upholding a contradiction between the practice of the people and the spirit of the constitution they boast of. The north agrees to wink at the enormities of slavery, and maintain the slaveholder in his wrong-doing, and the south agrees not to break up the union:—an alliance between an honest man and a thief; in which the honest man supports the thief in the enjoyment of his unlawful gains, on condition that the thief help him to maintain his dignity. Grattan once said, in a famous debate in the Irish House of Commons, "If the maintenance of the Irish constitution be incompatible with the existence of the British empire, perish the empire and live the constitution!" With a far nobler purpose, and far better reason, might an American who knew his duty to himself and his country exclaim, "If the individual liberty of men of all races be incompatible with the maintenance of the union, perish the union and live liberty!" The one is a mighty confederation; but the other is a living principle. States may perish, but principles are indestructible.

This was not the language of Franklin Pierce, and herein he showed a narrowness of intellect unworthy of the proud position to which a great people have elevated him. This zealous devotion to a man's country without regard to the right or wrong of its acts and institutions, disguise it how we will, is but a species of enlarged selfishness. The union is in Pierce's eyes—everything. It fills the whole range of his mental vision, and even that vision is distorted. Like Horace's lover, the tumours on the face of his beloved dwindle into moles or warts, that add a charm to the features, and its olfactory unpleasantnesses become odours from "Araby the blessed." A really great man would feel that he was bound by an earlier and more sacred bond than the agreement with the south, and that there were worse evils than a severance of the union, though that would be undoubtedly great—the condemnation of three millions of her people to slavery in the midst of freemen, to darkness in the midst of light.

He continued in the House of Representatives four years. In 1837, when he had barely reached the legal age, he was elected to the Senate of the United States. He found himself the junior member of that august body; and such men as Calhoun, Webster, and Henry Clay, occupying the foremost places, and fighting out the battles of party, with the eyes of the nation fixed upon them. He saw it would not be becoming for him to intrude himself too prominently amidst such combatants in such an arena. He, therefore, devoted himself, as before, to the thorough mastery of great public questions of financial and other importance, and with such diligence that he soon became an authority upon all matters requiring great research. Whenever he spoke, he proved himself a powerful debater, and soon found himself ranged amongst the great guns of the democratic party.

In 1840 Mr. Van Buren was defeated, and the whig party (the conservatives in America) came into power for the first time in twelve years. Consternation spread through the ranks of the democrats, and they set every engine to work to win back the power of which they had been despoiled. But in all their plans and consultations Pierce took a leading part. He distinguished himself in particular in a debate upon a motion made by Mr. Buchanan for a return of all the persons whom the whigs had dismissed from their employment upon their accession to office. It appears they had loudly denounced the practice of changing the subordinates in the government offices upon each change of the administration. And with justice. But this was done in opposition. Men are always virtuous and high-minded in opposition, as we, in England, well know. When they got the reins of power in their hands they changed their tune, and made a regular clearance of all the old democratic employees, and justified their conduct by the plea of "state necessity." Pierce's denunciation of necessity as an excuse for anything in itself wrong, was a fine piece of oratory, and he made his arguments doubly telling by

citing all the instances in which it had justified atrocious crimes, from Julius Cæsar down to the terrorists of the French Revolution, who murdered innocents in cold blood to save the republic. A few years later he might have added another to the list, in the person of His Majesty the Emperor of the French, who perjures himself, massacres, and even marries, from the necessities of state.

This piece of eloquent invective would have been very fine and very stirring (we regret our space does not permit us to quote it), if it had been uttered by any but an American orator, and before any audience but an American senate. But why does Franklin Pierce support and uphold the system of slavery and kidnapping, not being a slave-holder himself? Why, from state necessity to be sure! Alas! to what base uses do great minds come, through blindness and prejudice!

In 1834 Pierce married Jane Mears, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Appleton, formerly a president of Bowdoin College. Three sons, the first of whom died in infancy, were the offspring of this marriage. Finding a young family growing up about him, he perceived the necessity of making provision for them. In America, perhaps even in a greater degree than in England, politics are not found to "pay," and after his years of state service Pierce still found himself poor. He was obliged to return to his first love, the bar, and in 1842 he bid an affectionate farewell to his colleagues, and returned to Concord, the capital of his native state. Though he had achieved no great legal reputation before his departure for Congress, so great had his political reputation now become, that he rose into practice immediately. His habits of patient investigation immediately came into play. He never undertook a case without giving the whole energies of his mind to the task of understanding it, and having once grasped it in all its details, he thoroughly identified himself with his client's cause, and left no stone unturned to achieve a victory. His speeches were always distinguished for their clearness, and the close rivetting of every chain of his argument. His gentle earnestness always produced a powerful effect upon the jury. In the cross-examination of witnesses, that part of his duty in which so much of an English or American advocate's skill is shown, he displayed consummate tact and great knowledge of human nature. Without bullying, with an air of great confidence and calmness, with unwearied courtesy, sharply on the watch for the ridiculous, he invariably managed to ferret out the truth, no matter how surly, or cupping, or interested the witness might be. He was a great master of pathos, so powerful in its influence upon the crowd, and in his addresses to juries he used it with striking effect. This, combined with his ready generosity in undertaking the causes of the poor and oppressed, rendered him one of the most popular advocates in the state.

In 1846 President Polk wrote to him offering him the Attorney-Generalship of the United States, couching his proposal in terms in the highest degree complimentary. Pierce declined it, partly on account of his wife's health which forbade her return to Washington, and partly because of his own wish to spend the remainder of his life in a private station. He stated that when he returned from Congress he had formed the resolution not to again allow himself to be separated from his family unless it were at the call of his country in time of war. Previous to this he had refused to be nominated a candidate for the governorship of New Hampshire by a democratic convention. In 1844 one of his two children had died at the age of four years, thus centering all his hopes in the remaining boy.

The Mexican war broke out in 1847, and Pierce enlisted as a private soldier in a volunteer company raised in Concord. When a bill was passed for the increase of the army, he received the appointment of colonel of the ninth regiment. In March of the same year he received his commission as brigadier-general in the army and prepared to set out for Mexico. The call had come; and the studious lawyer abandoned his briefs and fecs, quiddets, quibbles, and quirks, for the sterner "arbitrament of bloody strokes and mortal staring war." We confess, however, that we look upon the affair as a freak worthier of a hot-brained youth of twenty than a staid father

of a family, who had already reached the grand climacteric. There was no necessity whatever for his setting off on the expedition. His post of duty was at home in New Hampshire; and the inordinate craving for military glory which spirited him away to the wars was unbecoming a man of his years and position. There were surely enough wild adventurers, bound by no ties of family, as the event proved, in the United States, to do the work of "flogging" the Mexicans, without tearing men from their wives and children whose only qualifications for military command were great physical courage and romantic enthusiasm.

He sailed from Newport on the 27th of May, 1847, with three companies of the ninth regiment of infantry, and landed at Vera Cruz, after a tedious voyage of a month's duration. After a long and dangerous march through the enemy's country, daily exposed to the attacks and ambuscades of the Mexican guerrillas, he joined the main body of the army under the command of General Scott, at Puebla, on the 7th of August; and on the following day they commenced the advance upon the city of Mexico. On the 19th of August, the Mexican army was found drawn up in a strongly-intrenched camp at Contreras, and numbering 7,000 strong. Two divisions of the American army were sent against the enemy's flanks; the third, among which was General Pierce's brigade, was directed to make an onslaught in front. The ground across which they had to pass was bristling with sharp rocks, being the crater of an extinct volcano.

The troops had to move slowly onward, exposed to an incessant shower of shot and shell. Pierce leaped his horse upon a slight eminence, and addressed a few stirring words of exhortation to the officers of each regiment as they defiled past, but when riding on to the head of the column, the animal thrust his foot into a crevice, broke his own leg, and fell heavily, crushing his rider beneath him. When raised, the general was insensible, but it was found he had sustained no serious injury beyond a sprain of the knee, and some severe bruises. His orderly placed him under the shelter of a projecting rock, and the regimental doctor having afforded him what assistance was in his power, he insisted on being again placed on horseback, and going into action. The assault failed, and Pierce, having remained in the saddle till eleven o'clock that night, passed the time till morning lying on the ground, without any protection from the torrent of rain that was falling, and suffering great agony from his knee. At daylight the attack was renewed, and, was this time successful, the Americans storming the entrenchments with great slaughter.

In the battle of Churubusco, and the bloodier one of Molino del Rey, Pierce gave equal, if not higher proofs of his courage and fortitude, at one time lying on the field under the enemy's fire, when unable to stand, that he might encourage his troops by his presence. His energy and activity contributed in a considerable degree to the success of the American arms.

In the month of December the war was over, and he returned to the United States. New Hampshire received him with open arms, and presented him with a splendid sword.

He now resumed the practice of the law, and began to take a part in politics, as before. In 1850 he gave his strenuous support to the series of measures known as the "Compromise," amongst others, the Fugitive Slave Law. These acts were passed at the instigation of the slaveholders, to assure to the southern states the peaceable possession of their slave property. His abhorrence of "state necessity" did not cleave to him here. He perceived, as he thought, that if the northern states threw themselves into the arms of the abolitionists the union must be broken up, as the southern would defend their property at all risks. Considering a "bond of iniquity" better than no bond at all, he determined to sacrifice everything to the maintenance of the confederation. This despised and denounced "state necessity" of the American president keeps between three and four millions of human beings in the condition of chattels—numbered amongst the planter's assets, traded in while he lives, willed by him after his death, forbidden

to read or to write, to have any sentiment of religion save such as finds vent in noisy and obstreperous prayer-meetings—something like the devotions of the howling dervishes, lashed for hoping, lashed for fearing, lashed and branded for loving liberty, "not wisely, but too well;" and called happy when fat, and when dead, having the fact recorded in the same list with bad debts, and wear and tear of ox harness. Talk of the Jacobins! Why they slew their enemies on the scaffold and in the battle-field, in the first moments of delirium, on awaking from a fevered sleep of ten centuries of kingcraft and oppression. Even in their mad excesses there was something noble and heroic. Half their state necessities were justly chargeable to the misgovernment of the imbeciles whom they outlawed and slaughtered. Talk of Charles X.! Why his outrage on French liberty was prompted by a sense of cruel wrong done him in being deprived of prerogatives which twenty generations of kings had handed down to him. General Pierce was right in execrating the plea which was put forward in defence of the atrocities of 1793, and the perfidy of 1830, but when he did so he was handling a two-edged sword. What is wrong in Jacobins and kings is doubly wrong in Christian Americans, with all their glorious traditions, their noble struggles for civil and religious freedom, and the place they hold amongst the nations of the world! But in Pierce's conduct with regard to the compromise question, and in Nathaniel Hawthorne's defence of it, we see exemplified one of the worst results of slavery. Not only does it brutalise and do cruel wrong to the slaves themselves, but it degrades noble minds by working on their passions and their prejudices, blunting their perception of right and wrong, and ends by enlisting their mighty powers in the defence of shameless guilt and immorality.

General Pierce was nominated as a candidate for the presidency by the Democratic Convention assembled at Baltimore in June, 1852, and in last November he was elected by a majority of 215,000 over the whig candidate, General Scott. The joy attendant on his success was marred by a domestic calamity. In travelling on the railroad with Mrs. Pierce in the month of January, the car went off the rails, and was precipitated down a steep embankment. The general and his wife escaped unhurt, but his only remaining son, a fine boy of eleven years of age, was killed on the spot. He is thus left childless.

General Pierce is, like most of the democratic party, oppose to the policy of protection; in this point of view, therefore, his election furnishes matter for rejoicing to the free-trade party in England.

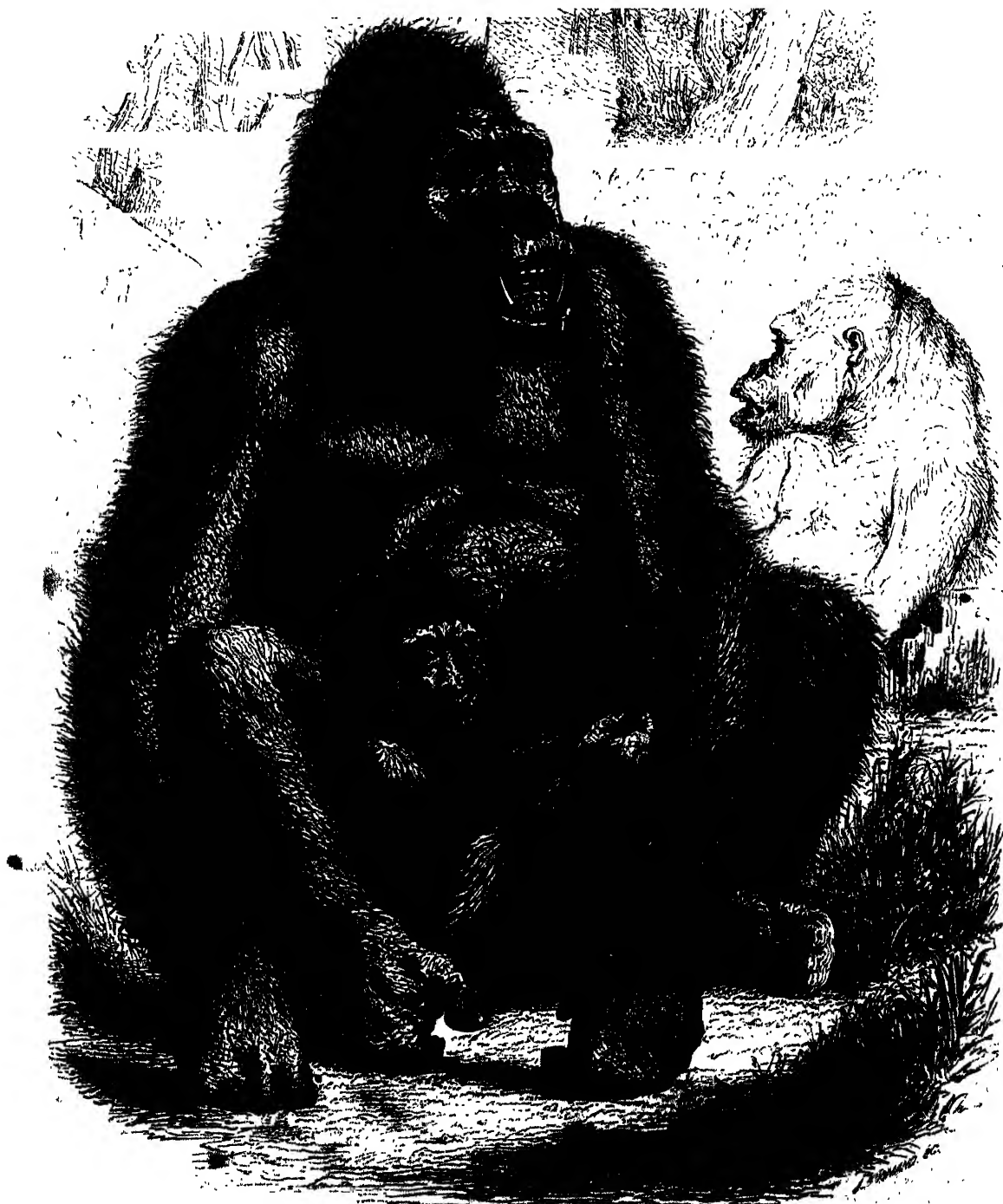
THE CHIMPANZEE.

A new species of chimpanzee has lately been discovered. On the western coast of Africa these animals are remarkable for superior instinct and stronger muscular development than the ordinary orang-outang. They are said to approach the nearest to man of all the monkey tribe in their interior organisation, exterior characteristics, and in sagacity and cunning. The species, for a long time, was but very imperfectly understood. In 1849 a perfect adult specimen was forwarded to the Museum of Natural History at Paris. In the following January, two other specimens were sent, the first, a young animal, the other a full grown adult; both were preserved in alcohol, and immediately upon their arrival were submitted to a careful anatomical investigation. The result of the inquiry was, the unmistakable establishment of the fact that this animal was the most elevated in the scale of being, approaching in its physical organism the nearest to man. The adult presented a very extraordinary aspect. Its fangs were enormous, and the evidence of its great muscular power was afforded by the whole of its proportions. The height of the animal was above that of a man of middle stature, but the width of the body, the immense size of its lower limbs, altogether surpassed that of the human frame. French naturalists inform us, that some of the species are nearly seven feet in

height, and measure round the chest more than five feet and a half. United to these extraordinary dimensions, the intelligence of the animal is perfectly surprising. But though the brain is formed in the same manner as that of man, although the machinery appears almost as perfect as that of our own,

The British Museum has lately obtained an entire skeleton, but no living specimen has as yet been imported.

In the proceedings of the Zoological Society of London there is a description of this remarkable animal by Professor Owen. The great chimpanzee (*Troglodytes Gorilla*),



GREAT CHIMPANZEE RECENTLY DISCOVERED ON THE COAST OF AFRICA.

the creature still wants reason, and it is true with regard to this species, as it was true with regard to the orang-outang, that no disposition of matter will give mind; and that the body, how nicely soever formed, is formed in vain when there is not infused a soul to direct its operations.

differs from any animal of the kind yet brought under the notice of naturalists, in the following principal particulars :-

By its greater size; by the existence of large occipital and interparietal crests in the males, and by rudiments of the same in the females; by the form of the nasal orifices, and the

distance between them and the mouth being less than in the chimpanzee and orang; and by the bones of the nose and front head being more narrow and compressed than has been observed in the skulls of the Sumatran variety of chimpanzees in the British Museum and elsewhere. In the skulls of adult males in the College of Surgeons, Dr. Wyman observed such peculiarities as satisfied him that they belonged to a species of animal nearly allied to the chimpanzee of the west coast of Africa, though the identity of the *Troglodytes Gorilla* with the orang of Buffon be considered a matter of extreme doubt. Professor Owen says—speaking generally of the great anthro-

poid apes, to which family this formidable creature belongs—that the formation of the facial bones gives “a scowling and diabolical physiognomy even to the dry bones” of the skulls in our possession; and few of our readers who look at the picture will feel inclined, we think, to doubt the critical truth of the professor’s description. In the nose of the chimpanzee we discover the nearest approach to the prominent nasal bones of man made in any known species of ape; and a close observation of the formation of the facial bones has enabled naturalists to conclude that the large and small chimpanzees do not exactly belong to the same species.

EARLY PNEUMATIC EXPERIMENTS.

CHAPTER I.

THERE have been few events in the history of experimental philosophy more interesting than the discovery of the means of producing a complete vacuum—in other words of excluding everything, even air, from some vessel or other hollow body. The ancient philosophers observed, that there was something occupying every part of space. As soon as one body changed

a vacuum, and keep it more than they could accomplish.

The antipathy nature had for an empty space served the purposes of philosophy for some two thousand years, when Torricelli demonstrated, in 1643, by his magnificent suspension of a column of quicksilver in a tube closed at its

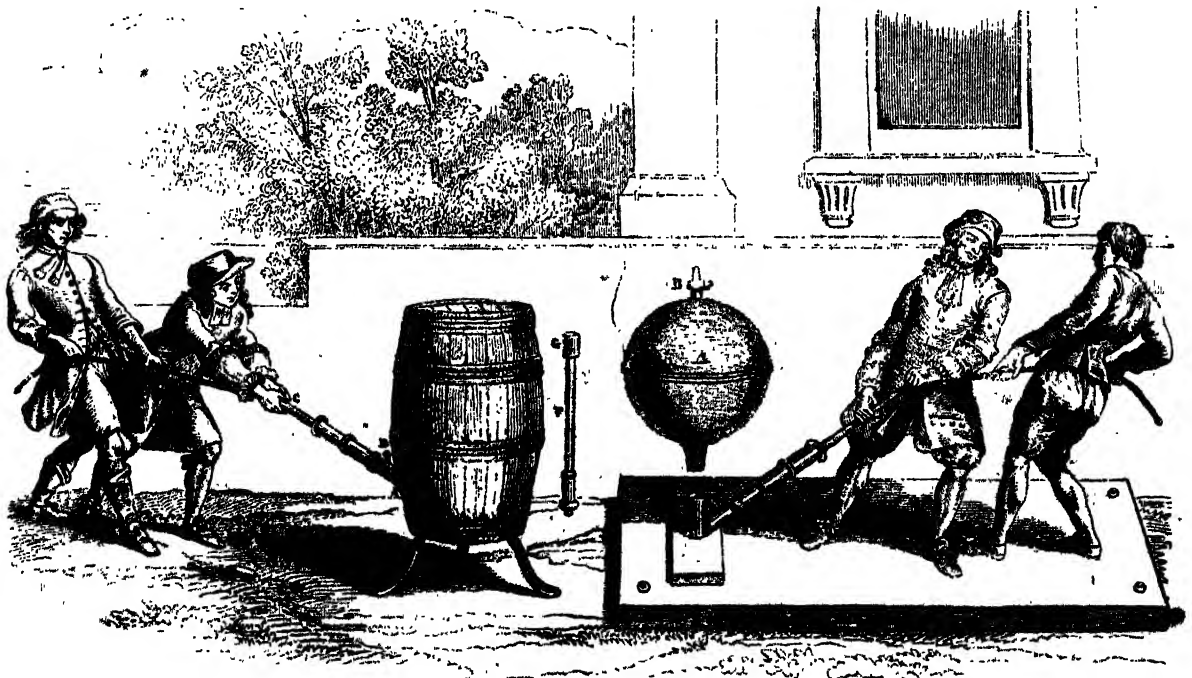


FIG. 1.—Otho Guericke attempting to produce a vacuum in a cask.

FIG. 2.—Second sort of receiver employed by Otho Guericke, to produce a vacuum.

its position another instantly occupied its place. If a solid left its place the atmospheric air instantly rushed in and filled it up. They could not account for this upon any known principle, but came to the conclusion that it was owing to a deep seated hatred and dislike of a vacuum on the part of nature; hence one of their dogmas was, “Nature abhorreth a vacuum.” They utterly despaired, however, of ever overcoming nature’s repugnance, and rested satisfied with the mere statement of the fact. As Dr. Lardner observes, it is probable that their attention was first drawn to the subject by the effect of what is called suction; one end of a tube being placed in a liquid, the other end between the lips, and the air being exhausted by the ordinary process of inhaling, the water instantly rose and filled the tube, being compelled thereto by nature, said they.

Taking advantage of this, they were led to the construction of pumps of various kinds, by creating artificial suction, and thus causing the water to rise into the vacuum. But to create

upper end, while its lower open extremity was plunged in a vessel filled with the same liquid, the possibility of obtaining a complete vacuum. Torricelli had argued, to again use the words of Dr. Lardner, “that whatever be the cause which sustained a column of water in a common pump, the measure and energy of that power must be the weight of the column of water; and consequently, if another liquid be used, heavier or lighter, bulk for bulk, than water, then the same force must sustain a lesser or greater column of such liquid. By using a much heavier liquid, the column sustained would necessarily be much shorter, and the experiment in every way more manageable.”

He consequently selected mercury, the heaviest known liquid, for his experiment, and the result was what he had anticipated, though the space in which the barometrical vacuum existed was too limited and too difficult of access to allow of any satisfactory series of experiments being made.

The discovery of Torricelli had made a deep impression on

Otho Guericke, a German philosopher. Born, in 1602, at Magdeburg, of which place he was burgomaster, and constantly employed in important political business, this distinguished man devoted all the time spared him by his official duties, to scientific research. He has himself transmitted to us, in a valuable work, an account of the numerous attempts

pump was carefully fitted to the lower part. In was in this vessel, filled first with water, that a vacuum was attempted to be produced, in the same manner as had been employed with the wooden cask.

The piston met, at first, with no obstacle in its motion; but, little by little, it moved much harder, till, at last, two men of middling strength could scarcely draw it back. While they were thus employed in moving the piston backward and forward, and when nearly all the air was drawn off, the metallic globe, to the great terror of all present, suddenly collapsed with an explosion, and presented the appearance of having violently struck against the ground, after falling from a great height. Guericke rightly attributed this phenomenon to some imperfections in the manufacture of the vessel, and which had caused it to yield to the pressure of the air. He, therefore, had a new spherical receiver made, taking care that this time there was not the least irregularity in its form or make, and a vacuum was now produced without any accident whatever. It was then believed that the vacuum was complete when the pump sent no more air out of the receiver. But however that may be, the vacuum now produced gave rise to several remarkable phenomena. On opening the cask, *n*, the air rushed into the receiver with such impetuosity that those present felt themselves drawn along by the current; and when they placed their mouths near the opening, their breath was taken away: no one could put his hand on the turned-on cock, without feeling it drawn inwards and violently detained.

But, however perfect the vacuum might be in the interior of the receiver, it did not remain so long. The air again penetrated through the joinings of the cock and of the pump, and in two days' time had entirely refilled the vessel. It was, therefore, sought to remedy this defect, and an apparatus was invented, which, after undergoing several successive improvements, assumed at last the form represented in fig. 3.

In this figure, the air-pump, *g h s*, is placed vertically on a tripod, whose three legs are fixed solidly in the ground. At the upper end of the pump is a tubulated vessel, *n*, to which

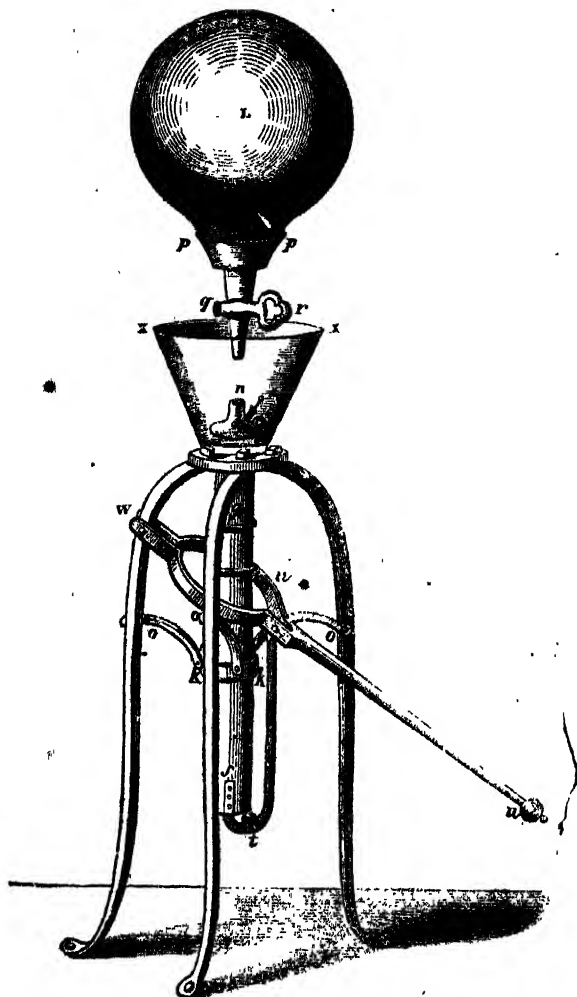


FIG. 3.—First pneumatic machine which worked regularly.

he had made before discovering a somewhat practical means of producing a vacuum.

He first of all tried to draw the water out of a cock by the aid of a sort of syringe applied to the lower part of it.

Fig. 1 illustrates this attempt, with the details of the mechanism employed. *A B C* represents a metal pump into which the piston *c* or *ro* was carefully fitted, and which had two cocks; an interior one, at the orifice of the pump, *a*, to let in the water; and an external one, *n*, to procure a passage for the water thrown out. The orifice of the pump was attached, by four screws, to a circular iron plate. This apparatus broke, however, before the water could be drawn off.

Guericke lost none of his courage through this unsuccessful experiment. He employed a stronger apparatus; and, at last, three vigorous working men succeeded, by pulling at the piston of the syringe, in drawing off the water through the valve, *n*. But the air was immediately heard to rush into the cask through all its cracks, producing, as it did so, a noise similar to that of boiling water. This noise lasted until the cask was completely filled with air. After a few other trials, it was perceived that wood was too permeable to both air and water, and another kind of receiver was, therefore, employed.

The wooden cask was now replaced by a copper globe, *a*, composed of two hemispheres fitting into each other (fig. 2). In the upper part, there was a cock, *n*, and the orifice of the



FIG. 4.—Receiver used for the first experiment made with the water-hammer.

FIG. 5.—The water-hammer.

the neck of the recipient, *L*, which is to be emptied, is fixed. To make the juncture more perfect, leathern rundles were used, while the joints in the tubulated vessel were surrounded by the water contained in a vase, *x x*. The piston of the pump was worked by a lever in the following manner:—*w* is a fixed point of rotation placed on one of the legs of the tripod; the

lever, *w u*, is moved alternately up and down; *u t s* is a jointed rod which follows the movements of the lever, and which, consequently, causes the piston, *s k k*, to ascend and descend alternately in the interior of the barrel of the pump. In order to prevent the air from re-entering, the lower joint between the barrel of the pump and the piston is also surrounded by water, contained in the circular basin, *k k*, which is supported by three rods, *o o o*.

This machine was incontestably superior to the apparatus first used. Besides the possibility of obtaining a more perfect vacuum with less trouble, it also afforded the means of easily separating the receiver from the pump employed to produce the vacuum. In order to introduce various objects, such as birds, fish, rats, clocks, bells, lights, &c., when required for experiments, into the receiver, *z*, a large neck, *p p*, was fixed to it, and to this neck was fitted the cock, *q r*. It was in a glass receiver, thus arranged, that a vacuum was produced for the first time, without its being previously filled with water.

Having succeeded thus far, Otho Guericke was enabled to make a series of very curious experiments, most of which are made, or ought to be made, at present in all schools of natural philosophy.

A vacuum being thus produced in the receiver, *z*, when the neck of this vessel is plunged in the water and the cock is turned on, the water is seen to rush with impetuosity, and in a high state of commotion, into the interior of the vessel, which, little by little, it fills entirely, with the exception perhaps of a small space of the size of a nut.

An oblong vase (fig. 4) having been, first of all, entirely filled with water, and then half-emptied by means of the air-pump, Otho Guericke was much surprised to see, on turning the vase sharply round, that the water struck against the ends of it with a noise similar to that which would have been produced by a blow from a hammer; and if the glass had not been very thick, the vase would have most certainly been broken. This experiment is at present made with an instrument called a *water-hammer*, which is made, without the assistance of the air-pump, in the following manner:—

Take a strong glass tube, closed and rounded at one of its extremities; then half-fill it with water, which must be boiled in it. When the water has been boiling for some time, and the temperature has attained a high degree of heat, the upper extremity of the tube must be sealed by the means of an enameller's lamp.

By thus heating the water, all the air contained in it is expelled, while the steam drives out the air that fills the empty part of the tube. So, we have, at last, a tube, hermetically closed at both ends, entirely cleared of air, and half-filled with water. By now simply turning this tube up and down, the water will strike against its ends with a noise and shock similar to those produced by a blow from a hammer; and by taking away the air-cushion, which generally divides any liquid when falling, the mass of water falls all together, and strikes against the glass as a solid body would do.

A light being placed in the glass receiver, *z*, in fig. 3, the flame will turn blue, increase in length, and go out entirely after a few strokes of the piston of the pump employed to produce a vacuum.

The sound of a clock-bell, which rang for half an hour, diminished gradually in loudness as the vacuum was being produced, and, in a few instants, ceased entirely.

Various small animals, such as rats, birds, &c., appeared to breathe with greater difficulty in proportion as the vacuum advanced towards completion; and, at last, sinking down, expired for want of air. The fish that were placed in the water were not long before they met with the same fate; and their air-bladders generally dilated in a remarkable manner.

A succession of phenomena arose out of these experiments; and it was not long before Otho Guericke saw the princes of Germany take great interest in his scientific labours. He had invented his first machine with a metallic receiver in 1654 (fig. 2). The diet of the empire was then assembled at Ratisbon, and Otho Guericke, who was sent to it on some diplomatic business, found an opportunity to show his machine to the

Emperor and some princes of the empire, among whom was the Archbishop of Mentz. This prelate was so delighted with the invention of the instrument, and with the curious experiments which were made by it in his presence, that he immediately expressed the wish to possess one similar to it, in order that he might repeat alone the experiments he had witnessed;

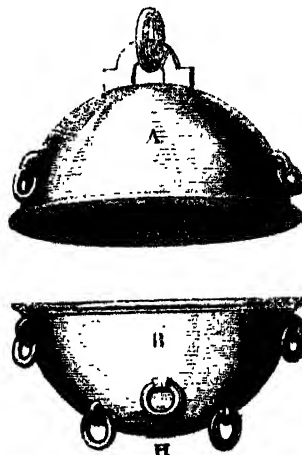


FIG. 6.—Hollow hemispheres separated.

but the short stay he made at Ratisbon, and the want of workmen, prevented his wish from being immediately gratified. He, however, invited Otho Guericke to come to see him in his palace, at Wurtzburg, and begged him to bring his machine with him. It was there that Father Schott, who taught mathematics, and several other learned men, first saw it. The Archbishop took pleasure in explaining the use of it himself,

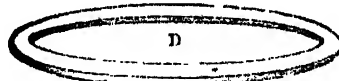


FIG. 7.—Rundle interposed between the two hemispheres.

and in making the same experiments which he had seen performed by the inventor at Ratisbon.

The report of these first experiments soon spread through the whole of the learned world of Europe. Father Schott himself gave great publicity to them by publishing, in 1657, his book called "*Mechanica Hydraulico-Pneumatica*," to which he added, in an appendix, a detailed account of the *Experiments*

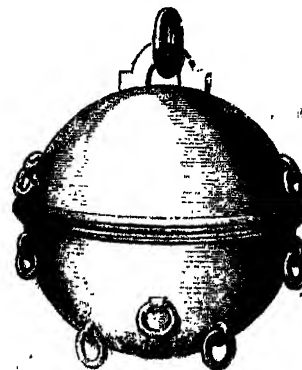


FIG. 8.—The two hemispheres united for the formation of a vacuum.

of Magdeburg (it was thus that they were called). Fresh discoveries, if not more interesting, at least more important, were now daily made by the ingenious burgomaster, who, since his visit to Ratisbon and Wurtzburg, had kept up a scientific connexion with the Archbishop of Mentz, through Father Schott. The latter, who corresponded regularly with a large number of

learned men, lost no time in communicating to them the discoveries of the laborious philosopher. Among the new experiments which were made from 1656 to 1664, during which time

hemisphere. A well greased leathern rundle, *d* (fig. 7), was interposed between the two disks, so as to join the two hemispheres hermetically, as represented by fig. 8. One of the

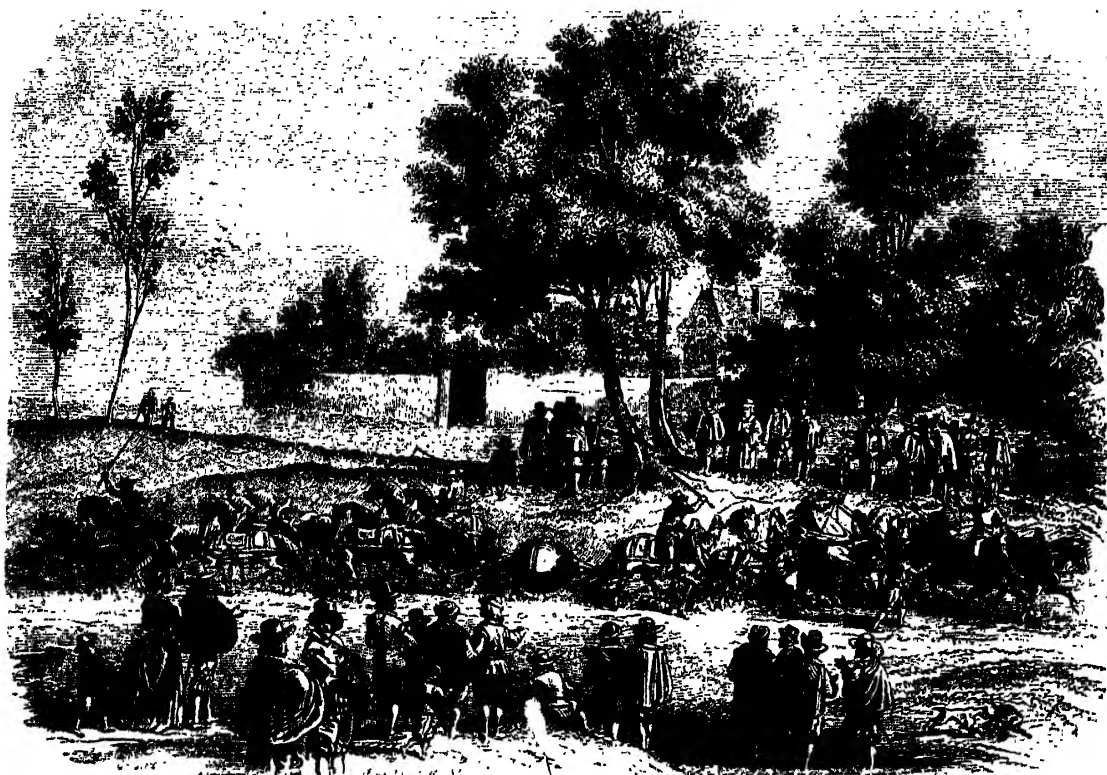


FIG. 9.—Celebrated experiment with the Magdeburg hemispheres.

Father Schott's "*Technica Curiosa*" appeared, must be mentioned, first of all, that of the *Hemispheres of Magdeburg*. It

hemispheres, *b*, is furnished in its lower part with a cock, through which a vacuum can be produced, and which, when

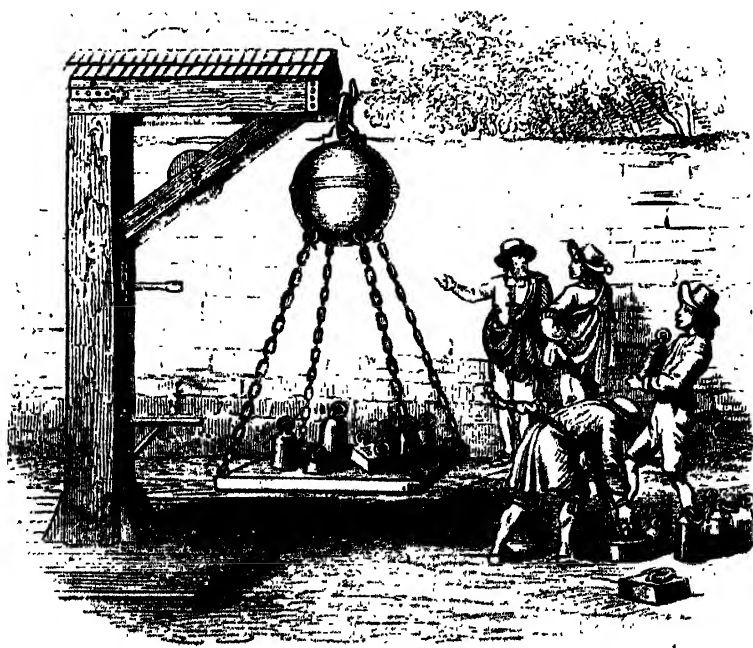


FIG. 10.—Another experiment with the Magdeburg hemispheres.

performed in the following manner: two hollow copper hemispheres, *a* and *b* (fig. 8), were made to fit exactly on one another by means of a disk placed round the circle of each

once turned off, did not allow any air to re-enter when the receiver was separated from the air-pump. Both hemispheres were supplied with rings firmly fitted in.

EARLY PNEUMATIC EXPERIMENTS.

CHAPTER II.

When the instrument thus arranged, and as the vacuum is being formed in a more perfect manner in the spherical receiver composed of two hemispheres simply placed one on the other, it becomes, every instant, more difficult to separate them; this difficulty augments, also, in proportion as the diameter of the sphere is increased.

During his first experiments, in 1656, Otto Guericke asserted that six able-bodied men could not separate the two hemispheres; and, by increasing the diameter and forming a

engraving which Father Schott inserted in his "Technica Curiosa."

It is easy to account for this result, which may at first appear quite impossible. By supposing the existence of a perfect vacuum, the pressure of the atmosphere, which keeps the hemispheres one against the other, acts like two columns of quicksilver about 2 feet 6 inches high, pressing, in opposite directions, against two circular disks placed in juxtaposition, and whose diameter is equal to that of the

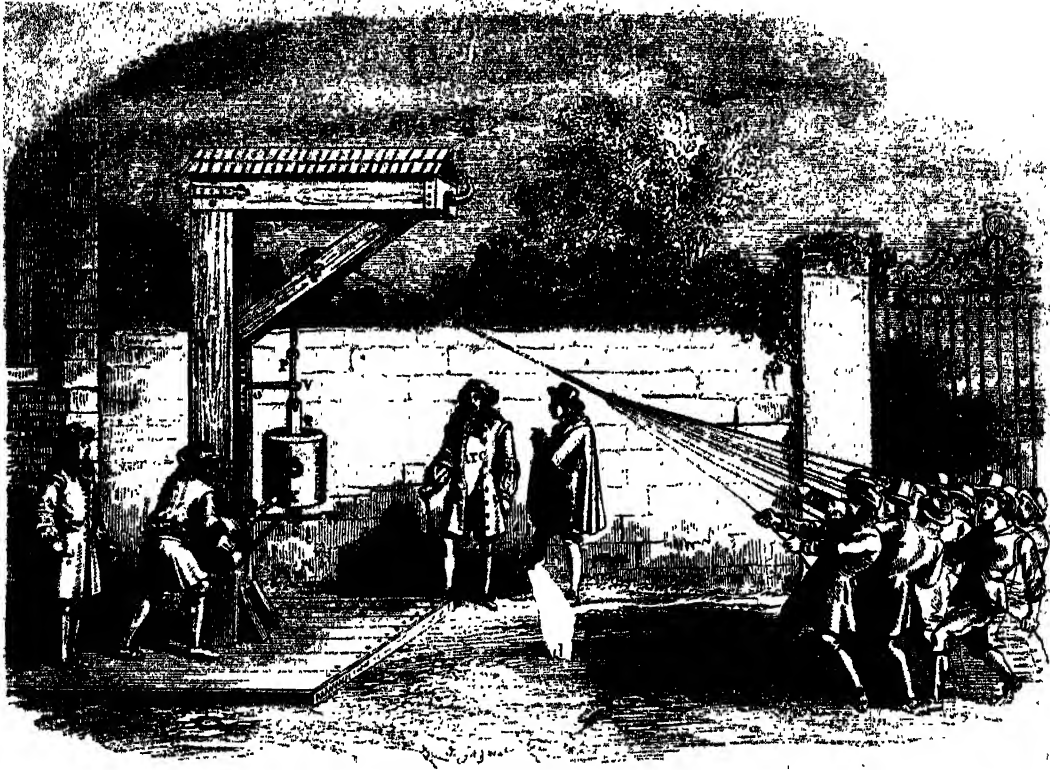


FIG. 11.—Experiments with the glass cylinder drawing a troop of men towards it.

more perfect vacuum, he was able successively to harness to the sphere, twelve, sixteen, twenty, and twenty-four horses, which, though urged on by the whip and by cries, could not,

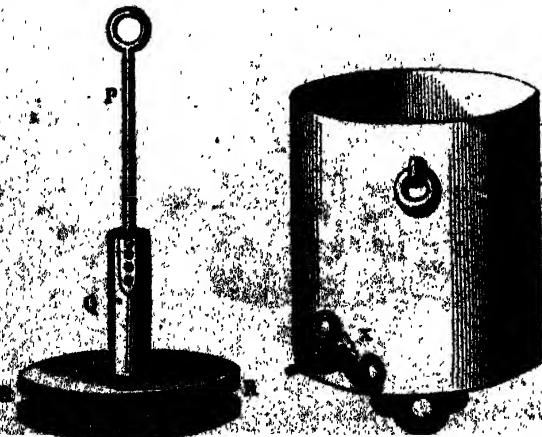


FIG. 12.—Details of the glass cylinder and its piston.

spheres. Let us suppose a diameter of 1 foot $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches; the superficies of each disk will be about $6\frac{1}{4}$ square feet. Now, a column of quicksilver 2 feet 6 inches high exercises on every square inch a pressure of about 56 pounds. Thus, reasoning on the hypothesis of a perfect vacuum, it would be necessary to use a force of traction of full 4,800 pounds in order to separate the two hemispheres. Now, horses, when harnessed, are not capable, on an average, of exercising a greater force of traction than 600 pounds, and even then for only a very short time. It would thus be necessary to harness eight horses to each hemisphere in order to effect a separation. It is true that the vacuum cannot be perfect in the interior of the sphere; but then, by only augmenting the diameter by a little more than half an inch, the power of resistance is doubled, the vacuum being supposed the same in the interior.

The clever experimentalist had easily discovered the cause of the phenomenon, and had varied its effects in order to render it still more astonishing. By letting a succession of small quantities of air into the globe, by turning on the cock and turning it off again immediately, the power of resistance of the two disks was rapidly diminished, and at last entirely destroyed. If the receiver were hung by a rope, and to a strong hook, it required, in order to separate the two hemispheres, a weight little less than that which a full team of horses would be necessary in the experiment of vacuum.

When the separation took place, the sudden admission of the air produced an explosion similar to that of a piece of artillery. Fig. 10 (Ch. I.) represents the apparatus employed.

Figs. 11 and 12 clearly explain another experiment, to which the discoverer himself tersely gives the name of "a glass game, which possesses the force of drawing to it 20, 30, 40, 50, or even a greater number of able-bodied men." The cylindrical barrel of a pump, furnished with a cock, x, rests its lower part on a support, w. In this barrel works a piston, a, b, represented separately in fig. 7, and on the handle of which, c, d, a number of men are exercising as much force of traction as they can by means of a pulley. The stay, e, o, prevents the piston from rising high enough to slip out of the barrel. Everything being thus arranged, the cock of a glass spherical receiver of some size, and in which a vacuum has been formed, is fitted on to the cock x. With the two cocks thus placed one in the other, and with the piston exactly filling the bore of the pump, so that no air can enter when the two cocks are turned on, the air contained in the barrel of the pump will rush into the glass receiver with great force, the piston will fall beneath the influence of the atmospheric pressure, and the men will be dragged towards the pump, in spite of any resistance they may make.

These magnificent experiments have been related by the inventor in a remarkable work, published at Amsterdam, in 1670. An account of them had already appeared, under the title of "Wonders of Magdeburg," in the "Technica Cùriosa" of Father Schott, who published as well the "Wonders of England," according to the naïvely enthusiastic style of the epoch. Robert Boyle, a clever English natural philosopher, profiting by the labours of Otho Guericke, had repeated and varied his experiments, had constructed new machines, and had, in a word, gone a step beyond the German philosopher. For a long time the air-pump was designated in England by the name of *Boyle's pump* or *Boyle's vacuum*, but Robert Boyle never claimed priority in this respect. There exists a letter of his written two years after the publication of Father Schott's first work, and in this letter he explicitly states that he was preceded in his scientific labours by the distinguished Otho Guericke. He adds, however, that, in order to remedy certain inconveniences existing in the latter's air-pump, he begged Messrs. Hook and Gratrix to invent some new machines which would be more easy to work, and that, after several useless attempts, Hook succeeded in making an instrument far preferable to the one of Magdeburg.

Robert Boyle soon employed a better engine than the preceding one, but, like that, only furnished with one barrel; and, at last, in order to perform a series of new experiments with a vacuum, he employed a machine different from both of these, and which was the production of the celebrated and unfortunate Frenchman, Denis Papin. In order that no doubt may exist with respect to this subject, we will here give a passage from the celebrated geometrician and philosopher Goussier, of whom Newton himself said, that, "if Mr. Cotes had lived, we should know something." The following is the passage, extracted from the lectures given at Cambridge by Cotes on experimental physics.

This machine "was the contrivance of Mr. Papin, whose assistance Mr. Boyle did also make use of in the trials themselves. This third air-pump was much more convenient than the former, and the advantage lay chiefly in these two particulars. First, whereas the former engines had only one single barrel and one sucker or embolus, this was furnished with two barrels and two suckers, and these two suckers being alternately raised and depressed, caused the evacuation to be continued, which seldom could be obtained by a single sucker, it being necessary that the evacuation should cease during the time in which the sucker is forced in towards the bottom of the barrel. But, besides this advantage of performing the operation in half the time it could be done with a single sucker, the labour also in doing it was greatly lessened. The chief difficulty complained of in single-sucker pumps is the very great resistance which the sucker encounters because the sucker as it is drawn outwards, and the

resistance increases as the sucker is more and more withdrawn, the counterbalance of the internal against the external air being thereby more and more diminished, so that if the barrel be of a considerable wideness, it may be impossible for the strength of any one man to work the engine any longer. Now this resistance of the external air is entirely taken off by making use of two suckers instead of one. They are so connected together by the fabric of the instrument, that as the one descends, so the other must of necessity ascend at the same time; and, consequently, the resistance of the external air, hindering the ascent of the one as much as it promotes the descent of the other, by contrary effects loses its force upon both. I cannot illustrate this better than by comparing it with a balance. If a single weight be placed at one of its extremities, we perceive a difficulty in moving the beam to make the weight ascend, and this difficulty increases as the weight is greater. But if you place another weight equal to the former at the opposite extremity, the difficulty in moving

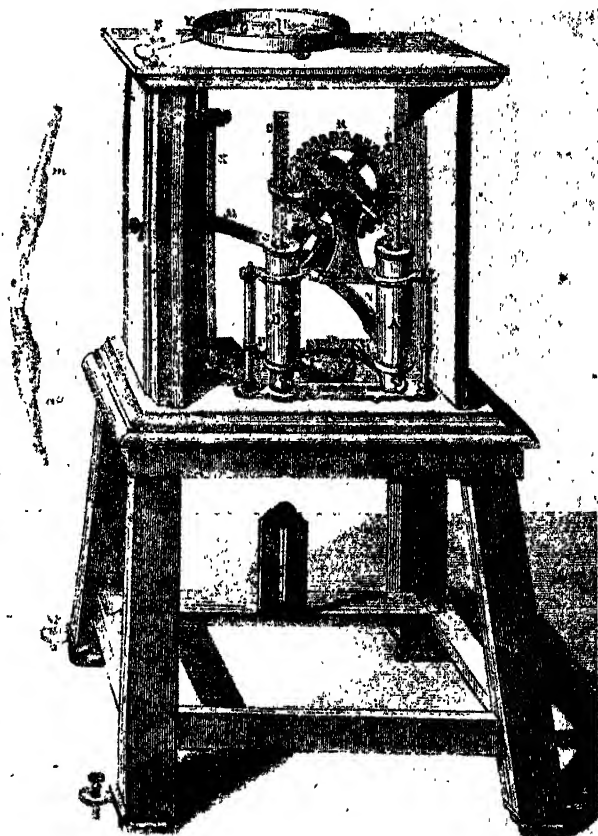


FIG. 13.—Double-acting pneumatic-machine, according to the system of Papin.

the beam will entirely cease, how great soever the two equal weights may be supposed to be.

"The other particular in which this air-pump excelled the former, was the advantage of its valves. In the two first engines, whilst the sucker was drawn outwards, you were obliged at the same time to turn a stop-cock to make way for the air in the receiver to pass from thence into the barrel; and when this air was to be excluded from the barrel, as the sucker was moved inwards, you were obliged again to turn the stop-cock, to prevent the air from reverting into the receiver; and at the same time, to give it a passage outwards, a stopple or plug was to be removed, which since the hole through which it was to pass, and then again this hole was to be stopped up and the cock to be turned again to move the air drawn from the receiver, and this labour of the stopple and the cock, so long as you continued to work the machine, was a great inconvenience. In the third machine, of the two and one-half inches, these

to close themselves they opened to give the air a passage, and thus to prevent its return back again. It represents an apparatus arranged according to this principle, of which the following is a summary description. There are two cylinders, in each of which is a piston. The rods of the pistons are furnished with teeth, and they are worked by means of a wheel, *n*, which in its alternate movement describes about the third of a circle. On the plate, *m*, are placed the vessels from which it is required to expel the air, and which communicate by pipes, *x x x*, with the cylinders. Each of these pumps is furnished with a cock placed a little below their ends. The handles of these cocks are indicated by *a*, *r*, and they are connected one with the other by the brass rod, *p r*, so that both cocks are always moved together. To the axle-tree of the wheel, *n*, is joined, from behind, a sort of iron cross, *x m*, which turns the cocks. This ingenious piece of mechanism is rather more complicated than that of the simple valves; but its principle is the same, while it, perhaps, affords the means of closing any vessel in a more hermetical manner.

THE FAIRIES IN NEW ROSS.

THERE lived, some thirty years since, in the eastern part of the suburbs of New Ross, in the county of Wexford, denominated the "Maudlin," a hedge carpenter named Davy Hanlan, better known to his neighbours by the sobriquet of "Milleadh Maide," or "Spailstick." Davy plied his trade with all the assiduity of an industrious man, "and laboured in all kinds of weather" to maintain his little family; and as his art consisted principally in manufacturing carts, ploughs, and harrows (iron ploughs not being then in use), for the surrounding farmers, and doctoring their old ones, the sphere of Davy's avocations was confined to no mean limits.

It was a dry, sharp night, in the month of November, and darkness had set in long before Davy left Mount Hanover, two miles distant from his home. At length he started forward, and had already reached the bridge of the Maudlin, when he stopped to rest; for besides his tools he carried a bundle of wheaten straw, which he intended for a more than usually comfortable "shake-down" for his dear rib Winny. The moon had by this time ascended above the horizon, and by its silvery radiance depleted in delicate outline the hills rising in the distance, while the tender rays mixing with, and faintly illumining the gloom of the intermediate valleys, formed a mass of light and shade so exquisitely blended as to appear the work of enchantment. As Davy leaned on the parapet of the bridge, a thrill of alarm involuntarily disturbed his feelings: he was about to depart when he heard a clamorous sound, as of voices, proceeding from that part of the valley on which he still gazed. Curiosity now tempted him to listen still longer, when suddenly he saw a group of dwarfish beings emerging from the gloom, and coming rapidly towards him, along the green marsh that borders the Maudlin stream. Poor Davy was terror-stricken at the unusual sight; in vain he attempted to escape: he was, as it were, spell-bound. Instantly the whole company gained the road beside him, and after a moment's consultation they simultaneously cried out, "Where is my horse? give me my horse!" &c. In the twinkling of an eye they were all mounted. Davy's feelings may be more easily imagined than described, and in a fit of unconsciousness his tongue, as it were mechanically, articulated "Where is my horse?" Immediately he found himself seated on a rude piece of timber, somewhat in shape of a wooden horse, by which he was raised aloft in the air. Away he went as the figure floated, at the rate of many knots, unheeding the expedition with which he interpreted; and the whole party, mounting the white raiments which they

One of the party, who appeared to be a leader, conducted them from door to door, Davy following in the rear; and at the first door he passed them the word, "We cannot enter, the dust of the floor lies not behind the door." Other impediments prevented their ingress to the next two or three doors.

At length, having come to a door which was not guarded by any of these insuperable sentinels which defy the force of fairy assault, he joyfully cried out, "We can enter here!" and immediately, as if by enchantment, the door flew open, the party entered, and Davy, much astonished, found himself within the walls of a spacious wine-store. Instantly the heads of wine vessels were broken, bungs flew out, the carousing commenced, each boon companion pledged his friend as he bodewed his whiskers in the sparkling beverage, and the wassail sounds float round the walls and hollow roof. Davy, not yet recovered from his surprise, stood looking on, but could not contrive to come at a drop; at length he asked a rather agreeable fairy who was close to him to help him to some. "When I shall have done," said the fairy, "I will give you this goblet, and you can drink." Very soon after he handed the goblet to Davy, who was about to drink, when the leader gave the word of command:

"Away, away, my good fairies, away!

Let's revel in moonlight, and shun the dull day."

The horses were ready, the party mounted, and Davy was carried back to the Maudlin bridge, bearing in his hand the silver goblet, as witness of his exploit. Half dead he made his way home to Winny, who anxiously awaited him; got to bed about four in the morning, to which he was confined by illness for months afterwards. And as Davy "lived from hand to mouth," his means were soon exhausted. Winny took the goblet and pledged it with Mr. Alexander Whitney, the watchmaker, for five shillings. In a few days after a gentleman who lived not twenty miles from Croywell, Cremona came in to Mr. Whitney's, saw the goblet, and recognised it as being once in his possession, and marked with the initials "M.R.," and on examining it found it to be the identical one which he had bestowed, some years before, on a Spanish merchant. Davy, when able to get out, deposed on oath before the Mayor of Ross (who is still living) to the facts narrated above. The Spanish gentleman was written to, and in reply corroborated Davy's statement, saying that on a certain night his wine-store was broken open, vessels much injured, and his wine spilled and drunk, and the silver goblet stolen. Davy was exonerated from any imputation of guilt in the affair, and was careful, during his life, never again to rest at night on the Maudlin bridge.

Notes and Queries.

HO.

THE ancients raised temples to Hope. Some Roman medals represent her under the figure of a young girl, holding a flower in her hand. In bas-reliefs, also, she is sometimes seen leaning with her right hand upon a column, and the other bearing poppies and ears of corn. Sometimes she is winged.

Nicomp affirms, that in the Tamoul language there is no word which expresses the idea of hope; but this is a statement which we can hardly believe. He cannot have searched enough, or he would have found one. There is no nation that does not live on hope and desire. There is no existence so miserable that it does not conceal in some obscure corner the small bright light which shines under the heavy weight of all the evils at the bottom of Pandora's box.

This allegory of Pandora is one of the most beautiful, in which Hope inspired the old poets. Hesiod borrowed even one of the most ancient traditions of Asia, young, is like Love, as old as the world.

Another poetical life of the ancients, was that of Sleep, who was

and most ideal in our inner life, so that there is hardly any poet who has not celebrated it. Spenser, in the "Fairy Queen," represents her as a young girl, pleasing to look upon, clothed in a light garment, her beautiful hair confined by a network of gold, and wet with dew, which she sprinkles upon those who follow her. Cowper speaks of her as flying on fairy wings to the garden of Paradise, where she plucks never-fading flowers, scatters them in the path of weary

Where, round the oak's romantic shade, are seen
The blossom'd bean-field, and the sleeping green,
Leans o'er its humble gate, and thinks the while—
Oh! that for me some home like this would smile,
Some hamlet shade, to yield my sickly form
Health in the breeze, and shelter in the storm!
There should my hand no stinted bough assign
To wretched hearts with sorrow such as mine!



FROM A PAINTING BY ANNIBAL CARRACCI.

in garlands like those that bind the brows of the
lived spirits in heaven. Campbell sings her praise in
few strains than any,—

And mark the wretch, whose wanderings never knew
The world's regard, that soothes, though half untrue,
Whose erring heart the lash of sorrow bore,
But found not pity when it err'd no more.
The friendless man, at whose dejected eye
The unfeeling proud one looks—and passes by
Condemn'd on Fortune's barren path to roam,
Scorn'd by the world, and left without a home—
How oft, at evening, when the shades are grey,
Down by the lonely river, or the lone way

That generous wish can soothe unquiet care,
And Hope half mingles with the poor man's prayer

"Eternal Hope! when yonder spheres sublime
Pealed their first notes to sound the march of Time
Thy joyous youth began—but not to fade,
When all the sister planets have decayed,
When rust is fire the realms of ether glow,
And Heaven's last thunder shakes the world below,
Thou, undimmed, shalt own the realm's new state,
And light the torch at Nature's sacred gate

JOHN FRY.

The growth of English liberty has been progressive and certain. During all time there has existed among us an order of men opposed to freedom of speech and writing, and willing to risk all in the endeavour to abridge popular privileges. On the other hand, there has ever been a large and powerful party who hated injustice, tyranny, and oppression, and who were devoted to the cause of law, order and right. Men who, while they "feared God and honoured the king," have been fore-

lives; and thus has British liberty been able to withstand the shocks of revolution and rebellion, and to establish itself upon a pedestal which shall never be overthrown.

The most interesting period of English history is that which commences with the accession of the Stuarts, and ends with the proclamation of William Prince of Orange. This period is known as that of the English revolution. During the years which passed between these two epochs—1603, 1688—some



JOHN FRY.

what is declaring that all should have liberty to worship God after their own fancies, and that kings holding the reins of power with one tight hand, should be peacefully restrained and controlled by the other.

The growth of English liberty has been progressive and certain. During all time there has existed among us an order of men opposed to freedom of speech and writing, and willing to risk all in the endeavour to abridge popular privileges. On the other hand, there has ever been a large and powerful party who hated injustice, tyranny, and oppression, and who were devoted to the cause of law, order and right. Men who, while they "feared God and honoured the king," have been fore-

of the most important events in our annals was the English revolution, and some of the greatest of England's sons appeared on the stage of life. Among the latter—contemporaries of such men as Hampden and Clarendon, Bacon and Cromwell, and Blake—lived the patriot John Fry. The period of his life was the period of the English revolution, the period of the English revolution, the period of the English revolution.

preceding years, only to burst at last, and overturn completely, and for ever the irresponsible power of princes and monarchs. A new intellectual reign was proclaimed in those days, and a new political life was called into existence through the indomitable energies and unpurchasable integrity of the men of the revolution. The seeds of liberty were scattered broadcast over the land, and we who live in these peaceful and happy times, are daily reaping their abundant harvest.

John Pym—the history of whose life is indeed the history of the eventful times in which he lived—was born in Somersetshire, in the year 1584. His family is described by Clarendon as having been of "private quality and condition of life;" but, says John Forster—from whose excellent work* the facts that follow are mainly derived—there is reason to believe that it was of "rich and very old descent." As a boy, John Pym is said to have been remarkable for quick natural talents and an unwearied pursuit of every study he took in hand. We learn, too, that he was blessed with a good and pious mother, and that to her teaching he was indebted for much of that quiet and unobtrusive piety, that real and active principle, and that uncompromising fidelity to the cause of right and justice, which so eminently distinguished him in all relations of life.

As soon as the ordinary school education was over, young Pym was sent to Oxford, where he took a degree; and coming to London, entered himself a student at one of the inns of court, with the view to the bar as a profession. He never did practise at the bar, however, but from his thorough knowledge of English law it is evident that he was a persevering and indefatigable student.

About this time he attracted the attention of Lord Bedford, one of the leaders of the Whig party, and by his influence was appointed to a responsible office in the Exchequer. This early connexion with the government naturally led to his entrance into parliament, and thus in the returns for 1614 we find the name of John Pym, as member for the borough of Calne, he being then only in his thirtieth year. The dissolution of this, the "addle parliament," after a session of only two months, was followed by the arrest and imprisonment of several of its members. Among those who suffered from the arbitrary conduct of the first James, on this occasion, Mr. Forster supposes Pym to have been one. "Such an accession," says he, "to the popular party would be not unlikely to have been rewarded by a warrant from the council-table;" and this is the more probable as there were ten "refractory" members committed to prison, and among them a young gentleman fresh from the schools, who, having gathered together diverse Latin sentences against kings, bound them up in a long speech.

His imprisonment was not, however, of any very long duration, for about this time he married Anne Hooker, the daughter of a landed squire in Somersetshire. For the next six years his name is not to be found in connexion with public affairs. But it is not difficult to follow him in imagination to his quiet home in Somersetshire; where, amid the calm of domestic life, he was probably strengthening himself for the long and arduous struggle with tyranny, which this first taste of imprisonment had determined him to combat. It is easy to think that during these six years he was familiarising his mind with the idea of resistance, and preparing for the absolute devotion of his great faculties and deep affections to that old cause which was now again, and not dimly, dawning upon the world.

After eight years of domestic happiness, the wife of John Pym's death was taken from him; and once again he put on the armor of battle and entered the arena of political strife in an advocate of popular rights and privileges. On the assembling of parliament, he again took his seat as member for Calne, and quickly raised his voice in opposition to the king's oppressive demands. In this parliament John Hampden made his maiden speech, and these two men from that time forth maintained a noble and constant union in the cause of liberty and justice, against the encroachments of a kingly prerogative, and against the oppressions of English

rights and privileges which the meekest prince is at times inclined to enjoy.

James, desiring more money to prosecute his designs against the popular party, sent a letter to the House, in which he demanded that certain "fiery, popular, and turbulent spirits"—among whom, we may be sure, were Pym and Hampden—should be forbidden to inquire into the mysteries of state. This message was violently resisted by the members; and from the day of its delivery—December 3rd, 1621—began the kind of open warfare of antagonistic principles which ended in the destruction of the Stuart race. Even the philosophic House declared that it was "rash and indiscreet." In the king thus to risk the "tearing off of that sacred veil which had hitherto covered the English constitution, and which threw an obscurity upon it so advantageous to royal prerogative." From this time "every man began to indulge himself in political reasonings and inquiries; and the same factions which commenced in parliament were propagated through the nation. In answer to the demands of James, the Commons made an assertion which the boldest adherent to monarchical prerogative would not in this day dare to deny, that the liberties, franchises, privileges, and jurisdictions of parliament are the ancient and undoubted birthright and inheritance of the subjects of England. This declaration was carried to the king at Newmarket by John Pym and eleven other members deputed by the House. "Chairs!" cried the king, "chairs! here be twelve kings coming."

The king refused to receive the address; and as Roger Coke expresses it, "furled all his sails and resolved to fide out this storm with the Commons." The issue is well enough known. The king dissolved the parliament by proclamation, and summoned those "evil-tempered spirits" before the council-table, in the persons of Pym, Coke, Phillips, and Mallory, who were forthwith committed to separate prisons.

James's last parliament was summoned in the next year, and Pym was once more free. What he did in that parliament was consistent with the character he had hitherto borne; he resisted the monopolies and patents granted by the king, was employed in exposing the delinquencies of the lord-treasurer Middlesex, and was universally regarded as the mouth-piece of the popular party.

On the 27th of March, 1625, James the First died, after an inglorious reign; and his son Charles, then in the twenty-fifth year of his age, was made king in his stead.

The first parliament under the new king, consisting of four hundred members, met at Westminster "for the despatch of business," on the 16th of June following. The youthful king and his beautiful queen, Henrietta, were well received by the nation; but men's minds were more than ever made up to resist the encroachments of royalty and to secure the integrity of the Protestant religion. Charles's first step, therefore, was distasteful to the parliament and the people, for it was one which threatened the liberties of Protestants. This first parliament, however, passed over without anything more serious than a protest against the interference of Montague, the king's Roman Catholic chaplain, and the second parliament of Charles assembled.

Grave work was to be done in this second parliament, which assembled at Oxford. Energy and intellect were necessary to carry out the designs of its leaders; and John Pym found himself appointed one of the secret managers of the article of impeachment of the Duke of Buckingham. It is necessary to go into the particulars of this charge, as the impeachment never was fully determined; though there is no doubt that the duke was really guilty of many of the acts of extortion imputed to him. The war with France followed, and the ratification of the petition of rights, the second Magna Charta, was the price which Charles paid for the soldiers sent him by the Commons.

In the prosecution of this famous impeachment, Pym and Hampden were the chief managers, and the great success of the cause was due to their united efforts.

the various religious committees which sat during the same parliament. "But," says Foster, "Pym was never for a period of his life a nonconformist; he died as he had lived, in the discipline, no less than in the faith, of the pure Protestant church—a faithful son of the Protestant religion."

We must be brief in our recapitulation of the remaining part of John Pym's career. The crisis of affairs which had long agitated, aroused the spirit and engaged the attention of every man in England. The king and the parliament disagreed; for the king was faithless and the parliament unbending. Charles aimed at despotism, and all England was in commotion. In the midst of the confusion (1628), Pym brought a charge against Dr. Mainwaring, of endeavouring to destroy the constitution by the publication of doctrines subversive of civil and religious liberty. The doctor was tried by the peers, and sentenced to pay a fine of a thousand pounds, to be suspended from all office, to be imprisoned during the king's pleasure, and that the book in which he had asserted the offensive doctrines, should be publicly burnt.

When the session of parliament was ended, the king released and pardoned the ecclesiastic and rewarded him with a rich benefice.

The conduct of the king tending more and more to enslave the people, the parliament interfered for their protection, and further breaches were made in the truce between Charles and his government. Taxes of all kinds were rigorously enforced. The Star Chamber was in full operation, and the dislike of the people to their sovereign was daily growing greater and greater. In this extremity it was that Pym stood up in the Commons and endeavoured, with a degree of eloquence never before heard there, to heal the wound that festered in the public mind. Though he could not excuse the tyranny of his sovereign, or uphold the illegal patents and proclamations of the court; though he dared not sanction the publication of acts of state which were made to supply the place of laws, or overlook the many and grievous wrongs to which the protestant people of England were forced to submit at the hands of their more favoured catholic fellow-subjects, he yet endeavoured to avert the evil day, the dawn of which he dreaded and deplored—when king and people should be set one against the other in open conflict. But it was of no avail; the king would not be persuaded into right. We all know the story of the trial of Hampden, and his endeavour, with Pym and Cromwell, to escape from the tyranny of Charles by crossing the Atlantic, and burying his talents in American backwoods; how "on the 1st of May, 1638, eight ships bound for New England, and filled with puritan families, were arrested on the Thames by an order in council;" how for eleven years no parliaments were holden in England; how thousands of oppressed protestants sought refuge in the new world from Star Chamber prosecutions, from sufferings, dangers, and tyrannies, willing to leave the home of their youth, and brave all for conscience' sake; how time and fate were pressing hardly upon the government of Charles; how the right of petitioning parliament came to be now first recognised through the interference and influence of Pym and others; how, in the famous Long Parliament, "Master Pym, a grave and religious gentleman, in a long speech of almost two hours, recited a catalogue of the grievances which at that time lay heavy on the commonwealth, of which many abbreviated copies were, with great greediness, taken by gentlemen and others throughout the kingdom; for it was then the fashion to print speeches in parliament;" how Pym laboured long, and earnestly, and eloquently, to regain the rights of the people, and petitioned Charles on the subject many times; how the haughty and ill-tempered sovereign replied that "Kings were not bound to give account of their legal actions and of their manner of government to any assembly in parliament;" how a discomfited Charles issued this extraordinary declaration, "how the king, Charles, first of Scotland and afterwards the king of England, was the first of his name who ever reigned in England;" how Pym and

November, 1640, the Long Parliament assembled, and the impeachment of Strafford and Laud were immediately proceeded with; how Pym made the celebrated declaration that "Parliaments without parliamentary liberties are but a vile and plausible way unto bondage;" how Pym and his party grew daily more popular with the people, and more to be suspected by the court; how, on the king's departure for Scotland, spies were set upon Pym, who misrepresented his conduct and blackened his character; how the "incident" which now engaged Charles' attention on the meeting of parliament and about which contemporary history is so mysteriously silent, was no less than the removal, by "assassination or impeachment," of the leader of the popular party; how the Irish rebellion, with all its horrors, followed; how a final remonstrance was made to the nation, by a petition to the House, through Pym, on behalf of liberty against despotism; how the year 1641, the most eventful, perhaps, in English history, closed with the national remonstrance, and the stormy debate which followed its presentation; how Pym, Hampden, Mr. Hollis, Sir Arthur Hazelregge, and Mr. Stride, were accused by the king of high treason; how John Pym answered the King; how Charles himself entered the house to seize the members named, amidst the confusion and astonishment of the assembly; how the gentlemen accused took refuge in the city; how Charles and his soldiers followed after in search of them, and raised the city in arms in their defence; and how at last Pym and the others openly defied the king, and again took his accustomed seat in the house;—all these circumstances are matters of history.

It is unnecessary, too, to tell of the disastrous issue of this conflict between Charles and his parliament—for we all know how it ended. But in that end John Pym was destined to take no part. It is true that to him was given the care and conduct of the committee of safety; and that in the civil war that followed he took active interest, and indeed served the commonwealth, in spite of the opposition of the court and the Oxford divines—but Hampden died upon the field, and Pym was destined soon to follow his old friend and compatriot to the land of rest. The spirit of the patriot was unconquerable, but the body of the man was wearing away with tall an illness. The hand of death was upon him ere the triumph of his friends was complete. On the eighth of December, 1641, he died. The news of their great enemy's death was good news for the royalists. "From London," writes Trevor, in a letter to the Marquis of Ormonde, "we hear that Pym is brawling to his grave as fast as he can;" next day the patriot died.

He was attended during his last hours by Dr. Mordaunt who thus speaks of him:—"To the last he maintained the same evenness of spirit which he had in health, professing that it was to him a most indifferent thing to live or die. If he lived he would do what service he could; and if he died, he should go to that God whom he had served and who would care on his work by some others. . . . A little before his end, having recovered out of a swoon, seeing weeping around him, he cheerfully told them he had looked death in the face, and feared not the work it could do; assuring them that his heart was filled with more comfort and joy, which he felt from God, than his tongue was able to utter." After reading this calm and affecting account of the last moments of this immortal advocate of civil and religious freedom, "no one," says Foster, "will feel disposed to deny the justness of that prophecy, which Baxter, in his 'Saints' Everlasting Rest,' has indulged in translating Pym to heaven:—'Saints' Rest is now a member of a more knowing, unerring, without guile, right-aiming, self-denying, unanimous, honourable, and consistent, than that from which he was taken.'"

His body was by order of the House of Commons, interred in Westminster Abbey, on the 16th of December, 1641, and the whole house attended the ceremony "with great solemnity, and wonderful pomp and magnificence." His funeral oration was pronounced by Mr. John Donne, Bishop of London, and the funeral sermon by Mr. John Donne, Bishop of London, and the funeral sermon by Mr. John Donne, Bishop of London.

SCENES IN A SWISS VILLAGE

A single circumstance is sufficient to create a sensation in an Alpine village—or, indeed, in any village, for the matter of that—and the incident which the artist has chosen is one common to almost every town and hamlet in Europe. The monkey, like a finished gentleman, has made the "grand tour," and, like the old woman in the nursery tale, has "music wherever he goes." No sooner does he make his appearance in the outskirts of the village, than out troop the neighbours

"whole" of the picture are brought together: the browned Italian boy grinds out the tunes from his merry guitar with the same thoughtful, gentle, melancholy face in the high places of merry England as before the snow-cold howays of rude Russian boars; the quiet, almost classic, features of the little lad whose office it is to be at once the monkey's teacher and bearer, are as well known all over France, and Germany, and central Europe, as in the mountain hamlets near the lake



THE MONKEY. FROM A SKETCH BY HANS BIEDERSTE.

—for in primitive places all men are neighbours—and bid him welcome. In the instance before us, M. Grieseler has chosen naturally enough to sketch what he has certainly himself seen; but the incidents of the picture are so life-like and natural, that, but for one or two little peculiarities of architecture and costume, it might be taken for a representation of one of our own English village scenes, as in the Webster or Frith.

How admirable the various "parts" that go to make

of Grieseler's scene!—perhaps a great deal more, and then as to Jocko, the principal actor, who certainly has been fed and cared for of the travelling gipsies, who can recognise in him the type of the whole performing class of monkeys, "who have seen the world." It is a pity that the same artist has not taken occasion to sketch the other figures in the scene, as in the mountain hamlets near the lake

character of the educated animal?

These the principal figures in the picture, are, of course, the representation in the village scene the picture represents.

Remembering, handing a bit to Monsieur Jocko: or what more life-like than the thoughtful expression of the endless rattle in the porch? or the half-laughing, half-wondering look of the old woman peering over his shoulder, as if but that instant



THE MAN OF THE HOUSE. A SCENE IN A VILLAGE. BY J. H. B. 1850.

Illustrated from the original drawing by J. H. B. 1850. The scene is a village scene, showing a man in a top hat and coat walking towards a large, round, smiling face mounted on a post. The face has a prominent nose and a small hat. Several children are gathered around the face, some touching it. To the left, a woman in a long dress and bonnet stands near a doorway. In the foreground, a man in a top hat and coat is walking, looking towards the central figure. To the right, a woman is holding a child. The scene is set in a village with a thatched roof building and a bare tree in the background.

rest, who, though his back is towards us, as we may be certain, bawling lustily to be taken home by his too good-natured grandmother,—and yet this little fellow, who is so scared at sight of a shabby-looking monkey, will drive a dozen cows to the pasture with the most perfect self-possession, and grow up into a sturdy tiller of the soil; or, haply, become another William Tell, or Winkfield.

Dogs bark, and little children crowd forward to greet monster the monkey who has seen the world; and in the midst the poor mendicants stand unconcerned, and ring out their tinkling bird-like music to the intense delight of the assemblage. It is no uncommon thing to meet with lads in the great highways of Europe—London, and Paris, and Berlin, and Brussels—who accompany the notes of their barrel organs with notes of their own, and follow every involution of the air with the unerring fidelity of a well-taught bullfinch; and this, too, not with a coarse loud whistle, but with a sweetly modulated piping which accords so well with the instrument as to please rather than offend the ear. It is calculated that there are at the present moment not fewer than four thousand lads employed in carrying about and playing various descriptions of hand organs. The most of them come from the villages in Italian Switzerland—poor, simple children of the mountains—whence they are carried by their masters to the various cities of Europe. Every summer England is invaded by an army of starved, innocent-looking foreigners, who, after gathering their harvest of money given for the most part as a free-will offering of pity, rather than as payment for their music—betake themselves home again to their quiet little cottages, rich in the possession of something more than a labourer's monthly wage. Poor fellows!

To return for an instant to the picture. As a whole it cannot but be considered as a striking and vivid representation of a village incident common to almost every country in Europe. The flower-covered chalet in the foreground, the picturesque houses and the modest church-steeple behind, and the grand old hills which rise above all, give to it an air at once happy, peaceful, and human.

The scene changes: winter has come—dark, cold, cheerless winter but not gloomy and cheerless as we may at first suppose. The snow soon be here, and the sharp, brisk frost bring with it new pleasures and delights.

Here it comes!—the steady clouds, making the earth seem dark; then the large white flakes, like feathers, falling like a flock of geese by an aerial old woman. Softer, falling on the bare ground—thicker, faster—faster, thicker—till all the places are covered, and the roofs and gables, and the naked branches of the trees, and every outside window-ledge, and every wall, and every spot whereon the flakes can lodge, is white, as white as snow can make it. Still falling faster, faster, thicker, whiter, all night long, and out we look upon the gleam of ice—so dark above, so white below,—the earth wrapped in a winding sheet, and not a footprint on the snow.

[illegible]

and a shout—a shout such as mine
alone raise—is echoed far and wide.

M. Girardet has sketched such a scene. The thick white snow is resting upon all things, soft and white as down. Notice the busy happy group at play. Here a schoolboy is half concealed by the snow; his books lie on the ground, for what to him are books when men of snow are making? By him stands another, hiding his chilly hands within his own warm pockets; his head is carefully bandaged, and seems to tell us that he should be somewhere else, somewhere by the blazing fire, rather than in the open air on such a sharp cold day as this. But what are all the tooth-aches in the world to him when a frolic is afoot among the snow? Here, at the front, another lad is rolling onward a ponderous snow-ball; there one without a cap, and with a careless air, that seems to bid defiance to the weather, is asking some question about the sport. Here a sturdy boy is supporting another on his shoulder, that the other with a broken branch may artistically finish the optics of the man of snow. And here's another lifting up his hands in admiration; and here another taking a full view of the performance, forming a calm impartial judgment of the whole; and there behind a very host of boys, whooping and hallooing with delight.

The chalet is covered with snow, and very cold and chilly does it look: a mother and a little child or two look forth upon the scene; and there the sturdy mountaineer stops to glance for a moment on the man of snow, and lives again his boyish life in the joy and pleasure of the young ones.

ones.

Who among us, at some time or another, has not joined in such sport? not in Alpine villages, but in a town or village somewhere? We can recall those boyish days, and forget the past in the present—forget the stern, hard struggle of life, the journey that knows no halting place, the wearisome school time that knows no holiday, the battle that never ceases, the siege that knows no truce—and for the time live again, as we once lived twenty, thirty, forty years ago. The sketch wakes up old memories deep and tender,—we have made snow men in our time: we have piled up ball upon ball, and flake upon flake, and mound upon mound, and fashioned out a cold pattern of humanity. It was a pleasant thing to wander in that shady lane when blackberries and huckleberries ripen, pleasant to frolic in the green fields when the kine were blinking in the sunshine, and when the strip of gossamer danced about in the golden air; but not so pleasant as the frost, the cold, sharp frost, the cheerful, healthful frost—a benison be on it! We remember how the old churchyard, covered o'er with snow, appeared more still and solemn than at any other time; how icicles, in wondrous forms, depending from every eave and gable; how bleak and bare were the trees, and how the hoisterous, howling wind played its own wild music. Thinking of these things, we see again old faces, hear again old voices—faces that have long departed, voices that have long been hushed.

Well, all of those merry, light-hearted boys that live to be men, will play the same game over again in the activities of their world-life. Depend upon it they will work away at speculation and wise schemes that shall have no more durability than the man of snow, that after all shall fade away and vanish as their childish work. But what of it, when the thaw comes and melts their mountain, they will find solace and forget it, and seek to greet new pleasures in another season; and he is happy who can carry with him into the world the same cheerful and contented spirit, who is never crushed and beaten down by the strife, and trouble, and failure of life.

In both Girardet's sketches there is so much of truth, so much of reality, so much of life, that they show in the artist's drawing his whole soul into the designs. Here Jacko, the hunter and hunter, stands in the foreground, a being of admirable strength, who has seen the world, whose old father is reigning and the Agha village is being attacked by the Turk apart, as but a child who has the mother's milk of war. The sketches are like life and worthy of the artist.



SCENE IN THE "DEAD BRIDAL"

LEND AND COUNT POLANI IN THE ROOM AT THE FORT.

THE DEAD BRIDAL

VENETIAN TALE OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

BY JONATHAN FAIRBANKS SLINGSBY.

CHAPTER II.

"Questi palazzi e queste logge, or polte
D'ostri e di marmi e di figure rotte,
Fur poche e basse case insano accolte,
Deserti lidi e povere isolette
Ma gente ardita d'ogni vizio solta,
Permeano il mar con picciole barchette,
Che qui non per domar province molte,
Ma fuggir servitù, s'eran ristretto.
Non era ambizion ne' petti loro;
Il mentir abborrian piu che la morte;
Ne vi regnava ingordo fame d'oro
Se'l ciel v'ha dato piu beata sorte,
Non sien quelle virtù che tanto onoro
Dalle nove ricchezze oppresse e morte."

L'ALFESCO CORNETTA.

The period in which the opening of our story, detailed in the preceding chapter, is laid, forms a portion of one of the most eventful eras of the history of Venice. This wonderful group of islands which formed within themselves the republic of Venice, had, previously to the 13th century, attained a high position among the states of Europe,—presenting to the world a spectacle worthy of admiration and astonishment. A small state in point of population as well as of territory, Venice, from at first disputing for the very liberty of existence with the enemies who pressed upon her on every side, had, by the force of her indomitable industry, patriotism, hardihood, and valour, established her power and made herself formidable; achieving her greatness as it were by the force of some internal mysterious energy, when nature herself seemed to have forbidden her the means of rising. But the prosperity of the Venetian republic attracted to her, as by a necessity, the jealousy, and the hatred, and the assaults of the states with whose greatness and power she interfered. The fate of nations, in this respect differs but little from that of individuals. He who would rise above his fellows, must expect to meet with envy and opposition in every step of his upward path. The state that would elevate herself above her neighbours must purchase this elevation by a constant struggle with those whose interest she obstructs or whose power she seeks to naster.

Of all the states of Italy, none was more hostile to the rising greatness of Venice, than Genoa. It is true they were separated from the other by the breadth of the country, still they seemed by nature destined to be rivals. They were both great maritime powers, and as such, each was pursuing the same object,—the sovereignty of the sea. Genoa, though placed on the extreme west of the Italian peninsula, had pushed her conquests and extended her commerce to the Levant and even to the shores of the Black Sea. But when commerce the Venetians interfered. The consequence was that the two republics were continually at enmity, and when hostilities ceased it was the result of mutual exhaustion, not of any settlement of their disputes. When the Genoese subdued the Crimea, the Venetians gave her aid and she was vanquished. At the battle of Anjum in 1273, the fleets of the two republics engaged during the fury of violent storm, and the issue of the battle was favourable to the Venetians. Smarting under this and other defeats, the Genoese republic made preparations to act vigorously on the sea, and determined, if possible, to carry the war into the waters within which her ancient enemy was seated. Accordingly a large armament was fitted out, and the Genoese admiral, Andrea Doria, entered the Adriatic in the month of May, 1380, and on the 10th he engaged the Venetian fleet in the straits of Brindisi, and here the contest raged for a long time, and was decided by the capture of the Venetian admiral, and the destruction of his fleet, and the capture of his fleet.

produced, commanded the Venetian flotilla, and after a terrific fight of some hours' duration and immense slaughter, the Genoese were finally victorious, though their admiral was slain in the engagement.

This victory was fraught with the most serious consequences to Venice, and left her almost unprotected. Now, indeed, her position was suddenly and terribly reversed. From having been for a long time the formidable assailant, she was now left almost without an available fleet in her own sea to repel the invaders; for at this very period the principal armament of the Republic was far away upon an expedition in the Mediterranean; and while the navy of Venice was spreading terror in the west, at home her very existence seemed to be trembling in the balance. The Genoese fleet, amounting to forty-eight well equipped galleys, with numerous light vessels and transports, coasted along the western sea-line of the Venetian territory, burning the merchant vessels of Venice, and insulting her flag. Following her by the success, the Genoese admiral, Pietro Doria, threw his troops on shore, burned a village at Palmanova, and gained the possession of the suburbs of Chioggia, the principal western port of the Republic. The most serious consequences were made by the Venetian government, namely the permission to their capital, which was thus exposed with less than a sack. As yet, however, Doria did not dare to enter his flotilla within sight of St. Mark, for though his government as well as himself wanted to execute a terrible vengeance on their rival, the City of the Sea was yet too strongly protected to warrant the admiral to yield to the enthusiasm of his followers, and respond to the cry, "To Venice! To Venice! Viva San Giorgio!"

But it was not written in the book of fate that the flag of St. George should ever float on the tower of St. Mark in the squares of the city of the Doges. The western key of the city was first to be won, and so that the Genoese commander now directed his energies. Francesco di Carrara, Prince of Padua, the old enemy of the Republic, and now league with Genoa, descended the Brenta with his fleet and troops, and overcoming the Genoese, drove up by the Venetians, his war barges against a position with the flotilla of Doria, while the Paduan soldiers on his own position held the "terra firma."

At length by the beginning of the month of August 1381, the port of Chioggia was both by sea and land. Many were the brilliant feats of arms on both sides, which if we believe the continuing and all upon the Venetian command, all the Venetian fleet was destroyed, and the Venetian admiral, Andrea Doria, was slain.

the Venetians. For a time the issue of the contest seemed doubtful; then the Genoese wavered, and the prince of Padua, it is said, meditated abandoning the assault,—when a cloud of flame burst up into the sky close to the piers of the bridge for which the combatants were so hotly contending. Carrara saw that the fortune of the day was now turned in his favour. The flames he knew were those of the fire-ship which had been sent adrift by the Genoese, and had now struck against the piers and exploded. The Venetians upon this fled, supposing that the bridge had been blown up; and the enemy, pressing closely upon them entered the town, and after a scene of most appalling carnage Chioggia remained in the possession of the allied forces ere the sun had set upon it, and was formally transferred to the Prince of Padua.

Profound beyond description was the consternation which seized upon Venice on the night of the 16th of August. In the dead of the night, some few who had escaped the slaughter at Chioggia entered Venice, and announced the melancholy tidings. Then might be heard the tocsin of Saint Mark's pealing to arms. Men, stricken with terror and full of perplexity, hurried forth into the squares and public places, and there awaited the dawn of the day, uncertain that the coming light would not show to their terrified gaze the galleys of the victorious Genoese bearing down upon the city; and the wail of women and children added to the horror of the scene. In this desperate emergency the most unconditional propositions of submission were offered to the lord of Padua; and had they been accepted,—as we have good reason to believe it was his wish that they should,—the sovereignty of Venice would in all likelihood have been at an end for ever. Happily, however, for her, the hatred of her rival Genoa was destined to prove the means of her preservation. The ancient feud and jealousy between the two sea-queens could not be appeased by anything less than the utter extermination of her who now lay prostrate before the power of the Genoese admiral. He sternly refused all overtures for peace; and his memorable reply to the Venetian envoys is familiar to all who are acquainted with Italian history.

"By the faith of God, ye signors of Venice, no peace shall ye have either from the lord of Padua or from our republic of Genoa, till we ourselves have put bridles upon those unbitted-horses of yours that are over St. Mark's portico. When we shall have got the reins once in our hands, we shall know how to keep them quiet for the future."

And well was it for Venice that the haughty and stern Doria, with the memory of his father's death and of his country's shame, both inflicted by the same power, thus drove her to rely for her preservation upon her own energies alone. The hour of her desperation was the dawn of her deliverance. It is not the nature of great energies, be they those of individuals or of nations, to sink beneath the pressure of adverse circumstances. There may be, and there often is, in the case of each a period during which the moral sense reels before the stupor of the sudden stroke, but it is sure to rally, and then to retire into itself, as it were, for a season; to review its position; to look around it; to measure its own vital power; to gather up all its resources, and to go forth, in the hopeful sense, that there is indeed no despair for brave hearts and a righteous cause.

And so did Venice. Her first act was one of justice—to wipe away the stain of ingratitude towards her greatest citizen—a crime which might well have been supposed to have averted from her the favour of heaven. From the deep dungeons of the state-prison, where he had been cast after the disastrous engagement off Pola, Vittorio Pisani was now led forth to take his seat at the great council board, and to deliberate upon the salvation of that republic which had rewarded life-long services with imprisonment, and almost with death. The ancient chroniclers of Venice are eloquent in the praise of the greatness of soul which the illustrious warrior displayed upon this occasion, as indeed upon all others of his illustrious and eventful career—that true magnanimity which

any balm which can heal the bleeding wounds of honour assuredly it is that which such a soul receives when the prince and the people alike acknowledge the worthiness of him whom they have persecuted. We know scarce any word that contain at once a finer reproof, or express a nobler modesty, than those of Pisani to the tumultuous shouts of "Viva Pisani" with which the populace saluted him.

"Stop," said he; "the cry of a true Venetian is 'Viva San Marco!'"

We shall not dwell upon the details, however interesting, of the vigorous exertions now made by the Venetians. Every true Venetian felt that he belonged to the republic,—now, indeed, reduced in its limits to little more than the city itself. The cry of "Viva San Marco" animated every bosom. The lines of the Lido were strengthened, fosse were dug, towers were built, and new works were thrown up around the arsenal. The noblest sacrifices of person and property, which, perhaps, have ever been recorded were willingly made by the people, from the highest to the lowest, from the venerable Doge Contarini to the humblest mechanic.

Amongst the nobles who, during this terrible strait tendered their services and their fortunes, none was more forward than the Count Polani, to whom we have already introduced our readers. Not only did he devote a large portion of his revenues to the public treasury, but he raised money to equip a galley. Daily might he be seen with his new-raised marines, consisting principally of his own retainers, together with many of the humbler artisans of the city, in his galley upon the Canale di Spinalonga, taking his part in the naval exercises and manœuvres which were carried on under the management of Pisani, and superintended and encouraged by the Doge himself. At length the little flotilla felt strong enough to pass beyond the fortifications of the city, and, acting on the defensive, captured a few boats of the Genoese that were hovering about. And so, by degrees, they gained ground in many desultory engagements with vessels detached from the enemy's main fleet; and, constantly increasing in discipline and numbers, the Venetian navy gradually forced their enemy to fall back from the neighbourhood of the city and content themselves with cruising within the shelter of the fortifications of Chioggia.

The 23rd of December, 1379, was a day long remembered by the people of Venice, and more particularly by all those worthy folks, amongst whom we especially include the fair sex, who love everything in the nature of a public pageant. High mass was performed at Saint Mark's with unusual solemnity. Old Andrea Contarini, now past seventy years of age, proceeded in pomp from the church, attended by the senators and principal nobles, the gonfaloniere bearing before him the standard of the republic, which, as it spread out its folds upon the air, displayed the lion of Saint Mark with outspread wings emblazoned upon it. The troops followed their national standard, full of hope and ferocity, moving to the animating sounds of the trumpets, and other martial music, while the prayers of the priests and women, and the shouts of men cheered them on their way down the Piazzetta di San Marco, and thence passing between the two columns of their tutelary saints, the Doge himself taking the gonfalon in his hands, embarked in the admiral's galley. Then the troops went on board their respective galleys, and as the setting sun was projecting the long shadows of the Zecche across towards the palace of the Doge, the whole fleet, now well equipped and numerous, bore away for Chioggia, with the brave determination of blockading the enemy.

But we may not loiter over these things. The operations of the succeeding five weeks are in the recollection of the readers of Italian history. Who does not remember the oath of the gallant old Doge, sworn upon the knightly cross upon his sword-hilt, never to return to the city till he had triumphed over the enemy? And how surely would that vow have been

newly invented artillery, the two immense "bombards" which daily boded from the battery at Fossona their enormous balls of stone, weighing, as we are told, over 100 pounds, one of which shattered the fortifications of Brondolo and buried the Genoese admiral beneath its ruins. In February an attack was made on the Island of Brondolo by the Venetians, and after a terrible carnage recovered from the Genoese and Paduans, of whom over 6000 were slain, the remnant flying into Chioggia, now the sole hold of the enemies of Venice. Such was the state of the memorable "war of the Chioggia" at the time when our story opened.

Whoever has been at Venice will remember the long low shaly strand known as the Lido. The littoral or shore of the Island of Malamocco stretches southward along the Adriatic, whose waters it separates from the lagunes that lie westward of it. Arid and desolate, it was, at the time we speak of, the principal burying-ground of the Jews of Venice, whose tombs may still be seen there. Beyond this island, and still further south, lay the Island of Palestrina, upon which a few villages had been built, inhabited by fishermen. The extremity of this island farthest from Venice formed the northern entrance of the Porto di Chioggia, and upon its point the Venetians had raised a strong fortification, which with the opposite fort on the Island of Brondolo now again in their possession, enabled them to block up the Genoese fleet. At the mouth of the 'Porto' lay the flotilla of the Venetians while their troops occupied the two forts on the islands we have alluded to.

It was a fine afternoon, in the month of March, in the year 1386. The sun was already descending towards the horizon, and lit up with a ruddy glow the tranquil lagoons and the rippling waters of the Adriatic, save where the dark massive fortifications of Palestrina flung their shadows upon the sea. Groups of soldiers might be seen straggling along the low shore, or lounging about the ramparts of the fort, while upon the summit of the fortifications, archers and men-at-arms were keeping watch. It was a picturesque sight to see the various dresses and accoutrements of the soldiers. At the time we speak of, numerous bands of foreign mercenaries, or Condottieri, swarmed through Italy ready to give their services to the state which hired them. Catalonians had been brought under Fra Rugieri in the early part of the century, and subsequently a band of German adventurers were raised by Werner, or Duke Guarnieri, as he was called; these again were succeeded by the company of Fra Moreale, and a company of English was assembled at a later period by the Marquis of Montferrat; and others, principally of the same nation, were led by the celebrated Sir John Hawkwood. The Venetians did not fail to secure, like the other states of Italy, the services of the Condottieri, one band of which, consisting of a hundred lancers and four hundred infantry, were commanded by Roberto Rezanati, and another, chiefly English, by an English knight of the name of Cheke. Groups of these soldiers were now to be seen from every quarter of Europe; English archers, with their long bows; Germans, with their ponderous and unwieldy arblasts and bolts tipped with heads of square steel; and with them were men with the huge shield called the pavison, which was held before the archer to protect him while he discharged his missile; there, too, were the men-at-arms, with the lance and the sword, clothed partially in plate armour, which was just then superseding the chain mail. Most of these were whiling away the tediousness of this period of inaction by playing at dice and moro, and various other games, or chatting over the adventures of the wars in which they had been engaged, with all the gay nonchalance of men whose trade is arms and whose country is the land of the lance. Some, however, were more retired, might be seen sitting on the ramparts canvassing the prospects of the year, with the architects of men who save their country only during a season, while before the gates of the fortified town the peaceful peasant sat and fed with a thousand meditations on the future of his country, and the various means of its improvement.

its passage on the Venetian fleet in the foreground, their ponderous galleys towering high above the waters.

"Dex Teufel!" said a big German man-at-arms, flinging down the dice, "I'll play no more; there goes my last ecchin, and I am now as poor as Lazarus till my month's pay comes round. By the saints! one can scarce contrive to live on fifteen florins a month. If St. Mark does not open his coffers somewhat more freely to our company, we shall have a stir in the camp about it ere long."

"Per Bacco!" replied his antagonist, an Italian mercenary, "you say true, and so thinks our brave captain Roccamati. Well," continued he, "they say that the great English captain hath failed in his promise to the republic. By my faith! men rumour that he did not act over honourably in the matter."

"Who will say as much in my hearing?" cried an English archer, resenting the insinuation against the honour of his countryman.

"In faith, not I indeed," replied the Italian. "He is a gallant soldier, as all the world knows; and I for one count it no dishonour in a brave knight to serve under the banner that is best gilt. Nevertheless it is reported that Sir John was too far engaged with St. Mark to hold back at the last."

"They say not truly who aver any such slander," retorted the Englishman; "and that will I maintain against any man, be he serf or lord. I served under Sir John Hawkwood in the war of the Milanese in the time of Pope Urban. A right valiant knight he was, and liberal withal, as free to draw his sword as to open his purse."

"Cospetto! good Englisher," said the Italian, "I doubt it not, so let us not quarrel about the matter. I hold him in no disrespect, and have known in my day many swashing fellows of his free companions, Gascons, and Bretons, and Germans. Well, it may be after all that he will join the republic yet, or perhaps he and *Les Tard Venus*, as the French call his company, will pass over to the lord of Padua or to the King of Hungary."

"Marry, it may be so," said the German; "or perhaps he will join the Visconti, who they say is likely to make a stir in the world ere long. But what thinkest thou of our noble generalissimo here? I' faith, till lately, we have had plenty of hard knocks and little pay withal. 'Twas a sorry warfare when one might have broken his head twice in the day for once that he could break his fast."

"Well," said the Italian, "thou art now likely to have time enough to mend thy head, at all events, comrade, though thou shouldst not succeed in mending thy fortunes. The noble Zeno seems now as shy of approaching the Genoese, as though he had not driven them before him like sheep over the bridge of Brondolo."

"By St. George!" said the English archer, "one gets rusty of this sort of life—looking every day at the Genoese within range of a good bow with a cloth-yard shaft; and yet if a man but pass yon redoubt beyond the intrenchments, why, look you, the Ycenetian general swears he will hand him over to the provost-marshal to take off one of his feet."

"The most serene republic," observed the Italian, "seems as little pleased as ourselves with all this shilly-shally. I can tell you they protest loudly against the plans of Zeno. There, you see, is the fine old Doge, cooped up half his time in the admiral's galley; and the luxurious senators, too, would rather lie in their palazzi than in close hammocks every night. Then, they say, the troops are losing their spirits, and the republic is losing her revenues, so that it is a chance that ere long both will be exhausted. Cospetto! comrades, I say that the general should have followed up his success when the troops were flushed with the victory at Brondolo."

"Ay, that should he," responded the Englishman. "We would have taken Chioggia as easily as we took Brondolo, burned the Genoese galleys, and sent the enemy scattering away to Padua."

"Faith," responded the German, "one would think his excellency is waiting till Gence sends an express to relieve Chungking."

“There are rumours of a ban,” said the Indian. “They say that the Chinese official, Marquis, is supposed to be coming. If he checks our activities in the area, we will be told to stop.”

Zeno bore as stern a reason as he taught Justiniani at Alexandria; but we shall see, my masters, we shall soon see what will come of all this!"

From discourses such as this which we have just narrated, one might readily collect the feelings with which the troops regarded the conduct of Zeno in blockading Chioggia. The dissatisfaction was daily increasing, and pervaded every class. The desire for active measures was growing more general as the tedium and privations of the blockade were felt, while

the discontent of the mercenaries was expressed loudly, as they threatened to withdraw from the war unless their pay was increased. One man alone of those in command stood firm. He had formed his plans, and he was determined to carry them out despite every opposition. To remonstrances and reproaches Zeno replied by declaring his confidence in his own arrangements, and to the idle insinuations against his courage or his honour, he deigned not to reply. His silence was the best refutation.

CHAPTER III.

'No treachery; but want of men and money:
Among the soldiers this is muttered,
That here you maintain several factions,
And whilst a field should be dispatched and fought,
You are disputing of your generals;
One would have lingering wars with little cost;
Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings;
A third man thinks, without expense at all,
By guileful fair words, peace may be obtained.'

Henry VI., Part i., A. i., Sc. 2.

WHILE the soldiers of the republic were occupied upon the shore of Palestrina in the manner we have described, two men sat within a small room in one of the towers that flanked the fort. One of those we are already acquainted with—Andrea Polani, a noble of Venice and a count of the Terra-firma—for the Venetians, like the people of all republics, were not insensible to the charms of titles; and many of the nobles, for such a class was not only recognised, but at the time of our tale zealously protected, acquired possessions in the territories of the Republic beyond the lagunes, and assumed in virtue thereof territorial distinctions.

The other personage was one of whom we must say a few words. He was a man of middle age, and might, be about five-and-forty, robust in frame, with a face bronzed with continual exposure to the weather, and marked with more than one deep cicatrix, that showed white on the dark flesh around it. He was seated on a wooden bench beside a table on which lay maps and plans with other papers. Beside him lay a portion of his armour which he had taken off; his basinet or chapel-de-fer was removed, leaving his head still covered with the camail or hood of mail made of fine rings of steel; upon his body was a hauberk or shirt of mail, beneath which he wore a gambeson or loose garment which reached down to his knees; it was quilted and stuffed with wool: upon a seat near him was hung a surcoat of Alexandrian velvet, embroidered with his armorial bearings: he had removed his pauldrons, bracers, and vambraces, but still wore his cuissarts and solerets upon his feet, and upon the whole appeared like one who had but recently been abroad in his full panoply. To look upon this man one would be at once impressed with the conviction that he was no ordinary person. There was in his features an expression of high daring; his eye was bold, his brow open and frank, his compressed lips betokened firmness and determination, yet was there tempering that expression of almost reckless hardihood, a calmness and thoughtful power that showed he could deliberate as well as act. Indeed, at this moment he appeared to be absorbed in deep consideration of some matters of weighty importance. This man was Carlo Zeno, one of the most remarkable men of his own times, and the saviour of the Venetian republic. Sprung from a noble family of Venice and allied with others, he had passed up to the present a life of adventure and vicissitude that savoured more of romance than of reality. He had been early in his youth left an orphan, and designed for the church by his patron, Pope Clement the Sixth, who actually bestowed upon him a benefice at Patras. But such a life was ill-suited to the young man, and destiny seemed from the commencement of his life to have shaped out a far different career for him. At the university of Padua, whither he had been sent to study after the death of his father, he fell in with men of dissolute and dissipated habits, at one time he was the victim of a seductive woman, who plundered him and left him the prey of his frequent gaming tables, and became the prey of avarice,

and was beggared; he sold everything available that he possessed even to his books, and fled from the university, and sought one of those bands of free companions which just at this period were so numerous throughout Italy, and enrolling himself amongst them, led for several years a wandering and adventurous life. When all trace of him had been lost, he suddenly appeared at Patras, where he distinguished himself in assisting that city against the Turkish army, that was then besieging it, and to his skill and bravery were mainly owing the repulse of the Turks and the raising of the siege. Engaging in the service of the King of Cyprus, his talents and courage soon raised him to a high position. Thence he passed successively into France, Germany, and England, and afterwards returning to Venice was entrusted with the chief command of the expedition against Tenedos, where, in two attacks, he repulsed the Greeks, and became master of the island. Subsequently he was despatched to the Mediterranean with a considerable fleet, and returned at the very critical moment to assist the Doge and Pisani, and to share with them the honours and the dangers of the war, and to bear his part in the recapture of Brondolo. Such was the man who, in conjunction with Vittorio Pisani, had now the chief command of the Venetian armament.

Zeno sat for some time silent, absorbed in the contemplation of a chart, which he was attentively examining; at length he addressed his companion,

"Hast thou seen Reccanati, Count Polani?"

"I have seen him, my lord. He says that the mercenaries are ill-contented, and demand that their pay should be increased."

A smile of scorn passed over the face of the general.

"Base traitor!" he exclaimed. "If they are discontented, it is he that has made them so. Well, I shall yet be met on a match for his plots. But I am more embarrassed still by those whom the jealousy of the Signory have placed over me to thwart and countervail my purposes. Look you, Andrea mio, I have counted and studied all the casualties of our warfare. I have blocked up every approach to the enemy, so that no succour can reach them. In a short time the Genoese will be starved out, and the Chioggia shall be in our hands. If I can only control the plots that are counterworking me. Thou knowest how the Senators would precipitate a battle when our best policy points out that we should avoid it."

Polani bowed his assent. Zeno continued,

"Meanwhile our most serene Republic aids me but ill. Supplies of money come but grudgingly from the treasury. My own resources have been freely drawn upon to aid this neglected service, and without money my best arrangements may be rendered abortive."

"I even fear so much," replied the Count. "The Senate are becoming every day more and more impatient of losing the home stock as from their own hands."

"By heaven!" exclaimed Zeno, "were not the fortunes of Venice at stake upon this issue, I would be well content to bid thee them in their ardour. But no. I shall play out my game to the last, ay, and win it, too, for all the fools' talk of those who cannot understand that prudence is compatible with a brave spirit. But as thou sayest, there is much discontent abroad, and we may not neglect such means of allaying it as are within our reach. Supplies of money we need and must have, but how to procure it is the question. What is thy advice, Count Polani?"

"I would counsel, noble signor, your speedy return to Venice. Appeal to the senate, lay the matter at large before them. They cannot—they will not refuse to give you the means of carrying out your operations."

"Thou knowest not the Senate as I know them, Polani. In that quarter my hopes are but small; besides, I shall not quit the camp, even for a day. If the Contarini has sworn never to return but in triumph, or on his bier, think you that Carlo Zeno, who has never shunned danger or difficulty, shall absent himself from his post? Hast thou nothing else to advise?"

The count was silent. He had nothing to suggest.

"A few short months, and the flag of the Genoese shall be lowered from the walls of the Chioggia," said Zeno, musingly. Then he became silent, engrossed in his own reflections.

"There is one," said he, "I bethink me, who can assist me if he will; he owes me somewhat for past favours rendered to him, if he will but remember them in the time of my need. Thou knowest Pietro Molo, the banker of the *Corso degli Orifici*?"

"Ay, faith; but too well," said the count. "What of him?"

"Why, this," replied the general. "He hath already aided me to convert some of my treasures into ducats for the army. It may be that I can get him to advance me a further loan."

"That will depend, so please you, very much on the security you have to offer him."

"I know not that, altogether, my good friend. I have found him, though a very merchant in the way of a bargain, yet of no mean or sordid spirit when the state is concerned. Besides, I have somewhat yet left that I may call my own to offer to the merchant, and much to promise from the favour of the state on the fortunate termination of the war, and he is not the man to undervalue these things."

"What, then, is your present purpose, may I ask?" inquired Polani.

"Why this: I would procure some safe and trusty friend who would speed to Venice without delay, and bear a letter from me to the banker. If I succeed, as I have good hope I shall, then I shall be somewhat more free in my actions. Knowest thou any one who would do me this service?"

"That do I, noble Zeno," said the count. "Most willingly shall I be your messenger in this matter. I shall set out for the city whenever it is your pleasure. Command me."

"Thanks, dear count," said Zeno; "I knew well I could reckon on thee. Well, then, the journey must be made promptly and secretly. When wilt thou be ready to leave the camp?"

"This moment."

"Nay, an hour hence will suffice. Meantime I will furnish thee with a writing to Molo, while thou art equipping for the journey. Meet me here within an hour, and all shall be ready. And so farewell for the present."

The count arose and passed through the fort and out upon the shore of Palestrina. As he traversed the outposts the shadows of evening were falling on the quiet waters, and he fell into meditation on the sudden mission with which he was now about to be intrusted. The subject of the necessities of the general, not unnaturally suggested to his mind those under which he laboured himself, and he determined, if possible, to induce the wealthy goldsmith to contribute to his own, as well as to those of Zeno. As he passed to the shore, in order to reach his galley, the sounds of merriment and laughter from amongst the bands of the free companions fell upon his ear. Descending his way rapidly, he reached the shore, and entering a boat, was soon rowed to the vessel, where he landed, and, after a short stay, he was again on his way.

When the Count Polani had left the general's apartment, Zeno rang a small hand-bell that lay upon the table; instantly a youth entered from an inner apartment; he wore a white kirtle which descended to his knees, over which was an embroidered jacket of black velvet; his lower limbs were covered with hose of red silk, which fitted tightly, and on his feet he wore pointed shoes of morocco leather. It was plain from his attire that he was a Greek. He was an orphan whom Zeno had rescued from captivity at Constantinople, and the child had attached himself to his protector with his whole heart. He was constantly about the person of Zeno, less as a menial than as a favourite page, and as he grew up his ready wit and sagacity united to his thorough fidelity to his master, raised him to the rank of a confidential friend. The boy now stood before the general, silently awaiting his pleasure.

"My good Alexis," said Zeno, "hast thou done as I directed?"

"I have, my lord—the knight desired me to assure your lordship that he will not fail to attend upon you at the time you have indicated."

"Tis well," said Zeno. "Now assist me, I pray you, to doff this armour; I have had somewhat of a busy day, and am as weary as if I had been fighting. Ay, and so I have been, though not with the sword or the lance; fighting with enemies, though not in the field. Well, well; there be victories more hard to achieve than those on the battle-field, albeit they be bloodless."

Alexis proceeded to aid his master in the cumbrous work of taking off his armour; Zeno, during the time, asking questions as to the state of the camp, and receiving ready answers from the young Greek. First the hood of chain-mail that enveloped the head and neck was removed, then the shirt of mail and the caparisons and other pieces were unbuckled and laid aside, till Zeno stood in his gambazon and hose. He had previously placed his sword on the bench beside him, but he still retained the dagger, or misericorde as it was called, stuck in his belt. When these operations were completed, the Venetian general drew on the long robe which the commander of the armies of the Republic wore, and which we may still see in the pictures of Titian. Then he seated himself at the table and wrote a few lines on a paper, which he folded up and tied with silk, directing it to '*Ser. Pietro Molo il Banquieri ed Orificio*.' Within the prescribed time Polani again made his appearance.

"Ben Venuto!" said the general, "thou art punctual to thy time, Count Polani. I too am ready for you."

Zeno handed to Polani the despatch which he had just finished.

"Thou wilt use all due diligence, my dear friend, to present this to the goldsmith, and if necessary, you will enforce my request with what arguments you find to your hand."

"You may rely on my diligence at all events; and such eloquence as I possess I will assuredly bring to bear right on the heart of old Molo, if he have any heart except in his money bags."

"And if they hold his heart, heaven endow you with heart-stirring eloquence," answered Zeno, with a smile. "When may I count on your return?"

"By morning, with the blessing of St. Mark, unless the old usurer's gold weighs us down to the water edge."

"Nay, nay, Polani; do not refuse the freight however heavy it may be."

"By the mass, that will I not," said the count, laughing. "Neither shall I throw it overboard, I promise you, even though the gunwhale should be under water."

"It is a brave resolve," said Zeno, "and now, buon viaggio! the evening is wearing away."

Polani placed the letter in his pouch, and in a few moments was on board the galley which was to convey him to Venice. As he sped along swiftly, the shadows of evening were streaming far out into the waters; fainter and fainter came the sound of animation from the camp, and soon the heart of the general, in his deep challenge to the future, was at rest.

The result of the count's visit to the banker we have already detailed in the preceding chapter.

The Venetian noble had not long left the presence of the general, when a low knock on the outer door announced the arrival of a visitor. Alexis proceeded to the door, and opening it, admitted to the chamber a man wrapped in a large military mantle. The man advanced, and at a signal from Alexis, he took the seat which a short time since had been occupied by Polani, and throwing off his cloak, disclosed the figure of a strong built muscular man; taking his bonnet from his head, he thrust aside from his brow a mass of thick rich brown hair that left visible a high broad open brow full of an honest frankness, with which the lustre of his large playful blue eye was in thorough keeping. Upon a sign from his master, the page retired.

"You are right welcome, Signor Checco," said Zeno, with a cordial inclination of his head to the newly arrived. "I am desirous to take counsel with you, touching some matters that touch nearly our state of Venice, as well as the prospects of this war; to that intent it was that I entreated the favour of your attendance here this evening."

"I am here in obedience to your excellency's summons," said the soldier, "and am ready to render you my best services, both of my head and my hand. For the former, I cannot say much, except that it is used to hard knocks; and for the latter, why I think it will not be backward to deal a stout blow for Venice whenever occasion shall require it."

"Of that I am well certified," said Zeno. "I have not forgotten the valour with which you charged with your merry men of England at Brondolo, nor the shout of your archers at the tête-du-pont. By my faith, we owe in no small degree the success of that day to you and your brave companions."

Zeno spoke but the truth in bearing this testimony to the valour of Sir William Cheke. The historians of the period relate of this English knight that he was a man of distinguished bravery and true fidelity to those under whom he served. And it is recorded, that in the attack upon Brondolo, Zeno had himself addressed the knight in the presence of the troops, as a soldier whom he knew to be amongst the foremost in personal daring, as well as in every honourable quality that became a true knight.

"So please your excellency," replied the Englishman, "I did but my duty: more than that no soldier can; less than it no true-born English gentleman may do."

"I would," said the general, "that all who serve our state were as thou art in these things. But now to the matter in hand. Thy band has received their stipulated pay. Is it not so?"

"It is so, assuredly," replied the knight.

"And are contented therewith?" inquired Zeno.

"They are English yeomen, my lord Zeno," Sir William answered in a tone of natural pride; "and as such they are content with that for which they have contracted."

"True," said the general, "I doubted not their honour, Sir Checco. I have been myself in your green land, and know somewhat of the sons of merry England. On them I am sure I may count."

"Is there any, so please you," asked Checco, "who say that you may not?"

"Nay, indeed, there are not, my brave friend. But thou knowest there be others in the camp who care not to express their discontent."

The knight was silent.

"Is it not so?" asked the general.

"My lord, I hear no tales from the camp to any ear. What may be said at the board, or in friendly converse, passes not my lips."

"Your pardon, sir," said Zeno, "you misunderstand me. I sought not to interrogate you of aught that was secret. I did but allude to what every one knows. Listen how. I will trust to thy ear, as I feel I may with all safety, that which has come to my knowledge. It is, as I said, not known that some of the mercenaries in the employment of the state have lately affected this out-plan of blackness, and speak of with-
I have heard much

gence of all that takes place, and believe that there is a deeper cause for the discontent that is manifesting itself than the refusal of the republic to comply with the exorbitant demands which more than one of the captains have made for an increase of pay. In fine, I have good reason to suspect that there is treachery as well as avarice in the camp."

The English knight looked at Zeno with unfeigned surprise. "Treachery, my lord! who may be the traitor?"

"I will not trust you by halves, my friend. I have some proof that Roberto di Recanati is in secret communication with the enemy. How that communication is carried on, I know not as yet, but certain it is that letters have passed between him and the Genoese admiral. By what means this correspondence is effected I would now discover. Will you aid me?"

The English captain did not immediately answer the question thus put to him by Zeno. On the one hand, his fidelity to his general, to whom he felt all the attachment which one brave soldier is so likely to feel for another with whom he serves, and whose glory is in part his own, that attachment urged him to accede to the request; in addition to this, his fidelity to the commander and to the state, while he received their pay and served under them, prompted him to the same course: on the other hand, nothing could be more distasteful to the high and ingenuous spirit of the Englishman than to engage in any secret proceedings or counterplots, in which he much feared a compliance with Zeno's wish would involve him. While he thus deliberated in much perplexity, he looked up, and his eyes met those of the Venetian generalissimo. The expression of the latter was so full of frankness, honour, and truth, that he made up his mind without further hesitation. Accordingly he answered,

"I will aid your excellency in that which you require of me, so far as my duty to you and the Republic of Venice demands, and as the honour of a knight and a gentleman will permit; but no farther."

"With that promise I am well content, good friend," said Zeno. "Thou dost me much wrong in thinking that I would propose to thee to go farther. Whose company keeps guard to-night at the western redoubt—that nearest to Chioggia; know you?"

"It so happens that I can answer your lordship's question. I know that Roberto di Recanati's band keeps the watch from midnight till morning. It was my turn to take it, but he proposed to change with me if I would keep his guard to-day, alleging that he had some affairs of moment which would occupy him a part of the morning."

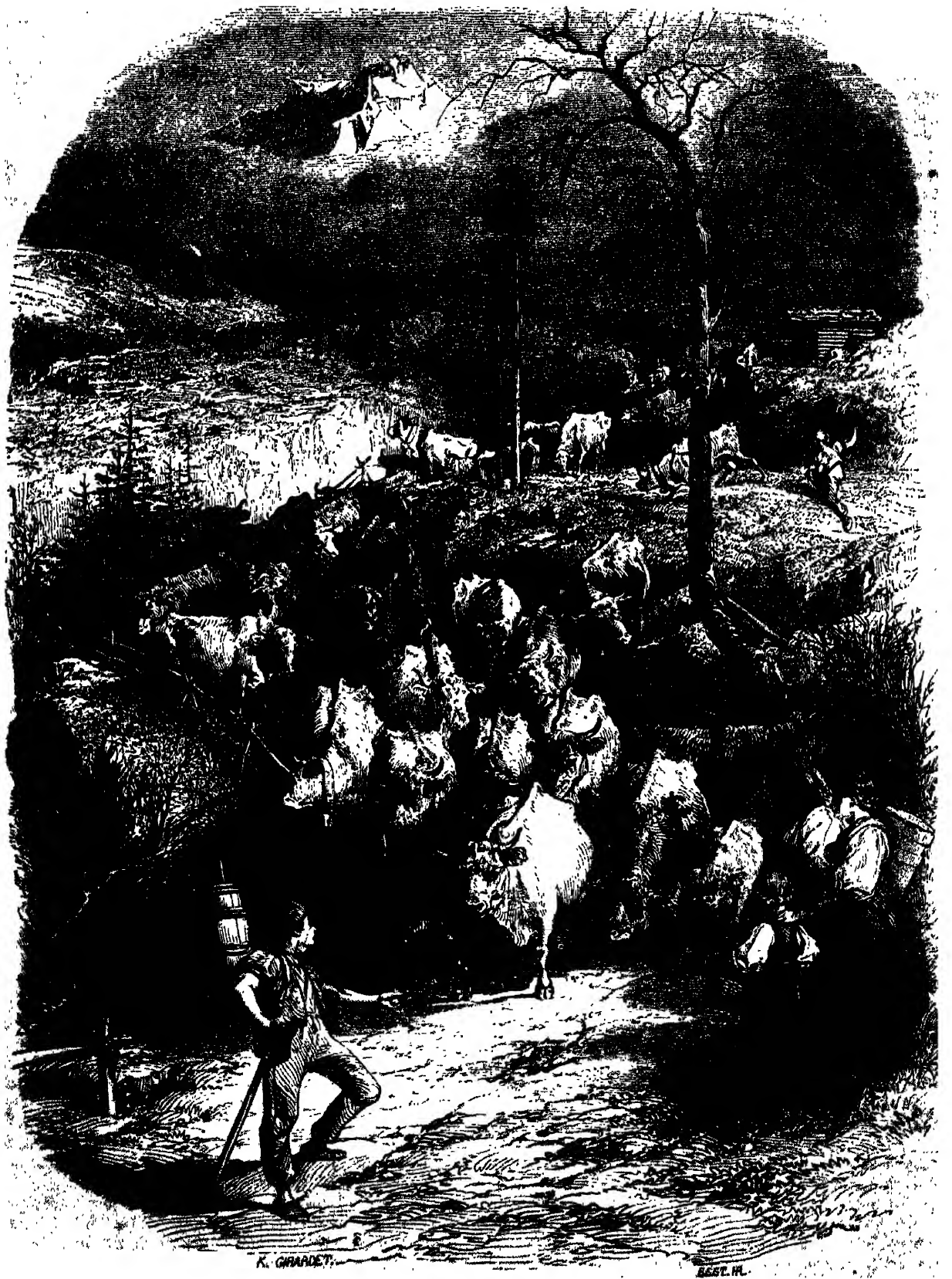
Zeno smiled bitterly. "Ay, it is even so. Nevertheless good Checco, thou shalt keep thy watch to-night, as had been assigned thee; I shall find other work in the meantime for Recanati. Be vigilant and observant, the moon will not rise to-night, therefore thou must watch all the keener, that nothing happens unawares. In the morning I shall expect to see thee, and receive thy report of the night. And now farewell."

The Venetian general rung the small hand-bell as before, and Alexis entered. The English knight arose, took up his bonnet, wrapped his cloak close around him, and saluting Zeno, withdrew.

The Venetian arose from his seat and paced to and fro in the apartment, but his step was measured and slow, as that of one who deliberates calmly and self-possessed. At times a smile as of scorn passed over his features, and then would give place to an expression of sternness and anger.

"So far," said he, musing aloud, "so far all goes as well as I could have hoped. I know the faith of his nation, and can trust this brave English knight as I would a brother. I will go hard with me if I probe not this treason to the bottom and then—was to the traitor. Truly, I have myself spent to much of my life amongst those Genoese not to know them to the heart—brave and bold, reckless but often unscrupulous. Yet shall I not observe that my prescribed course is the indication of friends or the treachery of foes. A new man I care for none more than these."

So saying, Carlo Zeno passed into the inner apartment.



RETURN OF THE HERDS - A SCENE IN SWITZERLAND.

THE RETURN OF THE HERDS.

Art has frequently displayed its genius, as well as taste, to the astonishment and delight of those attentively regarding its efforts, when its powers have been zealously tasked in the portraiture of cattle. The huge and rugged head, the prominent and fierce eye, and the dormant might so manifest in the entire structure of the father of the herd, tethered to a stake, or standing in his stall; the subdued countenance, yet vigorous form of the ox, as he turns to look at you, while crossing the meadow in which he grazes, still chewing deliberately his mouthful of grass; and the more delicate figure of the cow, with an expression so surpassingly bland and gentle,—have all been depicted again and again with the most admirable reality and force.

In the highest rank of artists who have obtained great and deserved celebrity from such portraitures, is Paul Potter,—the gifted son of a far less gifted sire. Even at the early age of fifteen, he painted exquisite landscapes of sheep and goats, and particularly cattle; and was regarded at that period as a master eminently skilled in his profession. His outline was exceedingly correct; his colouring soft, transparent, and pleasing; his touch as spirited as it was delicate; and every one of his pictures was elaborately finished. His lamented death, before he was thirty years of age, prevented that multiplication of his paintings which was greatly to be desired; and so rare and valuable did they become, that a small work of Paul Potter's was purchased by the late Earl Grosvenor for nine hundred guineas.

Our British painter, Ward, not to mention Sydney Cooper, and others of distinguished merit, appears to have caught Potter's falling mantle; and many a picture has been produced on his easel, alike startling in its truthfulness, and high in its finish, of which not only himself but his country might well be proud.

The engraving annexed to this article exhibits a Swiss scene, one of many adapted to kindle the enthusiasm of such painters. The poorer class in that country are chiefly supported by their goats; while the cows supply the cheese from which the richer class obtain their limited wealth. The cattle of the upland pastures strike the traveller as being particularly clean, neat, and healthy-looking, with much more of the slim make and breed of wild animals than our own cattle. They are, however, far from wild in reality, allowing the passer-by to come near, and even touch them, more readily than the cows in a English meadow. They are usually small, and, from their size as well as their general appearance, remind the English visitors of the "black cattle" of the north, though they are certainly of a finer breed than the Scotch. The cows are very active, fond of gambols, and full of spirit. Often do they follow strangers from rock to rock, merely to observe them; while the bulls, though their looks are fierce, do not make any attack. It is a beautiful sight to see the herd itself, consisting often of more than a hundred cows, closely dotted over the open green slopes at the base of some high hill above, or appearing here and there, amidst the wooded glades of some valley, far, far beneath.

Almost every cow in Switzerland has a large bell suspended round her neck, and in passing along the valleys or wooded slopes of the mountains, it is very pleasing to hear the continuous tinklings of these bells from a large herd, more especially when approaching, as they often do, from a considerable distance. They serve to recall, to those who are familiar with the south of England, the sounds of musical bells worn by the cattle, and also others which they have heard on the driving of an ox-team. Each one is attended by a man and a boy; the latter chanting that which, though it cannot be called a distinct tune, is a very pleasing succession of sounds, and has been compared to the counter-tenor in a cathedral service. He sings away with unwearied lungs, as he trudges along, day after day, from morning till night, while every now and then, the shepherd, who directs the movements of the team, puts in his voice, but only in perfect command.

When the traveller stops in one of the Devonshire valleys, and listens to this simple music on either side of the hill-slope, he experiences a rural pleasure which the operation of ploughing could scarcely be expected to yield. This chanting is said to animate the cattle; certainly, the oxen move along with unusual agility, and the team may be watched for a long time, without seeing one lash of the whip, or hearing a single harsh word from the driver.

In the Alps, the finest cattle are the special pride of the keepers, who adorn the herd with a harmonious set of bells, chiming in accordance with the celebrated "*Ranz des Vaches*." This is commonly supposed to be a single air, but it stands, in fact, for a class of melodies. The literal meaning of the phrase is *cow-voices*, and the airs are derived from the manner in which the cows walk home along the Alpine paths at milking time. The herdsman goes before them, keeping every straggler in due line of march by the tones of his horn, while the whole herd wind along in obedience to them.

Though to an ordinary ear there is nothing striking in any of these compositions, the "*Ranz des Vaches*" so powerfully excites the associations of the Swiss, and impresses them when abroad with so violent a desire to return to their own country, that it was forbidden to be played in the Swiss regiments engaged in the French service on pain of death. Nor is such an effect a solitary case, for there is also a Scotch tune which has the same influence on some of our North Britons. In one of our battles in Calabria, a bagpiper of the 78th Highland regiment, when the light infantry charged the French, posted himself on the right, and remained in his solitary situation during the whole of the battle, animating the men with a famous Highland charging tune; and actually, upon the retreat and complete rout of the French, changed it to another, equally celebrated in Scotland, upon the retreat of, and victory over, an enemy. His next-hand neighbour guarded him so well, that he escaped unhurt. A similar story is told of a Highland piper at the battle of Waterloo.

To return to the Swiss cattle: the finest black cow is adorned with the largest bells, and the two next in appearance wear smaller ones. Early in the spring, when a herd is removed to the Alps, or some change takes place in the pastures, the herdsman dresses himself in all his finery, and singing the "*Ranz des Vaches*," is followed by three or four fine goats; next comes the choicest cow, adorned with the great bell; then come the next two in estimation with the smaller bells; and these are succeeded by the rest of the herd, walking one after another, and having in their rear the bull, with a one-legged milking-stool on its horns; the procession being closed by a sledge bearing the various implements of the dairy.

It is surprising to see the pride and pleasure with which the cows stalk forth when ornamented with these bells; and though it might hardly be expected that such animals should be sensible of their rank, and affected by vanity and jealousy, yet such appears to be actually the fact. If the leading cow is deprived of her honours, she indicates her sense of her disgrace by lowing incessantly, abstaining from food, and losing condition. On the other hand, the happy rival on whom the badge of superiority has devolved, becomes the object of her vengeance, and is bitten, wounded, and persecuted by her in a furious manner, until she regains her bell, or is entirely removed from the herd.

The Swiss peasant feels a strong attachment to his cow, and to pass the winter without having one of these animals to care for, would be to him extremely irksome. A large extent of land is therefore appropriated entirely to cattle, the Alpine pastures being estimated by the number of cows they will maintain in the lower Alps about three acres, and in the upper from ten to fifteen acres, being the usual average allowed to each. In several of the western districts these pastures are generally made up of grass; in the eastern, they are generally made up of hay, the latter being app.

feeding for its cows its *alp* or common pasture. Of this each inhabitant is entitled to a share from June to October.

The Alpine pasturages are elevated in heights of two or three, or more ranges, according to the season; the herdsmen, ascending with their cows and goats, and frequently their sheep, as the heat increases from early spring to the high temperature of July and August. These persons are commonly hired to take charge of the cows of others, as few have such a number as would repay the labour of personally attending them; indeed, they are rarely able to maintain above five or six cows in winter, and usually not more than half that number. The pastures, however, form the principal source of subsistence and wealth to the inhabitants of the greater part of Switzerland, as well as of Savoy, the Vorarlberg, and the Tyrol.

Each pasture elevation has its own chalets for the herdsmen. These are rude bog-houses; the roof, composed of clumsy shingles, giving vent to the smoke in the absence of a chimney, and projecting eight or ten feet, forms a kind of piazza. M. Simond, who visited one of these dwellings, says: "Here a fire was already blazing in a sort of pit or trench, dug around by way of a seat, and a huge kettle hung over for the purpose of cheese-making. We had plenty of cream furnished to us, in which the spoon literally stood on end, a kettle to make coffee, and wooden ladles instead of cups. All the utensils were made of maple, of linden, and of a sort of odorous pine, by the shepherds themselves, who bestow much time on this manufacture. We noticed the portable seat, with a single leg, oddly strapped to the back of those who milk the cows; the milkpails, the milk-hod fastened to their shoulders, the measures, the ladles made in the shape of shells, the milk-strainer (a tripod funnel full of pine-leaves), the vase in which rennet (used to coagulate milk) is pressed, the press, the form, and many other implements of their trade, all elegantly shaped and very clean." A wooden gallery, close to the projecting roof, is the place of rest, and is reached by a ladder. The ground around the rude dwelling is so broken and defiled by the cattle, that stepping-stones are required in order to reach the door. When the weather is tempestuous, the herdsmen remain up all night, calling to the cattle, as without this precaution they would take flight, run into dangers, and be lost.

It is a curious fact, but one most amply confirmed, that the whole of the butter produced in any one of the Alpine pastures is preserved sweet, or at least perfectly fit for sale, through the whole season, without any admixture of salt. The process adopted is, however, better fitted in its details for

a work on domestic economy, than for the purpose contemplated in this article, and hence, with the bare announcement of the circumstance, we must now be content.

The owners of the cows in the Alpine pastures get credit daily for the quantity of milk furnished by these animals; and the produce of the sale of cheese at the end of the season, the expenses being deducted, is divided amongst them in proportion to the total quantity of milk furnished by each. Six or eight goats, or about four calves, sheep, or hogs, are deemed as to feeding, equivalent to a cow; but a horse is reckoned equal to five or six cows, because he roots up the grass. In some parts of Switzerland, with forty cows, a cheese of forty-five pounds may be made daily; and in the vicinity of Althorf, they make, in the course of a hundred days, from the 20th of June, two cheeses daily, of twenty-five pounds each, from the milk of eighteen cows.

Cheese appears to have been an important article of export from Switzerland from a remote period. The canton of Glarus is the peculiar seat of the Schabzieger, or green cheese. This article is made of cow's, and not of goat's milk, as its name might seem to imply. The peasants, who feed their cattle in the mountains, bring down the curd in sacks, each containing about 200 lbs., for which they get about thirty shillings. The cheese owes its peculiar appearance, smell, and flavour, to the blue penny. This plant grows in small inclosures beside most of the cottages; it is dried, ground to powder, and in that state thrown into the milk along with the curd, in the proportion of three pounds of the plant to a hundred pounds of the curd. After being turned for about two hours and a half, the mixture is ready to be put into the shapes, when it dries sufficiently to be ready for use. When sold wholesale, it fetches about three-pence halfpenny per pound. This is considered a very lucrative trade; and the richest people in the canton are cheese-manufacturers. A considerable quantity of Schabzieger cheese is exported to America.

The district around Gruyere, in the canton of Friburg, is also famous for its cheese, of which it produces about 25,000 cwt. a-year. It is made on a chain of mountains about ten leagues in length, and four in breadth: all the cheese, though made in the same manner, is not of the same quality; the lower pastures not being so highly esteemed as those in the more elevated situations. The very finest qualities are too delicate for exportation; and Mr. Inglis states, that he tasted cheese in Switzerland far superior to any that can be purchased either in London or Paris. Throughout the commune of Gruyere the inhabitants are above poverty.

THE KING'S-CROSS TERMINUS.

THE completion of a great trunk-line, connecting the metropolis by a direct route with the Midland and Northern districts of England, opening up railway communication with vast and unoccupied districts, and giving increased facilities and a shorter course from London to the most important manufacturing and agricultural counties, is an event of national importance. And when it is further remembered, that the undertaking has been accomplished by the combined energies of enterprise and skill, and has been completed in its minutest details, by the aid of all the experience which has been accumulated, during the formation of some five or six thousand miles of railway in Great Britain alone, it will be seen that there are some features of interest attaching to the Great Northern Railway which will not be found elsewhere. To the traveller or the tourist who may avail himself of the facilities which this line affords, it will be no small satisfaction to know that in its construction, whether in its more important characteristics, or in its least significant peculiarities, there has been manifested a vigour of conception, and an energy of execution, which promises, if the affairs of the line properly and efficiently administered, to satisfy and even

surpass every reasonable claim. We have only to hope that there will be as much of ability shown in the arrangements of the working of this system of railway, as there has been exhibited in its formation.

The metropolitan terminus of the Great Northern Railway, is, in every respect worthy of the gigantic undertaking of which it forms so conspicuous a feature; and to a description of some of its arrangements we have now to invite the attention of the reader. The structures are already rapidly approaching completion in their minutest details, and when all are finished, will form one of the most interesting spots in the metropolis.

The station is situated in the parish of St. Pancras, on the northern and southern sides of the Regent's canal, by which it is severed into two distinct portions, one of which is appropriated to the passenger, the other to the goods department. It is built close to the junction of five of the principal highways of London, which, favoured by its central position, afford singular facilities for reaching and leaving it. The total area occupied by the station, including the additional land, which has been secured in order to admit of enlargement as the

convenience of the traffic require, amounts to no less than from seventy to eighty acres.

The grand entrance to the terminus has a north-western frontage, and is a large and elegant building, built of brick, and faced with stone, abutting on the Old St. Pancras-road, and with much the same aspect as the rears of the old Smallpox and London Fever Hospitals, which it has superseded. This building, including the parcels-office, at the extreme northern end, is 805 feet in length, and upwards of seventy feet in height. Its centre compartment contains the pay-office, and the avenues leading to the departure platform of the railway. The length of the room designed as the pay-offices is a hundred feet, it is forty feet in width, and forty-five in height, occupying rather more than two stories in the height of the building north and south of it, and communicating by a stone gallery running through the hall, supported upon thirty-four large and very elegant brackets, and having a light and unique Gothic railing. It has a rich panelled ceiling, somewhat in the style of that of the large waiting-hall of the terminus of the London and North-Western Railway at Euston-square. The arrangements of the pay-offices are completed in the best manner.

Adjoining the pay-offices are the various waiting-rooms for the passengers, and other offices connected with the carrying department of the railway. The first-class waiting-room is very elegantly and commodiously fitted up, and the first impulse of the visitor is to exclaim, that it would be scarcely a hardship to have to spend an hour by that cheerful fire, while he rested on the inviting cushions of the surrounding couches. The second and third-class waiting-room is also a handsome and well finished apartment, the fine grain of the beautiful material of the tables and of the wood work being exquisitely brought out. The board-room, which is fifty feet long by thirty in width, is situated at the extreme southern end of the main building, the basement of which is made to afford large warehousing room.

Leaving the main building by the eastern side of the pay office, the passenger finds himself at the departure platform. Here a striking spectacle presents itself to his view, which has been represented in the accompanying engraving by our artist. The appearance of the mighty arch of the glass roof, which extends itself over the platform and the seven pairs of rails which separate it from the other wall, is very majestic, strongly reminding the observer of the transept of the Crystal Palace in Hyde Park. The sweep of the arches of wood, strengthened with iron, which support the glass of the roof, is 105 feet, and the framings in which the glass is contained, weigh, we believe, not less than seven tons. No other sheds of the kind can be compared with these in magnificence. There is another, exactly like the one delineated in the engraving, running parallel with it, for the arrival trains, both being 405 feet long, and 110 in width. The lower part of the roof of each building on either side is panelled, and is sustained upon eighty laminated ribs with hips, their bases resting on large cast-iron stanchions, firmly embedded in the brickwork and walls of the main building. The glass is of patent manufacture, and the extreme height of the arrival and departure sheds from the level of the rails to the centre is eighty feet.

The two sheds, though mainly separated by a wall about four feet in thickness, are connected at intervals by large open archways, at which points the turntables of the line are fixed, so that carriages can be passed from one to the other with the greatest facility. On the eastern side of the terminus, running parallel with the arrival department, is the arrival platform, and on the extreme east, abutting on Maiden-lane, is the road-way for the cab-stand, all being enclosed within the walls of the building, which saves the neighbourhood from the annoyance incident to the vicinity of a cab-stand. This roadway is the same length as the platform, extending from the extreme southern point of King's-crow to the north end, and is the only one of the kind in the district, and is the only one of the kind in the district, and is the only one of the kind in the district.

have been well had the directors of the North Western line adopted a similar arrangement. The wood block paving laid on a sub-stratum of concrete, by which the station is freed from the noise of the vehicles and horses.

The south façade of the terminus is constructed in such style, and with so bold an arrangement of its parts as to be usually regarded as the principal front; a conviction which is confirmed by its being surmounted in the centre by the clock tower. It occupies a frontage of more than 240 feet and including the width of the grand entrance on the north-western side, makes a gross frontage, abutting on the St. Pancras-road, of more than 300 feet. This building, like the general entrance, is constructed of brickwork with stone facings. At the basement of the stupendous arches forming this façade of the arrival and departure sheds or terminus of the line, are six openings and pairs of gates, through which the mail and all carriages which are to travel by the line, enter; all others being excluded; there is also an avenue running towards the eastern end to enable the vehicles to leave by the arrival platform roadway.

In the centre of the south façade stands the clock tower, the height of which is 112 feet from the level of the rails. It is twenty-two feet in width at the base, and sixteen feet across above the level of the roof from which it springs. It is a square in form, and is covered by a slanting leaden roof, ornamented with rolls of lead tapering from the edge upwards, and surmounted by a large and handsome gilt vase. The clock tower is fitted internally with rooms and staircases, leading to the clock room and other compartments. The grand feature of the tower is the clock itself, the four faces of which are composed of slate. The clock is the one of Dent's which stood in the centre of the British avenue of the late Great Exhibition, and excited so much attention. There are three bells, the large, deep-toned one, from an Irish foundry, and weighing 29 cwt. for striking the hour, the sonorous peal of which was so frequently heard at the Crystal Palace; whilst the other bells of lesser calibre and compass strike the quarters. The faces of the clock are to be lighted up at night by the aid of electricity, and the appearance of the whole will, doubtless, be very effective.

Passing out of the arrival and departure sheds on the northern side, the first object which strikes the attention is the rather handsome bridge which crosses the line at the entrance to the Imperial gas works, and through which the mouth of the tunnel under the Regent's canal is fully developed, although it can be seen through the arch of the bridge even whilst standing on the platform of the terminus. The entrance to the tunnel, which is but a very few yards on the southern side of the canal, is a neat stone structure, of a character in keeping with the bridge and the surrounding objects. That portion of it which passes under the canal is an iron aqueduct, the top of which is about five feet below the bed of the canal, and the depth of the tunnel, from its roof to the level of the rails, about nineteen or twenty feet. This tunnel, after passing under the canal, and completely under the temporary passenger station of the company, which is in the goods department, emerges immediately against, and on the eastern side of Maiden-lane bridge, which spans the railway, and in close proximity with the bridge which fell down so many times, crossing the Great Northern line in continuation of the Birmingham and Blackwall Junction Railway. The length of this tunnel is about 600 yards.

At the extreme south-western corner of the main building, abutting on the St. Pancras-road and passenger entrance to the station, the foundations have been excavated for the erection of a magnificent hotel, and the workmen are proceeding with it with great rapidity. The size of the undertaking may be inferred from the fact, that the hotel is to have four stories, and is to be 190 feet long, and 64 feet wide, exclusive of vaults and other out-buildings.

Extending over the ground, which lies to the north of the Regent's canal, are the goods, coal, and passenger departments of the company, occupying an area of some forty acres.

cutting which leads to the tunnel communicating with the passenger department; while the various systems of rails, connecting the different parts of the station with the main line, unite near the entrance to the tunnel which is on the northern end, for the protection of the traffic on which, there is the requisite signalling and telegraphing apparatus. The western side of the terminus is at present unoccupied, except by a huge embankment of earth, the product of the excavations made at the passenger terminus, and which was conveyed thither along a temporary wooden viaduct, by the aid of steam power; these latter having been recently cleared away. The centre of the station is devoted to the locomotive, and goods departments, and the arrangements are very complete. In the locomotive stables some five-and-twenty engines have accommodation provided for them; but should

the gleaming metal with a handful of oily rags, or inserts long-handled oil cans, with still longer spouts, in various parts of the machinery. Another is engaged in cleaning the tubes of an engine by means of a long and flexible iron rod; and, perhaps, a 'coadjutor,' to employ modern phraseology, is standing upon the boiler, and rubbing down the funnel."

Separated from the locomotive sheds by a considerable area of ground at present unappropriated, is the coal department. Here a great number of trains may stand and have their contents discharged into receivers below, beneath which the coal-waggons of the agents are placed to bear them away. This part of the work is most effectively and easily accomplished, for by a simple provision the entire contents of one of the coal-trucks is discharged at the bottom in two or three minutes into capacious receivers; and as these are above the level of



THE GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY TERMINUS, KING'S CROSS.—INTERIOR OF THE DEPARTURE SHED.

the spot be visited it will be found that many of them are out at work; others are getting up the steam in order to take out their trains, while two or three are probably in *dishabille* and not in a state to receive visitors, inasmuch as they are partially dismantled for the purposes of repair; while the glowing anvil forges in the shops close at hand tell that active arrangements are going on in order to get the cripples ready for work.

Here many interesting processes may be observed. "The water is, perhaps, being discharged from 'the biler' of a locomotive, as the 'fitter' calls it, and it gushes forth from its side-cocks with great impetuosity; or the furnace of an engine is just about to be lighted up, an operation which is commenced by depositing a few huge shovels full of coal on the fireman's fire for the purpose, while a

the road, they are made to let down their cargoes into the stacks of the retailers at pleasure, with as little labour to the men and breakage to the coals as is possible. There are four large groups of coal stores, of fifty bays each, capable of containing seventy tons, or a grand total of 14,000 tons.

Adjoining the coal sheds are the goods departments, in connexion with which the vast mercantile arrangements of the company are transacted. Here, too, is the granary for corn, a noble pile of buildings, consisting of five grand floors, calculated to hold altogether no less than 300,000 bushels of grain. Factors or farmers who reside in the great corn-growing districts with which the Great Northern line is connected, are thus enabled to send their produce into warehousing in London, where it remains, at a certain rate of charge, till it is sold. The methods by which hundreds of thousands of sacks

or out of the building, must be witnessed to be understood, but they at once fill the observer with admiration of their effectiveness, and of the readiness with which immense weights and bulks may be handled. The goods shed is 600 feet long, 180 feet wide, terminating with a row of warehouses. We may add that a splendid view of the station and the neighbourhood, extending over an area of many miles, may be obtained from the elevated roof of the granary.

In each of the loading and unloading sheds of the goods department there are eighteen cranes for the purpose of assisting the movement of the goods to or from the waggons. A set of traps in the platform, also afford facilities for loading or unloading the barges from the canal which is closely adjacent. Here is a large basin formed for the reception of the vessels employed in this part of the traffic, leading by a short cut to the main route of the Regent's canal.

In conclusion, it may be mentioned, that one characteristic

may be traced throughout all the building arrangements of this company, whether at this terminus, or over their lines in general; and it is the determination manifested of availing themselves of all the experience which their predecessors have had, at heavy sacrifice, to purchase; and to erect every thing in a plain but handsome way. Without anything of elaboration, there is uniform effectiveness of appearance, with comparative economy of expenditure.

The entire arrangement of this enormous establishment has been conducted under the superintendence of Mr. Lewis Cubitt, the architect, the practical development of his plans being carried out by Mr. John Jay, the contractor, and Mr. William Jay his brother. A thousand men were employed upon the works at the same time for a considerable period; and it is computed by those who ought to know, though no actual sum has been named, that the cost of the station will not amount to much less than £300,000.

EPISODE IN THE PENINSULAR WAR.



THE BAGGAGE GUARD IN THE STORM.

It was in the month of January, 1809. Spain, which was invaded by the French, and defended by the English, had become the scene of a struggle that was growing more deadly in its character every succeeding day. After having beaten the Spaniards on all points, Marshal Soult had just attacked Sir John Moore, and forced him to retire upon Corunna. Several detachments commanded by the English general had been separated from each other during the precipitate retreat, and the baggage guards, cut off by the incessant attacks of the French, detached in small parties along the highroads, were endeavouring to rejoin the main body of the army.

At the period we refer to, one of these parties, consisting of four or five waggons and a number of wounded, was winding its way along a tedious and unknown road. It was under the command of an Irish sergeant named Patrick Maguire.

As the period was growing dark, and the heavens, which were covered with dark heavy clouds, announced the approach of a storm, the anxiety through which it was advancing

was bleak and desolate, without a single village or the slightest sign of cultivation to enliven the sombre scene around. The only objects which showed that human beings had ever inhabited the dreary waste, were here and there a deserted house, whose doors and shutters had been burnt for the fire of some bivouac, a few horses who had sunk down dead from fatigue, a few corpses, and the various other traces which an army in the field leaves on its passage.

After carefully examining these indications, Maguire was convinced that the troops who had preceded him on the road formed part of the French army; this caused him to fear that it would only be with the utmost difficulty that he should succeed in rejoining Sir John Moore. His companions, many of whom were wounded, could hardly drag themselves along, and the state of discouragement into which they had fallen was aggravated still more by their impotence.

As the difficulties of this dangerous task increased, the responsibility upon the sergeant to discharge his duty seemed to grow more and more pressing. He had not taken

the measures necessary for such a retreat; others inveighed against the Spaniards, from whom they had every right to expect efficient support, but who had disappeared on seeing the disasters that had befallen their allies; but all joined in wishing the good fortune of the enemy, and promising themselves full and speedy revenge.

It was in this state of mind that they reached an open space, where the remains of extinguished fires, and some baggage which had been abandoned, proved that troops had recently bivouacked there.

The narrow piece of table-land, on which the French had been encamped, was bordered on one side by a tolerably deep ravine, at the bottom of which flowed a small stream. The humming of the water attracted several of the wounded soldiers, who were parched with thirst, and who expressed a desire to descend the ravine in order to drink. Maguire halted for the purpose of assisting his wounded comrades, but, on approaching the edge of the bank, he perceived, in the bed of the stream, a dead mule still harnessed to a cart, from under the canvas of which he thought he heard a human voice. He slid down to the bottom of the ravine, and, pushing aside the hoops which supported the covering of the cart, perceived a woman, who begged for assistance in Spanish.

The sergeant understood the language slightly, and inquired of her how she came there. The unhappy creature informed him that she had fallen asleep from sheer fatigue, and trusted to the instinct of her mule, who, in all probability, having gone too near the edge of the precipice to graze, had fallen down the ravine and dragged the cart with him. She had awoke at the instant of the fall, which she was unable to prevent, and had remained in her perilous position for some time, completely unconscious from the effects of the injuries she had received. On recovering her senses, a her efforts to disengage herself had been in vain, and it was entirely owing to the sergeant that she had been rescued.

While listening to this explanation, Maguire, assisted by his comrades, had succeeded in raising the woman, whose limbs had become completely numbed with pain; and, in drawing her out from the shattered fragments of the cart, by the last remaining rays of daylight he recognised her by her costume for a vivandière of the French army.

At this discovery, the good feeling of Maguire's comrades was suddenly changed to a sentiment of rage, and exclamations of a menacing kind were heard on all sides.

Having been summoned to defend Spain against the French, the soldiers of Sir John Moore were accustomed to look upon every native of that country who joined the invaders as a traitor. They were especially incensed against those women, who, sacrificing their patriotism to their personal affection, had united their lot to that of the French, and had resolved to follow Marshal Soult's army, and share with it all the privations and chances of war. This was exactly the case of the Vivandière Dolores, who had married a grenadier of the first division.

The small band of fugitives expressed, in very energetic terms, their regret at having extricated a vivandière of the enemy's troops from her dangerous position, and some of them were on the point of proceeding, from mere invective, to personal violence, when Sergeant Maguire interposed his authority.

"Come, come, we have had talkin' enough," he said, in a resolute voice, placing himself before Dolores. "Ye're not come to make war on women are ye? Don't ye think that this poor creature is punished enough by the choice she has made? Get along wid' yer, thin, and let every one be contented with looking after himself alone, if he wants to get out of this safe and sound."

This piece of advice was followed by the command for the waggon to set out once again on the journey, and those who were most incensed against Dolores left her to obey the order.

Maguire waited until they had set off at the head of the party, and then, when there was no one with him, and some women and some soldiers of his own company, he turned

towards the vivandière, who had seated herself in a weak and suffering state, near her broken cart.

"What will become o' ye at the bottom of this hole?" he asked, in a voice whose rough tones were tempered with pity.

"Heaven alone knows!" answered Dolores.

"Do you feel yer-self strong enough to walk?" he continued.

"I think I do," answered Dolores; "but where can I go alone, and at this hour? The roads are thronged with your troops, and I have just seen what treatment I have to expect at their hands."

The sergeant seemed to hesitate for a moment; then, taking a sudden resolution, he replied:—

"Come, get up, and folly us; as long as I carry a musket on my shoulder, sorra a hair o' yer head 'ill be touched."

Dolores thanked the sergeant with heartfelt gratitude, and exerting all the little strength she had remaining, followed, in the extreme rear, the waggons.

At first she did not appear to know in what direction the party was proceeding; but, at the expiration of a short time, she approached Maguire, and in a low voice, filled with surprise, said to him:—

"Sergeant, do you know where you are going?"

"Of coorse I do," replied the soldier, "we are gain' to the English encampment."

"The English encampment!" repeated the vivandière, looking at him with astonishment.

"And I hope," continued the sergeant, "that we'll be able to come up to it before the battle comes off."

"What!" exclaimed Dolores, seizing him by the arm, "do you not know that the battle has already been fought, and—lost on the sixteenth?"

"By Sir John Moore?" said the sergeant.

"Yes;" replied Dolores, "by Sir John Moore, who was killed. His troops have now reached the coast with the view of shortly embarking."

Maguire stood suddenly still.

"On your life, woman, I charge ye to say whether ye're desavin' me!"

"On my life and on my soul, I am telling you the truth," continued Dolores, with such an accent of sincerity that doubt was impossible. "Several detachments, which, like yourselves, were marching as they imagined to rejoin the English army, have fallen into the hands of the French posts; if you proceed in your present line of march, in a few hours you will all be prisoners."

Dolores added several particulars, so minute and precise, concerning the plan of the action, and the various localities occupied by Marshal Soult's troops, that Maguire saw clearly the whole danger of his position. Luckily his conversation with the vivandière had been carried on in Spanish, so that his comrades had not understood it. Knowing that the intelligence of such a reverse would give the finishing blow to their state of discouragement, he charged Dolores not to let them suspect anything, and then ordered a trooper to gallop on to the first waggon and order the driver to turn sharply to the right in order to reach the sea by the shortest possible route.

Although this new line of march seemed to take them farther away from the main body of the English army, yet, as it brought the fugitives nearer to Corunna, where they might expect everything of which they stood in need, as well as a safe place of refuge, most of the party obeyed the order without raising any very great objection. The vivandière alone stood still. Besides the fact of this new line of march placing a still greater distance between her and the French camp, her strength was completely exhausted, so that, after saying that she could go no further, she sat down on the roadside in a fainting state. Maguire looked embarrassed.

"Confound it!" said he, making the butt-end of his musket stick upon the ground, "we might as well have left you in the lurch then. What will you do when ye're gone?"

"I do not know," replied Dolores, whose thoughts were so wander, and who could hardly speak.

"But if you remain here," continued Maguire, with a rough but kindly voice, "you will die like a wounded wolf."

"And if I do—after my death, Heaven will avenge me," she stammered out, falling back on the ground.

Maguire raised her up again, and called to the corporal.

"Holloa! Williams!" he exclaimed, "look sharp! stop the waggon and make room for one in it!"

"What! for that daughter of Satan?" said the corporal.

"For a Christian woman at the point of death," answered the sergeant. "Haven't ye anny pity in your heart?"

"Never, when I am exposed to danger," replied the corporal. "In my opinion, when you have conquered an enemy, the best thing you can do is to kill him."

"No mather what *your* opinion is, do what I have ordered you!" answered Maguire, sternly.

The corporal obeyed with a very bad grace; and helped to place the vivandière in the waggon. She met with anything but a hospitable welcome from the women and the wounded soldiers already there.

"How long have the baggage-waggons of the King of England been used to transport traitors that aid the French?" asked several voices.

"Throw her under the wheels!" "Down with the false-hearted quean!" cried several others.

Maguire made no reply, but placed Dolores, who had by this time completely fainted, in a sort of recess formed by the baggage, whence she could not be thrown by the jolting of the waggon. Having done this, and having no time to lose, he gave the command for them once again to set out, and delivered himself up to the guidance of Heaven.

The party was traversing a very wild country, intersected with rocky eminences, where, as was the case in nearly all Spain, no regular road had ever been marked out, and the only way-marks to guide the traveller were the ruts and the tracks left by the feet of cattle. The sun had completely disappeared. The darkness, increased still more by the sombre clouds that covered the sky, was so dense that it was scarcely possible to distinguish the outlines of the cumbersome waggons, whose wheels were sunk deep at every moment into the barren, dry ground. In an hour's time, however, the lightning began to illumine the road, and the storm, which had long been threatening, broke forth in all its force. The rolling of the thunder, which was at first relieved by solemn pauses; soon became incessant; torrents of rain, through which the forked-lightnings flashed, fell like one large water-spout, inundating the heights, submerging the low ground, and changing the dry, powdery soil into one large ocean of mud. The horses, frightened by the lightning and the unusual noise, reared up under their drivers' whips; the jaded soldiers in vain sought refuge behind the waggons; their position was becoming more critical every moment. At last it stopped at the top of a very rapid descent, and the sergeant looked with inquietude around.

The veil of rain which covered the heavens was so thick that it did not allow even the lightnings to illumine the road; their brilliancy, dimmed by the thick mist, showed only a number of confused forms and uncertain outlines, which inspired every one with a vague idea of danger without giving him an opportunity of knowing in what it really consisted. After having in vain examined the horizon, and reconnoitred the descent before him, the sergeant was about to give the word of command for the convoy to proceed, when a scream, that issued from the last waggon, caused him to start with horror.

Dolores had been revived by the rain, and had raised herself up on the baggage. When the sergeant turned round, she was leaning forward, with her head advanced and her arms extended, pointing with a slight to the descent, at the top of which the party had stopped.

"In the name of Heaven!" she cried to Maguire, "do not descend unless you are tired of life!"

"Why, where does the road lead to?" asked the sergeant.

"To the Devil's Den," replied Dolores.

"Listen!" replied Dolores.

Maguire waited for one of those momentary pauses, in which the fury of the storm was lulled, and then, listening attentively, heard the hoarse noise made by the water collected on the hills dashing down into the abyss. He rushed, terror-stricken, to the heads of the horses, whom he compelled to fall back. His comrades, who had heard the rushing of the waters as well as himself, regained precipitately the table-land.

The storm continued to rage with the same awful violence, and despair was rapidly obtaining possession of the whole party. The sergeant himself, whose commands were no longer respected, did not know what plan to pursue. Some of the drivers took out the horses, in order to get on their backs, and fly, at hazard, through the night. At length Dolores stood up in the waggon, and pointing to an opening in the hills on the right hand, exclaimed:—

"There lies your road. Follow the side of the hill, until you come to the next open space; you will then see Corinna at your feet, and in two hours you will be in safety."

Her words, translated by Maguire, put an end to the general disorder and somewhat revived the drooping courage of the fugitives. The waggon in which Dolores rode took the head of the procession, while she herself directed the march, telling the drivers how to avoid the ravines and turn the rocks. At length the storm abated; the clouds, swept away by the wind from the sea, disappeared in the distance, and the sky, spangled with stars, was once more visible.

The party now reached the open space mentioned by Dolores, and a little further on they perceived the town and the roads, with the men-of-war bearing the English colours at their mast-heads.

Every one forgot his sufferings to greet the well-loved flag with a joyous hurrah!

"We have had a hard time of it, sergeant," said the corporal, approaching Maguire, "but we have escaped at last!"

"Thanks to that poor woman," said the Irishman, pointing to the vivandière; "ye see, corporal, that pity is not so bad an adviser as thur all, and that it is often wiser to save than to kill an inimy."

DECEIVED.

I WAS a stranger, and ye took me in;
Not to your fair home only, but, with vows
Whose echoes thrill the chords of feeling yet
With exquisite pain of gratitude betrayed,—
To heart-warm sympathies, to kindly tones,
Sweet smiles, unquestioned trust, and all that makes
The soul of home, and all those welcome breathes
The soul of hospitality.

Like flowers

When Northern April smiles,—like sweet wells found,
Unought, amid the desert,—like the gloom
A great rock shadows o'er a weary land,
The charity of Nature,—most, O God!
Like thy dear love, that waiteth to be kind,
And blesses ere we ask it,—falls the dew
Of gentle greeting from a stranger's lips
On hearts that faint in exile.

Swift my soul

The pleasant lie believed;—nor now in scorn,
But with such tears as human grief might shed
O'er the proved treason of her guardian saint,—
Puts by the dear delusion.

Bliss ye yet

For the sweet vision faded! Should your feet
On the wild path that winds away from Home—
Earth's yet unforlorn Eden—wandering fall,
Yet still, O God! I pray thee, speed them safe
Towards the one goal, towards the true Fatherland!
Heaven send your loneliness such ministers
As ye have been to mine.

And now the day

That did ye hail as true!—and now the day

THE FARMER'S RETURN.

It is evening. The red sun is sinking in the west, gilding the coming night with its departing glory. The labour of the day is over, and once again the farmer is at home. At his appearance chubby youngsters rush out to meet him with a wild halloo, and clasp their father's hand, and lead him on toward the cottage-door as if in triumph. Prattling as they go, they tell him all that has occurred since early morning time. The baby crows and laughs in its mother's arms, as the young wife greets her husband with a cheerful smile; the grandfather is stepping forward, leaning like Jacob on his staff, and with one hand resting on the shoulder of his grandson, a curly-headed, ruddy-looking boy, the eldest of the family; the dog is bounding forward with joy; and the whole scene is one of domestic happiness, abundance, and peace.

It is a home scene, and awakens our attention and arrests our sympathy. Home is a word full of happiness, bringing

present, and in the secret penetralia of every human heart there is an altar erected for their worship.

In all ages art has reproduced, under one form or another, the rural longings of the poets. The eclogue has no other origin than this. Whether written with the pencil, the pen, the graver, or the chisel, it has always represented a suggestion only or a desire, and has never been able to place before itself a real image. The villagers of Greuze are the brothers of the shepherds of Gessner and of Florins; the peasants of Fontenelle are those of Duifé and of Allan Ramsay; the pastures of Virgil are those of Theocritus. The idyl reproduces the image which our fancy, charmed by the simple and easy life of the country, conjures up. It should be read as a romance, not as a history.

But this is not saying that everything in it must necessarily be false, for men's dreams are but revelations of nature; they



FROM AN ENGRAVING BY PETER PAUL BENASCH. DRAWN BY FREEMAN.

old thoughts, and old associations, and old affections, which the world has almost hustled out of memory. It may be such a scene as that which is before us now was once familiar to us; that to babble of green fields is to recall the tenderest emotions; but whether in open country parts, surrounded by the ever-changeable, ever-beautiful, face of nature; whether by the wild and rocky sea-coast, where the waves broke on the shore in showers of spray; or whether in pent-up city streets, no matter—if it was our home, and there we earned the first great heart lessons of domestic affection, we remember the spot as holy ground.

The ancients had their household gods, and of all idolatry that worship was the most pure and simple. They fancied that was a beautiful fancy—that the spirits of the dead spent their time over the living; and still hallowed by their presence

betray, if not its habits, at least its instincts. Every one of us paints his character in his plans and schemes and projects as well as in his acts. The latter take their rise in most instances in external circumstances—often in the will of others rather than our own—but our day dreams are the independent expression of wishes and inclination. We plan as we would wish; we act as we can.

Our illustration is taken from an engraving by Peter Paul Benasch, an engraver, who is said to have been born in London in the year 1744. He was a pupil of Viviani. For some time he worked in Paris, but afterwards returned to England. His principal works are—"Peasants Ploughing and Reaping," after Ostade; "Fishermen," after Verelst; "Boatsmen Fishing," after the same; "A Calm at Sea," after the same; "Morning," after the same; "A Village Landscape," after the same.

SIR JOSEPH BANKS, K.B.

In a brief memoir of this distinguished naturalist, published some years since, we find the following compendious paragraph:—"Posterity is likely to do scanty justice to the merits of Banks, when the grateful recollections of his contemporaries shall have passed away. His name is connected with no great discovery, no striking improvement; and he has left no literary works from which the extent of his industry, or the amount of his knowledge, can be estimated. Yet he did

Sir Joseph was descended from a family tracing its pedigree back to the reign of Edward III. The date of his birth has been variously stated; but, according to his baptismal register, he was born January 4, 1743, in Argyle-street, St. James's, Westminster. Sir Everard Home, in the Hunterian Oration, delivered in the theatre of the College of Surgeons in 1822, furnished some interesting particulars respecting the early life of Sir Joseph. After receiving rudimentary instruction



SIR JOSEPH BANKS, K.B.

much for the cause of science,—much by his personal exertions, more by a judicious and liberal use of the advantages of Britain. For more than half a century a zealous and successful assistant of natural history in general, and particularly of botany, the history of his scientific life is to be found in the records of science during that long and active period. We have, however, selected a few particulars which

from a private tutor, he was sent to Harrow School when nine years of age, and at thirteen he was removed to Eton. A tutor described him as so immoderately fond of play, that his attention could not be fixed to study. At fourteen, however, he began to devote his leisure hours to reading, the reason for this change he afterwards explained thus: "One fine summer evening he had walked in the park at sunset, and

came to dress, that all his companions were gone. He was walking leisurely along a lane, the sides of which were richly enamelled with flowers; he stopped, and looking round, involuntarily exclaimed, "How beautiful!" After some reflection, he said to himself, "it is surely more natural that I should be taught to know all these productions of nature, in preference to Greek and Latin; but the latter is my father's command, and it is my duty to obey him: I will, however, make myself acquainted with all these different plants for my own pleasure and gratification." In how many instances has what is usually termed accident fixed the character and pursuits of a man for life. So it was here: Joseph began immediately to teach himself botany. For want of more able tutors at that time, he submitted to be instructed by some women who collected herbs and flowers for the druggists and apothecaries, and paid them sixpence for every material piece of information. While at home for the ensuing holidays, he obtained an old copy of *Gerard's Herbal*, in which he was delighted to find a description of all the plants he had met with, with the addition of representations by engravings: this book he carried with him to school.

When he was in his eighteenth year, Joseph was entered a gentleman commoner at Christ Church, Oxford; this was in 1760. Here his love of botany increased, and he added to it the study of the other branches of natural history. He succeeded in forming a class of students in natural history, under the tuition of Mr. Israel Lyons, a botanist and astronomer. Mr. Banks soon distinguished himself by his superior knowledge in what had now become his favourite study. On some occasions, when parties of students were discussing the merits of some Greek author, they would exclaim, "Here comes Banks, but he knows nothing of Greek," he made no reply, but said to himself, "I will very soon excel you in another kind of knowledge, which I deem of greater importance;" and not long after, when any of them wanted to clear up a point of natural history, they said, "We must go to Banks."

In 1763, he took an honorary degree and left Oxford. In 1764 he came of age, and, his father having died, took possession of his paternal fortune. In 1766 he was chosen into the Royal Society. In the summer of that year he went to Newfoundland with his friend Lieutenant Phipps, for the purpose of collecting plants; and returned to England the following winter by way of Lisbon. About this time he formed an intimacy with Dr. Solander, a Swedish gentleman, the pupil of Linnæus, who had been recently appointed an assistant librarian of the British Museum. For three or four years he was assiduously employed in the objects of his established pursuit. The commencement of a new reign, the peace of 1763, and the administration of Lord Bute, a lover of science, was marked in England by public efforts to explore those parts of the ocean which were either wholly unknown or only partially discovered. The South Sea had been visited by Captain Wallace, and the position and general character of the island of Otaheite being ascertained, and the English astronomers considered that spot peculiarly favourable for observing the transit of the planet Venus over the disc of the sun. This subject was brought before the government by the Royal Society, and the plan of a general voyage of discovery, embracing particularly the object of the visit to Otaheite, was arranged, and the lords of the admiralty commissioned the Endeavour, under the command of Captain Cook, for the projected service. Banks, in conjunction with Dr. Solander, was appointed naturalist to the expedition, and, attended by two draughtsmen and four servants, he sailed from Plymouth Sound, August 26, 1768.

On arriving at Terra del Fuego they obtained a splendid variety of botanic specimens; and afterwards at Otaheite, during a space of four months, acquired an intimate knowledge of the natural history of the interior, as well as of the shores and waters of the island. The commanding appearance of Mr. Banks, together with his frank and open manners, and sound judgment, speedily obtained for him the regard and confidence of the natives. The expedition, after traversing the seas surrounding New Zealand and New South Wales, came home by way of Batavia, and reached the Downs in June

1771. Mr. Banks was received with the highest marks of respect, and was honoured with a private interview with His Majesty (George III.), who conceived a liking for the young traveller, which continued unimpaired to the close of his public life.

Notwithstanding the privations and dangers of his first voyage, he was induced to offer his services a second time to the government. The offer was accepted; but in consequence of difficulties placed in his way by the comptroller of the navy, he relinquished the voyage. He, however, exerted himself in every way to promote its objects, and he afterwards purchased the drawings made by Mr. Forster, who had accepted the appointment, and placed them in his own library.

In 1772, Mr. Banks, in company with his friend Dr. Solander, made a voyage to Iceland, during which they were induced to examine the Hebrides. Mr. Banks furnished a very interesting account of the columnar stratification of the rocks surrounding the caves of Staffa; and added to his collection a great number of new botanical specimens, and a large quantity of Icelandic books and manuscripts, which he afterwards presented to the British Museum.

Sir John Pringle having retired from the presidency of the Royal Society in 1777, Mr. Banks was unanimously elected to the vacant chair; and in 1778, in which year also he was created baronet, he entered upon the duties of his office with the utmost zeal. He soon succeeded in obtaining important communications, and the accession of many persons of rank and talent as members. From this time he gave up all idea of leaving his country, and began to prepare for publication the rich store of botanical materials he had collected. In this work he had reckoned on the assistance of his friend and fellow-labourer, Dr. Solander, but that gentleman having died suddenly, in 1782, Sir Joseph abandoned his intention, and wrote nothing farther than a few short memoirs and papers, published chiefly as communications to the transactions of societies.

In 1784 some serious misunderstandings took place in the Royal Society, which for some time interrupted the tranquillity of the president. The discontent, founded as it should seem, upon misunderstanding and prejudice, at length broke out, and on the evening of January 8, a resolution "That this Society do approve of Sir Joseph Banks for their President, and will support him," was moved in a very full meeting of the society by Sir Joseph's friends. It was strenuously opposed by several members, and among the rest by Dr. Horsley, afterwards Bishop of St. Asaph, who, having been interrupted in his speech, and irritated by a suggestion from Lord Mulgrave, intimated a threat of seceding, and forming a rival society. "Sir," said Dr. Horsley, in conclusion, "when the hour of secession does come, the president will be left with his train of feeble amateurs, and that toy—pointing to the mace on the table—the ghost of that society in which philosophy once reigned, and Newton presided as her minister." The motion made in favour of Sir Joseph was, however, carried by a large majority, and the dissension soon after subsiding, the society returned to its labours with new zeal and unanimity.

Sir Joseph Banks was invested with the Order of the Bath in July, 1793, and in March, 1797, was sworn of his majesty's privy council. In 1802, he was chosen a member of the National Institute of France. Towards the close of his life, he was grievously afflicted by gout, which deprived him to a considerable extent, of the use of his lower extremities. He endured his pains with much patience and cheerfulness, and died at his seat in Spring-grove, Middlesex, June 10, 1820, in the 77th year of his age.

In addition to his labours for the Royal Society, of which he was president for upwards of forty years, he took a leading part in the management of the Royal Gardens at Kew. He was a distinguished promoter also of the interests of the Horticultural Society, founded in 1804. In addition to this, he was indefatigable as an official trustee in the management of the British Museum; to which institution, after numerous valuable gifts, he made a contingent bequest of his splendid library.

together with his foreign correspondence, where both are now deposited. Most of the voyages of discovery, which were made under the auspices of government for the last thirty years of Sir Joseph Banks's life, had been either suggested by him, or had received his approbation and support. The African Association owed its origin to him; and Ledyard, Luttrell, Houghton, and Mungo Park, all partook of the care which he extended to enterprising travellers.

The published writings of Sir Joseph Banks are not numerous. They consist of papers in the "Philosophical Transactions;" "The Archaeologia;" the "Transactions of the Horticultural Society;" and other periodical works, and two single tracts, one on the causes of disease in corn, the other in the breed of Merino sheep. He possessed a noble library of works on "Natural History," of which an admirable catalogue, in five volumes octavo, was compiled by his librarian, Mr. Dryander. A beautiful marble statue, by Chantry, was executed by subscription, and presented to the British Museum: it is placed in the hall of that institution.

THE BEAUTY OF GOLD.

So they tell us we are surrounded by far-spread fields of gold: that Australia bids fair to fulfil the ancient myth of London being actually paved with the precious metal; and then, what man gathers for stooping, and tramples in walking, becoming common, will go out of fashion: that poets will discard it from simile, and it will cease to symbolise magnificence: that silver will become the ore of poetry, and its graceful chasing the filigree of fancy. Or, perchance, since discovery has begun to reverse things, by proving the rarest are most common, we may at length enthroned as precious the lead and iron of present abundance; as this age of usefulness natures, signifying our spirit by our ores, casting our monarch's crowns in iron, to token the unbending rule of science, and our current coins in lead, to token the density of our intellects.

Here is a field for dreaming opened in England, while the dunes of Australia open a field for work. Yet, even at the dawn of this new idea, unparalleled, and, therefore, not to be judged by precedent, one serious question arises: Can the long-echoed verdict of time, and the deeply founded faith of man, be reversed so lightly? nay, can they be reversed at all? Can gold, the veritable precious ore of nature, the brightest mosaic in the floors of earth and heaven, ever sink to vulgarity or insignificance? or is the fact of diffusion equivalent to vulgarity? What so common as the far-spread water; yet what found of poetry more full and pure! There go the bards, to drink the life of nature, and the "flow of soul;" the waters of spirit, and the rills of fancy; the ocean of existence, and the dew of love. Then the common air, the wild-flowers, and diffusive light, these are the poet's treasures, replete with richest stores, for in truth, through God's bounty, the worthiest things are common, and that which underlies, and overarches, and encircles, is most precious and divine. The precious powers of air are universal, and electricity pervading all, is the precious ore of creation. So gold, to the perceiving eye, was never scarce, but scattered in broad effects: the golden altars of creation, unbuilt with hands, as when the golden sunset steeps the sea, or the golden autumn dyes the fields and forests; and in finer touches—the rich enamelling of nature—in the golden stars of heaven, and on earth, the buttercups, and primroses, and golden flowers of Lent; the golden sparkles on the waters, and drops of golden light between the summer boughs; the golden fruit of ripeness, and the golden ears, richer in abundance. Winter's melting drops are golden in the sun, and with the glow of day the hair turns golden on the pane; the spring fields are yellow with the fragrant hay, and summer's with the fervent harvest. Autumn is the golden season, the glory of the year in wealth and majesty, and gorgeousness. The magnificence of earth, suspended from the sun, and

brodered with shadows of cloud, and hill, and tree, and the glorious mingling of precious hues on a warp of waving gold.

Wherever earth is rich, it clothes itself in gold; wherever heaven is cloudless, gold is its drapery of light. The Heavenly Decorator knew the value of gold, when he made it the dower of the sun, to pattern forth, with shining lines, the many-hued vestment of the sod. Hence, the gold of beauty is not scarce, but being well distributed, its effect is rich and chaste;—for gold is the hue of concentration;—with the primary blue and red, less than one-fifth of yellow forms harmony—for, as blue absorbs, yellow emits the rays of light, and advances on the dazzled eye.

The Eastern decorators knew the worth of the intense and yellow gold, and used it not sparingly, but with generous taste; offending its presence with no baser hue, but edging it round with purity.

In every clime has gold been precious, and used for the highest purposes of adornment, its effectiveness in ornament depending on laws independent of its current value. In the East, where it abounded, its beauty was most highly prized, and its use most lavish and tasteful. Solomon's Temple is described as "like a mountain of snow, covered with gold," which in its profusion was deemed the noblest offering to deck the house of God, for the golden spikes on the roof of the "holy of holies" were pointed heavenward, that not even a bird should settle near that place of purities, the very dwelling-place of Divinity; and, like the golden altar within, no tool of baser metal had ever touched it. In Mexico, Cortez found the gold mines overflowing; yet gold was there the richest adornment of royalty—and the oriental dreams of majesty and heaven, the most luxuriant of mortal folly, were glorified with gold.

From history, then, from experience, from the truth of nature, and the laws of art, we learn that gold is the ore of majesty and fulness, of wealth and beauty. The laws of nature's symbolism are as changeless as those of harmony or life: so God gave gold for grandeur, and silver for grace, and iron for strength, and copper for ductility; and, however their relative proportions may vary, these qualities are eternal. Gold is the king of splendour, whose queen is silver: he, massive and intractable, she, beautiful and readily impressed; he, majestic as the godlike sun, she, spiritual as the mild and mercy-loving moon. Gold is the ore of genius, full, rich, self-glorified, concentrative; silver, the fairy ore of fancy, flowing into shapes of beauty for the daily services of our homes.

Had gold possessed no deeper value, and man no higher appreciation, than the estimate of the Kilmansegg, the fields of Australia might lie in the future like stony deserts. But nature is significant of her own redundancy; for above the gold fields of California lay those rich treasures which Douglass died to confer on botanic science; and the giant-spread of the Californian pine mocks the oak of England in regal majesty, and the richness of its golden green. What the future of Australia may evince, the discovery of its gold is perhaps the most significant prognostic.

We have heard that the outer world is ever "showing forth" omens of the inner, and in symbolic discovery "coming events cast their shadows before;"—if so, it may be that the veritable age of gold is near; that genius, self-reliant, indestructible by fire or tarnish, the gold of mind defining earth's progress in lines of light, shall henceforth underlie all things, making society like an Indian robe, rich and lovely by its arranged profusion; that beauty, the gold of appreciation, shall spread round cottage doors, enriching the spirit from even the sod of poverty; that love, the gold of heaven, shall abound among us, making our world of man, like the sun-steeped soil of summer, peaceful in its golden light. Oh! these will not be vulgar nor valueless in being common. We believe that they underlie the soil of humanity, will be unearthed by time, and will become the golden pavement of the new century: that future labour will discover. For the coming era is the golden age, and Jehovah's home in the hearts of men shall be a throne of gold, set with the gems of truth.

THE FAMILIES OF PLANTS.

ERICINEÆ.—THE HEATH TRIBE.

THE divisions of the calyx so detached from each other, that they may be called leaves rather than segments. These are four in number. Corolla four-cleft. Filaments, originating from the receptacle or base of the flower, and not from the

Europe, where their presence indicates a soil unfriendly to the cereals or corn-plants. They are most numerous in the region of the Mediterranean.

Many plants of this order are old acquaintances of every



Fig. 10.—*Erica Fulgens*.

corolla. Anthers with an opening at the top, and a pair of appendages at the base. Seed-vessels, with four cells or compartments.



Fig. 12.—*Kalmia latifolia*.

one who has taken an excursion on any of our heaths, commons, and other open grounds, and even slightly looked



Fig. 11.—*Rhododendron Fonicum*.

The heath tribe is dispersed over the entire surface of the globe, but in some parts they especially abound. Some species cover immense tracts of land in central and northern



Fig. 13.—*Maclurea cordata*.

at the plants which grow there. Often, therefore, they are with a part of humble rank in life.

"Sweet flower! from Nature's indulgence thou'rt cast,
Thy home's on the cold heath; thy nurse is the blast.
No shrub spreads its branches to shelter thy form,
Thou'rt shook by the winds, and thou'rt bent by the storm;
But the bird of the moor, on thy substance is fed;
And thou giv'st to the hare of the mountain a bed."



Fig. 14.—Jasminum.

In one species the leaves, instead of being in pairs, are collected into warps, or fours; whence the specific name *tetralix*, which implies a whorl of four leaves, or a coil of four turns. It is generally known, on the same account, as the cross-leaved heath. This is the most delicate of the English

together. The anthers of the stamens have two curious awns, or horns, at the lower part of them. The flowers are oval, ending in a little cross, in the centre of which the style is seen; they droop elegantly, and are collected in little heads at the end of the branches. And then most delicate is their colour: for—

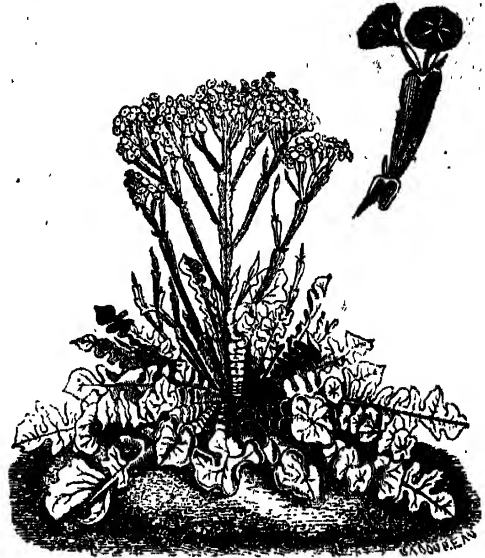


Fig. 16.—Statice.

"The erica here,
That o'er the Calodonian hills sublime
Spreads its dark mantle (where the bees delight
To seek their purest honey), flourishes,
Sometimes with bells like amethyst, and then
Paler, and shaded like a maiden's cheek,
With gradual blushes: other while as white
As rime that hangs upon the frozen spray."



Fig. 15.—Hemlock.

heaths, though not the most abundant; it is, however, pretty frequent, along with the other kinds, on moors and commons. It may be easily distinguished from others, by the passer. Its stems are long, its stems rough, its leaves dark green, with hairs around their edges, and growing four

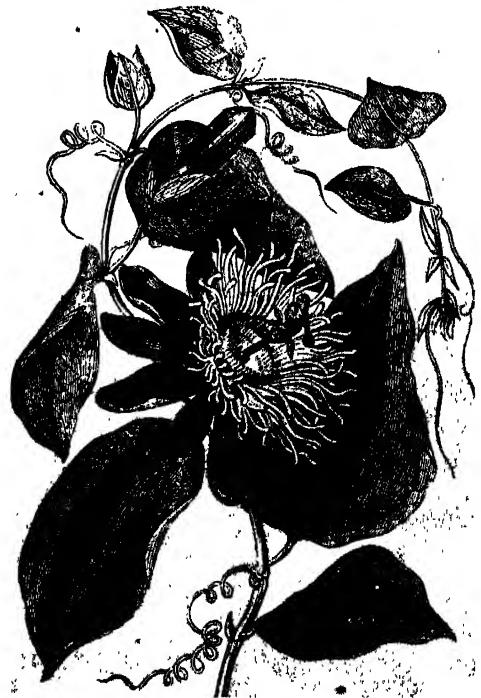


Fig. 17.—Passiflora.

The fine-leaved heath is very common, beautiful and lasting. Its leaves are in leashes, or threes, smooth, and with their edges entire. As the young branches grow among them it often appears as if there were many leaves together. The flowers are in umbels like the last species. If the color be

closely examined, the edges of the segments will be seen to be finely serrated, or sawed. The flowers are mostly pink-coloured, smaller than those of the last, having a larger style, and being more open at the end.

The common heath, or ling, with its double calyx, its leaves opposite, in pairs, and shaped like an arrow-head at their base, should also be noticed. Its beautiful little appendages are distinguished by an appropriate name, *aves*; if examined through a glass, they will also be found to have their edges finely toothed.

It is this plant which Mrs. Grant has thus poetically addressed:—

"Flower of the waste! The heath fowl shuns
For thee the brake and tangled wood;
To thy protecting shade she runs,
Thy tender buds supply her food;
Her young forsake her downy plumes,
To rest upon thy opening blooms.

"Flower of the desert, though thou art!
The deer that range the mountain free,
The graceful doe, the stately hart,
Their food and shelter seek from thee;
The bee, thy earliest blossom greets,
And draws from thee her choicest sweets.

"Gem of the heath! whose modest bloom
Sheds beauty o'er the lovely moor;
Though thou dispensa no rich perfume,
Nor yet with splendid tints allure;
Both valour's crest, and beauty's bower,
Oft hast thou deck'd, a favourite flower.

"Flower of the wild! whose purple glow
Adorns the dusky mountain's side,
Not the gay hues of Iris' bow,
Nor garden's artful varied pride,
With all its wealth of sweets could cheer,
Like thee, the hardy mountaineer.

"Flower of his heart! the fragrance mild,
Of peace and freedom seems to breathe;
To pluck thy blossoms in the wild.
And deck his bonnet with the wreath,
Where dwelt of old his rustic sires,
Is all his simple wish requires.

"Flower of his dear-lov'd, native land!
Alas! when distant, far more dear!
When he, from some cold foreign strand,
Looks homeward through the blinding tear,
How must his aching heart deplore,
'That home and thee he sees no more!'"

The ling is used for a variety of economical purposes, but chiefly for making brooms. This hardy mountaineer is the badge of the clan Macdonell; the cross-leaved heath, of the Macdonalds; and another species, *erica cinerea*, the fine-leaved heath, is that of the Macallisters. The yew, the holly, the pine, the cranberry, and other plants, are also used as floral badges, by the different highland clans. They were generally chosen from evergreens, that they might be permanent, and not affected by the change of seasons. Such was the practice of all, except the Stuarts, who wore the oak, which, from having a deciduous leaf, many regarded as ominous of the decay of that family and name. It is also worthy of notice, that the particular disposition of the various colours of the tartan, worn by the highlanders, indicated to what clan or district they specially belonged. We give a splendid example of the heaths, the *erica fulgens* (fig. 10).

But to the heaths this family is not restricted; to it belong the *rhododendrons* (fig. 11), the *lutinas* (fig. 12), and the *azaleas*. The same essential characters appear in them all: stamens being hypogynous, and the anthers opening by pores. The *rhododendrons* and the *azaleas*, however, differ from the rest of the group in the irregularity of the corolla, which has unequal divisions and spreads open at the mouth; the stamens, too, are bent towards one side. The corolla is remarkable for the manner in which the stamens are held by the corolla, until the pollen is ready to be shed. The

filaments are curved outwards, away from the pistil; and the anthers are lodged, as it were, in little niches in the corolla, by which they are held until the complete expansion of the flower, when any cause—such indeed as the contact of insects—which gives the filaments a slight movement, sets them free, and they rise up with a spring, scattering the pollen on the stigma.

It is in "the merry month of May" that the *rhododendrons* come into blossom with us, and deck both garden and shrubbery with their splendid flowers and hard evergreen leaves. During this and the following month, indeed, numerous kinds blossom, but by far the greater number are variations of the common species, *rhododendron particum* (fig. 13), which is found wild on the coasts of the Black Sea, from the range of Caucasus, through Armenia and Georgia, to the western parts of Persia. This species grows in moist woods, but not on high mountains, and is said to be that which, by the nectar of its flowers, poisoned the honey of Asia Minor.

JASMINACEÆ.—THE JASMIN TRIBE.

Flower bi-sexual. Calyx divided, or toothed, persistent. Stamens two. Ovarium free, two-celled. Seeds solitary. Embryo straight.

A group of elegant and fragrant trailing shrubs constitutes the jessamine tribe. These plants are most abundant, and attain their sweetest perfume in tropical climes. The species which is cultivated in this country, is not a native of Britain, but has been imported. The common jasmine, *jasminum officinale* (fig. 14), the ornament of many a cottager's garden, still retains its Persian and Arabic name, indicating from whence it was brought to us.

In this family we find other plants well entitled to attention. Here stands the sambac, *mayorinum sambac*. The flowers of this highly scented jasmine are strung and worn by females in India, as chaplets, in the same way as the blossoms of the *gardenia* are in the islands of the Pacific.

Here are also the two species of ash. One is the steadily and favourite tree of the painter, *fraxinus excelsior*; the bark of which, before the introduction of Peruvian bark, was used for its bitterness and astringency. The other is the manna ash (*F. ornus*), common in the south of Europe, and especially in Calabria, which yields the manna of the shops. In ancient times the wood of this tree was famous for yielding the material of which the javelins of warriors were made.

Nor must the lilac, *syringa vulgaris*, be omitted. This most charming shrub is a native of Persia, and still preserves its Persian name. It was introduced into Europe in the sixteenth century, and since then it has spread over all its gardens. The generic name indicates a tube, for the stem is hollow, and is, therefore, applied by the Turks to form tubes for their tobacco-pipes.

PLANTAGINÆÆ.

Corolla tubular. Stamens four. Ovarium free, two, seldom four, and very rarely one-celled; ovules solitary, in pairs, or indefinite. Seeds sessile, peltate or erect. Embryo in the axis of a fleshy albumen. Radicle inferior.

This is a small natural order of plants, belonging to the monopetalous exogenous series. Of it, the common rib-grass, or *plantago lanceolata* (fig. 15), may be taken as the type. The herbage is slightly bitter and astringent, and the seeds are covered with mucus, which is occasionally used in the stiffening of linen by the manufacturers. The leaves of the greater plantain and hoary plantain (*P. major* and *media*), are frequently applied to fresh wounds by people in humble life.

FLUMBAGINÆÆ.

Corolla regular, with five distinct petals. Stamens five. Ovarium free, one-celled; ovule solitary, pendulous. Seed pendulous. Embryo straight, in the axis of a firm albumen. Radicle inferior.

Some of these plants are toxic and astringent, and others are in the highest degree, acid and caustic. The *flumbago* (fig. 16), has been frequently employed by the ancients to take

ulcers on their bodies, to excite pity. The root yields the substance called *plumbagina*, and also contains a peculiar fat, which gives to the skin a lead grey colour, whence the plant has been called *lead-wort*, *P. scandens* is remarkably acrid, and on this account is called *herbe du diable* in St. Domingo.

In the same family the *staticeæ* (fig. 16) are ranked. One of these is well known.

" 'Tis this, which rustic neatness leads
Round the trim gardens, walks and beds,
Whose globe-like tufts of blossoms throw,
O'er the green marsh a rosy glow,
Nor less, when alpine regions lift
Their misty tops,—the hardy thrift."

Its round-headed flowers, partly enclosed in a scaly calyx, that ends below in a dry sheath, running some way down the flower-stalk, are often called "pincushions" by children.

The muddy shores about almost all parts of our coasts, and the salt-marshes also, abound with the larger and more showy kind, which flowers in July, and grows eight or ten inches high. It is known at once from the former, by the very different appearance of its leaves, and the colours, which are here of a fine blue. This is

"The sea-javelin, which lacks perfume."

The flowers and flower-stalks, however, retain almost all their colour and beauty when dried, and are often gathered for winter nosegays.

CASSIOPORACEÆ.—THE PASSIFLORACEÆ.

Petal five, arising from the throat of the calyx. Stamens five. Ovary seated on a long stalk, one-celled. Embryo straight, in the midst of a fleshy thin albumen. Herbaceous plants or shrubs.

The passion-flower trill consists of plants having creeping stems, supporting themselves by tendrils and bearing large juicy fruit (fig. 17). It is principally to be met with in America; but various species are now naturalised in this country, and are beautiful ornaments to the fronts of houses, garden-walls, or trellis work, in which they may be trained.

On the name of the passion-flower, originally derived from Spain, our poet, Bernard Barton, thus conveys sentiments with which those of many will fully accord:—

"If superstition's baneful art
First gave thy mystic name,
Reason, I trust, would steel my heart
Against its groundless claim.

"But if, in fancy's pensive hour,
By grateful feelings stirr'd,
Her fond imaginative power
That name at first confer'd.

"Though lightly Truth her flights may prize,
By wild vagary driven,
For once their blameless exercise
May surely be forgiven.

"We roam the sea, give new-found isles
Some king, or conqueror's name;
We rear on earth triumphal piles,
As meeds of earthly fame.

"We soar to heaven—and to outlive
Our life's contracted span,
Unto the glorious stars we give
The names of mortal man.

"Then may not one poor flow'ret's bloom
The halber memory share,
Of Him who, to avert our doom,
Vouchsaf'd our sins to bear?

"God dwelleth not in temples rear'd
By work of human hands;
Yet shrines august, by men rever'd,
Are found in Christian lands.

"And may not e'en a simple flower
Proclaim His glorious praise,
Whose *flor only* had the power
Its form from earth to raise?

"Then freely let thy bosom open
Its beauties to recall
A scene, which bids the humble hope
In Him who died for all!"

THE CHINESE EMPEROR, MIEN-NING.

The Chinese are forbidden under severe penalties to possess portraits of their emperors. This prohibition gives rise, as might be expected, to an illicit and fraudulent traffic, from which large profits are obtained. Fancy sketches in imperial robes are offered to strangers in an underhand and mysterious manner, purporting to be portraits of his celestial majesty. From ten to twenty-five shillings are in this way often obtained for a water-colour drawing not worth more than half-a-crown. Our engraving, however, is not taken from one of these, but is a faithful portrait of Mien-ning, the predecessor of the reigning emperor. The original portrait, about ten inches in diameter, belonged to Pann-se-chin, one of the imperial commissioners joined with Ki-ling in the negotiations between the Chinese and the French government. It was taken in the palace at Peking during a religious ceremony by one of Pann-se-chin's friends, a high officer of the court. Pann was on intimate terms with the interpreter of the embassy, to whom he presented the drawing, which, to use his own expression, was eight-tenths of a perfect likeness. Mien-ning gave his reign the name of *taou kouang* (the light of reason). He was the 21st emperor of China, and the sixth of the Manchu race, and of the 'Ta-tsing' dynasty. He was born in 1780, and was the grandson of Kaou-toung, who became emperor in 1795, and reigned under the name of Kia-king till 1820. Mien-ning distinguished himself before his accession to the throne by an act of great intrepidity. Sin-tsing, the first eunuch of the palace, had become the favourite of Kia-king, and had acquired such influence over his master, that he took upon himself most of the affairs of the adminis-

tration. This exercise of power excited his ambition, and inspired him with the design of seizing on the throne, and putting the emperor and his sons to death. While Kia-king and the princes were out hunting, he surrounded the palace with troops, and as soon as the emperor had returned he gave the signal of revolt. But in the meantime, without the knowledge of the rebels, Mien-ning had remained concealed in the palace, and perceived at a glance the object the eunuch had in view in concentrating the soldiers upon the palace. As soon, therefore, as he saw him entering at their head, he rained down one of the round copper buttons of his coat into a musket, and covering the traitor with a steady aim, shot him dead. His followers instantly took to flight upon seeing their leader fall.

Kia-king died in 1820; his eldest son had preceded him to the tomb, and Mien-ning therefore, was proclaimed emperor on the 28th of August, 1820. He died at Peking, in February, 1850, on the 14th day of the first moon of the thirtieth year of his reign. It was marked by some of the most important events in Chinese history. Twelve years after the suppression of Tehankoe's rebellion in the provinces of Hsi, China had for the first time to contend against a European nation, and, being vanquished, to submit to harsh conditions of peace. It was caused, as all our readers know, by the unsuccessful attempts of the British to force opium into the country against the wish of the Chinese authorities. The war commenced in November, 1839, and was ended in August, 1842, by the treaty of Nan-king. The unfortunate Chinese were compelled to pay the expenses of the war, and to grant the British the right of

ing-Kiang, to open to foreign commerce the ports of Canton, Shanghai, Ningpo, Fouchou, and E-moui, and to consent to new custom-house tariff.

The following are the principal events of the war:—

1841.—February 26th: The forts of Bogue taken. March

taken. April 10th: Tcha-pou taken. June 13th: Entry of the river Yang-tse-kiang. June 16th: Wousong taken. June 19th: Chang-hai taken. July 12th: Entry into Kiang Yin. July 15th: Entry into Chouin-chan. July 21st: Chin-kiang taken. August 14th: Arrival before Nan-king. August



MIEN-NING, LATE EMPEROR OF CHINA.

th—31st: Battle at Canton; the town pays a ransom of 0,000. August 27th: Emoui taken. September 4th: Battle Chei-pou. October 1st: Ting-hai taken; occupation of the island of Tchou-kán. October 10th: Chin-hai taken. October 13th: Occupation of Ning-po. 1842.—March 10th: Battle of Ning-po. March 13th: Tse-ki

20th and 26th: Conferences between the English and Chinese plenipotentiaries. August 29th: Treaty of Nan-king.

1843.—October 8th: Treaty of Hou-moun-chai.

It appears that, during the whole course of the war, the emperor was kept in ignorance of the defeat of his armies, and of the sacrifices he was compelled to make.



JOHN BUNYAN

JOHN BUNYAN.

JOHN BUNYAN was a tinker, and the son of a tinker. He associated with the lowest of the people, in an age of rude manners, brutalising customs, and gross popular ignorance. He never entered a college, and received no classical education. He had no kind patron among the upper classes; no opportunities for self-culture beyond what were common to the peasants of Elstow, among whom he was born and brought up. He became a preacher in a sect everywhere spoken against; a sect which then thought lightly of human genius and human learning, and which was considered to have narrow views when the energies of all sects ran violently in exclusive channels. Yet this man has produced the most universally popular work of genius ever written. The most fastidious and most highly cultivated critics of modern times exhaust the language of eulogy in praise of the "Pilgrim's Progress." The most obstinate bigotry has melted under its fascination; and the proudest high churchman has been compelled to do homage to the genius of the poor, persecuted, baptist tinker, and to acknowledge him, among allegorists, *facile princeps*.

The "Pilgrim's Progress," which charms childhood, which is to wondering boys and girls a gallery of portraits, and a book of chivalry wherein the hero overcomes appalling difficulties, performs incredible works, dissolves powerful enchantments, conquers giants, and puts demons to flight; which to the pious Christian is a glorious transparency of spiritual life, a faithful and thrilling narrative of Christian experience, "a spiritual Odyssey;" and to the theologian, a perfect body of divinity, cast in the mould of the Bible, and free from every sectarian distortion,—this glorious prison dream no less delights the man of taste as a creation of genius and a work of art. Lord Kaimes admires it for its proper admixture of the dramatic and the narrative. Grainger, the high-church historian, pronounces it one of the most ingenious as well as one of the most popular works in the English language. Dr. Johnson, whose atrabilious temperament made him look with a discolouring eye on all dissenting merit, highly praised the "Pilgrim's Progress," as "a work of original genius, and one of the very few books, which every reader wishes had been longer." Among these very few books no other allegorical work is found. "The Fairy Queen," with all its gorgeous imagery and sweet flow of melody, wearies every reader before he comes to the end; and the same may be said of all the best works of the same class.

The secret of Bunyan's charm is the strong human interest which he gives to his characters. Dr. Franklin remarks that, "Honest John Bunyan is the first who has mingled narrative and dialogue together,—a mode of writing very engaging to the reader, who, in the most interesting passages, finds himself admitted, as it were, into the company, and present at the conversation."

"The happy idea," says James Montgomery, "of representing his story under the similitude of a dream, enabled him to portray with all the liveliness of reality the scenes which passed before him. It makes the reader himself, like the author, a spectator of all that occurs; thus giving him a personal interest in the events, an individual sympathy for the actors and sufferers."

Robert Southey, the poet laureate, the high-church advocate, the episcopal preacher, did not think it beneath him to write a life of the great tinker, though an incurable schemer and a wanderer in vulgar conventicles. He describes the "Pilgrim's Progress" as "a book which makes its way through the intellect, the understanding, and the heart. The child perceives it with wonder and delight; in which we discover the genius of the artist. Its worth is apprehended as we advance in years, and we perceive its infinite richness in detailing our own life."

The influence of Bunyan's work is rated as follows:

new and different pleasure. I read it once as a theologian; and let me assure you that there is great theological acumen in the work;—once with devotional feelings;—and once as a poet: I could not have believed beforehand that Calvinism could be painted in such exquisitely delightful colours. I know of no book, the Bible excepted, as above all comparison, which I, according to my judgment and experience, could so safely recommend as teaching and enforcing the whole saving truth, according to the mind that was in Christ Jesus, as the "Pilgrim's Progress." It is, in my conviction, incomparably the best *summa theologiae evangelicae* ever produced by a writer not miraculously inspired. . . . I hold John Bunyan to be a man of incomparably greater genius than any of them (the Divines), and to have given a far truer and more edifying picture of Christianity. His "Pilgrim's Progress" seems to be a complete reflection of Scripture, with none of the rubbish of theologians mixed up with it. . . . I have been always struck by its piety; I am now, having read it through again, after a long interval, struck equally, or even more, by its profound wisdom."

Macaulay, to whose strong, just mind and brilliant genius the world owes much for dispelling the thick clouds of prejudices which rested on the memory of the great nonconformists of the seventeenth century, places the shrine of Bunyan next to that of Milton, in his hero worship.

In his review of "Southey's Life of Bunyan," he says: "The characteristic peculiarity of the 'Pilgrim's Progress' is, that it is the only work of its kind which possesses a strong human interest. Other allegories only amuse the fancy. It is not so with the 'Pilgrim's Progress.' That wonderful book, while it obtains admiration from the most fastidious critics, is loved by those who are too simple to admire it. In the wildest parts of Scotland it is the delight of the peasantry. In every nursery the 'Pilgrim's Progress' is a greater favourite than 'Jack the Giant Killer.' Every reader knows the straight and narrow path as well as he knows the road in which he has gone backward and forward a hundred times. This is the highest miracle of genius,—that things which are not should be as though they were,—that the imaginations of one mind should become the personal recollections of another,—and this miracle the tinker has wrought. . . . The style of Bunyan is delightful to every reader, and invaluable, as a study, to every person who wishes to obtain a wide command over the English language. The vocabulary is the vocabulary of the common people. . . . For magnificence, for pathos, for vehement exhortation, for subtle disquisition, for every purpose of the poet, the orator, and the divine, this homely dialect, the dialect of plain working men, was perfectly sufficient. . . . Though there were many clever men in England during the latter half of the seventeenth century, there were only two great creative minds: one of those minds produced the 'Paradise Lost,' the other the 'Pilgrim's Progress.' This early estimate by the great essayist has been confirmed by his more mature judgment in the "History of England," where he concludes his remarks on the life and genius of Bunyan by saying: "Bunyan indeed is as decidedly the first of allegorists as Demosthenes is the first of orators, or Shakespeare the first of dramatists. . . . Other allegorists have shown great ingenuity, but no other allegorist has ever been able to touch the heart, and to make abstractions objects of terror, of pity, and of love."

We close these notices by an extract from Lord Campbell's "Lives of the Chief Justices." Referring to the imprisonment of Bunyan, his lordship says: "Being cut off from the external world, he communed with his own soul, and inspired by Him who touched Elijah's hallowed fire with his own, produced the noblest of allegories, the march of spiritual life discovered by the lowly, but which is now traced by the most refined intellect; and which has done more to soothe, to guide, and to enforce the precepts of Christian morality, than all the sermons which have been published since the invention of the printing press."

Bunyan's genius, at last, has taken its true place in the history of man. The verdict of the people has prevailed. His *Pilgrim's Progress* has been confirmed by the solemn judgment of critical criticism. Some fifty or sixty years ago, Cowper, an ardent admirer of the

"Ingenious dreamer, in whose well told tale
Sweet fiction and sweet truth alike prevail,"

thought it prudent to suppress the name of the author of the *Pilgrim's Progress*!

"I name thee not, lest so despised a name
Should move a sneer at thy deserved fame!"

Can any fact more strikingly exhibit the wonderful progress of the public mind in knowledge and candour since the commencement of the nineteenth century?

However, it is not enough to give vent to our admiration in contemplating the achievements of Bunyan's genius. We should also analyse it, and see of what elements it was composed, and by what discipline it was perfected. Every great work of genius which commands the admiration of posterity, is also a great work of art. Bunyan's genius did not break forth suddenly like a sunrise in the tropics. It had its long twilight and its clouded morning. His mind was not, indeed, trained academically; nor did he ascend the steps of Parnassus, led by a learned professor. Nevertheless, he had been long in a course of preparation for his work,—unconsciously accumulating materials for the ever-during structure which he has left to commemorate his name. We shall see what this training was by glancing at the events of his life. He was born at the village of Elstow, near Bedford, in the year 1628. His father was a tinker and a brazier, and he worked himself at the same trade. His temperament was ardent, as may be inferred from his *physique*. His person was tall, strong-boned, but not corpulent. His complexion was ruddy, his hair reddish, his eyes grey, quick, and sparkling. The nose was well-set, the forehead high, the mouth rather large. He was frank, cordial, simple, and unassuming in his manners. With a warm, impetuous and strong passions, nature had bestowed upon him sound judgment, a vigorous imagination,—ideality and generation in the largest measure, all combined with a consciousness morbidly sensitive.

His natural energy enabled him to take the lead among his companions, and his excitable passions carried him into excess of rioting, which his remorse led him afterwards to exaggerate into greater guilt than really attached to it, judging by the moral standard of the time. He was a wild youth, but not wilder or worse than youths in general were in the same rank of life. With all his follies, he solemnly protested, that "no woman in heaven, earth, or hell, could lay anything to his charge." He was addicted to swearing, it is true, as we fear so many of the working classes are still; but when rebuked by a woman of bad character, he abandoned the practice. He married at the age of nineteen, a young girl whose parents were godly, and who brought him, as her only dowry, a few religious books, which set him thinking seriously, and made him seek reform in the path of self-righteousness and superstition; and he became a soldier in the army of the parliament. Soon after his conversion he joined the baptist church at Bedford, whose minister, himself a miracle of grace, had been a major in the republican army. Afterwards Bunyan became a preacher, and was the first victim of the persecuting laws enacted at the Restoration. As such he was cast into Bedford jail, where, with some brief intervals of freedom, he was confined for twelve or fourteen years. The goal was a small old building upon the bridge, whose dungeons were damp, dismal, and unwholesome. They were frequently crowded with the victims of persecutions, selected from all classes of non-conformists. He was arraigned before brutal judges, and treated with contumely and insult. At length he was released, when the king, convinced not of the injustice, but of the expediency of persecution, granted a general amnesty to the dissenters who crowded the prisons.

It is not more than that Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* has been written the *Pilgrim's Progress* in the history of the

truly his own autobiography idealized, and thus a tendency expanded and cast into an allegorical and dramatic form. He knew the world's wickedness,—all that appertained to the Valley of Destruction,—not as a spectator merely, but as an actor. He felt the wild working of youthful passion. He had abandoned himself to shocking profanity,—thus outraging his natural feeling of veneration and his sensitive conscience. Through his quick imagination, sudden gleams of conviction, flashes from the eternal world, shot into his soul, and convulsed him with the agonies of remorse, while a fierce tempest agitated his whole nature. He had made a desperate effort at self-reformation, unconscious yet of his innate weakness before God, and of his need of divine grace. His mission as the minister of a proscribed sect brought him into collision with secular wickedness in high places, whose sayings and doings were vividly impressed upon his mind.

All these impressions, however, might have gradually faded away, had he married a rich wife and led a life of tranquillity. But a protracted imprisonment intensified them all, and they were brightened in his mind by the prospective light of martyrdom. In gaol, too, he became intimately acquainted with a great variety of religious characters. He was daily accustomed to theological discussions and collisions of opinion. He had taken the side of open communion in the controversy among his Baptist brethren, and this, with other influences, gave him the tolerant and catholic tone so remarkable in the *"Pilgrim."*

In prison he was to a large extent weaned from the world; left much to his solitary meditations, and his active mind—borne on the wings of a powerful imagination—nourished only by the Bible and Fox's "Book of Martyrs," which it had thoroughly digested, and made almost a part of itself, expatiated freely in the regions of the spiritual and the supernatural—till truths, errors, principles, and passions, with facility embodied themselves in human shapes, and fancy gave to "airy nothings a local habitation and a name." His mind soared among the stars, and penetrated the dark abyss of woe, till devils and demons became his familiar companions. Had he been doomed to solitary confinement, the issue might have been fanaticism or insanity.

"Thoughts shut up want air,
And spoil like bales unopened to the sun,"

or become sickly like plants in perpetual shade. In such case his dreams would have been

"Blank misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realised."

The freedom of Bunyan's soul found vent in such words as the following:—

"For though men keep my outward man,
Within their locks and bars,
Yet by the faith of Christ I can
Mount higher than the stars."

We question, however, if Bunyan's mind would have retained its perfect equilibrium, and its genuine, unswayed human sympathy, during so long an imprisonment, or that he ever would, or could, have written the *"Pilgrim's Progress,"* without the steady and sanitary influence of his domestic life—without the healing and hallowing influences of wife and children. Having lost his first wife he married a second, a woman of strong and noble mind, as well as of warm and devoted affection, who pleaded for him hardily before the judges of the land. She and her children often gathered round the confessor in his dungeon, which was lightened by their presence. For their support he worked daily at the making of ragged thread-lace; and on them he often invoked the Divine blessing and protection. There was one child especially—a little blind girl—who often sat by his side and whose helpless condition especially drew forth his sympathy. With such affections before his mind, with such human sympathies pulsing at his heart, the present life returned for him to the past, and he saw the scenes of his early life as if they were still before him. He saw the scenes of his early life as if they were still before him. He saw the scenes of his early life as if they were still before him.

of such a mind as his, pressing upon itself for want of the aid of kindred sympathising hearts.

Bunyan had on one occasion a very remarkable dream, which made a great impression on him; and which was probably the germ of his glorious allegory. Besides, the idea of a pilgrimage as a picture of human life, is frequently presented in Scripture, and it is one on which Bunyan's circumstances would often induce him to dwell.

Bunyan had for some time an indulgent gaoler, who let him out occasionally to see his friends, and even to visit London.

In the house of a friend in Newbury, on the 12th of August, 1688, in the 61st year of his age, and was buried in Benhill fields—leaving behind him an imperishable name, which the princes of literature delight to honour, and which is borne by vessels which navigate the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. The people of England may well be proud of John Bunyan—the noble plebeian—the author whose invincible merit has vindicated the popular judgment—who has held against the world the glorious position assigned him by the universal suffrage of the working classes.

JOHN BUNYAN 1662

Doth the owls to them apper
Which put them all into a fear
Will not the man in treble crown
Fright the owls unto the ground.

After his release he laboured, with great acceptance, in the ministry, as pastor of the church at Bedford, and occasionally in other places. In the metropolis his visits were hailed with great delight. Multitudes crowded, even at a very early hour in the morning, to hear the eloquent tinker, and among them were some of the most learned divines of the day, who envied the power with which a man, whose vocabulary was only English, could subdue the hearts of the people. He was indefatigable in his labours both as a preacher and writer, cheerfully doing his divine Master's work. He died in London

The above name was written by Bunyan on a tattered copy of an early edition of "Fox's Martyrology;" and on a page of that book, under the engraving of an owl appearing at a council held by Pope John at Rome, he had written the four lines above:—

"Doth the owls to them apper
Which put them all into a fear
Will not the man in treble crown
Fright the owls unto the ground."

THE HAJA AND COBRA DI CAPELLO.

On a morning in October last, one of the keepers at the Zoological Gardens, Regent's-park, named Gurling, returned to his duties in a state very nearly approaching drunkenness, after having spent the night, in a carousal at a tavern, with some emigrants who were about to set out for Australia. Upon entering the garden, he opened one of the glass cages, with an iron grating, in which the venomous serpents are enclosed, and taking out one of them which had recently arrived from Morocco, he shook it above his head, in imitation of the Indian serpent charmers, some of whom he had seen in London during the Great Exhibition. The serpent wound itself, it appears, around Gurling's neck, but without doing him any harm; one of the other keepers, who chanced to be passing at the moment, implored him to desist, but he replied in an excited manner, "I'm inspired!" He then replaced the serpent, and exclaiming, "Now for the Cobra!" and sliding back the glass door of its cage, found the animal slightly torpid by the cold of the preceding night. He took it out, and revived it by holding it against his breast inside his waistcoat. He then held it in his two hands, and began to twist it round and round, as he had done with the other serpent, but it suddenly dashed forward its head and struck him like lightning between the eyes, inflicting two wounds, one at each side of his nose, somewhat resembling punctures made by a needle. The blood began to flow freely, and Gurling, as he suddenly turned back to a sense of the danger of his position, and of the force of which he had been guilty, called loudly for assistance, and was assisted by the other keepers. A doctor, who was called, found that the wounds were not dangerous, and that the blood was not poisoned. The serpent was then released, and the doctor was called to attend to the wounds.

uttered were that he was sure he would not live. On his arrival at the hospital, he was found to be utterly paralysed, so that he could not hold up his head even; his face was livid, and his breathing short. He pointed to his throat with his finger, at the same time groaning heavily. He first lost his voice, then his sight, and last of all his hearing. His pulse gradually became feeble, and his extremities cold and insensible to the touch. An attempt was made to restore the respiration by artificial means; galvanism was also tried, but in vain; and he expired without convulsion in one hour and a half after receiving the wound. The coroner's jury returned a verdict in accordance with the facts of the case.

The newspapers for some time after teemed with comments upon the occurrence, and antidotes from all quarters were laid before the public. No detailed and accurate account of the cobra, however, has yet been published, and we think some of the principal details concerning it may not be unacceptable to our readers.

The two animals represented in our engravings belong to two species which are distinguished from others of their order by several striking characteristics. Their conformation is singular, and their attitude still more singular, so that they have been celebrated, the one in Egypt, in Morocco, and many parts of Africa, as the *haja*; the other in Persia, China, and the Indian Archipelago, as the *cobra de capello*, and named by the French the "spectacled serpent" from the dark mark in the form of spectacles which appears on the back part of the neck. These two species have been found in the same country, and are often found together, but they are not the same animal, and are not the same species.

which must be familiar to every one who has seen a worm crawling. Even in securing its prey, also, it creeps upon its victim, smothering him in the folds of its body, and swallows it by the same sort of motion as when changing its place.

The leading characteristic, as all our readers know, of a serpent, is that it creeps. The Latin words *serpere* and *serpens* are equivalent in meaning, and when we speak of a serpent, we mean literally a *creeping animal*. No appellation in the

which must be familiar to every one who has seen a worm crawling. Even in securing its prey, also, it creeps upon its victim, smothering him in the folds of its body, and swallows it by the same sort of motion as when changing its place.

The haja and cobra di capello possess these properties in common with all other serpents, except when under the influence of some excitement. In that case, their whole appearance is changed; they increase in size, they raise their



THE HAJA.

whole nomenclature of natural history has been so well applied as this. Not only, in the words of the original curse, "does it go upon its belly, and eat dust," but whether on land or water swimming, creeping, or ascending horizontally, it is still a reptile. In ascending a tree it makes its way like a ladder, by lifting up the head at the folds of its body, which it has wringed round the trunk of branches. In passing through the water it makes use of an undulating motion very peculiar to that by which it progresses upon the dry ground, and

neck almost perpendicularly, and raises the multitude in which we here represented them. They are seen, at one time, remaining motionless for hours, and following with their eyes what passes around them, and exhibiting their bodies in a sort of dance, a motion which they perform with a grace and elegance that is almost human. In walking and in swimming, they move with a slow and steady pace, and are able to move directly forward, backward, or in any direction, and they will also move in a circular motion, and in a

derived the idea conveyed in his description from some accounts of the cobs which had reached him from India or the East.

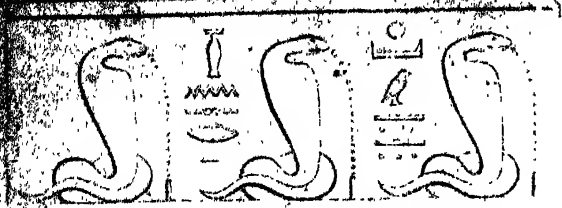
as the emblem of the goddess who watched over the safety of the universe. Hence in the numerous representations of the serpent which may be seen upon their temples and altars.



CONNA. ST. CAPELLO.

By its position, the cobra is always in its characteristic attitude, as in the case of the Egyptian cobra, which is taken from one of the numerous representations of the cobra in the temple of Denderah. In other parts of the world, the cobra is represented with a hood, which is a mark of its power.

The cobra *di capello* is often represented in the same attitude as the present day in Asia. In India, statues, some of



REPRESENTATIONS OF THE HAJA, ON THE PRIEZES OF THE TEMPLE OF DENDERAH.

very rude workmanship, others displaying more care, may often be seen, which convey a very good notion of the characteristics of the genus *naja*. That which is reproduced in our engraving was surmounted by a human figure, seated on the head of the serpent, with the arms crossed. In some of the larger towns it is almost as common a thing to see the cobra itself as its image. Terrible as it is, the jugglers frequently exhibit it at the fairs and festivals, and handle it while still in possession of its venomous fangs with perfect impunity, making it go through, in its upright posture, a sort of motion which seems to keep time to the sound of a flute. This is called the Cobra Capello's Dance, and has been explained in various ways. To render their fangs harmless, it is said, that, previous to the performance, the serpents are made to bite pieces of red cloth, until all the venomous saliva is exhausted; but in order to train it to dance, it is said the charmers cover the hand in a jug, and then irritate the animal with a small stick. When it attempts to bite, the hand substance by which the finger is surrounded is presented to it; it strikes it violently, and hurts its muzzle severely. When it has been thus wounded several times, it begins to fear the hand and gestures of the juggler. The cobra is sometimes seen for whole hours following with its head and eye every movement of its master, always ready to strike, but always restrained by the recollection of past pain and disappointment. It thus

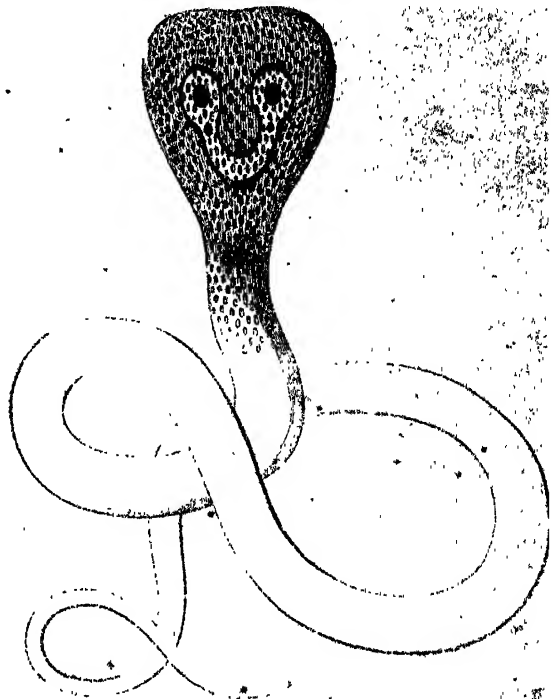


INDIAN STATUETTE OF THE COBRA.

watches closely, and imitates as it can, the motions of the charmer, until the astonished spectators begin to believe that it has been trained to dance in correct time. When the animal begins to be fatigued, the fangs become so weak, that the cobra

commence the sale of the roots which they allege to possess the power of curing the bite of the snakes.

The correctness of this account is rendered somewhat doubtful by the fact that the performances which the serpents are



COBRA DI CAPELLO, FROM NATURE.

taught to execute differ widely in different parts of the country.

Similar scenes often meet the traveller's eye in Egypt. The charmers there are no less dexterous than those of India, and they have this advantage over them—that they believe themselves, in part at least, what they tell others. They are, without doubt, the successors, if not the descendants, of Pliny's *psylli*. They boast that they possess the hereditary power over the serpent, and it is an undoubted fact that they execute feats which have astonished the ablest European naturalists. They can, as they say, change the *haja* into a stick, that is render it stiff, immovable, and insensible. To produce this phenomenon, they spit in the serpent's throat, make it lie down upon the ground, and then, as if to give it a final order, press it slightly upon the head. The celebrated French naturalist, Geoffrey St. Hilaire, who witnessed this experiment, thought that pressing the head alone would have been sufficient to produce the desired effect, and requested the charmer to confine himself to that part of the performance. His proposal was rejected with horror, as absolute sacrilege and profanation. He then pressed the serpent's head himself, and it instantly assumed the lifeless and petrified appearance which the juggler had produced by a more extended course of manipulation, upon seeing which the latter instantly fled in affright.

The *najas* surpass most serpents in the virulence of the poison contained in their fangs. In some experiments recently made, the minutest quantity introduced into the skin of a pigeon caused its death in a quarter of an hour.

For a long time various preparations made from different parts of the bodies of venomous serpents were believed to be infallible remedies for a host of maladies, and in particular for the bite of the serpents themselves. In the seventeenth century few people doubted that the cobra was an antidote against its own bite.

Many of these popular errors were manifestly shown by

the onward march of science, so that it is now a plodder of rain eroded to be acquainted even with their names.

If venomous serpents ever regain the place in medical science which they have lost, it is their poison alone that will restore them. A substance so powerful in its effects upon the animal frame might be, in the hands of science, an agent no less valuable than morphine, strychnine, or prussic acid. Many chemists have recently given much of their attention to experiments intended to ascertain the active principle contained in the venom of serpents; and we are led to hope that their efforts may yet place new resources within the reach of the medical practitioner, and perhaps even discover in the deadly poison of the *hais* and the rattlesnake, an antidote against the, to us, more terrible virus inoculated by the tooth of the mad dog.

OXFORDSHIRE LEGEND IN STONE.

A few miles from Chipping-Norton, by the side of a road which divides Oxfordshire from Warwickshire, and on the brow of a hill overlooking Long Compton, stand the remains of a Druidical temple. Leland speaks of them as "Rollright stones," from their being in the parish of Rollright. The temple consists of a single circle of stones, from fifty to sixty in number, of various sizes and in different positions, but all of them rough, time-worn, and mutilated. The peasantry say that it is impossible to count these stones, and certainly it is a difficult task, though not because there is any witchcraft in the matter, but owing to the peculiar position of some of them. You will hear of a certain baker who resolved not to be outwitted, so hied to the spot with a basketful of small loaves, one of which he placed on every stone. In vain he tried; either his loaves were not sufficiently numerous, or some sorcery displaced them, and he gave up in despair. Of course no one expects to succeed now.

In a field adjoining are the remains of a cromlech, the altar where, at a distance from the people, the priests performed their mystic rites. The superimposed stone has slipped off, and rests against the others. These are the "Whispering Knights," and this their history:—In days of yore, when rival princes debated their claims to England's crown by dint of arms, the hostile forces were encamped hard by. Certain traitor-knights went forth to parley with others from the foe. While thus plotting, a great magician, whose power they unaccountably overlooked, transformed them all into stone, and there they stand to this day.

Not far from the temple, but on the opposite side of the road, is a solitary stone, probably the last of two rows which flanked the approach to the sacred circle. This stone was once a prince who claimed the British throne. On this spot he inquired of the magician above named what would be his destiny:

"If Long Compton you can see,
King of England you shall be,"

answered the wise man. But he could not see it, and at once shared the fate of the "Whispering Knights." This is called the "King's stone," and so stands that, while you cannot see Long Compton from it, you can if you go forward a very little way. On some future day an armed warrior will issue from this very stone, to conquer and govern our land!

It is said that a farmer who wished to bridge over a small stream at the foot of a hill, resolved to press the "Whispering Knights" into the service; but it was almost too much for all the horse power at his command to bring them down. At length they were placed, but all they could do was not sufficient to keep them in their place. It was therefore resolved to remove them to their original post, when, lo! they who refused so much to bring them down, and defied all attempts to move them when taken back almost without an effort, refused to move again. So there they stand till they die, and the last time a bridge and large stream was once composed of living stones, and the legend of the Whispering Knights is still a legend.

LEONARDI DA VINCI was one of the most accomplished men of the age in which he lived. He was numbered amongst the greatest painters of Italy, one of his pictures alone, the "Last Supper," being sufficient to secure him an immortality of fame. He was an able architect, had a perfect knowledge of anatomy, was extremely well skilled in mechanics, a master of optics and geometry, and had applied himself thoroughly to the study of nature and her operations. To arts and literature he added the accomplishments of the body. His person was vigorous and finely formed, he was a poet, a skilful musician, and a master of all the favourite exercises. He understood the management of the horse, and was very dexterous in the use of arms. The possession of such extraordinary qualities soon spread his reputation over all Italy. And yet on one occasion his skill and genius failed him. He is said to have been four years employed upon the portrait of Mona Lisa, a fair Florentine, without being able, after all, to come up to the idea of her beauty.

Created by the brush of art
To highlight ethereal and gay,
Turn the picture to the wall—
The light brought in with day.

Since two centuries have hastened by
Since thy canvas in the new light
With the brush of watching beauty,
And that dusk eye seen living light.

Yet the earthy substance humeth
On the table slab of art,
And the points at stand before thee,
Till the evening sun has set.

Faultless is the robe that filleth
Round that form of matchless grace,
A little is the soaped-out line
Of the form and oval face.

Thou hast caught the wondrous beauty
Of the round cheek's roseate hue,
And the full red lips are smiling,
As this moment they smiled on you.

But hast thou hast given
Immortality below,
Wherefore, then, with moody glances
Do I thou from thy labours go?

From the living face of beauty
Beams the soul's expansive ray,
And with all the god-like genius,
Has thou never caught porting day?

Of the countless throng around me
Each hath labours like to thine,
Each, methinks, some Mona Lisa
In his spirit's inmost shrine.

Vinous haunts us from our childhood
Of love's opium, so true,
Scarcely unavailing might envy
As their white wings fan the blue.

Vision that clude for ever,
As the silver years depart,
Some unhappy eyes and weary
Wine I was of the heart.

Dreams of a divine existence
That we struggle to attain,
Till the doubts and tolls harassing
Of our earthly life in vain.

Post fence, no endearment
To impart, upon the scene,
Yet for wooded wildernesses
The world is but a dream.

ENGRAVING AND PRINTING ON COPPER.

ARTICLE I.

From the earliest ages of the world the representation of natural objects by means of pictures, has been one means by which ideas have been communicated from mind to mind. The transition from pictures, which must necessarily be single objects, to engravings, by which the pictures might be multiplied extensively, seems natural enough—just, indeed, as printing from wooden or metal letters seems the regular and natural advance upon manuscript transcriptions. Thus, engraving may be considered as only another kind of printing—the design, executed on plates of copper, steel, or other substances, standing in the same relation to the picture as the metal types of the printer do to the caligraphy of the writer.

HISTORY OF COPPERPLATE ENGRAVING.

By the word engraving, we understand the art of executing

era. But as our proper business is with the mechanical process of engraving on copper for the purposes of printing, we refrain from entering into these interesting particulars.

The invention of engraving, like that of printing, seems to have been the result of a kind of accident. Tradition attributes it to the Florentine goldsmiths of the fifteenth century. It is supposed that these artisans, or rather artists, while taking impressions of the subjects they had engraved, either on metal plates for the purpose of ornamenting furniture, or on gold and silver plate emblazoned by their hands, perceived that as the black, which remained at the bottom of the lines, was readily taken off by clay or wax impressions, it might also be easily taken off upon paper. This first step was soon followed by a second, which was again quickly followed by others, and thus it was that the beautiful art was invented.

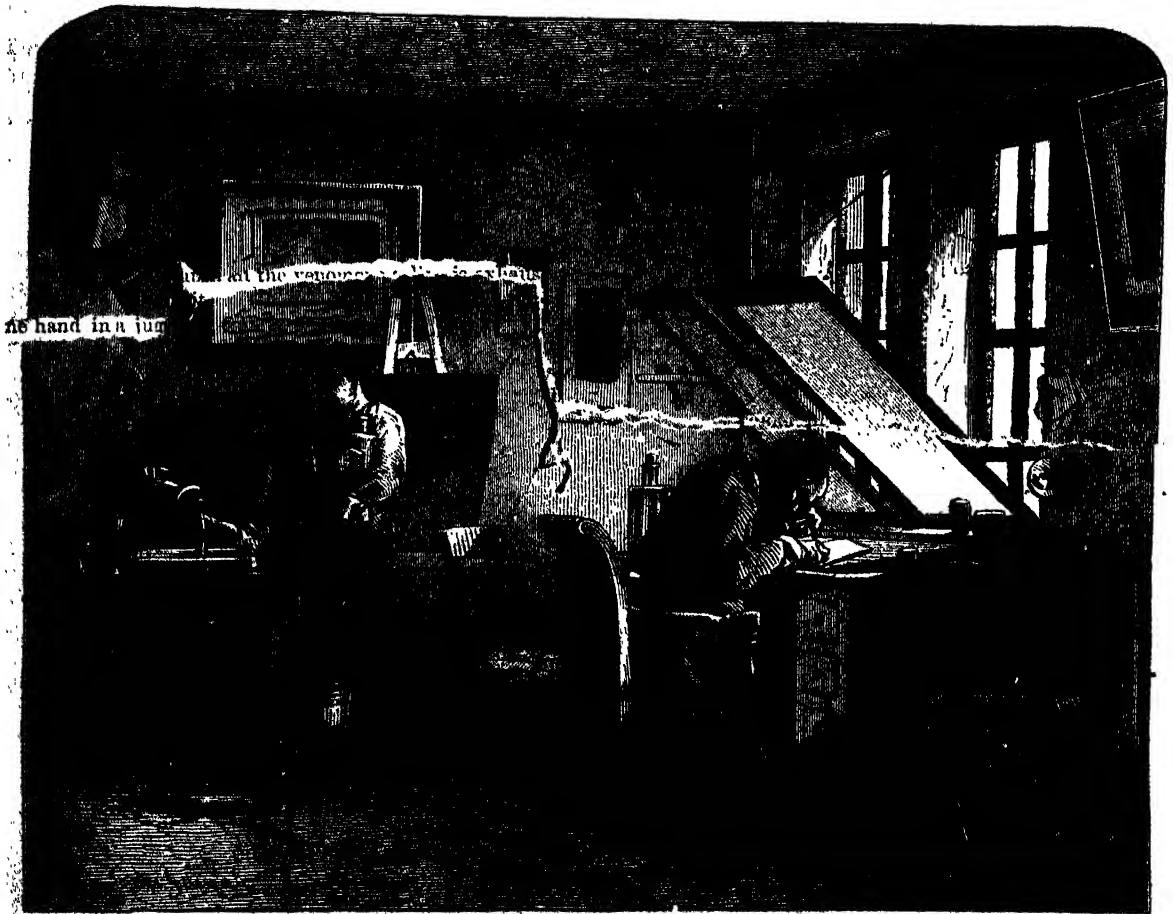


FIG. 1.—ENGRAVERS' WORKSHOP.

designs upon copper or any other material, from which impressions or "prints" may be taken. It is usual to speak of its discovery as contemporaneous with that of printing, but in some sense the art was certainly known to the ancients; and our only wonder is, that so many years should have elapsed before its applicability to printing should have suggested itself. It is not, however, necessary to speak of the art of engraving as it was known to the ancients,—though we might refer, properly enough, to the writings of Moses for proof that engravings on seals and signets were known to the Egyptians; we might also speak of the numerous relics we possess in the British Museum of Etruscan, Grecian, and Roman art; and enter into a long description of the art of engraving on gems and metals, as it was known in India, China, and on the continent of Europe before the Christian

The invention of printing naturally gave engraving a new direction; and the engraver, hitherto a mere chaser and ornamenter of metals for domestic uses, rose at once into the rank of teacher. The first prints were obtained from wood blocks engraved in relief. The earliest specimen of wood engraving known is one dated 1423, representing St. Christopher; but no impression from an engraved metal plate has been found of a date anterior to 1461. So that the art so common now has not yet celebrated its four hundredth birthday.

Tommaso Finiguerra, a Florentine goldsmith, is said to have first practised the art of engraving on metal plates for the purposes of printing, about the year 1460; but the credit of the invention has been of course claimed by others, the Germans—eager sticklers for everything likely to advance

the name of their "fatherland"—put in their claim, but it is generally considered that the art was first practised in Italy, and had its origin in the workshops of the goldsmiths. Many of these goldsmiths were *niellatori*, or workers in *niello*—a

an edition of Dante's "*Inferno*," published at Florence in 1481, and embellished with engravings by Baccio Baldini, after the designs of Botticelli.

One of the best engravers in Italy in the early part of the

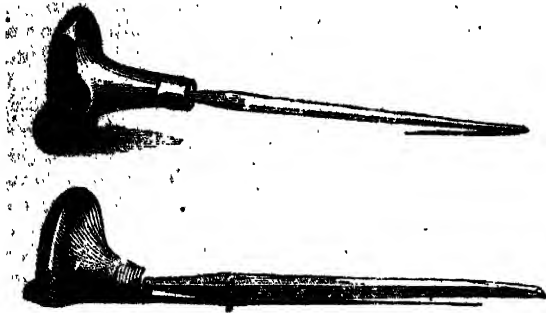


FIG. 2.—GRAVERS, OR BURINS.



FIG. 3.—WAY IN WHICH A LINE IS TRACED BY THE GRAVER.

mode of ornamental engraving usually practised by the goldsmiths, which was afterwards assembled with a black composition.

This practice of his art naturally suggested to Fineguet, in 1668, the idea of engraving on plates.

16th century was Raimondi, who studied under Francia and Raffaello. His great merit lay in the correctness and beauty of his outline. He engraved many of Raffaello's pictures, which he copied with great truth, although defective in respect



FIG. 4.—FAC-SIMILE OF A LINE ENGRAVING.

possibility of taking an impression from the engraved design with ink on moistened paper. When once established, the new art was eagerly taken up by Baldini, Botticelli, Pollajuoli, and Mantegna; and in Germany by Martin Schoen, Israel van Meckeln, Leydenwurf, and Wolgemut. The first book printed at Rome (an edition of Ptolemy's Geography) was illustrated by the first plate engravings, twenty-seven in number, which were maps, and were executed there by two Germans, Swannheim and Buckink. This work is dated 1478, but was continued in 1479. Another early work was

to light and shade. He was succeeded in Italy by Agostino de Musis, Marc de Ravenna, Caraglio, Giulio Bonasoni, and Enea Vico, all pupils of Raimondi; Georgi Ghisi of Mantua, and his relatives Diana and Adam Ghisi, Cornelius Cort, &c. The principal painters who have practised engraving in Italy are Agostino Carracci, Stefano della Bella, Spagnoletto, Guercino, Salvator Rosa, Claude Lorraine, Swanevelt, Canaletto, Piranesi, &c.

In Germany engraving made more rapid strides towards excellence, in the mechanical parts of it, and at the com-

the sixteenth century appeared Albert Dürer, a man whose universality of talent extended the boundaries of every department of art, and carried all to a degree of perfection previously unknown in that country. He had great command of the graver, and carried his plates to a much higher degree of finish than his Italian contemporaries. He is also believed to have invented the art of etching by corrosion: three of his specimens are dated 1515, 1516, and 1518 respectively. On examining the etchings of Albert Dürer, we see that they have all been corroded at one "biting-in," which sufficiently explains their monotonous appearance, and proves that "stopping out" was not then understood. The principal German engravers, after Albert Dürer, are Aldegraver, the Behams, Altdorfer, Bink, Penz, Solis, &c.

Lucas Jacobs, best known by the name of Lucas van Leyden, was the father of the Dutch and Flemish schools, and the contemporary and friend of Albert Dürer. After Van Leyden the art was maintained in the Low Countries by the Wierinxes, the Sadeliers, whose works are multifarious, and embrace every class of subject; the elder and younger Jode, Cornelius, Theodore and Philip Galle, Abraham and Cornelius Bloemart, Goltzius, Spranger, Müller, Lucas Killian, Matham, Saenredam, and the two brothers Bolswert. Many of these introduced improvements in the art. To mention the artists of this school from whose hands we have etchings, would be to name nearly all the most eminent painters belonging to it: Rembrandt, Berghem, Cuyp, Karel du Jardin, Paul Potter, Ruyssdael, Ostade, Waterloo, Adrien Vandervelde, with many others.

In France engraving has been practised with pre-eminent success in the departments of history and portraiture. The celebrity of the school dates from the time of Louis XIV. The family of the Audrans produced six eminent engravers; but of those the most distinguished was Gerard Audran, who was the first engraver who successfully united, to any extent, the use of the graver and the etching point. Gerard Edelinck, although born at Antwerp, may be fairly considered of the French School, and was an engraver of the highest order. In portrait Nanteuil is no less celebrated than his contemporaries. The Drevets, John Louis Roulet, Le Clerc, Simone, Chereau, Cochin, Dupuis, Beauvais, Balechou, Le Bas, John George Wille, are among the best of the French engravers.

The English school of engraving dates only from about the middle of the eighteenth century, previous to which those who practised the art in England were chiefly foreigners.

Hogarth engraved many of his own designs. Francis Vivares introduced the favourite art of landscape etching; he, Woollet, and Browne, produced some of the finest landscape engravings extant. Sir Robert Strange excelled in portrait engraving. Mezzo-tinto engraving, although not strictly born among us, has been in no other country practised with a degree of success at all approaching that attained by M^r Ardell, Easton, Smith, Valentine Green, and others. Bartolozzi, Rivind, Sharpe, Paul Sandby, Middiman, Milton, Fidler, and Raimbach, are among the most eminent of deceased engravers.*

The fifteenth and sixteenth centuries saw this art attain great perfection; this is incontestably proved by the *chef-d'œuvre* left by the old engravers; and the present and two preceding centuries have merely modified some of the old processes; though, doubtless, we have among us at the present day some of the best and most artistic engravers the world has yet produced. It would be invidious to distinguish any by name; and our space would not allow us to give anything like a list of them and their works.

PLATES FOR VARIOUS PURPOSES.

We may now proceed to enlighten the reader as to the *matière première* invariably pursued in copperplate engraving:

Copper, steel, zinc, or pewter plates, about the twelfth of an inch thick, are indifferently used for engraving upon. We possess in the present the metal most generally used, as the Roman art, and even which can be taken from it is very engraving on gems and metals, as at China, and on the continent of Europe before the

considerable. Copper is preferred for subjects of which fewer copies are required, since for plans or maps of very large dimensions, and pewter is the metal generally employed for music plates.

THE TOOLS EMPLOYED IN COPPERPLATE ENGRAVING.

Copperplate engravings, such as are usually employed in the present day, are the result of two distinct processes; first, by direct incision of the graver, or of the dry point, and next by corrosion with aqua-fortis. The instrument called the graver or burin, differs in size, shape, &c., according to the character of the line which it is intended to produce, but the ordinary graver is of the form of a quadrangular prism, both square and lozenge-shaped, and fitted into a short handle, the whole being about five inches and a half long. The square graver is used in cutting broad lines, and the lozenge-shaped for more delicate ones. In making the incision it is pushed forward in the direction of the line required, being held by the handle at an angle very slightly inclined to the plane of the copper. It is requisite that the graver be well tempered, and great address is necessary in its use. The angle at the meeting of the two lower edges of the graver forms what is called its belly, and the breadth of the end is called its face. The two sides which the belly are to be laid flat upon the oil-stone, and rubbed firmly until the belly slightly rises, so that if it were laid flat upon the copper the light could be seen underneath the point; otherwise it would be impossible to use it with freedom, as it would dig unequally deep into the copper. The face is next to be whetted, which is done merely by laying the face of the graver flat upon the stone, with the belly upward, and rubbing it steadily upon a moderate slope until it acquires a very sharp point, taking care that the stone be properly supplied with oil all the while. The gravers sold in the shops are commonly too hard for use, which is known by the frequent breaking of their points; when this is the case they should be tempered by holding them on a red-hot poker, at a distance of half an inch from the point, until they acquire a faint straw colour; they should then be put into oil to cool; or they may be held over a candle, and cooled in the tallow. But it is best not to be hasty in tempering; for if the graver is only a little too hard, whetting alone will frequently bring it into good condition. An instrument called a *scraper* is required to scrape off the burr or burr which is formed by the action of the graver and dry point. The *burnisher* is used to polish the plate and to erase any scratches which it may accidentally receive, and also to make lighter any part of the work which may have been made too dark. An *oil-stone* is requisite for sharpening the instruments upon. *Etching-points* or *needles* are nearly similar in appearance to sewing-needles, but fixed into handles four or five inches long; some are made of an oval form, to produce broader lines with. *Dry point* is, in fact, nothing more than the common etching-needle brought to a very fine point. It is used to cut or scratch the more delicate lines with, such as skies, &c. &c. It does not, like the graver, cut the copper clean out, but throws it up on each side of the line produced by its progress through the metal: this is called the burr, which is removed by a scraper. This burr was left on by Rembrandt, until it wore away in the progress of printing, which it soon does; but by his management it added greatly to the effect of the etching, and impressions from his works with the burr on are much valued. A *cushion* is a bag of leather filled with sand; its use is to support the plate so that it may be freely turned in any required direction; but it is not now much used by artists, being chiefly confined to engravers of writing. A *rubber* is a roll of cloth tied up tight, one end being kept in olive oil. It is useful to polish off more completely the burr, and also to show the appearance of the work as it proceeds.

THE COMPLETION OF THE ENGRAVING.

Having thus explained the nature and uses of the tools employed in copperplate engraving, we shall now briefly attempt to show how the engraving is brought to a state

or completion. The outlines of the subject to be represented, with the form and place of the lines which are to shade the engraving, are lightly traced on a steel or copper-plate. Then a graver, corresponding in size and form to the lines required to be traced, is pushed forward, like a gouge, to cut the plate, by which means little strips of metal are scooped out. The strokes or lines, which are gradually increased in number near to one another, produce according to their position, their relative approximation, and their thickness, tints more or less varied, and the ensemble of the most perfect engraving is nothing but the ensemble of these strokes.

This process, which appears at first so extremely simple, is, however, excessively difficult to perform, and no one becomes master of it until he has served a long apprenticeship, and minutely studied all the mysterious difficulties of his profession. With respect to what is purely artistic, the acquirements necessary for one are also necessary for all kinds of engraving. The successful engraver must be an artist. There are some engravings which have only been terminated by the most assiduous labour of ten, twenty, or even thirty years. We even hear of a few plates which have each occupied nearly the entire life of an engraver.

Copperplate engraving is thus seen to be an assemblage of hollow strokes, forming a number of little furrows destined to receive the ink which is to be conveyed on to the paper. In order to produce an impression. Now, whether a plate has been engraved with the burin, or finished by corrosion with aqua-fortis, or by means of any other process, its surface always contains hollows for the reception of the ink which is to be conveyed, by means of the press, on to a sheet of paper—in this respect differing altogether from wood engraving, in which all that is cut away from the surface of the block appears white in the impression.

In the illustrations we have—first, the work-shop of the engravers (fig. 1.) which gives a pretty good idea of the general appearance of such an apartment, and shows how the various operations are carried forward; the artist himself working on the plate by means of reflected light and a powerful eye-glass, and his assistants engaged in the operation of “biting in” with aqua-fortis or other corrosive acid, an operation common to nearly all modern engravings;—secondly, a representation of a pair of gravers (fig. 2), which differ from those used in wood engraving only in being rather smaller, and of harder metal;—thirdly, the method of using the graver or burin (fig. 3);—and fourthly, a *fac-simile* of an engraving produced entirely by the burin without corrosion (fig. 4). In this last illustration we have an excellent example of engraving on wood, the cross lines, shading, and general effect of a work on copper admirably rendered. Indeed, so extremely difficult is it to produce this kind of work in wood, that not more than half-a-dozen artists in London would undertake to produce a duplicate of our little picture, any one of which half-dozen would require to be paid about £5 for the task.

COPPERPLATE PRINTING.

We now come to the next stage of the operation—the printing from the copper or steel plates thus engraved on. The design being “proved,” that is, impressions being taken from it to show that it is sufficiently well engraved to “go to press,” the plate is inked over, and then passed between the cylinders of the press, by which means all the ink upon the plate is transferred to the wetted paper laid upon it.

The mechanism of a press is very simple, and yet few persons have a true idea of it. It consists simply of two cylinders, or rollers, supported in a strong wooden frame. The cylinders are moveable on their axes, one being placed just above with the other just below, the level of the table on which paper, and the sheet to be printed is laid. The upper cylinder is turned round; the arms of a cross fixed to its axis; though in some effect of more modern copperplate presses, a lever of great length is employed. Our engraving will give a good idea of the very simple kind of press; but it must be the copper-plate press, and not the wood-plate press, for the acid is not used in the former.

blackness required in the engraving. In the illustration (fig. 7) A, represents the board or table on which the engraved plate is laid; B, the sheet of paper about to receive the impression from the plate beneath; C, the upper cylinder with the blankets attached, and D, the axes of both rollers. The means taken to move the cylinders higher or lower are very simple, being nothing more than the insertion of pieces of card-board into the longitudinal slits in the framing of the press, which cards act as a kind of slight spring during the action of the cylinders upon the plate between them.

The plate, then, has first to be inked. The printer to whom it is confided places it on a sort of box, the top of which consists of a plate of sheet-iron, and in which is placed a pan filled with lighted charcoal dust (fig. 5). When the plate has attained a certain degree of gentle heat, the printer removes it from the charcoal box, and covers it as equally as possible, by means of a dauber, with a light layer of brayed black, or copperplate ink (fig. 6).

Inking the plate is an operation requiring great care and no small degree of skill, as, if too much or too little ink be employed, the impression is greatly injured, if not entirely destroyed. Among copperplate-printers this kind of ink is technically called “black.” It is composed of very thick boiled oil, mixed with a proper quantity of Frankfort charcoal, produced from vine twigs. Of course, there are many varieties of copperplate ink, many printers preferring to prepare their own.

This “black,” being slightly liquified by heat, is made most superficial cuts on the plate. A piece of paper is then taken by the printer, and, by rubbing it, the black is made to enter all the hollows of the plate. At the same time, the printer, lastly, uses a dauber, which ever black remains on the plate, though very delicate though the printer leaves

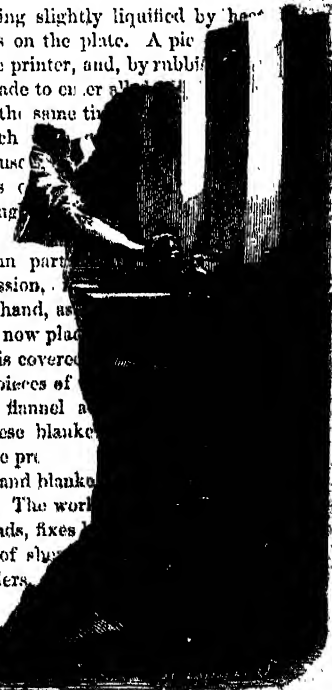
while the plain part of the plate is in the impression, the printer, lastly, uses a dauber, which ever black remains on the plate, though very delicate though the printer leaves

The engraving is now placed on a board (fig. 7), where it is covered with a sheet of paper, and four or five pieces of card-board are placed between the plate and the sheet of paper. These blankets are then placed under the upper cylinder of the press.

The plate, paper, and blankets are then placed between the rollers of the press. The workman, holding the cross in his hands, fixes the plate between the rollers, and by dint of strength, pushes it through the cylinders, and the impression is required.

The rollers, or cylinders, are made of iron, or lignum vitae, or of some other hard wood, and the leverage is applied to the rollers by means of a screw, which acts upon the paper to

black ground, which is a mixture of lamp-black and Venice turpentine; this is applied with a camel-hair pencil, and allowed to dry. After this the acid is again poured on, and this process of stopping-out and biting-in is repeated until even the darkest parts are sufficiently corroded. After this the plate is again warmed, when the border of wax may be readily taken off. It is then made warm enough to melt the ground, which is removed by being wiped with a rag and a few drops of olive oil. The work is now complete, unless it is intended to finish it still further with the graver. We must here offer rules for the strength of the acid, and state the length of time it ought to remain on the plate, but we are convinced of the inefficacy of such instructions. Nothing but experience joined to some chemical knowledge of the action of the acid will avail the artist on this point, which requires the greatest secrecy and attention.



"Proofs before letters" are impressions carefully taken on India paper, immediately after the artists' proofs, at the ordinary press, and before the plate has had the inscription stretched to it by the writing engraver. "India paper proofs" are simply copies printed on India, instead of the usual unsized cartridge paper; and "early copies" are what their name imports—though all these terms are liable to great abuse. The India paper is accurately laid on the wetted sheet of cartridge, and both together being passed through the press, the

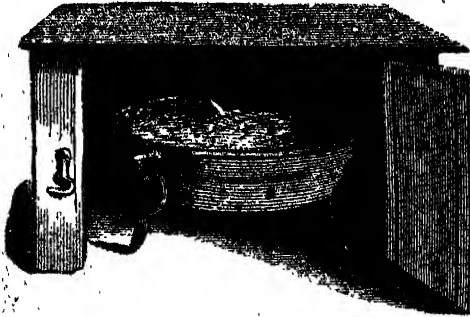


FIG. 5.—CHARCOAL PAN.

pressure exerted is sufficient to attach them inseparably together, the dampness of the cartridge slightly softening the size of the India paper. As a proof that nothing should be success in the mentioned that the fine tissue-like paper so celebrity of the s. from old ships' rope; and tarred cordage!

The family of the Audrañs.

but of those the most disting. ETCHING PROCESS.
was the first engraver who successfull on another occasion the use of the graver and the etching pur notice with a brief although born at Antwerp, may be fa is called tching i French School, and was an engraver.

In portrait Nanteuil is no less ce-
raries. The Drevets, John Louis
Chereau, Cochin, Iupuis, Beauva
George Wille, are among the best

The English school of engraving
the middle of the eighteenth cent
who practised the art in England

Hogarth engraved many of
Vivares introduced the favourite
Woollet, and Browne, produced
engravings extant. Sir Robert
engraving. Mezzo-tinto engraving
among us, has been in no other
degree of success at all approaching
Barlow, Smith, Valentine Green, and
Ryland, Sharpe, Paul Sandby, Middiman.
Hainbach, are among the most eminent of de

The fifteenth and sixteenth centuries saw
great perfection; this is incontestably proved b
leaves left by the old engravers; and the present
preceding centuries have merely modified some of
processes; though, doubtless, we have among us at the pre-
day some of the best and most artistic engravers the world
yet produced. It would be invidious to distinguish any by
name; and our space would not allow us to give anything
like a list of them and their works.

PLATES FOR VARIOUS PURPOSES.

We may now proceed to enlighten the reader as to the
means employed invariably pursued in copperplate engraving;
Copper, steel, zinc, or pewter plates, about the twelfth of
an inch thick, are indifferently used for engraving upon.
We present the metal most generally used, as the
Roman art; and which can be taken from it is very
engraving on gems and metals.
China, and on the continent of Europe

performed. As most persons know, and as we have before
stated, etching is the super-addition of the "chemical process"
to drawing, when performed on a plate of copper over which a



FIG. 6.—INKING THE PLATE.



not
of: w
being
pletely
as it p

Having
employed
attempt

substance called the 'etching-ground' is laid. * This etching-ground is composed of wax, asphaltum, gum mastic, resin, &c., incorporated by melting over a fire, and capable of resisting the action of aqua-fortis. The *laying of the ground*, as it is called, is thus effected:—The plate must be heated over a charcoal fire, so that it may not be smoked. For this purpose a hand-vice is fixed to the most convenient part of the plate, by which it may be held in the hand. A piece of the etching-ground, rolled into the form of a ball, and tied up in a little silk bag, is then rubbed over the surface of the plate, the heat of which causes the ground to melt and come through the silk on to the copper. In order to effect a more equal distribution of the wax, a small dabber made of cotton wool, tied up in a piece of taffety, is quickly dabbed all over the face of the plate while yet warm, so as to leave the wax or etching-ground of uniform thickness; the ground is

during the process of *biting in*, which is thus performed:—A substance called *banking wax*, which when cold is quite hard, but which on immersion in warm water becomes soft, and may be moulded into any form, is first rendered soft by being so immersed in warm water, and then banked up all round the margin of the plate, so as to form a trough capable of preventing the escape of the acid, a gutter only being formed at one corner for the purpose of pouring it off when requisite. This being done, the nitrous acid, reduced with water to the proper strength, is poured on, and its action on the copper becomes visible by the rising of innumerable bubbles. The aqua-fortis must be allowed to continue on the plate until the fainter parts are supposed to be corroded sufficiently deep; after which it is to be poured off, the plate washed with water, and left to dry. The parts which are bitten-in enough are now to be covered with what is called

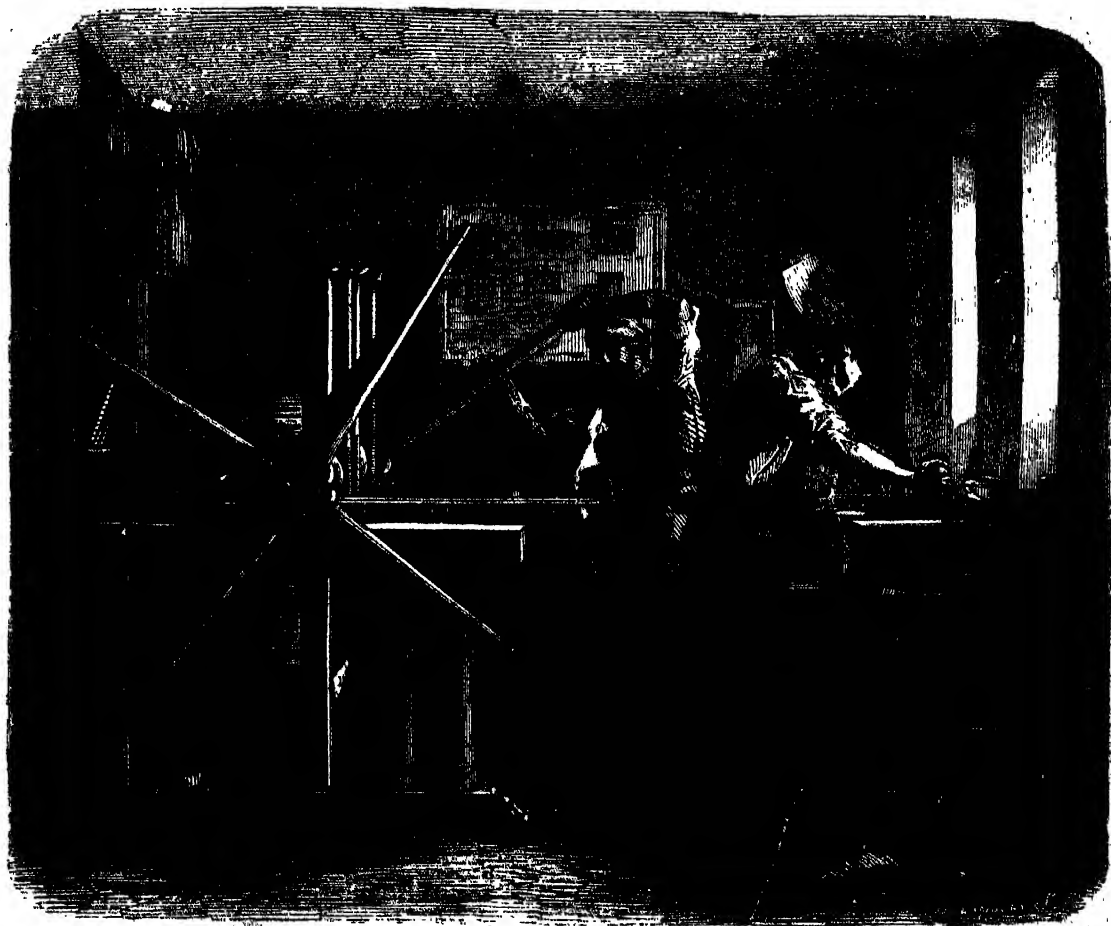


FIG. 8.—THE PRESS-ROOM.

then rendered black by being held over the smoke of a wax candle, or, if necessary, two or three wax candles tied together, care being taken to move the plate about, so that it be equally smoked all over; and this operation of smoking must be commenced before the plate has had time to cool. The whole operation of laying the ground requires address and dexterity. When cold, the plate is now ready to receive the design. To transfer the design to the copper, an outline is made with a black-lead pencil on a piece of thinish and even paper, and laid with the face downwards on the etching-ground; the whole is then passed through a rolling press, the effect of which is to transfer an impression of the outline on to the smoked ground. After this the design is completed with the etching needles, which remove the ground from the copper wherever they pass, and expose it to the action of the acid

stopping-ground, which is a mixture of lamp-black and Venice turpentine; this is applied with a camel-hair pencil, and allowed to dry. After this the acid is again poured on, and this process of *stopping-out* and *biting-in* is repeated until even the darkest parts are sufficiently corroded. After this the plate is again warmed, when the border of wax may be readily taken off. It is then made warm enough to melt the ground, which is removed by being wiped with a rag and a few drops of olive oil. The work is now complete, unless it is intended to finish it still farther with the graver. We might here offer rules for the strength of the acid, and state the length of time it ought to remain on the plate, but we are convinced of the inefficacy of such instructions. Nothing but experience joined to some chemical knowledge of the effect of the acid will avail the artist in this point, which requires the greatest nicety and attention.

NECKLACES, CHAINS, AND AMULETS.

The antiquity of most articles of personal adornment is indisputable. From the pyramids of Egypt, the tombs of Pompeii, and the resuscitated dwellings of Nineveh, we recover, every now and then, a little gold ornament, or part of a bronze, or a jewel curiously set,—and straightway we have evidence of luxury and refinement which existed in the world whole centuries ago. It is not difficult to imagine that the use of metallic ornaments, and other adornments of the person, not immediately coming under the designation of clothing, was in use from a very early period indeed, because vanity and the love of admiration are human failings, and because—as it is no gressheresy to believe—beauty has never been above borrowing a grace from art, however homely. All our experience of human nature evidence the same fact. Whenever the navigator plants his foot upon a hitherto-unvisited shore, he finds the natives, even though they be naked savages, adorned in some or other way indicative of their rank, or power, or age, or sex; and coloured beads, bits of bright metal, and even feathers do the first offices of commerce.

It will not, however, be necessary to pursue this train of reflection, our proper business, just now, being with necklaces, chains, and amulets, concerning the past and present of which articles of luxury we mean—either with or without the reader's kind permission—to indulge in a little gossip.

To begin at the beginning. If we would know who were the first makers and wearers of chains and necklaces, we must go back to old Egypt—the mother of the arts. From whatever part of the world the ancients obtained their gold, it is certain that they possessed it,—and in good quantities, too, if the thick plating of the precious metal on the inner coffins of the embalmed Egyptians, and the great variety of rings, necklaces, bracelets, and other articles of jewellery, be any evidence. It is astonishing, too, to find that our most modern and fashionable shapes and patterns for such articles are but adaptations of the forms in use among the fair ladies of Egypt three thousand years ago! From the Egyptians, the Hebrews are by many supposed to have obtained their knowledge of jewellery; but it would appear that certain such articles were in use before they had any intercourse with the Egyptians. When Eliezer, the steward of Abraham's household, was sent into Mesopotamia, to bring home a wife for Isaac, he was furnished with suitable presents; and we read that when he met Rachel, and had been kindly furnished by her with water for himself and his camels, that he “took a golden ear-ring of half a shekel weight, and two bracelets for her hands of an shekel weight of gold,” and presented them to her. Nor was the use of rings and bracelets confined to females, for in Gen. xxxviii. 1 we find that a signet and bracelets were worn by Judah, or of the sons of Jacob. It appears that chains of gold were the insignia of power and authority among the Jews, just as it is with our mayors, high bailiffs and other corporate officers in the present day. We learn from Exod. vi. 11 that a chain of gold was part of the attire of Aaron and his sons; that a chain of gold was part of the attire of the king of Babylon; and that chains or necklaces were worn by both men and women appears from a passage in Proverbs. In Ezekiel, too, we find mention of a chain of gold, and another in Ezekiel, “I put bracelets upon thy hand, and a chain on thy neck; and I put a jewel on thy forehead, and ear-rings in thine ears, &c.”—as well as from various other texts. But the earliest mention of gold chains is that in Gen. xli. 42, where we learn that Pharaoh, to show his respect for Joseph, when he invested him with power in Egypt, took a ring from his finger, and a gold chain from his neck, and put them upon the hand and person of the Israelite. Dr. Kintz tells us that chains of gold, to which were attached the figures of Schemel, or Truth, were worn by the judges; and that women also wore ornaments of the same kind, as we have mentioned above. The doctor does not suppose that the Hebrews necessarily obtained their knowledge of this form of jewellery from the Egyptians, as chains of gold were found among the spoils taken

nearly resembled that of the Israelites before they obtained possession of Canaan. However the fact may be, it appears tolerably certain that the Greeks and Romans were, directly or indirectly, indebted to Egypt for their knowledge of ornamental jewellery—and so, of course, of chains and necklaces,—which are now worn as marks of distinction by the people of various nations, the Persians, Chinese, &c.

Of course, the word chain (in French, *chaîne*; in Italian, *catena*; and in Spanish *cadenas*;) has another and less pleasant meaning; though whether chains were first used to bind the bodies of prisoners, or adorn the persons of the great and noble, we cannot certainly say. As, however, revenge and abuse of power are even stronger motives than vanity and self-love, the probability is that the iron chain was used before the gold one. A curious instance either of the carelessness of translators or printers occurs in the Bible of 1551, in which the word chain is split in three different ways in a single sentence: “Whych [man] had his abyding among yegraues, and no man could bynde him; no not with *chaines*; y^e when he was bound wth fetters and *cheynes*, he plucked the *cheynes* asunder and broke the fetters in peeces.” The passage is taken from the fifth chapter of St. Mark.

Among the ancient Greeks and Romans, the use of chains, necklaces, amulets, bracelets, rings, and other such articles of luxury, was as common as with us. Homer mentions the golden ornaments of Helen; and the jewels belonging to Aspasia and Cleopatra are said to have been of the most costly description—“the ransom of kings!” Our readers are of course acquainted with numerous passages telling how Xerxes brought with him to Europe from Persia chains of iron to bind the captive Greeks, and chains of gold wherewith to deck the victors; how the Gothic and barbaric tribes many delight in arraying themselves in golden chains necklaces of precious stones, the spoils of war; how the ancient Gauls made the gold chain the symbol of power among the; and how even the rudest and simplest natives of Britain were furnished by Caesar with pictures of animals painted on their shields, and chains of twisted fibres round their necks.

That gold chains have ever since then been popular; we have the evidence of the poets—the best historians—all after all. Chaucer says, in the ‘Monk’s Tale,’

“The is (Xenophon) walketh she [Zenobia]
Wi chains on hire necke hangeth;
as after hire degree,” &c. &c.

Ben Jonson, in one of his comedies—we forget which—the dress of a fine gentleman:—

The Savoy
The cuffs
With the Ruff
The Nyls
With Brabant
I would put on
about my neck, the ruff,
etc.; then the Naples hat
A-bond, and the Florentine agate,
the cloak, &c.

no fewer than eight countries contributing to the beau’s attire. And so we might go on, but that we do not see exactly where we should stop. We must, therefore, curb our rapid pen and fancy at the same moment; and, remembering that we have placed the word amulets at the head of the paper, proceed to say a word or two about them.

But first, a few sentences about modern chains and necklaces. The invention of the curious piece of ornamental work which we call a gold chain is probably English; and even now articles of this description are called English chains on the continent, though they are made in great numbers in Paris of gold, silver, and inferior metals. Everybody knows how they are made,—by rolling, stamping, wire-drawing, hammering, filing, soldering, burnishing, polishing, and so on,—and sometimes as many as four or five thousand separate pieces in a single necklace! Ornaments of this kind are generally made in the gold—that is to say, gold with a sufficient degree of

used in designating the quality of gold coin and jewellery. Absolutely pure gold would be much too soft to bear the rough usage to which coins are exposed, and so a small portion of alloy is added to give it tenacity. The legal English standard for coin is expressed by the fractions $\frac{1}{10}$ or $\frac{1}{12}$, or more usually by the term twenty-two carats fine—that is to say, that two carats out of the pound troy are alloy. The standard value of gold, as purchased by the Bank of England, is £3 17s. 9d. per ounce, and it is issued again from that establishment at £2 17s. 10d. per ounce of twenty-two carats fine—actually pure, unalloyed gold being worth about £4 per ounce. The alloy used is either of silver or copper, the former giving the gold a lighter and the latter a redder colour. For almost all manufacturing purposes a considerable quantity of alloy is employed—in what is called jeweller's fine gold as much as one-third part, or sixteen carats fine, is the usual proportion. But the gold of which jewellery is composed may, and does, consist of nearly all degrees of fineness from eighteen carats, or one-fourth alloy, to an almost indefinite quantity, according to the price of article required, its cheapness, &c.

There has been lately some little excitement on the question of the degree of alloy in articles of jewellery, especially chains and necklaces; and we may as well digress for a few minutes to consider the case as it came before the public. It will be recollected that, some short time since, a gentleman went into the shop of Messrs. Benson in Cornhill, and purchased what he conceived to be a gold Albert chain for £3 15s. He took it away with him, had it tested, and finding it was not pure gold, had the shopman who served him taken before a magistrate, by whom he was committed for trial. It is quite unnecessary to follow the course of this singular case further than to state that on the trial, Mr. Baron Alderson, the presiding judge, declared that there was no case for the jury as the selling of an article for gold which contained a certain quantity of alloy, was not an indictable offence.

But a very serious imputation appears to have been cast on the character of Messrs. Benson through this transaction; for though their servant was the person put upon his trial, they were the real parties to the suit. And a special injustice seems to have been done them, in the fact that, though the counsel for the prosecutor had, in opening the case, described it as one approaching very nearly to fraud, the dismissal of the charge by the judge gave them no opportunity of proving, as they might have done, that they were entirely guiltless of any intention of doing wrong. The facts lie in a nutshell; and it must strike any unprejudiced reader that the prosecutor was rather too hasty in bringing so serious a charge against such respectable citizen tradesmen. As we understand the case reported in the newspapers, the gentleman went into the shop of Messrs. Benson, and asking to see a gold chain, was shown a couple of trays containing chains of different qualities; that he took up a very small chain, and was told that its price was £3 15s. and that it was of the finest quality now made. In spite, however, of this recommendation, the gentleman appears to have chosen a chain of nearly three times the thickness and weight of the first one, and to have purchased it at the same price, though he was expressly told that it was of a common description.

Now it does appear a remarkable circumstance that a gentleman—who may be presumed to know something of the value of manufactured gold—should have chosen the heavier and greatly inferior article, and then have endeavoured to punish the poor shopman for not selling him a pure gold chain. Nor does the injustice stop here; for, by the dismissal of the case by the judge, Messrs. Benson were unable to rebut the charge brought against them by the prosecutor's counsel, or to produce evidence which would have entirely exonerated them from all kinds of blame in the transaction. The truth is, that not one jeweller in London—or in England, we might declare—ever did, or does sell articles in pure gold. They could not be manufactured, and if they could, the public would not pay the price for them. We do not for a moment attempt to accuse a tradesman for representing a thing as better than it is, but we rather under-

stand the justice or the policy of selecting one firm for exposure, while the whole trade—a trade in which upwards of 5,000 persons are employed in London alone, and in which more than 25,000 lbs. troy of pure gold are annually consumed, at a cost of considerably more than two millions of money—notoriously practise a system of alloy for which there is no legal check or punishment. If alloy is necessary—as we have shown it to be, even in the manufacture of the coin of the realm; and if the per centage of alloy to pure gold is a matter left entirely to the discretion of the manufacturers and refiners—as Mr. Baron Alderson declared it to be—then we cannot help thinking that the Messrs. Benson have been most unjustly dealt with, and that the sooner some fixed standard for a minimum fineness of gold used for ornamental purposes be adopted, the better both for the buyers and the sellers.

Apologising for this rather long digression, we return to our subject. "Jewellers' gold," of which nearly all chains, necklaces, and such-like ornaments are manufactured, varies from about £2 to £3 5s. per ounce. Trinkets are very frequently made of inferior metal plated over with gold, either by the old method or by the electro process. Of the various and numerous ornamental purposes for which gold is used, only a jeweller, or a lady's-maid, or perhaps a very fine gentleman, could give anything like a complete catalogue. And when we try to remember a few of the names of these little articles—rings, and chains, and charms, and bracelets, and brooches, and seals, and eye-glasses, and combs, and armlets, and pins, and buttons, and shirt-studs, and pencil-cases; to say nothing of plate, watches, and the larger kinds of presentation vases in silver-gilt;—when we consider the cost, trouble, and anxiety of bringing all this precious metal from its home in the quartz rocks in Russia, California, and Australia, to its sometimes brilliant resting-place on the neck or arm of beauty, or its no less honourable employment in enclosing 'ticking monitor of wasted or well-spent hours—we can help regarding the "yellow dross" as one of the most powerful and potent of metals, all that is said to the contrary notwithstanding.

"Dig for the gold!

Prosper the arm that deth urchin might

To win repose when youth is o'er;

Turn up the earth for the metal bright

For sire and dame on a far-off shore.

Dig for the gold!"

Our space will not allow us to say but very few words of charms and amulet. In the earliest times, superstitious folk have been fond of arming themselves with certain protections against "spells, witchcrafts, distempers, and the powers of the evil eye." Sometimes the amulet or charm has consisted of a little metal trinket, worn round the neck or wrist; sometimes it has been used for the religious purposes, and has consisted of texts from the law written on plates of metal and affixed to the doors of houses and places of worship; again it has been a curious sentence, like the abracadabra, which was written on a piece of vellum and worn about the person; at another time it was a string of beads made of the briony root, christened by the name of the anodyne necklace, and said to assist children in teething; and, even in the present age of refinement and knowledge, it is still preserved in the child's soul which sailors take to sea with them, and cherished by fond mothers in the row of coral beads which, when worn round the neck of some darling child, predicts its coming illness by losing colour and polish! The most innocent "charms," however, are those little golden ornaments which romantic young ladies present to romantic young gentlemen to wear on their watch-chains, and place underneath their pillows at night! We might, had we space, enlarge upon another kind of token given by gentlemen to ladies, both young and old—the wedding ring. This, as our readers know, is invariably of standard gold, and marked with the impression of the Goldsmiths' Company—a distinctive warrant of value not necessary for ordinary jewellery.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ITALIAN PROVERBS

are the expression of ideas which strike a whole undeniable truths, and either for their point, or universal applicability, become "familiar in their own household words." It is not the least curious instance in connexion with proverbial philosophy; that scarcely one "old saying" in any nation which is not to most others under a different form, the change made to suit some peculiarity in manners, customs, or even the productions of the country. We point to "carrying coals to Newcastle" as extreme of useless labour; the Jews placed it in the conveyance of "oil to a city of palms." "A drop wears a stone," turns up in France in the guise of *un force de forger, on devient un forgeron*,—"by dint of forging one becomes a blacksmith. We might fill a volume

such as these. The Italians are remarkable for turning their proverbs into personified forms, if we may say, which of course renders the idea the fitter for illustration.

We have selected a few of them for that purpose, do not bear so deep a stamp of nationality about them as to render them uninteresting or unintelligible to the English.

Few of the people of modern Europe have so large a collection as the Italians, as a long and almost uninterrupted flow of civilisation, and eminence in the arts and literature, led them to lay up a more than ordinary store of wisdom, the common sense of every-day life. Pity it does not produce better fruit in their acts.

It is rather singular that "wise saws" are nearly always not numerous amongst people who do least. Shortcomings are made up for by a multiplicity of sage apophthegms.

Few men ever uttered so many, containing so much truth and wisdom, as Lord Bacon, and probably few have ever failed so deplorably in carrying out the simplest and axiomatic of morality. Proverbs are plentiful amongst lazy, unenergetic nations; and we suppose the want of

in their character may be ascribed to the same human weakness, which caused the fall of the great philosopher.

We cannot conclude without stating that the proverbs of most countries fall far short of embodying



1. *Io niente faccio, ed il cervello mi becco.*

I am doing nothing, and devouring my brain.

the highest principles of Christian morality. A vein of coarse, worldly selfishness runs through most of them, not excepting those of that far-famed individual, "Poor Richard," so that, if acted upon, they might make a man wealthy and "respectable," but not always noble or disinterested.



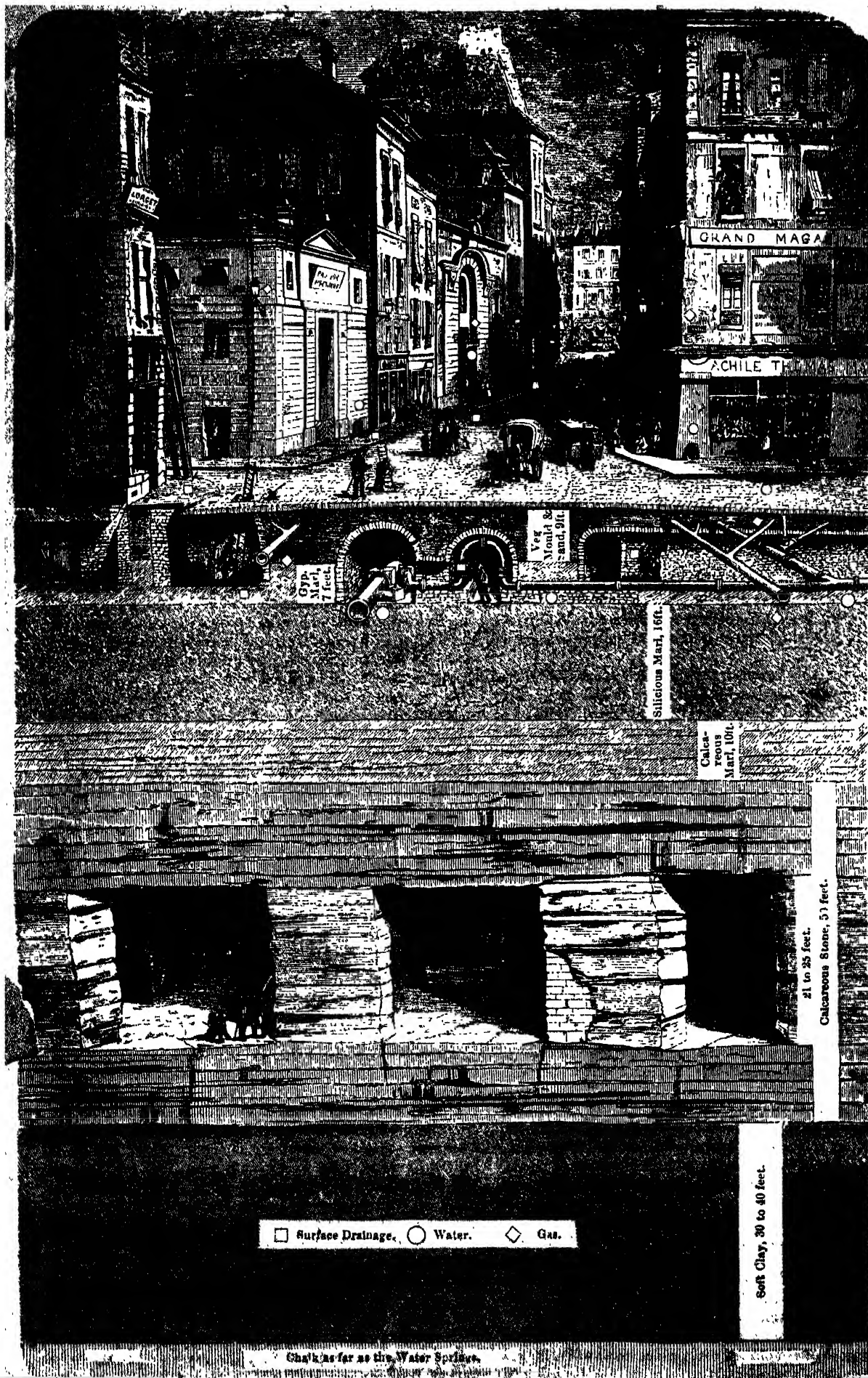
2. *Io porto fuoco in torcillo ho per me stesso, ho per tutti, ed a chi s'oppone danno.*

I carry fire in my girdle, I have for myself, for all, and to those who oppose me.



3. *Mi lavano il cervello con acqua.*

They wash my brain with water.



PARIS UNDERGROUND

Beneath visible Paris, where light shines both night and day, and where 1,200,000 persons live and bustle about so noisily, is another Paris, invisible, dark, silent, and immense. From north to south, from east to west, the ground, upon which these 1,200,000 persons tread, is excavated, ploughed up, and perforated in all directions; and it may be said, that nearly all the streets through which the public pass correspond with subterranean ones, on which depend, in a manner, the health and lives of all who live in Paris. Were it not for these streets, which are shut out from every eye, those which are above them would soon be filled with a thousand dangers. Subterranean canals, conduits, and sewers, pervade the whole extent of the great city, and are necessary to its very existence.

The oldest of these excavations were made for the purpose of constructing the city itself. Paris has literally sprung out of the bowels of the earth; and it would never have attained the gigantic size which now renders it one of the first cities of the world, had it not been for the rich quarries that were discovered, some eighteen hundred years ago, on the banks of the Seine.

During the domination of Rome, towards the end of the third century, at which time Lutetia did not extend much further than the island of the Cité, large beds of lime-stone were discovered on the left side of the Seine, where the faubourgs St. Marceau and St. Germain now stand. All the surrounding places, Montsouris, Gentilly, Montrouge, &c., were therefore excavated in succession. Some of these quarries, which it might be thought fourteen centuries would have exhausted, still supply materials for the construction of Parisian houses.

In course of time, however, the city had so increased in size that it was found necessary not to continue the excavations any further beneath the ground it stood upon. Edifices of enormous weight, such as Val-de-Grâce, the Observatoire, and the Panthéon, were actually standing on deep abysses. It was, therefore, necessary to strengthen, as speedily as possible, the foundation of one-half of Paris. The work was begun immediately; and as it was impossible for the crypts to be completely filled up, it was deemed expedient to turn them to some use.

The dead were still interred within the walls of the city in 1780. The principal cemetery was that of the *Innocents*, which occupied the site where the present market-place now stands. Most serious accidents constantly occurred in the neighbourhood, and all the cellars of the surrounding houses were infected. Lenoir, the Lieutenant-General of Police, resolved, on being petitioned by the inhabitants, to do away with this cemetery, and to have the bones it contained carried into the quarries which required strengthening. A house, called *Tombe-Isaïre*, having, therefore, been purchased in the plain of Montsouris, on the old Orleans road, a staircase, consisting of seventy-seven steps, was constructed, by which to descend into the excavations to a depth of about fifty-five feet; and a well walled with bones was also constructed.

A great number of workmen were, at the same time, employed in arranging the bones in compact rows and masses, and in making communications between the various passages, so that these bones soon formed a number of streets, of places, and, so to speak, of monuments. These immense works were finished in 1786. After their transformation, the quarries took the name of *catacombs*; they had received, first of all, the bones from the cemetery of the *Innocents*, and then those from several others which were suppressed in 1792, 1804, 1808, 1809, and in 1811. They are said to contain more than forty generations, and their population is accounted eight times more numerous than that which is above them.

The catacombs contain two different collections, the first being composed of samples of the various kinds of earth and stones which form their foundation; while the second is a pathological collection, in which are methodically classed all the different sorts of bones deformed by disease.

From north to south, they extend from the *Rue de l'École-de-Médecine*, Jacob, &c., to the *Barrère Vaugirard*; and from west to east, they extend from the same barrier to the *Jardin des Plantes*. The whole of the left side of Paris is therefore excavated. These subterranean places are supplied with walls of circumscription like Paris itself, they follow nearly the same curve, and are constructed for the same purpose as the upper walls; that is, in order to foil the audacity of the defrauders of the custom-house, who, not hesitating to profit by the badly-guarded roads of the catacombs, entered them through the openings at Montrouge or Vaugirard, and issued from them in the interior of Paris, through other openings communicating with secret cellars.

The quarries on the right side of the Seine are far from ever having been worked on so extensive a scale as those on the left side. Montmartre and Belleville, &c., are rather deeply excavated; but, properly speaking, these places do not form a part of Paris. Subterranean Paris on the right side of the Seine is a perfect labyrinth of arched sewers, and channels containing water and gas-pipes: these conduits also envelop the left side in their net-work.

The pipes for supplying the city with clean water, and the drains for carrying off the dirty water, have nearly the same origin, and were laid down at nearly the same time.

Till the ninth century, the city was supplied with water by the aqueduct of Arcueil, which was constructed in 360, under the Emperor Julian. The Normans destroyed this aqueduct in the ninth century, and the city was left without any water-pipes whatever. The aqueduct was not reconstructed before 1543; afterwards the aqueducts of the *Près St. Gervais* and *St. Martha* were built, and henceforth, the streets of Paris continued to be filled with channels, more or less deep, in order to allow the water-pipes, of which the number increased every year, to be hid down. Under Henri IV., the pumps of the Samaritaine were constructed on the *Pont Neuf*; afterwards, were established the hydraulic machines of the *Pont Notre Dame*, which also caused several other subterranean passages to be bored beneath the public ways. The pump of Chaillot dates from 1782, and that of the *Gros-Caillois* from 1785. Under the empire, the *Canal de l'Oureq* was constructed, and the water-pipes of the capital were, in consequence, greatly increased. Most of the water of Paris is supplied by the *Canal de l'Oureq*, the principal place whence the water is drawn being at the lower end of the basin of La Villette. This open kind of reservoir is arched over before it enters the city, and forms a vault, which, under the name of *aqueduc de ceinture*, runs from east to west, under all the northern part of Paris, from the *Villette* to *Monceau*, its length being nearly two miles and a half. The *aqueduc de ceinture* communicates with the canal at the *Villette* by means of sluices furnished with valves. From this aqueduct branch off several smaller ones which, in their turn, communicate with a multitude of pipes that carry the water into the very heart of Paris, and supply about fifty large public fountains. The branch water-pipes increased to an unlimited extent under the government of Louis Philippe. From 1838 to 1845, five large reservoirs, capable of containing about six million and a half gallons of water, were constructed; from 1845 to 1848, the well of Grenelle was bored, and the pump of *Austerlitz* constructed. The number of public fountains, which did not amount under the empire to more than forty, amounts at present to ninety-four, there being sixty-five on the right side, and twenty-nine on the left side of the Seine. The total number of apparatuses for the distribution of water throughout the entire city amounts to two thousand and thirty-three, and yet this is not sufficient to satisfy all its wants. At Paris there is only water enough to allow each person to consume a day; at London, each person can be supplied with twenty-four gallons; and at Philadelphia, with seventy-three gallons.

The first works undertaken for carrying off the foul water of Paris were executed slowly, and in a defective manner.

Formerly, the shores of the Seine, in consequence of their being raised by the successive layers of alluvium left there by the rising of the river, and by the heaps of rubbish shot on them, formed behind them a sort of hollow, at the foot of the hills of Mémilmontant, Belleville, Montmartre, and Du Roule. This hollow served as a drain, and was a kind of natural sewer, into which ran all the rain water of the north of Paris, from Mémilmontant to the bottom of the heights of Chaillot, where it emptied itself into the Seine; it was, therefore, called the great or main sewer. One of the conduits which ran into it from Montmartre, having been enclosed in the fourteenth century, in the *enceinte* formed by Charles V., Hugues Aubriot, who was then provost of the merchants, had it arched over, and thus constructed the first real sewer. A number of conduits, similar to the one which had been covered over, ran through the city in all directions. The principal ones were those of Du Pouceau, of St. Antoine, of the Filles-du-Calvaire, of the Temple, &c.; properly speaking, however, they were nothing but infectious receptacles for filth. Some of them were arched over in the fourteenth century. The sewer of the Rue St. Antoine was covered over before 1412; it emptied itself into the ditches of the Bastille, and was known by the name of *Pont Perrin*. But the kings of France, who then inhabited the Hôtel St. Paul, disliking to have such a thing so near them, changed its course, and had it turned through La Culture St. Catherine, towards the enclosure of the Temple. It was again arched over in several places along its new course. Things remained pretty nearly in the same state till 1605. At this epoch, François Mirou, provost of Paris, with the aid of the municipal and his own resources, began fresh constructions of considerable importance. He had the sewer Du Pouceau arched over at his own expense, from the Rue Saint Denis to the Rue Saint Martin. His successors, however, were not actuated with the same zeal for public salubrity. A description, however, of the sewers of Paris, drawn up in 1663, and in which they are divided into open and covered sewers, tells us that the former extended to a length of four miles four furlongs twelve chains and a half, and the latter to a length of one mile three furlongs one chain and a half. This was at all events a beginning; and the subterranean works, which are so useful to the inhabitants of Paris, were continued from generation to generation up to the present time. The finest sewer of the city is the one constructed by Napoleon in the Rue de Rivoli; and it corresponds in magnificence with the monumental structures which rise above it. The next sewer which is looked on in the light of a *chef-d'œuvre* is the one of the Rues Saint Denis and Du Pouceau, which extends to the *Marché des Innocents*. This sewer serves two purposes; it conveys through its channel both foul and clean water, the latter being contained in pipes supported by two rows of brackets, while the former runs along the bottom of the sewer. This was the first sewer which was used for a double purpose; but since its construction, several others have been made in the same

manner. Some of the more recent ones have even been used for three different purposes, being also made to convey gas by means of large tubes placed parallel with the water pipes.

It is only since the last twenty years that the municipality of Paris has seriously thought of directing these useful works in a methodical manner. First of all, the levels of the sewers already constructed and of those about to be so were taken; then the making of the trenches and the execution of the masonry work were considered. From 1836, above six miles length of sewerage has been constructed yearly. The underground of all the streets of Paris is, with few exceptions, pierced through and through in all directions. If the reader adds to these sewers the innumerable channels made for conveying clean water to all parts of Paris, and the gas-pipes which have been lately laid down all over the capital, he will have some idea of the labyrinth of conduits of all sorts and sizes which exist in every direction beneath the streets of Paris.

All these sewers have two sorts of apertures opening on the public way, one to allow the water to pass through, and the other to admit of their being entered when they require to be cleaned, repaired, or inspected. When the apertures, through which the water passes, called in this country shoots or gully-holes, are in the road, they are covered with a grating, which rests on a wooden frame, supported by stone work; the openings beneath the foot pavement have granite coverings when the pavement is raised high enough to permit it, but otherwise the coverings are made of cast-iron. The openings through which the sewers are entered, called man-holes, are covered with cast-iron slabs of a circular form.

In order to let out the confined air, and to keep the sewers free from infection, vent-holes, supplied with vertical pipes, having valves at their lower extremity, are made at short distances from one another, or else this pipe is made to communicate with the pipes that run down the neighbouring houses.

The inclination of the sewers of Paris is at the rate of at least $\frac{1}{3937}$ of an inch for every three feet three inches.

It has in general been remarked that the walls of the sewers, which come most in contact with the water, become at length covered with a substance that is much harder than stone, and which cannot be broken into by a pick-axe without bringing away bits of the wall. This singular substance very much resembles that found in old lead and cast-iron pipes which have long been employed for household uses. The sewers are filled with various odours, faint, ammoniacal, sulphuretted, &c., and those who clean them do not always escape accidents. The operation of cleansing is very easy. The cleaner pushes the filth before him by means of a piece of board fastened to a long handle. First of all, however, he generally places a strong plank across the sewer to stop the water. The water accumulates in consequence, and when the plank is taken away, it rushes forward with sufficient rapidity to carry the greater part of the mud and filth along with it.

BLACK'S PATENT FOLDING MACHINE.

There is scarcely an object of familiar life about which an interesting history might not be written. Take a book, for instance. Every part of the world has contributed to its production. The cotton and flax of which the paper is made were grown, it may be, the one in America, and the other in Ireland; the oily part of the ink may be Russian tallow; the metals of which the types are made—lead, and zinc, and antimony—have been dug, perhaps, from dark mines in one country, and smelted, and refined, and brought into marketable condition in another; the paste which holds it may be made from wheat from Poland and glue

grew, perhaps, on some stream side in merry England; the iron in the graver's tool, so cunningly and delicately used, might have lain in the dark earth from the bowels of the world, but from the necessity which a book

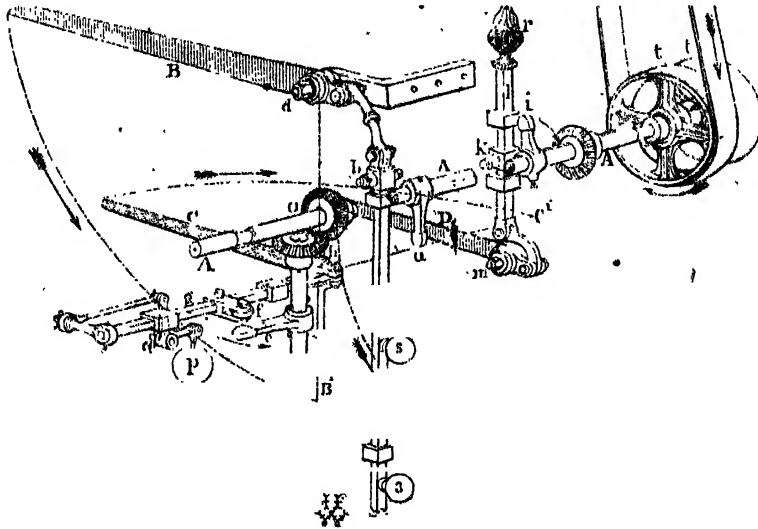
created for its use. And all this time we have taken no heed of the manufacturing processes necessary to the completion of the volume—the paper-makers, the type-founders, the ink-manufacturers, the iron-founders and machinists, the carpenters, &c., employed to produce the materials merely, and the workmen to bring those materials into profitable use—some thousand individuals in all. To merely mention all the processes necessary to the making of a book, from the author who writes it—frequently the worst paid and least considered workman of them all—to the little maiden who folds the printed sheets, and the binder who puts them together, would occupy rather too much space; our present purpose being to speak of a remarkably ingenious machine by which the important operation of folding the sheets of printed paper is very readily performed.

Hitherto there has been no necessity for such a machine as

this, because the supply of the bookfolders' labour has more than equalled the demand. The immense impetus given of late, however, to the printing business by the production of cheap and sterling literature,—and more especially, perhaps, by the astonishing sale of Mrs. Stowe's admirable tale,—has rendered it a matter of difficulty for the bookbinders to keep pace with the public demand. Books could be printed fast enough—for the compositor could call in the aid of the stereotypers and so duplicate his labours; and the steam machine could be driven night and day, at a couple of thousand impressions an hour, or so; but when the sheets were printed, and the publishers were looking forward with some little hope to the possibility of supplying the public, it was generally found that the ultimate completion of the book was delayed at the binders', whose invariable excuse for want of punctuality was "shortness of hands!" One would think that there would be no difficulty whatever in finding a sufficient number of respectable young women in so large a place as London, but the fact that so apparently simple an operation as that of bookfolding requires considerable practice will readily explain the fact. Good bookfolders—all of them females, by the way—are not to be made at a day's notice, as the binders discovered to their cost.

In this strait it was that the patent folding machine of

hand process, the folding girl seizes the sheet of paper at its left hand upper corner, and bringing it over the folding-stick or paper knife in her left hand, creases it down so that the opposite corners of the printing come pretty nearly straight with each other, and so on with the other folds of the sheet. The "register" is thus liable to derangement according to the care of the folder. In the machine, on the contrary, the utmost exactness of "register" is obtained by simply placing the sheet on the table with the end-most letter of the page beneath the pointer: the letter-press rather than the paper being folded to correspond page with page. The importance of accurate "register," will be easily understood, when it is stated that the binder seldom, perhaps never, refolds the sheets of a book, and that upon the care and attention bestowed upon the original folding depends much of the elegance of the bound volume. And now, if the reader glance from time to time to the diagram, he will be enabled to comprehend the *modus operandi* of this ingenious machine:—A A is the main shaft, driven by a strap round the riggers *t t*, the strap communicating with the steam-engine or other motive power below. One man, however, is able to drive four or five machines, if fitted with a large fly-wheel, with the most perfect ease. Attached to the main shaft are the two cams, or wipers, *a* and *t*, whose office is to lift



MECHANICAL PLAN OF BLACK'S PATENT FOLDING MACHINE.

Mr. James Black was brought under the notice of the proprietor of this work. It was shown at the Great Exhibition of 1851, and obtained a prize medal, though the jurors do not appear to have quite understood its meaning and importance,—at least if their report be any evidence. Perhaps it did not perform its functions with perfect accuracy at that time. However that may be, the machine is now an accomplished fact, and by it all kinds of sheets may be folded which are multiples of four—as 8vo, 12mo, 24mo, &c. In appearance the folding machine is a mere box with a few wheels, and so on, in front, the uses of which we shall presently show; but the philosophy of the principle consists in the adoption of certain vertical and horizontal knives, or folders, with serrated edges. It will be seen that the sheet is placed on the top of the exterior case,—in the engraving, the attendant is placing the sheet,—when the first vertical knife takes it and carries it into the interior of the box, whence it issues from the rollers in front a perfectly folded and partly pressed sheet of paper. We shall show how this operation is performed, by reference to the working diagram, merely premising that the proper "register," or accuracy of fold, is secured by means of certain points and gauges placed on the upper table, which points and gauges are, of course, removable, so as to allow sheets of different sizes to be folded by the same machine. In the ordinary

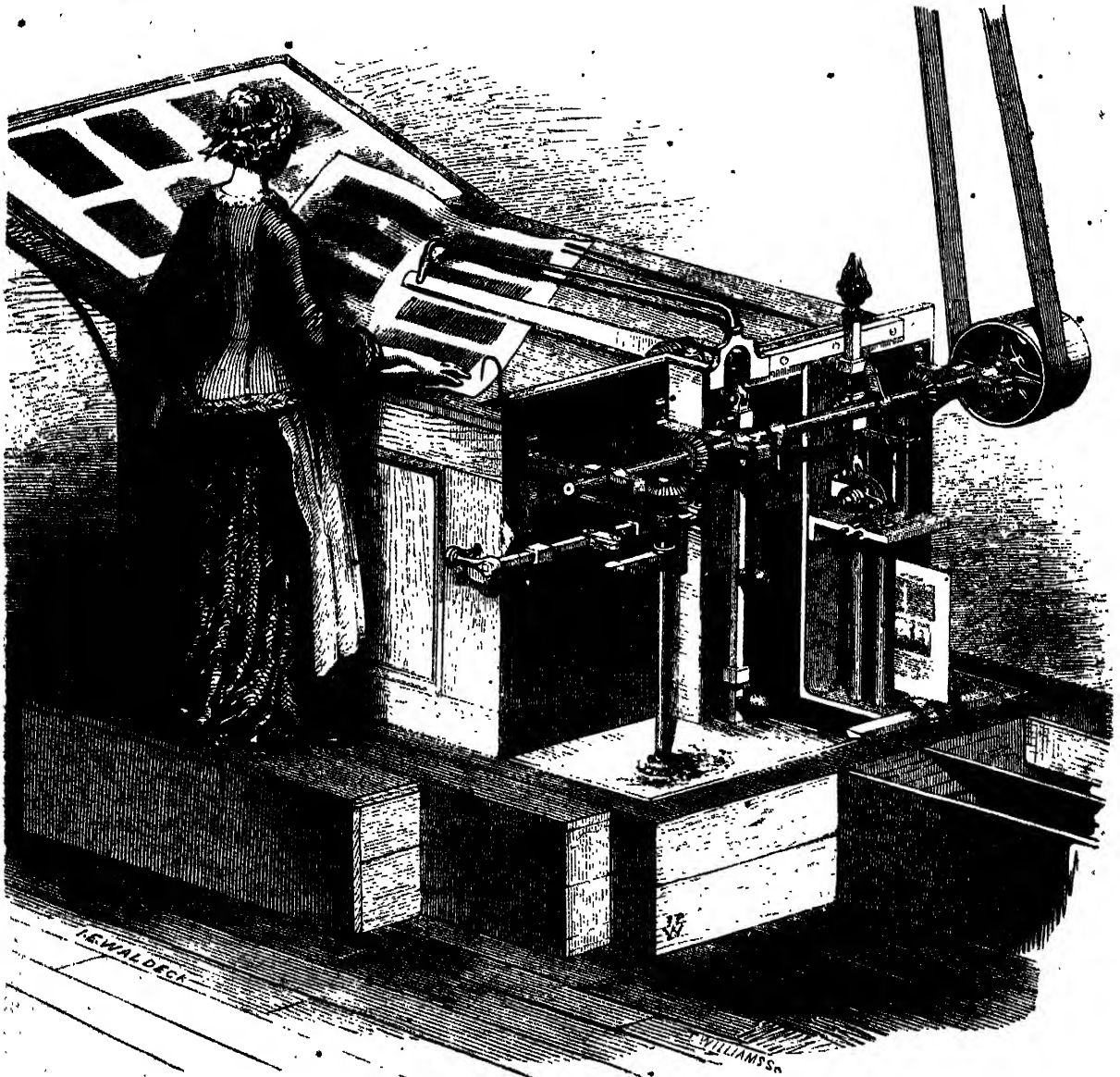
up the vertical knives or folders. The vertical shaft, *a*, moves the cam *c*, by which the horizontal knife is brought into action, and is driven by the bevel wheels, *o*, keyed fast to either shaft. We have thus the means by which the knives are made to operate on the sheet of paper. Each knife works on a centre. The first knife or folder, *B*, working on the centre, *d*, is moved down; as before stated, by the revolution of the cam *a*, and describes the dotted line to *B 1*, of course taking the sheet with it. The horizontal knife or folder, *C*, then seizes the sheet at right angles, carries it forward, and produces another fold of the paper—dotted line to *C 1*. The octavo sheet has now received two folds, when the last vertical knife, *D*, takes it, and, describing the dotted line to *D 1*, delivers it, a perfectly folded sheet, from the rollers in front, as seen in the large engraving. The rollers are driven by a vertical shaft connected with the main shaft by bevelled wheels, and pinions not necessarily shown in the diagram. Each knife, after having performed its particular office, is brought back to its former position by means of balance weights,—the first knife by the weight, *s*, attached to the vertical slide bar, *o*; the second knife by the weight, *p*, attached to the bell crank, *g*, communicating with the sliding bar, *g*; and the third knife by the ornamental weight, *r*, on slide, *h*. The letters *A*, *A*, and *g*, attached to the balance slides,

are three small wheels or pulleys, which are struck by the cams in order to describe the motion of each knife.

In the large engraving will be seen a bar projecting over the first knife, with a toothed aperture at its end. This is a spring stop or buffer, which serves to counteract the jar which would otherwise be produced by the return of the folder when released from the sheet of paper. Each folder is provided with a similar apparatus. The interior of the box or chamber is fitted with baize-covered iron plates—not shown—between which the sheet of paper is carried, till it finally

machine, and any sheet that can be folded without cutting may be folded by it.

In the large engraving, a sheet of paper is seen in the act of leaving the rollers, whence it falls into the box in front, and is gathered up eventually, with many of its fellows, to be packed in thousands, or otherwise disposed of. This box may be made to count, as well as receive, the work, if necessary; or the sheets may travel through it into a wooden shaft, and be at once carried to the warehouse or binders' room. We understand that Mr. Black is now about to perfect machines of



BLACK'S PATENT MACHINE FOR FOLDING SHEETS OF PAPER INTO OCTAVOS, DUODECIMO

leaves the rollers in front. By these means, the folded sheet is more perfectly pressed than by the ordinary hand method. Each knife or folder is serrated at the edge like a fine saw, the better to prevent the sheet from slipping from beneath it, and destroying the register.

Of the usefulness of an instrument of this description there can be no question, for its adoption economises space, time, and money. It may be driven at a rate sufficient to fold two thousand sheets in an hour, at a cost ridiculously small, and the same machine can be made to fold the largest and the smallest sheet, by simply altering the registering points. Any child ten years old can attend Black's patent folding

smaller dimensions and more delicate apparatus for the folding of all kinds of note and letter paper.

The book the reader holds in his hand was folded by a machine such as we have described. There is little doubt but that, in a short time, nearly all the book-folding in London—the metropolis of literature as well as of England,—will be performed by an instrument of this kind; and there is no reason why the principle—which is amply secured by patent—could not be applied to a great variety of purposes. Newspapers might be folded as they leave the printing-machine, and much of the expense of hand-folding be thereby saved, besides avoiding the disagreeable look of a badly folded volume.

MOSSSES AND THEIR ALLIES.

CHAPTER I.

Is there a pastoral poem extant which does not in some part or other sing the praise of "mossy banks" or "moss-grown fountains?" Is there, or has there ever been, a landscape-painter who has not longed to give some idea of the exquisite tinting which he sees bestowed on rocks and ruins, trees and banks, by the growth of those insignificant portions of the vegetable kingdom, the mosses and lichens?—or a lover of nature, albeit by profession neither poet nor painter, whose eye has not dwelt with delight on the rich verdure of a moss-clothed vale or hillock, or the brilliant colouring of a lichen-painted rock or ruin? Virgil bids that a "quiet station" be found for the bees, saying,—

"Near a living spring their mansion place,
Edged round with moss, and tufts of matted grass."

Milton tells us of "Echoe's mossy couch;" Shakspeare, too, often extols this verdant carpet, as when Arviragus promises that the fair Fidele shall

"Not lack
That flower that's like thy face, pale primrose; nor
The azure harebell, like thy veins; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander
Outsweetened not thy breath; the ruddock would—
With charitable bill—bring thee all these,
Yea, and furled moss besides, when flowers are not,
To winter-ground thy corse."

And yet, lovely as is the whole of the moss tribe, and dear to poet, painter, and the lover of scenery, how comparatively few among us are there who have any knowledge of the curious and interesting structure of these little plants, whose every stem, leaf, and capsule, displays such exquisite delicacy of construction!

There is no season of the year in which we may not find interest and employment amid the mosses and lichens—no soil nor situation where some or other, of one or both families, may not be found. Scarcely any part of the known world is destitute of them. On the coasts of the Icy Sea, where the soil never thaws for more than the depth of a few inches, plants of these kinds are said by travellers to be the only forms of vegetation. In Spitzbergen, Greenland, and even in higher latitudes, they are to be found, as well as on the marasses and volcanic tracks of Iceland; and on the frozen deserts of Siberia, these little cryptogamous plants may still be seen. Nor only there; for in the arid wastes of burning Africa, it is told us that the traveller Mungo Park was revived and rejoiced by the sight of one of the species of this lovely tribe. Worn out, exhausted, plundered, his strength and courage had well nigh failed, when, to use his own words,—“At this moment, painful as my reflections were, the extraordinary beauty of a small moss irresistibly caught my eye, and though the whole plant was not larger than the tip of one of my fingers, I could not contemplate the delicate conformation of the root, leaves, &c., without admiration. Can that Being, I thought, who planted, watered, and brought to perfection, in this desert part of the world, a thing of so small importance, look with unconcern on creatures formed after his own image? Surely not! Reflections such as these would not allow me to despair. I started up, disregarding both hunger and fatigue, assured that relief was at hand, and I was not disappointed.” This species is supposed to have been the small fern-leaved fork moss (*fasidens bryoides*), an exquisite little plant, diffusely spread over shady banks and wall-tops.

The muscology of Britain, which contains about four hundred species, most nearly resembles that of North America, and is also closely allied to that of the northern and central parts of the continent of Europe. It is within less than a century that this interesting and widely-extended class of plants has been made the subject of much study or research. The Germans seem to have taken the lead in this branch of

botany, but they have been vigorously followed by many illustrious students of nature among our own countrymen, and new discoveries are daily being made in this department of the vegetable kingdom.

The structure of mosses is of the simplest kind, fungi and lichens alone being below them in the scale of vegetation. With mosses commence the rudimental characters of root, branches, and leaves, with which parts every plant of this tribe is furnished, and in the place of a flower they have little vessels usually supported on a stalk, and containing the seed. The stems vary from the twelfth part of an inch to a foot in height; few of them, however, exceeding four inches, and most being much less. The leaves differ in form, some being egg-shaped, others lance-shaped, and very many linear. If examined under a microscope, these will often be found beautifully veined and reticulated; they have generally a bright green hue, which proves the activity of their breathing apparatus; yet there are species brown, purple, and even nearly black, as well as of the palest whitish green. The edges of the leaves are often toothed, or notched like a saw. Mosses are said to be in fruit when the little seed vessel of which we have spoken is formed.

The fructification of this tribe of plants is very peculiar, and by it, more frequently than by any other part, is the species determined. At certain seasons of the year, we may observe a forest of thin stems crowned with these little seed vessels rising above the general level of the clump of moss on which they grow; these stalks are called setæ, or fruit stalks, and the vessels capsules. Let us take that species of moss which grows so commonly on almost every wall we see, the *tortula muralis*, or wall screw-moss (fig. 1, a), as our example, and examine it carefully. The theca (fig. 1, b), or fruit of this, has a little cap, like that of a Norman peasant, with a high peak and long lappet (fig. 1, d); this is the calyptra, or veil, and forms a sort of hood which, when the fruit is young, is rolled round the theca, so as completely to cover it. As the fruit-stalks lengthen this veil is torn from its support and carried up on the top of the seed vessel, much as the calyx of the *escholtzia* is borne up on the summit of the petals before they open. Now if we place this seed vessel under the microscope, we shall find that beneath the veil is a lid or covering, which closes the mouth of the capsule; this, when the spores or seeds are ripe and fit to be dispersed, is thrown off, and then new and wonderful objects are disclosed; underneath this lid (which is called the operculum), lies a kind of tuft of twisted hairs (fig. 1, e), which arise from within the rim of the theca, and are called the teeth of the fringe, or peristome. These do not exist in all species of moss, and when they are found, differ in number; but it is an unvarying rule that wherever they are seen at all, their number consists of four, or of some multiple of four, amounting occasionally to as many as sixty-four. Sometimes the fringe consists of two rows of teeth, differing in size, number, or arrangement; and this fringe acts in the most beautiful hygrometrical manner. A theca of this same *tortula* will illustrate my meaning, and show this to be one of those beautiful and delicate arrangements which the wisdom and goodness of God provides for the protection of the young seed. Take a capsule which has been dried when the teeth were closed, and place it in water, or in a damp place, and you will see its teeth unclose with a graceful and steady motion which is beautiful to behold; or if you breathe on a capsule when its fringe is expanded in the sunshine, the slight moisture of your breath will make the little teeth instantly close over the mouth of the vessel wherein the seeds lie. In dry and sunny weather these teeth open, and the seeds, when ripe, are scattered by the wind, and wafted to situations where it is suitable for them to fix. The capsule being elevated on its footstalk, is freely exposed to the effects of sun and wind; thus the seed is first ripened, and then disseminated over the masses of recumbent moss below them, so keeping up and extending an active fresh vegetation, whilst the decaying plants form fresh soil whereon

the new ones may grow. The capsule of the tortula is oblong, the lid conical, the leaves expanded, and of a very long oblong; their margins bent back, and the nerve protruded beyond the



FIG. 1.



FIG. 2.

leaf into a white hair-like point. The seeds lie inside the theca, and are contained in a thin bag, open at the upper end, and surrounding a central column called the columella. Such

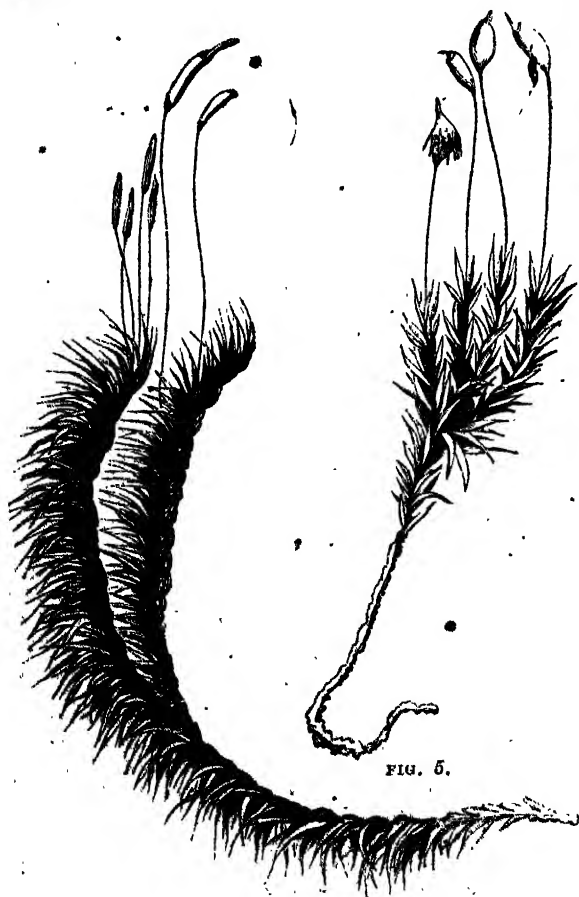


FIG. 3.

is the usual conformation of mosses, the organs of which I have spoken—root, stem, leaves, and capsule—being present in all, though they vary in form, arrangement, and other par-

ticulars according to the different genera of which they are members. In some the root is longer and more creeping than in others; the stems differ in length and in other points, some being branched, others simple; some feathered with leaves from base to apex, others bare at the base. The shape and veining of the leaves also varies in different kinds as do the fruit-stalks, some being curved, as in fig. 2, others erect, as in fig. 3. Some proceeding from the centre of the plant, as fig. 2, whilst others are borne on lateral branches, as fig. 5, and some kinds are devoid of them altogether, the capsule being sessile, and buried among the foliage.

The grand distinguishing features which mark the genera are chiefly found in the form and position of the theca, and



FIG. 4.

the structure of the calyptra, or veil. Space will only allow of our slightly touching on a few of these variations, and those who are disposed to study the subject of mosses to a greater length, are referred to the "Musculogia Britannica" of Drs. Hooker and Taylor, and other works which bear directly on the topic; but we may adduce a few instances of the distinctions to be found in some of the commonest genera.

In the *sphagnum* (fig. 4), those pale whitish mosses which carpet the ground in bogs, the theca is sessile, that which looks like a fruit-stalk being in fact a continuation of the receptacle, and its form is that of a little cup, the mouth of which is uncovered. In the *Bartramia*, the theca is sub-globose, and seated on a terminal fruit-stalk—this has a double fringe, the outer of sixteen teeth; the inner, a membrane divided into sixteen segments, each of which is cleft into two parts, and the calyptra is divided in half. The *polytrichum*, or hair-moss

(fig. 5), has a double peristome, or fringe, the outer of thirty-two, or sixty-four incurved teeth, placed at equal distances; the inner a thick membrane connected with the outer teeth. The veil of this is also divided in half. The *encalypta*, or extinguisher-moss (fig. 6), has a terminal fruit-stalk, and its calyptra is so large, as wholly to cover and conceal the theca, looking like an extinguisher placed over a candle. This species grows on wall tops, and appears with the wall tortula, and the pretty cushion-moss, *Grimmia pulvinata*, very early in the season. This latter is called by children, "*pin-cushion-moss*," because, when covered with its fruit, it looks not unlike a cushion stuck with small pins. It has an ovate theca, the fruit stalk is rather short and curved, the lid conical, and the calyptra in the form of a mitre. The capsule of *andrea* is provided with valves, and opens with longitudinal clefts, whilst *phascum*, and others, have persistent lids. In some of the genera, the veil is irregularly rent, in others it is perfect; in some it has the form of a mitre, whilst others



are beautifully plaited at the base. The difference in the leaves, growth, &c., of the various kinds are innumerable, yet though the parts differ from each other, the general characteristics which distinguish mosses from plants of every other tribe are so marked and peculiar, that no one need be at a loss to know a moss from any other individual of the vegetable kingdom.

Mosses select very various, in some cases singular, habitats; one species is found only on the highest Scotch mountains; another only in a bog near Cork. One very remarkable one grows on the perpendicular face of the white chalk cliffs in Kent and Sussex; others are confined to calcareous rocks, whilst some, as *cinclidotus fontinaloides* (fig. 7) will only live beneath the water, or where the spray and dash of the waterfall keeps them continually moistened. There is one kind almost sure to spring up where anything has been burnt on the ground, especially where charcoal has been made, whence its French name, *La Charbonnière*. Hooker tells us that most species of *splachnum* are found only on the dung of animals, particularly of that of ven or foxes. "One of these, *splachnum sepium*," he says, "which is commonly met with on

dung, we once saw growing vigorously on the foot of an old stocking near the summit of Ingleborough, Yorkshire; the same was also found by a friend of ours covering the half-decayed hat of a traveller who had perished on Mount Saint Bernard; and the same was, if we mistake not, found by Captain Parry in Melville Island, vegetating on the bleached skull of a musk ox." This is no doubt that which old Gerard calls "*muscus ex craneo humano*." "This kind of moss," says he, "is found upon the skulls or bare scalps of men and women lying long in charnel-houses, or other places, where the bones of men and women are kept together; it groweth very thicke, white, like unto the short moss on the trunks of old oakes; it is thought to be a singular remedy against the falling evil, and the chin cough in children, if it be powdered and given in sweet wine for certain daies together." Mrs. Somerville, in her "*Physical Geography*," gives some curious facts, regarding mosses and lichens, on those antarctic lands which are scattered at immense distances from each other round the south pole. She says, "As the latitude increases the vegetation decreases, till at last utter destitution prevails, not a lichen clothes the rocks, nor a sea-weed lives beneath the gelid waves. On the arctic regions, on the contrary, no land has yet been discovered wholly destitute of vegetable life. The difference seems to arise more from the want of warmth in summer, than from the greater degree of cold in winter." She also states that, "in Terra del Fuego, there is a greater number of plants identical with those in Great Britain, or representatives of them, than is to be found in any other land in the southern hemisphere, and among them forty-eight of the same mosses." Lovely as is this tribe of plants, we cannot give a good report of them as ministering directly to the life of any part of the animal creation. They do not furnish nectar for the moth or butterfly, nor honey for the bee; nor does any grub or worm find its sustenance from them; and if they are eaten by cattle, or by hares, and other small animals, it is rather by accident than choice. They, however, tend much to the extension and preservation of vegetable life, both by the soil which their decay supplies, and by their power of absorbing moisture and retaining it, which makes them a valuable shelter to the roots of trees and plants. The power which they possess of, as it were, imbibing new life from water after they have long been dry and apparently dead, renders mosses very useful in the green-house.

Very beautiful baskets for holding flowers may be made of the longer and more feathery kinds. We have made them often; and never do flowers, whether wild or garden, look more lovely than when clustered within a verdant barrier of that most delicate and beautiful material, which by proper management may be made to preserve its freshness and brilliancy for many months. With a receipt for their manufacture we will close this paper.

A light frame of any shape you like should be made with wire and covered with common pasteboard, or calico, and the moss, which should first be well picked over and cleansed from any bits of dirt, or dead leaves that may be hanging about it, gathered into little tufts, and sowed with a coarse needle and thread to the covering, so as to clothe it thickly with a close and compact coating, taking care that the points of the moss are all outwards. A long handle made in the same manner should be attached to the basket, and a tin or other vessel, filled with either wet sand or water, placed within to hold the flowers. By dipping the whole fabric into water once in three or four days, its verdure and elasticity will be fully preserved, and a block of wood about an inch thick, and stained black or green, if placed under the basket, will prevent all risk of damage to the table from the moisture. To make such baskets affords much pleasant social amusement for children, and to young people in the early spring, gathering the moss will be an inducement to a ramble among the sweet lanes and wood-walks where they so richly abound;—then the younger children, both boys and girls, can clean and arrange the moss in little tufts, whilst the elder girls sew the verdant covering to the pasteboard; and the boys, acting as wire-drawers and carpenters, make the frames, and cut and

stain the blocks of wood; and when their joint pleasure in making these things is over, it will be found that few prettier presents can be provided to greet a parent, or sister, or young friend, on a birthday, or other festal occasion; than one of these baskets, lightly and tastefully draped with flowers, affords. There will also be a constantly renewing pleasure in varying its appearance. One week, snow-drops and crocuses will cluster among the mossy edges; then will come groups of "dancing daffodils" and hazel cat-kins, which mixed with ivy leaves makes almost the prettiest dressing that can be found for it. In another week or two, anemones, hyacinths,

and narcissi will crave admittance into the place of honour; and long before the basket is decayed, roses, lilies, jasmine, and even carnations, will have sprung into beauty, and had their day in the favourite moss basket; and all this pleasure will have been obtained at the cost of two pennyworth of wire and cardboard! How much enjoyment may be wrought out of simple materials, when taste and skill combine with unity, good humour, and simplicity of mind!—enjoyments far more full and varied, and more satisfactory than one oftentimes obtained from much more costly and elaborate means, where these qualifications do not preside.

THE SCHOOL OF LIFE.

BY ANNA MARY HOWITT.—ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHORESS.

CHAPTER I.

How could those money-bags see east or west?—*John Keats.*

Oh, take heed, mother,
Heaven hath a spacious ear, and power to punish
Your too much love with my eternal absence,—*James Shirley.*

THE clock-work routine of Michael Stamboyse, the great German hosier and laceman of Nottingham, was disturbed on the morning of the 16th of December, 1830. It was past eleven o'clock, and still no Michael Stamboyse had entered the dusky counting-house. The foreman, the clerks, the very "hands," as they are technically termed, bringing in their work to the ware-rooms, were seized with amaze, as the surprising fact of the old merchant's absence was whispered about. As soon might the name of the respectable house of Stamboyse and Stamboyse be seen in the *Gazette*, as that Michael Stamboyse should be found absent from his post in that dingy counting-house. Such an occurrence had not been known for the last fifteen years. Was the merchant dead?—ill?—Apparently no such explanation could be given for his absence. No extraordinary bustle had been observed in his quiet mansion adjoining the extensive warehouses; no doctor had been seen entering that large old door which opened so rarely to any one but Michael Stamboyse himself. The old house-keeper had been seen to issue forth to market by the back gate at her usual hour; the servant boy in his canary-coloured jacket had been seen quietly cleaning the windows; the barber from Peck-lane, who had regularly shaved the old merchant for ten years' past, every morning, winter and summer, at half-past seven o'clock, had been seen quietly to arrive and depart again in five-and-twenty minutes. Could it be that either of the other two inmates of the quiet mansion were ill or dead?—that would never have prevented the punctual Michael Stamboyse from occupying his old arm-chair before his ink-stained, ledger-crowned desk. Four years before this eventful 16th of December, Leonard Mordaunt, his sister's son, one of these two inmates of his house, had been sick to death; still Michael's regular heavy tread had each morning as the Exchange clock, and the clock of St. Mary's tolled nine, been heard entering his counting-house.

But in an outer room stood another unoccupied desk—could this be significant of the merchant's absence? So at least thought Andrew Gaywood, the confidential clerk, as sadly he glanced towards it through the glass door—and quietly the little thin, grey-haired, deformed man, sighed to himself, shaking his head mournfully. In his hand he held a thick packet of letters—they were letters arrived that morning from the Continent, from India, and from China—for the house of Stamboyse and Stamboyse was a great house, and had its branches all over the world. Andrew Gaywood had known that place vacant before—add to him a tall horsehair-bottomed office-stool standing unoccupied upon a week-day, near noon, was always an unpleasant sight. But to see this especial office-

stool standing stupidly useless, was not only unpleasant but painful; so painful, that a half-whispered remark from the outer room reaching him, he grasped the packet of letters convulsively in his bony hand, and struck it violently on the ink-stained desk of Michael Stamboyse, stamping his foot with nervous irritation, and exclaiming bitterly through his clenched teeth—

"I'd rather a thousand times have given my fifty pounds, that I would, than that dear young lad should have gone and done it. If he had but the application of Mr. Ellis Stamboyse,—that is a young lad indeed;—but—my God—"

Andrew Gaywood stood suddenly petrified; his thin old face grew white as ashes, and his knees began to tremble under him; he heard a stern voice thunder through the outer room—

"Remove that desk—that young fool will never more darken these doors. Remove it, do you hear?" And a silence as of death fell upon the ware-rooms, through which came suddenly and painfully the dull roll of carriages from the distant street, and the clock in the counting-house ticked with an unnatural loudness. Michael Stamboyse opened the glass door, and stood before his trembling clerk. But the vision of the methodical, orderly old merchant, attired in a morning-gown instead of wearing his ordinary dapper array of blue coat, buff waist-coat, and snowy shirt-frill, was no vision calculated to re-assure the anxious, nervous little old man.

We have said that Michael Stamboyse had been shaved as usual at half-past seven o'clock that morning by the barber from Peck-lane. As usual he descended as the clock upon his mantle-piece chimed eight, wrapped in his morning-gown to breakfast. But not as usual that morning had a slender, melancholy, restless lady, his sister Ursula Mordaunt, been awaiting him at the breakfast-table, her fingers upon the coffee-pot handle the instant that he opened the door. No ceremonious, "Good morning, brother Michael," had greeted him. Michael Stamboyse had looked round the room somewhat astonished and displeased at the absence of Mrs. Mordaunt. He rang the bell violently—the count pealed through the silent house, but no one came. Again he rang, and this time more violently. A piercing shriek resounded through the house as the reply; down the stairs railed wild foot-steps; there was a fumbling upon the handle of the door, and before the somewhat heavy merchant could turn round from the fire upon which he had been moodily gazing, Mrs. Mordaunt had flung widely open the door and stood before him. Wrapped in a loose morning-gown, her long grey hair falling from beneath a lace handkerchief, and over her head, and her

face on fire with excitement, Michael's instantaneous idea was, that his sister had suddenly become insane.

blood be upon your head! My God! my God! my boy! my boy! You've been cruel as sin to him! you have been a



MRS. MORDANT AND MICHAEL STAMBOYSE.

"Michael!" cried she, "he is gone! You—yes, it is who have driven him away—who will have destroyed him! His

very Nero!—my noble, my beautiful boy—I will pray for vengeance—night and day, each hour, each moment will

"blessed heaven! Every saint shall listen and aid me! The Madonna will listen to a mother's pleadings!—Michael, you are a man without one atom of human love in your soul—the only son of your only sister!—Think!—think, and you have turned the mother against the son—the fiery sin be yours!—My handsome, handsome boy; my Leonard, Leonard." And bursting into violent, passionate weeping Mrs. Mordant sank upon the floor before her brother, her whole frame shivering, tears streaming through her long white fingers, the veins swelling like azure cords upon her temples and hands.

Michael Stamboyse stood unmoved as a rock, except that a darker sternness gathered over his brow and severely chiselled mouth. He did not speak, but looked coldly, almost contemptuously upon the weeping woman.

"Michael!" cried she, suddenly springing to her feet, "to your dying day will I hate you—upon your death-bed will I only remember my boy, my Leonard, and —"

"Ursula; you are crazed!" interposed Stamboyse, coldly, grasping his sister's hands with an iron strength. He held her at arms' length, fixing his clear, deeply-set, grey eyes upon her excited countenance. She fell upon his arm, broken, and weeping again.

"Michael, my brother; my dear, dear brother!" moaned she, "you cannot, oh, you cannot be so hard upon him, and upon me—he was my Leonard! he is just the age that you were when you were ill at Limburg, and when our mother wept herself blind over you! He is so like you when you were ill! I've often thought so. And I love him as I loved you then; as our mother loved you. I've never, never liked to goad, to drive him to his work. God help me! I've been made to make him hate me! Oh, you are so very cruel. Michael, my curses be upon you—you've killed him! killed him!"—and she writhed upon his arm.

Michael Stamboyse, still holding her in his iron grasp, forced her down upon a chair; and still holding her, spoke slowly, with a deep quivering of anger running through his voice. As if an electric shock had passed through Mrs. Mordant she sat like one transfixed, her lips apart, and her large shining eyes motionless as mirrors, gazing upon her brother.

"Ursula," spoke he, "that he is your son I forget, and will ever forget; but I will not forget that he is the son of a certain Augustus Mordant; a poet, you called him—a trumpery, beggarly spendthrift and scamp, I call him—this I shall not forget. Neither shall I forget that this poet, this fiddler, this painter, this beggar, led you a life worse than the life of a dog—a dog? worse than the life of a galley-slave! This I will never forget! Neither will I forget, that, because my sister loved the son of this scamp, I took him, for her sake, to bring him up like a man, and to teach him to earn his mother's bread and his own bread honestly—to put an end to the curse which you have drawn wilfully upon yourself, Ursula. But the mad blood of that poet, that trumpery beggar, runs in his veins. When I've seen him, seated at his desk, pull out behind my back his puling plays, have seen him scribbling rubbish over honest invoices, have seen him bringing with him into my house his rubbishing weeds and trash, his paint, his music, I could have many a time felled him to the earth—and I should have done it, but for you. You've been a brave woman, Ursula, and have done what you could do to bend him to my will;—but now let him go—go to the gallows and he will! He'll bring only misery upon you, upon himself. Never more speak to me of him, Ursula, never more bring him here—or you quit my house."

Michael Stamboyse gazed fixedly and silently upon his sister, then ungrasped her shoulder, and leaving her still transfixed upon her chair, like one in a trance, he moved sternly and coldly towards the breakfast-table. He began imperturbably to pour himself out coffee—his lips more firmly compressed than ever, his whole countenance looking as if cast in bronze.

But Ursula could not have continued long seated thus impassive—her pleadings, her upbraidings must have been

up to a surprising state of anger, both with his sister and her son—as nearly four hours later, we still find him so far oblivious to ordinary routine, as to enter his counting-house as we have already described.

At that moment, following Ursula, we find her rapidly talking aloud to herself, and pacing up and down that chamber which for five long years, until this morning, had been her son's. It was an attic in the roof—a dormer window looked down into a smoke-dried town garden; before the window stood a table upon which lay a few books, a heap of lichens, and a number of sheets of coarse cartridge-paper, covered with rough, but spirited sketches. Two figures of singular character were sketched in charcoal upon the whitewashed wall. One, a large winged angel with hair blown backwards from his solemn brows, with upraised hands, inciting to action a sluggish human being bowed at his feet, and yet throned upon a sphere; around, in wide sweep, stretched a band of stars, wending in rapid speed along their rejoicing courses. Beneath was written, "Arise! Join thy kindred stars."

The narrow bed, covered with its white Marseilles quilt, stood across the room undisturbed by a sleeper during the night. A drawer, emptied of its contents, stood open in the chest of drawers; a small book-case hanging against the wall seemed also to have been rifled.

Ursula, blinded with her tears, wrung her hands violently, and flung herself convulsively upon the bed, pressing the pillow to her lips, to her heart,—then starting up, she hurried to the table searching wildly for some lines traced by the beloved hand, some last words of consolation,—but there were none; gazing around the room in mute despair, her eyes rested upon a nail above his pillow,—there had hung a sketch of her, made a few weeks ago by Leonard,—it was gone. The unhappy mother flung herself upon her knees, and with a calmer grief in her sad face than we have yet seen there, ejaculated, "Holy Mother of God, I bless, I glorify thee; my Leonard has forgiven my horrible words of last night; he has forgiven, he loves me!"

Leonard Mordant was seated up high on the gypsum cliffs at Clifton-grove, a lonely wood over-hanging the river Trent, some five miles from Nottingham. It was a wild, yet nevertheless a cheerful scene that December morning. The river, which in summer glides so peacefully along beneath the bowery trees, was now partially frozen; large masses of ice were borne along by the wintry current; the trees of the grove were glittering with hoar-frost as were the tangles of creeping plants which festooned portions of the precipitous cliff, along the bare riven face of which gleamed, amid the red earth, snowy sparkling strata of gypsum. It had always been an especially favourite haunt of Leonard Mordant, this bold cliff, with its legend of the "Fair Maid of Clifton," and the memories attaching to it of the young poet, Kirko White, and of various other local writers both of prose and poetry. The sun gleamed out joyously, and from amid the frosted branches birds flew to and fro, scattering around them the silvery rime, and uttering sharp, clear winter notes.

Leonard had started with earliest dawn from the old attic in the house of his uncle, with bitterest anger boiling within his soul both against his uncle and his mother. "Why must any human being, forsooth, yield up his soul, his life, to a career which was abhorrent to his nature? What were the mere ties of nature, of blood, in comparison to the yearning love which had impelled him again and again to seek out for himself an abode among forms of beauty, of strength, of gentleness? There was a world, he knew, where what he aspired to do and to become was a thing worshipped, applauded, crowned with bay and with myrtle, and oh, ungoaded, untaunted, to yield himself up, body and soul, to the service of a divine art—what bliss! His spirit would clear itself of all bitterness, all contempt and anger, all would be harmonious, easy; he could then believe in a God of love; his soul must involuntarily sing each day deepest hymns and praises to the God who had created such wonders of loveliness—

poets all sang the praises of this divine something in the world; he had seen at times forms of marble and of clay, or forms traced upon canvas or upon paper, which had thrilled him like the sound of organs and of trumpets; his hand quivered to create some tangible expression of what burnt within him, and to electrify other human beings who groaned like himself under slavish bonds. Oh! to be up and doing that which would be to him life—full, true life. God scatters his wondrous poetry upon every bough, every blade of grass, every feather of a bird, every scale of a fish, every leaf of a flower; yet if he sought to love this God as he alone could love him,—as the awful Poet, the awful Painter—he was upbraided in cruellest terms, he was subjected to punishments which would be indignities to a child. Was he a child? No; a man's heart he felt beat warmly, indignantly, in his breast; a man's determination curved his youthful lips into a sternness scarcely less severe than that which now sate upon Michael Stamboyse's mouth. What were lace, and stockings, and lodgers, and invoices, and money to him? To sell his whole youth, his manhood, his age to them—better a thousand fold, he thought, be dead, be dust such as he trampled beneath his feet! And to be upbraided by his own mother, month after month, year after year,—by his mother who did know something of that world to which he was akin; to have his every impulse thwarted, turned into miserable reproof; to hear a certain Ellis Stamboyse, the cold-hearted, the prosaic Ellis, held up over him as the pattern, the ideal upon which he must mould himself; to eternally hear his father's memory reviled, his every action held up as deadly warning! Oh, that was worse, bitterer than aught else! The crisis of his fate had come;—he would be—he was free!"

With such thoughts fermenting within him, this youth of sixteen set forth to seek his fortune. A few clothes, his palette, paint-box, an old flute, and three favourite books—an odd volume of a diamond edition of the "Arabian Nights' Entertainment," an odd volume of "Percy's Relics," and "Schiller's Ballads,"—books purchased and read by stealth—together with the sketch of his mother, Leonard had packed up with burning heart and trembling hands,—he now bore upon his shoulder, by means of an old fishing-rod, his precious treasure, formed into a considerable bundle; money he also had in his waistcoat pocket to the amount of ten shillings. His whole appearance would have reminded any one familiar with Germany of a travelling "Händlerbursch," or journeyman—the German blood in his veins might to a degree account for this, and might account also for the German character of his face, with its dreamy eyes, and for the more than ordinary length which he had allowed his rich brown hair to attain. His tall, slender, boyish figure, was arrayed in a sartout—his uncle having early dressed him as a man. As Leonard, after an hour and half's rapid walking, flung himself down upon the brink of the precipitous cliff, it would be difficult to say whether, at that moment, intense joy or intense bitterness was strongest in his soul.

The cheerful peacefulness of the place smote upon his spirit with a strange tenderness, and hot tears chased each other down his animated youthful face. In the silence of the wintry solitude, with the intoxicating sense of freedom within him, his soul forgave his mother her bitter words: "Mother, you shall yet be proud of me; you shall forgive my father's injuries, and acknowledge his genius through me—my triumphant success shall be my revenge! You shall alone hear of me, you, Michael Stamboyse, laceman and hosier, whom I renounce, and you, mother, whom I adore, when to know me is to be honoured! Dear woods and river, who to me have been tenderer friends than they, listen and record my vow! you were last night the innocent cause of my offence, you are the cause of my new-born freedom of to-day; in presence of you I dedicate myself to art as to a divine service—I consecrate myself as in a holy temple; I will celebrate in presence of you my triumph."

Leonard flung his arms round the stem of a giant beech-tree which overhung the chasm; at its feet was a soft cushion of velvety moss, which alone out vividly from the snow and rime. Upon this he knelt; he pressed his burning lips upon the

smooth rim of the great tree's hollow; his burning tears fell upon the moss, and he prayed fervently, enthusiastically, an artist's prayer to the Great Creative Artist. Do not smile at poor Leonard's enthusiasm: his art was his religion; he staked his all upon it; he offered up, at this moment, to his idol, his worldly hopes, his human love.

To him the only true world was the world of the poets. No external symbol of devotion would to his soul—half child's, half man's soul—have appeared absurd or extravagant.

At this moment Ursula, at the bed-side in the attic, was praying. Upon her idol she had staked her all; and she had registered a vow—a vow to the Virgin—to reclaim her son, were it at the cost of her very life, of her eternal welfare.

Michael Stamboyse, at the same hour in his counting-house, registered a vow, a vow utterly to root out human love from his upright, honourable, though somewhat narrow soul.

How these three vows were kept, we will trace out in our story.

Leonard's prayer, breathing up through the frosty air and silvery branches, "like pious incense from a censor old," was ended now. He rose from his knees, resumed his bundle, and retraced his steps through the grove. His face beamed with a joy fresher than the morning sunshine; his, at this moment, was a transfigured countenance, such as Raphael's inspired hand might have immortalised as the countenance of a seraph. He hastened along towards the great high-road leading towards London, with the step and speed of a Mercury.

It was with special intent that Leonard had chosen Clifton Grove as the scene of his consecration. As he had said, this beautiful spot had been the cause of his freedom; in what manner we must inform our readers.

Michael Stamboyse, though a severe disciplinarian, was not what might be called a hard guardian towards Leonard. Leonard had his small allowance of pocket-money, and also, what he valued much more, a certain allowance of time at his own disposal. But both of money and time his uncle demanded always the exactest account. This often became the cause of miserable bickerings between uncle and nephew, between mother and son, Mrs. Mordant always siding against her son, though she passionately loved him. Leonard was not naturally very conscientious, and his temperament of a dreamer fostered his disinclination to punctuality, and to such homely virtues. Thus, on the afternoon of the 14th of December, his uncle having, in voluntary good faith, given him permission to enjoy an hour or two's skating, the ice being this winter remarkably good, and Michael Stamboyse, being an advocate for all manly exercises, Leonard had left home in the highest spirits. But by a certain hour, before the warehouses were closed for the evening, Leonard must punctually return; this was the condition of the holiday. To insure punctuality in Leonard, his uncle, upon his last birthday, had given him a handsome silver watch, but the injunctions accompanying the birthday present had greatly destroyed his pleasure in the gift.

Leonard, in the silence of the woods, gliding rapidly along over the icy mirror, his frame exhilarated by the delightful exercise, his fancy revelling in worlds of beauty which each frozen bank, each passing cloud, revealed to him,—how could he be expected to remember the flight of time or business? When the crescent moon showed herself in the peach-coloured heavens on the one hand, whilst on the other the sun was sinking through a glowing gush of roseate light, and the leafless trees raised their myriad delicate twigs and branches through the frosty air, weaving marvellous tracery of slenderest lines athwart the translucent sky, he was still amidst the woods. And even upon his homeward path, when his skates hung in one hand, with the other he was picking up tufts of moss or quaint branches, covered with lovely lichens, golden, green, and hoary, as with venerable age; or now he paused to admire a tangle of wild spear-grass, encrusted with frost, or watched a pert robin-redbreast, pecking about upon the mossed foot-stool of some giant of the wood; or a timid woodmouse, rustling amidst the red, fallen beech-leaves. And when gentle stars twinkled down through the deadling network of branches,

and the hush of night was over the woods, and fields, and river, he was still far from home.

As he neared, his uncle's house, and the prosaic voices of the town were around him, a dreariness and dissatisfaction fell upon him, and his spirit cried out within him, "Why, then, is the strongest passion of my soul to be ever crushed and turned into poison and sin! Why cannot, and should not, duty and happiness be synonymous!"

Alas! poor Leonard, you had not yet learned that there is a statute by which each human soul is necessitated to renounce before it can enjoy! Alas! poor Leonard, you had not learned that every human soul, be it endowed with the rarest gifts of intellect, of imagination, must bow submissively to those laws of ordinary duty laid down by God for the gifted as well as for the ungifted; and that the more glorious the gifts, the more awful is the responsibility, the more terrible the expiation! Alas! poor Leonard, no one had as yet taught you this lesson—how will you learn it? how will you profit by it, if ever learnt? Can you read the moral of your miserable father's life, can you profit by that? Have you not seen how he sank himself and his beautiful endowments into deepest contempt, sulling his genius and his mission in the world by his miserable moral weaknesses, and causing many upright and honourable men to confound genius and infamy—an old and sickening tale in the world's history! Oh, Leonard! might it be granted to you his son to teach the world a wiser tale. Oh, Leonard! might it be granted to you to develop the germ of conscience implanted within your breast, so that her large wings should ever enfold you; that her severe, but divine words, should ever guide you—for without her your genius must be a curse, an intensest curse to yourself, and to all loving, to all admiring you!

When Leonard entered the hall of his uncle's house, his dissatisfaction with himself increased in a tenfold degree, and he was stealthily ascending the staircase towards his chamber, when he heard his uncle calling to him in a voice more than ordinarily stern. Leonard opened the door of the sitting-room, where his uncle sat at an escrutoir which was scattered over with papers. A glance at his uncle's countenance showed Leonard that he had little mercy to expect for his transgression, slight as it appeared in his own eyes. He little knew that another and more heinous crime was about to be brought up against him, which would throw his smaller transgression into the background entirely.

"Leonard, did not I desire you to countermand the consignment of goods, on the 30th of April last, to Lomere and Monado, of Valparaiso?" demanded his uncle.

"Yes, sir, you did," replied Leonard clearly, but nevertheless with a great horror creeping over him.

"Good," said Stamboyse, his countenance relaxing something of its severity and displeasure; "and you did so, of course—this is better than I could have hoped."

"But I did not countermand the consignment, sir," returned poor Leonard, growing suddenly intensely hot, and his words chasing each other rapidly over his tongue.

"Good heavens! you did not countermand the consignment, Leonard, when I had expressly commanded it! Pray what excuse can you offer for so extraordinary an action? Do you know that your disgraceful negligence will have caused our house a loss of at least several thousand pounds? and this through so pitiful, so disgusting a blunder of yours, that I have not words to express my contempt of you. How was it, Leonard, that you so strangely disobeyed my commands? Speak!"

"The day you first desired me to write I omitted to do so; I forgot, sir; and then I delayed to write till the time for the next mail arrived, and then I again forgot, and then as it was so long after date I—"

"You are the most confounded simpleton that ever set foot in my premises!" thundered the irate merchant. "You are running as fast as you can the career of your contemptible father, your head is stuffed with nothing but trash and folly; if you would only have taken example by Ellis when he was here. Do you hear me, young sir? Once for all,

unless I see you this very night before my eyes destroy all your trumpery plays, pictures, and rubbish, and unless you humble yourself before me, your uncle and sole protector, I will turn you out a beggar into the streets as I took you. Miserable young coxcomb as you are, is not an honest invoice more honourable than all the silly trash with which your head is crammed? Bring me this instant your books; do you hear me? I'll teach you to show contempt and disobedience!"

"I shall do no such thing, sir, as bring my books to you," replied Leonard, proudly, somewhat disrespectfully even, his face flushing scarlet, and his voice and whole frame quivering with excitement. "I beg your pardon, sir, for what I have done wrong, and I will endeavour in future to do better; but I can do no more, and I will not bring my books."

"You will not, Leonard," exclaimed his uncle, with ever rising excitement, "then begone with you out of my sight, miserable boy, lest I should be tempted to forget myself;" and the old merchant waved his hand towards the door.

Leonard retired with a proud bearing, and with eyes flashing keen anger. Upon the stairs his mother beset him with bitter reproaches, and prophecies that he would run a career miserable as that of his father. Leonard pushed violently past her, rushed up stairs, and locked himself in his chamber.

But we must return to the poor youth whom we left commencing his pilgrimage towards the great metropolis, with a vast intoxication in his heart of mingled freedom and ambition.

As he wended his way, Leonard's mind, in its excited state, seemed to compass whole years to come, and whole years of his past career in a manner almost magical. Pictures of past realities and pictures of the imaginary future teemed in increasing succession through his fertile brain. Now, he had attained to the knowledge and practical experience of a great painter, and standing in a lofty studio, surrounded by hushed silence, was tracing out upon a canvas of a colossal size, a composition of surpassing beauty, and fraught with a deep symbolic meaning—it was but one composition out of a vast cycle—which he called the "Religion of the Nations." Upon one figure he was working, and so beautiful was it, that he himself stood awe-stricken before it, and felt as though, not *his hand*, but the hand of an angel had traced it for him—the tears of joy and excitement glowed upon his cheeks;—now, suddenly, he was back again in the attic in his uncle's home, it was an early summer morning, the house was silent as the studio of his imagination, he had started with sudden joy from his pillow; it was to look at a sketch which last night he had made, and which he had placed upon a chair at the foot of his bed. Was that then really *his* sketch, how charming it looked in the morning-light!—what love, what compassion he felt for that sweet deserted Annie of Locroyen—he was no longer in the heart of a busy trading town, but away among the stern wild scenery of Scotland, transported back into the ages of romance. He knew well enough, that there was no portion of the sketch which did not proclaim his want of skill, his ignorance of the material portion of his art—but the soul! the soul was there! the sea foamed and dashed upon the desolate beach, the sea-mews skimmed in careering circles above the retreating waves and storm-clouds—the lonely magnificent bark of the deserted lady, tossed upon the boiling sea in the far distance, and the poor white corpse had been flung in fury, like a wreath of foam, upon the rocky steps of her cruel lover's tower—the tower that shone like silver. The joy of that early morning had in it the *vernal* freshness of a first love—it was an hour Leonard would never forget, let him live till he were a hundred years or more.

Or days still farther removed from the present were with him in imagination. He was scarcely more than an infant—surely, he was so very small; it seemed to him that he sat upon his mother's lap—how beautiful she was then in her pale amber-coloured silk, with a long string of jet beads, which he loved to play with, hanging round her neck. She pressed him so violently to her heart, straining him so painfully again to the string of beads and large jet chain, that he wore that he cried out with pain—and even raised his little

hand, and in childish passion struck her!—and she had dashed him off her knees, uttering strange words he could not understand, and flung herself wildly before a picture in her little room—an old strange picture of the Crucifixion, with folding wings, upon which glowed in hues rich as the lines of sunset, quaint figures of saints and martyrs. The whole scene was present to him—the very shadows of the late summer's evening in the little room, the scent of clematis pouring in from the festooned verandah in richest gushes, the sounds of gay laughter rising from the room beneath. And now the door was opened, it seemed to him so suddenly; but he must have fallen asleep upon the floor, for there he lay, his head close to his mother's harp, and all was dark in the

round his neck and kissed him, and then he had sung a little song to the gentlemen, whilst his father accompanied him on the piano, and his father had sung a song of his own writing, and there had been such a grand, beautiful night.

And the memories of that time were all a strange mingling of brilliancy, beauty, bitter distress, and contention between his unhappy parents. The gayer, the more brilliant, was his father, the more unhappy was his mother. But there were times, too, when his father was *not* gay, and those to Leonard were much the most horrible times—times when his father sat with his head for hours bowed upon his knees, and when his eyes had such a wild look of despair in them that Leonard had once hidden himself for hours underneath



THE SKETCH ON THE WALL.

room, and his mother was gone; but the room was full of light instantaneously, and there was his father looking so gay and handsome, and there were several gentlemen with him—men whose names, child as he was, he had been taught to honour with a romantic reverence, but how taught, or wherefore, he scarcely knew—and all was so brilliant and beautiful instantly; he was wide awake; he had been picked up by his father who said something which made all his friends laugh very much, and he, little Leonard, laughed very much, and then the gentlemen laughed still more; and one gentleman, Mr. Pierrpoint, Leonard seemed to call him, had patted him on the head and said he would be as brilliant a wit as his father; and Leonard sat upon his father's knee, and flung his arms

the sofa, to avoid looking at his father; but still when he crept out again there his father still sat before the fire, gazing as intently and horribly as ever at it; his feet in their scarlet Turkish slippers set upon the fender, just as he had sat when Leonard had last looked at him; and his hands, which were white as the marble of Chantrey's bust of him, which stood on a bracket above the sideboard, trembling so violently that the heavy purple cord and tassel of his velvet dressing-gown, grasped in them, vibrated like to a pendulum. Oh, what strange alterations there seemed to have been in Leonard's childhood. There were times when his father lavished money upon every one who came near him—upon his mother, upon himself—what lovely beautiful dresses did not his

father purchase for them,—what groups of alabaster Nymphs and Venuses, Apollos and Mercuries, arrived for the drawing-room,—what richly-bound books and engravings for the library,—what grand suppers and pic-nics were given to all the charming, gay gentlemen,—what a deal of champagne was drunk, what sparkling words were uttered! Then there were terrible times, when not a shilling was in the house. He remembered well, how once his mother had hidden herself in a closet of her dressing-room, behind a cloak hanging upon the wall, because a quantity of fruit and flowers had been brought by Mr. Pierrpoint's servant for her, and she would not be found because she had no half-crown, no shilling even, to give the bearer of the present. He remembered times when people with bills beset the house from early morn till midnight; he remembered people coming and sitting hours and hours in the hall, refusing to leave the house without the something which they came for; he remembered, too, how more than once a stranger had come, to all appearance a gentleman, and made himself at home most wonderfully, acting most wonderfully, for after an angry altercation with Leonard's father, the stranger had locked the master of the house up in his own study, and putting the key in his pocket had taken possession of the dining-room adjoining for the whole day, reading the newspapers and writing there, and eating and drinking there most comfortably, and never unlocking the study door till evening, when he went in and returned with many written sheets of paper in his hand, all written by his prisoner, who now came out, also, laughing, rubbing his hands with glee, and clapping his jailor on his back, as though they were the heartiest of friends. But Leonard's mother cried and wrung her hands bitterly when the stranger, laughing also, drove away in a fine, close carriage which came for him.

Then there were times yet still more miserable: when the beautiful little house was filled with rude men, carrying away the lovely books, pictures, statuettes; when Chantrey's bust went, when the harp and piano went, when Leonard's father was gone where no one knew, and Leonard's mother lay all night and day weeping and weeping on her bed; and little Leonard, with no one to think of him, played all day long among the rose-bushes and white lilies in the little garden with the greyhound Sylvio. And then all brilliancy and beauty had passed out of Leonard's childhood, and a dull, ashy-grey-ness had settled down over him and his unhappy mother, who was grown so very thin, and wore such faded dresses, dresses as faded as herself; and they went on dull days, in a dull, moody way, to a dull strange place, where his father, faded as themselves, but not as melancholy, was always found now among numbers of other faded men, in a place from which he never went forth, until dreary death, upon a dull November night, opened to him the gates.

Leonard's head fell upon his breast, from which burst forth a moan, as the sad dreary picture swam before his tearful eyes, for it was towards the scene of all this misery—great London—that he was now plodding his weary way. What future lay before him, asked his heart; was it a future drear as this? He looked around him. It was already twilight, cold and cheerless twilight. Leonard's heart fainted within him with a sickness which only strengthened as the sounds of village life broke upon his ear, the blacksmith's cheerful hammer ringing through the twilight, and the shouts of children still playing on the green.

THE GOODS TRAIN.

HAVING already directed the attention of our readers to some facts of interest in reference to the working of the passenger department of our railways, and followed the career of an express train, we have now briefly to trace the history of the management of the other feature of our railway system; and to see how it is that the vast and ponderous material resources of our country, and of other lands, are distributed in such a way as to meet the wants of the public.

Our earliest railways may be said to have been goods lines, and there are many which derive their chief and almost exclusive means of revenue from this source. Coals, cotton, timber, minerals, merchandise, and provisions of all kinds, raw and manufactured, are daily transmitted in unnumbered tons weight to various districts of the land; supplying the forge and the loom, the shop and the cupboard, with the materials for labour and the necessities and luxuries of life. And when it is remembered that all that has to be done, in order that a pound of tea or a thousand tons of iron may be dispatched to any point of the country within a few hours, is for us to deliver the goods at a railway depôt, with a plain direction annexed to it, there is little difficulty in seeing that some mighty and elaborate agency must be at work for the regular and orderly carrying on of so great an undertaking. Into the method by which this is accomplished, we propose now to look.

The extent and importance of the goods department of our railways depends upon the characteristics of the country which the line traverses, whether agricultural, commercial, or mineral. In some districts a heavy goods train is a rarity, and the company finds its support almost exclusively from the passenger traffic; while in others, very heavily laden trains of goods are of constant occurrence. Now on the lines which diverge from London there is a striking difference in these respects. The goods departments of the South-Eastern, Brighton, and South-Western lines are comparatively insignificant, while from and to the North-Western, Great-Western, and Great-Northern termini there every day emerge or immerge numberless waggon loads of merchandise, coal, and agricultural produce. To provide for this, very extensive and complete arrangements have been made. In order that a clear idea on this part of the subject may be formed, we propose to visit the Camden depôt of the London and North-Western Railway, where all the processes of receiving and dispatching goods may be witnessed on the largest scale, since no fewer than from forty to fifty goods trains pass in and out of this station every day, nearly all of them being of the most ponderous description.

When the traveller leaves the Euston Station by train, he passes along some short tunnels, and between the walls of a cutting through the London clay, till at length he crosses the Regent's canal, and emerges on an open level space, covered with lines of rails, buildings, and the etceteras of a railway establishment. If he sit with his face to the engine he will see on the right the goods department, and if he will step out at the Camden Junction Station, he will soon find himself in the heart of the business and bustle of this interesting spot.

The goods department consists of two principal parts, that provided for the arrival and that for the departure trains. Some large roofed buildings close to the Regent's canal, with adjacent offices, are devoted to this service, and here may be witnessed the arrangements incidental to such an establishment. As soon as a goods train arrives at Camden-town, its loaded waggons are shunted down to the immediate vicinity of the warehouses, and are then drawn by horses into various little inlets, and on to various little branch rails, and being conducted along-side platforms provided for the purpose, they are speedily unladen by experienced porters, aided by powerful cranes. The spring waggons by which the goods are conveyed to different parts of the metropolis to which they may be consigned, have meanwhile been wheeled up to the other side of the platform, and their burden is then deposited upon them, attention being, of course, directed to the arrangement of the packages in the order in which they may have to be removed. A most extensive and minute system of book-keeping is observed, by clerks placed at all the sections of the warehouse, every package being entered in a variety of ways in different books, since the carrier has to deal with the consignor, the consignee, the manager of the country depôt, and one or more railway companies, in respect to every package.

Arrangements of a similar kind have also been made for the dispatch of the down-trains. The waggons and carts of the

company have been gradually accumulating a cargo of packages of all sizes and weights, which must be forwarded to the country; and such is the completeness of the proceedings, that fifty waggon-loads of merchandise have often been dispatched to the manufacturing districts within two hours. The scene presented while these arrangements are going on is often very animated; while the variety of goods includes almost everything which can be conceived. "Here comes a truck of mustard, in small casks, followed by another full of coffee; there goes a barrow-load of drugs, preceding a cask of spirits, which, to prevent fraud, has just been weighed, tapped, gauged, and sampled; also several trucks full of household furniture, the family warning-pan being tacked round the body of the eight-day clock. This extraordinary whirl of business, set to music by the various noises proceeding from the working of the steam-cranes, steam-dollars, steam-capstan, common cranes, and other machinery above the platform—from the arrival, turning, backing, and departure of spring-waggons beneath it"—from the rumbling of porters' trucks crossing the platform, and of the railway vans that have been laden and which are rolled away—forms a most lively and interesting spectacle.

The cattle department of the goods arrangements of a company must not pass without a word. The general practice, a few years ago, was for all the sheep and beasts which are required for the London market to be driven up to the metropolis, or to the other great towns; now they are usually conveyed by railway, and sometimes over great distances. Provision has to be made for their transport by a supply of engines, trucks, pens, and landing-places at which they may be embarked or disembarked. Thus at the Camden Station of the North-Western line, extensive arrangements have been made on this account, and fifty waggon-loads of bullocks, sheep, calves, or pigs, may be unloaded at once, and are then driven into strong pens constructed close at hand, or are taken away by the drovers to the layers, where they are to remain till they are required within the precincts of the market known to those professionally connected with it by the euphonic designation—"Smiffel." On the arrival of a train of cattle, it has been well remarked, that it is interesting to see such a quantity of polished horns, bright eyes, streams of white breath, and healthy, black, wet noses projecting above the upper rail of their respective waggons; and fatal as is the object of their visit to John Bull's metropolis, it is some consolation to remember, that—poor things—they are, at all events, in ignorance of the fate that awaits them. In some instances great trouble has been occasioned by the resistance which some have made to their being put "on board" the trains, and even two hours have been occupied in the attempt to get one into a carriage; while sometimes, in disembarking them, in spite of every precaution, an infuriated Welsh or Irish bullock will occasionally escape from the platform, and by roaring, jumping, and galloping, with depressed head and up-stretched tail—

("Hereditary bondsmen! know ye not,
Who would be free, himself must strike the blow!")

—create no small consternation and confusion among the porters, policemen, and pointsmen in charge of the various sets of tributary rails which flow from the waggon department into the main line.

In order to give some idea of the extent of business transacted in these departments, it will be well to mention, that, during the six months ending the 26th of August, 1848, 73,732 waggon-loads of goods entered or departed from Camden Station alone. The merchandise vehicles of the London and North-Western Railway are as follows:—

Waggons	8,195
Sheep Vans	232
Lorries, Trucks, Carts, &c.	15
Crib-rails	1,155
Sheets	5,150
Horses	162

On other lines, however, other classes of vehicles are chiefly found, and hence, on the Taff Vale Railway, in South Wales, it is not uncommon to see a train of as many as a hundred or a hundred and ten coal waggons followed within a few minutes by heavily-laden trains of minerals.

In referring to the goods department it must be remarked, that the waggon stock on many lines is of a very defective kind in some important respects. Whether the absence of direct danger to human life, or an injudicious economy, has been the cause, the fact is, that in no portion of our railway system has so little advancement been made, and in none, at the present moment, is there so great a necessity for a complete reform. In this respect it is confessed by the parties on whom the arrangement devolves that England is far behind the railways of the continent of Europe. The axles of waggon stock have, in many instances, been of the most faulty model and material. The accidents to the trains from the fracture of these parts have been very numerous, while the destruction of property has been sufficient to have paid for a very superior vehicle. Many points of interest have yet to be settled in the matter of construction which are yet open for dispute. The form and shape of the axle itself, the fact of the crystallisation of the iron by repeated vibrations; and the peculiar causes of incipient fractures, are still debatable points which should be disposed of.

The most defective part of the waggon is, however, in the mode of coupling. This is, as Captain Huish himself tells us, of the rudest kind, and it is a matter of surprise that a vigorous and combined effort has not been made by the railway interest to improve it. Very few merchandise waggons have spring buffers, and even those that have them are simply linked together by a loose chain. Every one must have noticed the bumping sound produced in the starting and stopping of a goods train. Even where the driver is very careful, the succession of heavy blows is sufficient to injure the stock, and to break any delicate articles that may be conveyed in the trucks; but when it becomes necessary to arrest a train suddenly, the shocks are very destructive to the framework. This evil is aggravated by the variety in the kind of waggon, and the irregularity of loading, which is common; for, from the through system of traffic which has come into practice, the waggons of half a dozen companies may frequently be found in one train; and as these are not built to any particular height or breadth, the ends do not strike evenly, and on receiving a check, a tendency to mount is apparent. When covered vans, low timber trucks, and box waggons, are all near together, in trains of from thirty to sixty vehicles, and at speeds varying from fifteen to twenty miles an hour, it is no wonder that a traffic so conducted is subject to continual accident; and the circumstance of comparative freedom from heavy casualties, is rather an evidence of the extreme safety of transit over parallel iron bars than any defence of a system which is no credit to the mechanical skill of the country. Until every waggon is coupled up to spring buffers, in the same manner as a passenger carriage, and till the central height and breadth between the buffers is regulated according to a fixed standard, the risk of accidents and the certainty of damage must continue.

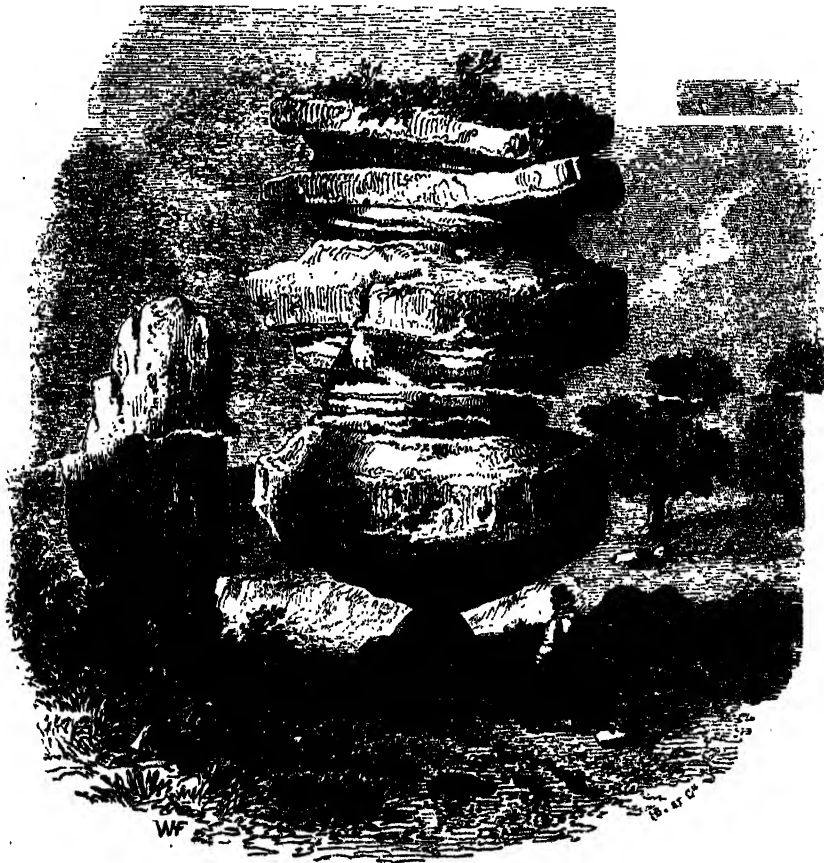
As an indication of the enormous business done in this department, it may be mentioned that on the London and North-Western line, the receipts amount to nearly £800,000 per annum, omitting the cost of collection and delivery, besides some £90,000 a year which they obtain for the transit of coals, and £70,000 for cattle. While the utmost care and activity is obviously necessary in the management of so unprecedented a traffic, for the prevention of accident, it is gratifying to find that the improved arrangements which experience has suggested have given increased security and immunity from danger to the working of even the most crowded lines. We trust, however, that still further care will be exercised, in order that the public confidence, which has been of late somewhat impaired in one or two quarters, may be fully restored.

THE BRIMHAM ROCKS, YORKSHIRE.

In Yorkshire, some miles from Ripley, upon the road leading to Patley Bridge, may be seen groups of rocks of a strange form, known under the name of the "Brimham Rocks." These groups, scattered irregularly over a space of about forty acres, evidently testify to the occurrence of some great convulsion of nature; but certain archaeologists consider these colossal stones to be Celtic monuments. This hypothesis is contrary to the generally received opinion, that Druidical monuments have in most cases been transported from a distance to the places in which they are generally found; this having been, it is said, a condition essential to their consecration. On the other hand, the Brimham Rocks do not present either in their form or in their position any of those characteristics which are always met with in those monuments amongst which it is sought to

show that the Brimham Rocks were in ancient times appropriated to the purposes of religion.

We have already spoken, in a former series of this work, of the multiplicity of these monuments in various parts of the United Kingdom and in France. In all likelihood the dispute as to the purpose for which the various structures known as *raths*, and cairns, &c., were originally intended will never be satisfactorily settled. The theory which connects them with the Druidical rites, seems to us most probable; and to all who have been familiarised with it from childhood, it would be unpleasant to have it overthrown by any cold criticism. The monks of the middle ages are famed for having an eye for the beautiful and picturesque in choosing sites for their monasteries; the Druids, if these monstrous circles were their



THE BRIMHAM ROCKS.

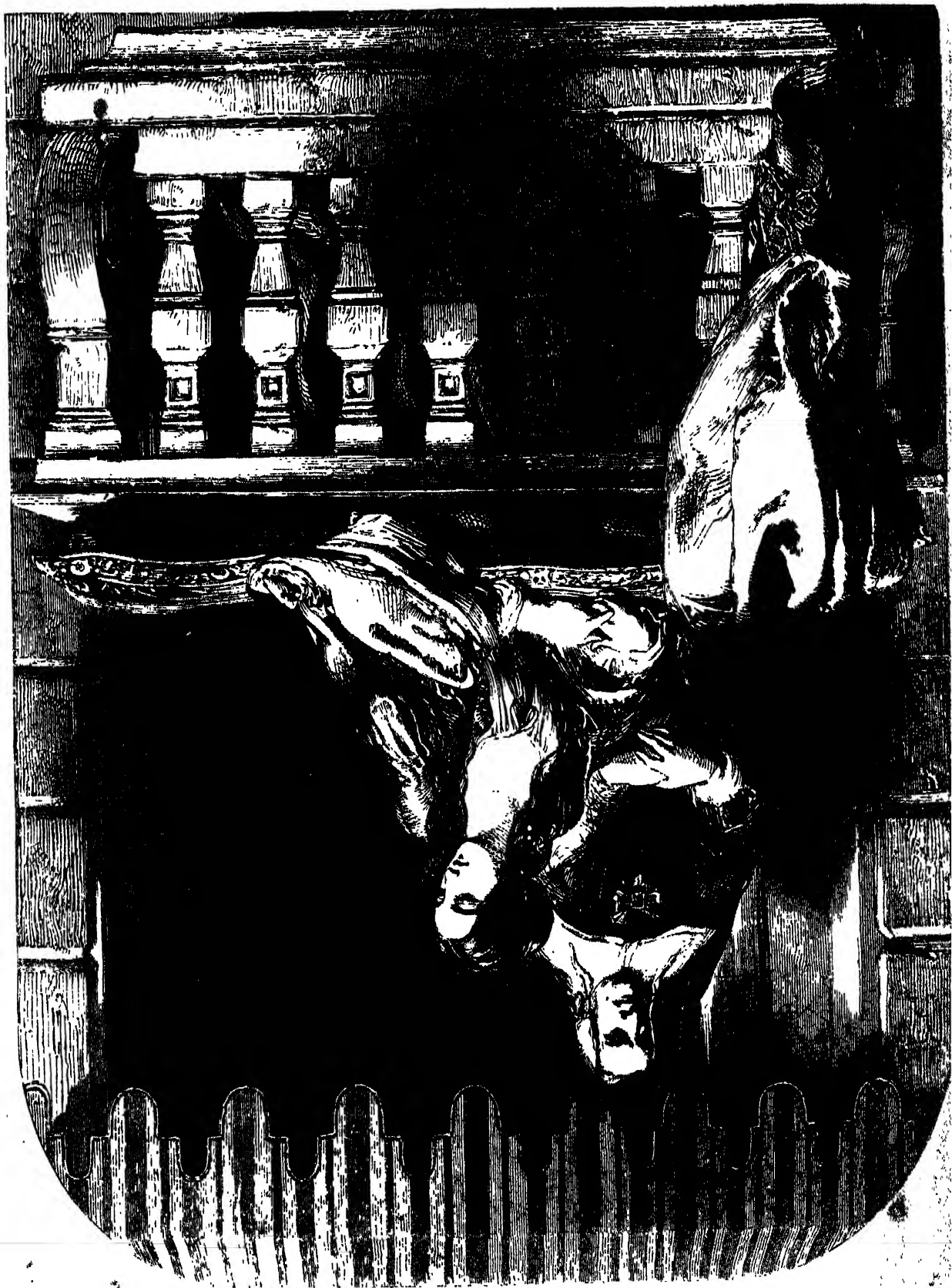
number them. It is true, only, that these stones have been dressed with some rude instrument. Many of them bear on the summit turning stones. That represented in our engraving, and which Mr. Hayman Rooke believes to be an idol, rests upon a large pedestal from one to two feet broad at its summit, and cut at the base in the form of a hexagon.

Another rock, called the Great Gun, gives out a hollow sound at one of its extremities, when one speaks in a low voice through a hole bored in the opposite side. Another, situated on a very high hill, projects its shadow, in the middle of the day, upon a neighbouring cottage. It is called the South Stone. Every year, on Midsummer-eve, time out of memory, a fire is lighted near this rock, and this tradition is one of the weightiest proofs that have been brought forward

temples, have a right to still greater praise for their love of the grand and sublime. Nearly all their monuments are to be found in the midst of scenes in which the mind could be most readily impressed with feelings of awe, resulting from outward impressions of immensity, or elevation—wide plains, or high hill tops commanding an extended prospect. On a lofty hill in Donegal, in Ireland, overlooking the vast tract of lake and mountains which in that wild region stretches along the coast of the Atlantic, with its base sloping to the edge of the stormy waters of Lough Swilly, there exists a Druidical circle, covering the space on the conical summit. A more fitting spot for a fire-worshipper to adore the rising or the setting sun exists not in nature.

BLANCA MOROSINI AND HER NURSE GIUDETTA IN THE BALCONY.

SCENE IN THE "DEAD BRIDAL."



THE DEAD BRIDAL.

A VENETIAN TALE OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

BY JONATHAN FREKE SLINGSBY.

CHAPTER IV.

"Man's love is of man's life a thing a-part;
 'Tis woman's whole existence; man may range
 The court, camp, church, the vessel and the mart;
 Sword, gown, gain, glory, offer in exchange,
 Pride, fame, ambition to fill up his heart,
 And few there are whom these cannot estrange."—Byron.

"Go to, sir; you are a vagabond, and no true traveller; you are more saucy with lords and honourable personages, than the heraldry of your birth and virtues give you commission. You are not worth a word, else I'd call you knave."—Shakespeare.

ONCE again the scene of our story changes. Pass we from the fort and the camp at Palestrina, and the Venetian armament besieging the Genoese in Chioggia; from war and warriors, and all the bustle and preparation which ever accompanies the presence of troops; from plots and counter-plots; from the cares that harass those upon whom the responsibility and the issue of the contest depend; from the cabals and treacheries and jealousies which thwart and distract the wisest counsels, and the most vigilant precautions;—pass we from all these to a scene of peace, where no strife intrudes to mar the tranquillity of nature; no evil passions to agitate the gentle breast;—pass we to a spot, where, without, a quiet heaven meets a quiet sea, and within, all is noiseless and serene beneath the gentle influences of woman.

It is still spring—spring in its youthful vigour and freshness, when its secret influences breathe with mysterious power through all nature, giving verdure to the herb, and bloom to the flower, and moving in the chambers of the blood, gives melody to the birds, and beauty to all animal life. "Primavera gioventù dell'anno"—the youth of the year as it is the youth of nature.

The sun had just sunk below the horizon in the south-west, but the flush of his light still streaked the lagunes and the distant line of waters, where, to the south, the Adriatic formed the boundary of the horizon, sky and water blending together imperceptibly. It was at this hour that two persons sat in a marble balcony which projected from the second story of a small but beautiful palazzo that stood upon the shore of the Adriatic, a short distance to the north-east of the city of Venice. The balcony gave to the south-west, and commanded an illimitable view along the waters southward, while turning landwards, the eye passed along the lagunes to the north of the city, and so by the island of Torcello, towards the far-off country of the Veronese.

The occupants of the balcony might well gaze upon the scene within the range of their vision, and yet it was a scene very dissimilar to that which meets the eye in the interior parts of Italy. There was here none of the beauties of verdure, little of the undulations of hill or valley; no lofty mountains shooting sky-ward in sharp distinctness till their snowy summits cleft the clouds and caught a rosy reflex from the sunset; no trailing vineyards, no dark deep forests; no, there was nothing of this sort to be seen: but in lieu of it there was that serene and elevating beauty which a vast plane of tranquil water presents, that sense of placid repose which is so deeply intensified at the hour of sunset. And so here the eye wandered complacently along the scarce moving expanse of sea, and then passing upwards from the distant horizon, followed the traces of the dying day, from the roseate verge of the waters, through a thousand hues fading undistinguishably the one into the other, till at last the gaze rested upon the deep blue of the mid-heaven. And exquisite, too, was it westward to traverse with a glance the sluggish lagunes and the flat country beyond them, all lit up in a golden haze, till the view was terminated in the distance by the soft and indistinct outlines of the hills of Verona.

One of those who sat in the balcony is of an age to feel the charm of the scene around her. A female, and a young one too—a girl just, apparently, at that age of life when, in that

sunny land, womanhood begins to steal upon the child of a year gone by, filling up the form into more perfect roundness, and with the mysterious power of Nature's agency, giving to the step a nameless grace, to the eye a richer light, to the cheek a fuller hue, and to the heart a deeper pulse. In stature she fell short of, rather than exceeded, the middle height, and her figure, though graceful in its outline, had not yet attained the fulness of mature womanhood. Reclining along the cushioned seat that ran around the inside of the balcony, the arm of the young girl rested on the carved rail of the balustrade, and as she bent her neck forward to catch the light breeze that, springing up from the seaward, came fraught with coolness and health to the shore, the fading light fell upon a face whose contour was beautifully oval, although its complexion, even though the sunlight now played upon it, seemed fainter and fairer than was usual with the daughters of her own land. Her eyes, too, it must be confessed, were not of that colour which, in all ages, Venetian ladies have considered as orthodox. They were not, in other words, deep, sparkling black: the darkest hue to which they could pretend was hazel, and yet they had no want of richness in their expression, but that richness was more to be found in the depth and tenderness of thoughtful feeling than in the brilliancy of a vivacious spirit; the brows—how expressive are woman's brows—were arched slightly, just enough to give the face the character of gentle and contemplative sweetness. The light breath of evening, that stirred the scalloped edges of the awning of green and amber striped silk above the balcony, shook from their velvet band (for they were no longer, as in the morning, frizzed out in the monstrous curls that rose like hills on either side of the forehead) the thick tresses of fine and lustrous light-brown hair, till they fell adown a neck as fair as snow. She wore a loose dress of rich silk brocade, with enormously full sleeves, and open at the neck, after the French fashion, then recently introduced into Italy, and which the Venetian ladies did not scruple to array themselves in when in their houses, by way of indemnifying themselves for the simplicity with which the regulations of the state obliged them to attire when in public.

We have certainly employed ourselves to very little purpose in the sketch which we have been just making, if we have not by this time contrived to impress our readers with the idea that they have been introduced to a very pretty girl. And, in truth, Bianca Morosini—for she it was who sat in the balcony this sweet evening—was a very pretty girl; nay, we think we are justified in saying she was beautiful, especially according to our western notions, though it must be admitted her beauty was of a different character to that which has ever been the most prized amongst the Venetians, resembling as it did rather that of the fairer children of our more northern clime. And as in feature so was she in character and disposition. Less brilliant, less dazzling, indeed, than the beautiful and sprightly brunettes, whose piercing glances and witching smiles have been celebrated by the songs of a thousand lovers, Bianca was of a quiet, sweet, and trustful nature, diffident in her own strength, and ever seeking some stronger arm to stay her—some firmer mind to guide her. Her shy loveliness was to the bolder beauty of the haughty dames of Venice, what twilight is to the noon-day. She was the only offspring

of a mother who had come from the farther side of the Alps, and whom she had lost in early childhood,—ere she had well understood that loss. And so she had turned with the whole strength of her heart to the parent that then survived. Nicolo Morosini sprang from one of the noblest families of Venice, which had given more than one doge to the republic. He was a man of hereditary virtue; he was an honest citizen, who knew not how to intrigue; a true patriot who loved the seignory; as a soldier he served the state and perished in that service, and it need scarce be said he died poor. To his truest friend and constant companion-in-arms, Andrea Polani, he entrusted, on his death-bed, his sole treasure, namely, his little daughter Bianca, a small patrimony on the Adriatic not far from Venice, and about as much property as sufficed for the decent interment of a poor but noble soldier of the republic. At the time of the death of her second parent, Bianca Morosini was still little more than a child. On the hearts of children grief, thank God, sits but lightly. The tear of sorrow soon ceased to swell in the eye of little Bianca, and ere many moons had passed after her removal to Polani's house, the gentle girl again began timidly to put forth the tendrils of her heart, with the instinct that sought to cling to some friendly support and be happy. But to whom was she to cling? The Count Polani was in the main kind and good to her; but his manner overawed her, and his age and habits removed her from his sympathy. Alas! poor child; she could but ineffectually grasp at him for support—ineffectually as the creeping plant grasps the hard cold surface of some stately granite column, but finds no soft or yielding spot whereunto it can attach itself. The count then supplied not to the girl even all that her father was to her, and he had no wife who might be to her as a mother.

One there was, however, in her new home, to whom her whole affections turned with the instinct of her dependent nature—one on whom her loving heart soon learned to lean with trustful and happy simplicity. Young Giulio, the count's only son, was a boy of, it might be, some three years her senior when his father brought the little orphan to his own home. To an only child, like Bianca, one who had scarce ever known a playmate, or a familiar less sober than her own father, or less ancient than good old Giudetta, her mother's favourite servant and then her own faithful nurse and friend, this new association was indescribably delightful. The joyous laughter, and the encouraging words of the gay and spirited boy awoke, or seemed rather to create, within the heart of the little Bianca a world of new sensations, bright sunny thoughts, and cheery visions of happy days; and as she joined him, at first timidly and wonderingly, in his youthful sports, or walked about trustfully under the guidance so ostentatiously afforded to her by the boy, she learned to associate, as imperceptibly as naturally, her young and artless life with his own, to let her own heart take its impulses and its direction from his mind, and to feel no pleasure, and no sorrow in which her new brother should not share and sympathise.

Young Giulio Polani's happiness at thus suddenly acquiring, as it were, a new sister, for the first time in his life, and possessing an object of interest and solicitude as novel as it was exciting, was not less than her own; while his pride was boundless, as he directed the movements, encouraged the essays, or soothed the apprehensions of his more timid companion. Giulio was a brave, high-spirited boy, with somewhat of his father's pride, and much of his frank generosity of nature, and withal a gentleness of bearing that he must have inherited from another source. It may well be, that a mother's nature here mingled in his being, for it is a truth, that much of the moral feelings and affections are derived from the mother, as the intellectual qualities are from the other parent. With all this, he was of an imaginative, susceptible temperament, with that strong passionate tendency which southern suns are sure to ripen; and he now found, though he was not himself conscious of it, what the heart of one, even as young as he was, seeks for—with an instinct that never errs—an object into which that heart may pour its own fulness, and be but the more full again.

Well, well, this is after all but an old tale—the history of the affections—a page of nature's mysticism, which has lain open for the perusal of human eyes, since human eyes first learned to look at each other, though men be sometimes too gross, or too hardened, or too much occupied with worldliness and debasing selfishness, to read or to understand it. Shall we then close the page? Be it so. I shall not, then, recount how these two grew up through youth's happiest spring time—loving, yet not knowing that they loved, or rather *how* they loved. And no wonder: for the passion stole upon them so imperceptibly, so unexcitingly, so naturally—sanctified to their own hearts by its purity; while to themselves, as to others, it wore but the semblance of that which brother and sister bear each other. The present, all peace, unreserve, and fulness of content; the future—ah! to the young there is no future—they never think of it save with trust, as that which shall fulfil the promise of to-day: to them, “to-morrow shall be as this day, or much more abundant.” And wise and well is it that it should be so, for He hath ordained it who ordereth all things aright. Let the young rejoice in the sunshine of their youth—soon, all too soon, shall the clouds arise to mar and blot that sunshine. Why should we dash its brightness by a view of the cloud ere it arise above the horizon—the mirage of sorrow yet to come, which is only displayed to the eye of experience through the haze of years?

And so time wore on; and these two young people grew up together in, perhaps, a more unrestrained intercourse than would have been permitted had the Count Polani been a man who troubled himself much about how young people grew up, or had worthy old Giudetta been less fond of her young mistress, or more prudish and suspicious, as in good sooth she ought to have been. But so it is too often with the old. They forget the feelings of their own young days. They are slow to remember, till it is forced upon them, that the same influences, indestructible and ever potent, are at work in the hearts of their children, that once agitated their own.

At length, upon one fine day, it came across the mind of Polani that his son was now in his seventeenth year, and that, as he had acquired all the education and accomplishments which were usually possessed by the young nobles of Venice, it would be as well for him to see something of the world in some of those states and courts of Europe which it was, even at that period, deemed desirable that those whose hereditary rank entitled them to be called on at some future time to share the councils of the state, should visit. In addition to the various states of Italy; to which the republic of Venice was in the habit of sending constant embassages, the capitals of the Empire and of France were favourite resorts of the young nobility, and even England was occasionally visited by them; while the Venetian merchant found his way to all parts of the world maintaining a profitable traffic, from the pillars of Hercules and the shores of the Northern Sea, to Constantinople, Syria, and more distant parts of the East. Indeed, even in the preceding century, three distinguished Venetian merchants—the Poli—penetrated to the capital of Tartary, and sojourned for a long period at the court of Kublai, the great Khan of that country, returning at length to their own state with enormous wealth, and an inexhaustible stock of travellers' tales, which Marco, the younger of the party, afterwards gave to the world—the solace of his hours of captivity in the prisons of Genoa.

Having come to this determination, the Count Polani equipped his son in all respects as became the only son of his illustrious house and a noble citizen of the great republic, that he might forthwith set out upon his travels. The young man was full of high hopes and joyous expectations at the prospect before him, for heretofore he had wandered but a short way from the paternal mansion, and that but rarely. And it must be confessed, that he felt scarce a momentary sadness. After having received a variety of charges and directions, and an abundance of good advice, he bowed, as became a dutiful son, to receive one more gift—namely, the paternal benediction. This matter being disposed of, young

Giulio betook himself to the chamber of his fair sister to bid her adieu. And when he kissed the brow of young Bianca, and saw that placid face paler than usual, and her deep, thoughtful eyes gaze troublously upon him, he became suddenly sensible that there was something, he knew not what, which jarred strangely and painfully upon his happiness. Giulio pressed her long and tenderly in his arms; and as he did so, he felt himself echoing her half-suppressed sigh, and was by no means so anxious for his departure as when in his father's presence. That moment the heart of each revealed to itself that of which it was till then unconscious—no word of the lip, no glance of the eye, however, interchanged the secret—that the love it bore to the other was no longer that of brother or sister.

"Farewell, dearest sister Bianca, remember me till we meet again."

"Adieu, dear brother Giulio. We shall hear from you, I trust, whenever opportunity serves. Do not forget us amongst gayer scenes and newer friends."

And so they parted. Each with the discovery of a hidden treasure within the breast—something for the spirit to nurture, and the mind to develop and to understand by self-communion—to deepen and intensify by making it the sole object of its solitary musing, or—to dissipate and weaken amid the divided homage which ambition and pleasure and friendship claim from the worldling. Aye, so it is—the one issue or the other is sure to follow. Yet how few are there who, going forth into the world, come back again to the ark; or, if they return, bear back all their affections as true and as strong as when they left the heart's resting-place.

And so the young lovers parted. Giulio we need not accompany upon his travels. His manner of life was that of every young man of his age, condition, and advantages. Wherever he went, he found a thousand objects of distraction amongst the learned, the wise, and the brave, with the gay and the fair—the votaries of folly, and the seekers after pleasure. With these we shall leave him; for we love rather to linger with Bianca, and read, in the solitude of her life, the history of her heart.

And how did the absence of the object of her love work upon the young maiden's affections? As we have said, she was of a calm, gentle nature, and somewhat timid. And so, while her heart learned from its own musings to love more truly, and day by day to understand more clearly the nature of its own feelings, yet did no belief in the return of her affection mingle with the sentiment—no breath of hope fanned the flame or helped to expand the blossom. Still, with all this, love was to her a treasure—a light kindled in the heart which illumined all its recesses, and snowed to her feelings welling up from its depths, of whose existence she had hitherto no consciousness. And though love was not to her all happiness—as, indeed, the passion can never be, where the sense of its being returned is wanting,—still were the shades of sadness that mingled with the pleasure so soft, that they seemed almost to harmonise with the feelings over which they cast their shadows. And thus month after month glided silently away, leaving the heart of the girl still pre-occupied with the first impressions that love had stamped upon it, the traces of which, with each succeeding hour, memory deepened, as the sunlight paints the shadows on plates of silver. And now considerably more than a year had elapsed since Giulio's departure from Venice, but tidings of him were heard at such intervals as the uncertain and scanty opportunities of the times afforded, and they were such as to satisfy his father, and to give pleasure to Bianca—for they announced that Giulio was always happy, always courted; and she smiled, and sighed too, as she thought how truly he deserved to be both happy and courted.

Well, we left Bianca, you will remember, reclining in the balcony of the palazzo with the light of day fading around her. And all this time, while we have been making you acquainted with her, and showing you something of her heart—which, after all, forms a woman's true individuality—the young girl has been pensively gazing upon the scene before

her, in that sort of dreamy, half-abstraction of mind in which the pictures of external objects blend hazily with the internal ones of the fancy—when the thoughts come and go of their own volition, succeeding one another, ill-defined and shadowy, like the figures of the phantasmagoria when its shades are ill-arranged by a child's hand. And while she thus sits thinking, Nature is busy with her ever-changing scenes. Hark! the sweet chime of bells peal out upon the evening air the "Ave Maria," from the tower of a neighbouring convent—how the sound is floating away in widening waves of melody, till it is lost, swallowed up in the silent distance. Then comes, borne upon the breeze, the eventide prayer-song to the Virgin, and the car catches up the strain,—

AVE MARIA!

"When wanes the night—
The morning's light,
In purple bathes each hill and vale.
Then hail to thee!
Then hail to thee!

A thousand times to thee, all hail!
Oh Mary, mother bright,
Thou morning star of light!
The bell for pray'r,
Peals through the air.
Ave Maria!

"The beams of noon
Are flooding soon,
Earth's beauteous regions widely o'er.
Then hail to thee!
Then hail to thee!
Sweet Queen of Heaven evermore!
Oh Mary, mother bright,
More pure than sunshine's light!
The bell for pray'r,
Peals through the air.
Ave Maria!

"Eve's shades fall low,
See one star glow,
And then a myriad blaze on high!
Then hail to thee!
Then hail to thee!
As oft as stars shine in the sky,
Oh Mary, mother, who dost keep,
Watch o'er us while we sleep.
The bell for pray'r
Peals through the air.
Ave Maria!"

The hymn is over—twilight deepens into evening—and, as the blue heavens become deeper and darker, the stars look out with their thousand glittering eyes, and are reflected in the bosom of the dark water, while here and there along its surface may be seen, starting up into sudden brightness, the light in a fisherman's boat, as if some sea-star shone in mocking rivalry of those in the heaven. Ever and anon, too, comes faintly on the ear, as the breeze came from the westward, the song of the gondolier, as he impels through the waters his dark boat with its prow of polished steel, while the sounds of voices were heard at intervals along the more populous portion of the shore.

At length the girl, half rising from her reclining posture, looked inwards to where, close to the window, an elderly female gravely attired in a style that bespoke rather the humble companion than the servitor, so busily telling her rosary of beads, and mumbling in low tone the evening service to the Virgin, since the "Ave Maria" had rung.

"And so thou hast been in Venice to-day, my good Giudetta?" said Bianca, addressing her nurse.

"—in sæcula sæculorum. Amen," continued the old woman as she concluded her devotions. She then reverently made the sign of the cross upon her forehead, and replacing the string of beads upon her neck, she replied to her young mistress's observation,—

"Aye, marry have I, signora. And I have heard all about the war, and such strange news, and met so many old friends—and they were all so glad to see me, and I was as glad to see them—Santa Maria! I do not remember half the things

they told me, my old head is so confused, and my poor feet so wearied running to and fro through all the calli and cortelli of Venice, to see my old companions after so long an absence."

"Well, dear Giudetta, I feel very much for you. And pray what have you heard to recompense you for all this fatigue and troublesome talk?"

"Nay, nay, my dear child, as for that matter," said the old woman, who loved gossiping as dearly as any one of her sex and age, "one can't, you know, be angry with one's friends if they do weary one a little now and then, through over kindness."

"That's very true, Giudetta; but what news had the worthy gossips of Venice for you?"

"News! why in the first place, they say that half the gondoliers of Venice are ruined, since all the great folks and citizens have gone off to the siege of Chioggia. Old dame Giovanna, Antonio's mother—you remember Antonio, signora, the gondolier that keeps the boat up near the Zecca?—says, that he has not had half-a-dozen fares the last three days."

"That's very sad, truly. But you said there are strange news about the war?"

"And so there are, i'faith. Why, they say there have been high words between the noble Zeno and the Signory. The doge and his advisers are anxious to attack the Genoese, but Zeno w'out move a foot from Palestrina. Then there are whispers, that the Genoese gold has found its way to his excellency's purse—while others say that it is going in quite a different direction. Then they say, that the state has discovered I know not what treachery and plots, in which it is hinted some of her own citizens are deeper than they ought to be. Well, but that is not the worst. No, indeed—for there are rumours of an immense fleet, which is coming up the Adriatic, all the way from Genoa, and that it is to relieve Chioggia, and then to come and sack Venice itself. Holy Virgin protect us! It frightens one even to think of it. It would have been worse than the earthquake or the great plague, which I remember when I was a young woman. Such burning, and wrecking and pillaging, and murdering of men, and of poor women too—and—and to think, signora, that I am sleeping every night quietly in my bed, without a soul within hearing of me!"

"It is, indeed, very dreadful to think of, Giudetta," said Bianca, "but you must keep up your courage, as the rumours may not be true; thank heaven, as yet no evil has befallen the republic."

"Aye, thank heaven, indeed, and our brave soldiers, and the noble senate. But, as Beppo was saying, while there are such nobles as our good master and lord, the Polani, the lion of St. Mark will never crouch to any of her foes by sea or land."

"Have you heard aught of the count?" asked Bianca.

"Yes, truly have I, he is in all men's mouths; they say there is no braver knight, and that he fought in the foremost rank at the bridge of Brondolo. His Excellency Zeno showed him the highest honour, and takes him into all his councils. Well, Beppo says, when he returns to Venice, the most serene Republic will not fail to reward him according to his deserts."

"You give me great joy, good Giudetta, and I pray the saints it may so turn out."

"Amen!" responded the old woman, devoutly. "Well, well, what a head I have got! Santa Maria! I had well nigh forgotten the rarest news of all. Who do you think I saw, signora?"

"That is a difficult question to answer, Giudetta; seeing that you have been running over half Venice, and have so many friends."

"Well, and so I have, our Lady be praised! But who do you think is just returned to the palazzo Polani?"

Bianca answered not; but were there light enough to see her face, and eyes to watch it, a blush might, no doubt, have been seen spreading over her cheeks and brow. But Giudetta was but dim-eyed at the best, and her vision was not, like the birds, improved by the twilight.

"Well then, as you cannot guess, I must even tell you. Why no other than Tommaso, my young lord's servitore, or

'valet,' as he calls himself since he went with his master to travel in foreign parts. He had just—"

"Ah! then"—cried the girl, interrupting the old nurse—"Count Giulio is returned—is it not so, dear Giudetta?"

"How you do hurry one, signora. I was just coming to that when you interrupted me. No; the young count is not returned."

"Santa Maria! how, then, comes Tommaso without him? Has anything befallen his young master? Speak, dear Giudetta, I beseech you!"

"Ah! there again. See how you take me up: I said the young count is not returned. That is, he is not just yet come home; but he sent on Maso from the last stage beyond Mäestre to notify his arrival, and he means to follow himself to-morrow." Bianca sank back again into the posture from which she had started, and the old woman proceeded—

"But as I was saying about Maso, marry my lady, you would scarce know the clownish, simple fellow, that blushed when one spoke to him; aye, and knew how to respect his betters, and keep his distance. Heavens! such a swaggering, swashing, ruffling coxcomb as he has returned, with all sorts of outlandish airs; chucking the young wenches under the chin, and calling them 'Cara Mia,' and 'Animia Mia,' and such like impudent names; and ogling them with his eyes, and telling them that, though he has seen all the lovely women of the world, he thinks that the dear donzelle of Venice very passable. No sooner did he see me, than he steps up with a familiar air to me, and says, 'Ah! Servitore, my good Giudetta, I'm charmed to see thee. Thou look'st as young and as fresh as if thou hadst been sleeping ever since I had last the pleasure of seeing thee. And how is thy fair mistress?' 'Thou saucy knave!' said I, 'how dost thou dare to take such freedoms with thy betters? In faith, I have a good mind to show thee that I am fresh and young enough to oil thy back with my cane. And as for my young lady, I marvel where thou got'st impudence enough to bring thy tongue to name her, thou varlet.' I trow, signora, I soon brought the fellow to his senses; for he apologised very humbly, and declared that he meant nothing but the greatest respect, to me and to my mistress, and begged that I would excuse him for speaking after the fashion of foreign countries, to which he was so much accustomed. A plague upon such fashions, say I. Beshrew my heart, but I think he will corrupt the whole household if he stay long amongst them. I hope his young master has made better use of his time and opportunities, but I have my fears on that head too,—'like master like man,' as they say."

"You should not judge of one like the Count Giulio, by the silly airs of an ignorant groom, Giudetta," said Bianca, with an unwonted gravity that sounded almost like reproof.

"Nay, for that matter, my lady, I do not wish to judge the young count. But, mayhap, it is not altogether without reason that I have my fears about him. Tommaso, I assure you, spoke plainly enough: that is, he did not exactly say in so many words that his master was a fop and a rake, but he threw out a great many hints about all the fair mesdames, and mesdemoiselles, and duchesse, and I know not who, that were dying for love of him in this place, and in that town; and how he had only to pick and choose wherever he went, and that he was quite bored to death by the attentions of his 'fair enemies,' as he called them. 'I can assure you, mistress Giudetta,' said he—the varlet took good care to be respectful to me this time—"I can assure you, that nothing can be more distressing to a gentleman of taste and feeling, than to be the exclusive object of admiration to a large circle of the other sex." 'I wonder,' said I, 'at your impudence to speak of such things to me.' 'Upon my honour I am quite serious,' said my gentleman, 'the condition of my mas—that is, of such a person as I have described, is quite as embarrassing as that of a queen-bee amidst her thousand loving subjects.'"

"A truce, Giudetta, with these fooleries," said Bianca coldly, "I am weary of hearing them. Besides, it is late, and I would prepare for repose. Let us go in." So saying, the young girl arose, and, followed by the nurse, she passed through the window and entered the chamber of the palazzo.

THE VALLEY OF CHAMOUNI.

In glowing terms—yet terms which fell far short of the occasion—Goëthe has described his approach to the Valley of Chamouni. His route was like that which multitudes have taken, and still enjoy—from the city of Geneva. As he advanced, mountains and old pine forests, either in the hollow below, or on a level with his track, came out, one by one, before his eye, while on the left were the elevated peaks bare and pointed, and he felt that he and his companions were approaching a mightier and more massive chain of mountains. Passing over a broad and dry bed of stones and gravel—which the water-courses tear down from the sides of the rocks, and, in turn, flow among and fill them up—they reached an agreeable valley, shut in by a circular ridge of rocks, in which lies the little village of Servoz. There the road runs around some highly-variegated rocks, and takes again the direction towards the Arve.

Extraordinary, indeed, was the beauty of this view; for while, together with the stars that clustered around it, it glimmered, not with the same twinkling light, but as a far broader and more continuous mass, that peak appeared to belong to a higher sphere, and it was difficult in thought to strike its roots again into the earth. Before it, too, was observable a line of snowy summits, sparkling as they rested on the ridges covered with black pines, while beyond the dark umbrageous forests there were vast glaciers, sloping down to the valley below.

The fact is singular, yet indisputable, that not until long after the surrounding countries had been ransacked for the picturesque, this valley—unfolding its beauties and sublimities at the base of the loftiest mountain in Europe—actually became disclosed to the view of the world. Absolutely regarded only as a den of banditti, the refuge of a barbarous



THE VALLEY OF CHAMOUNI.

Night was now coming on, and as another ascent was made, the masses became more and more imposing. As the valley of Chamouni was immediately approached, the darkness grew deeper and deeper; and when, at last, it was actually entered, nothing but the most stupendous piles could be discerned. The stars came out, one by one, yet above the peaks of the summit right onwards there was a light which to the travellers was inexplicable. Clear, but without brilliancy, like the Milky Way, yet closer, and something like the Pleiades, it riveted their attention, until at last, as their position changed, it became like a pyramid illuminated by a secret light within, which could best be compared to the gleam of a glow-worm: it towered aloft, far above the peaks of all the surrounding mountains, and produced the conviction, which in a few moments was fully established, that it must be the summit of the "monaro of mountains."

It was only so recently as the year 1741 that two Englishmen, Messrs. Pococke and Wyndham, determined to explore it. No sooner was their purpose known, than their temerity subjected them to violent censure; and when their friends were unable to divert them from their object, they were earnestly counselled to be on their guard during every step of an enterprise which was universally considered to be imminently perilous. Strange to say, the noble elevations of the neighbourhood were then known only as the *Montagnes Maudites*—the Cursed Mountains; and the travellers with their servants, on setting out from Geneva, were armed to the very teeth. Even when they reached Chamouni, so far did they yield to the representations made to them, that they did not enter into any dwelling in the valley, but encamped under tents, keeping up fires and a watch by sentinels throughout the night.

It is difficult now to realise such apprehensions, but though, at the period referred to the Valley of Chamouni had not only been inhabited, but had maintained a communication with the neighbouring districts for six hundred and fifty years, yet it might have remained unknown much longer than it did, but for the expedition of these adventurous travellers. On their memory rests the honour of first disclosing its true character. The celebrated Saussure was the next visitor who contributed to make it known. He arrived at Chamouni at the close of March, 1764; and of the difficulties he had to encounter, some idea may be formed when it is known that snow covered the whole valley, varying in depth from a foot and half to twelve feet, and that though the heat of the sun softened the snow during the day, yet it froze again in the night so firmly, that the feet of the laden mules, as they passed over it, scarcely left a trace on its surface.

Chamouni is supposed to derive its name from two Latin words occurring in a deed of gift from Count Aymon, of Geneva, to a convent of Benedictines, which he founded towards the close of the eleventh century, and around which a village was gradually formed. The Latin words are *campus munitus*, or "fortified field," in allusion to the lofty mountains and inaccessible aiguilles which on all sides surrounded the valley as a natural defence. To arrive, however, at the literal word, Chamouni, the Latin terms must be translated into French, or into the *patois* of the country, and their signification will prove equally good, *campus* becoming *champ*, and *munitus*, *muni*. The term *prieuri*, or priory, was generally used until the year 1830, but at that time the few cottages surrounding the monastic building assumed the name of Chamouni.

Words fail to do justice to the scene it unfolds to the eye. Every visitor, however, may adopt the language of the poet:—"Before me lay the whole panorama of the Alps; the pine forests standing dark and solemn at the base of the mountains; half way up was the veil of mist; above me rose the snowy summits and the sharp needles of rock which seemed to float in the air like a fairy world. There the glaciers stood on either side, winding down through the mountain ravines, and high above all rose the white dome-like summit of Mont Blanc. And ever and anon through the shroud of mist came the awful sound of an avalanche, and a continual roar, as of the wind through a forest of pines. Then the mists began to pass away, and it seemed as if the whole firmament were rolling together."

The white frosts occurring in Mid-summer, and the brevity of that season, forbid trees which are at all delicate from flourishing at Chamouni. No cultivated fruit-trees are there; for the apple, the cherry, and the plum-trees that grow there are all of wild sorts. The attempts that have been made to introduce grafted trees have never succeeded; for though they throw out fine shoots in the course of the summer, yet for want of its continued influence, the wood has not time to attain the maturity, or acquire the consistence, that is needed to resist the frost, so that the young shoots all perish in the winter.

Such effects might be anticipated from the recollection that as the valley of Chamouni is more than 3,000 feet above the level of the sea, and as it is encircled by lofty mountains, its climate must be cold. Even during the summer mornings the thermometer is several degrees below the freezing point; while in the height of that season, though the weather is often hot, there are many days in which the visitor will find a fire not merely genial, but absolutely necessary. The winter, which begins in October, does not terminate till May; and, throughout the interval the ground is generally covered with snow to the depth, in some parts, of three, and in others, of twelve feet. Meanwhile the inhabitants live like isolated beings, occupying one of the nooks of the world from which all others are excluded, and subsisting, like multitudes of inferior beings during their season of hibernation, on the stores they have previously laid up.

Chamouni has a slightly undulating surface, covered with fields of hay and corn, intersected by numerous torrents, which rush with great velocity down the mountain-sides, and often do considerable damage by overflowing the land and carrying away alike its trees and produce. Some idea of their destructive force may be gained from the channel they have formed for themselves, filled as it is with large, rounded masses of rock and stones. All these go to swell the volume of the Arve, which, after rising in the Col-de-Balme, flows rapidly down its steep slope, and through the valley of Chamouni, then passing out at the south-western extremity, continues its impetuous course as far as the Rhone, which it enters a little below Geneva, after flowing about sixty miles from its source. Its waters are principally derived from the glaciers of Mont Blanc, from which issue the Arveiron and other smaller streams, emptying themselves successively into its channel as it flows along in its course through the valley. It is very remarkable for the rapidity of its current, which is so great, even at the end of its course, that its waters do not mingle with those of the Rhone for some time after it has entered that river; it is even said that its violence, at times, has been such as to have impeded the course of the Rhone, and to have caused the waters of that river to flow back into the lake of Geneva, thus giving to the water-wheels of the mills on its banks, a direction contrary to their usual one.

The valley is inclosed on the north by a chain of mountains, rising very abruptly from its surface, and which, during the summer, are seldom, if ever, covered with snow. Another boundary is the great range of Mont Blanc; while five immense glaciers obtrude themselves on the valley. The sides of the mountains are partly covered with pasturage, and partly with dark pine-forests, and above them are masses of snow, with sharp and bare aiguilles of granite, inspiring emotions of profound awe as the world is felt to be shut out; and it may be well to add, that the appearance of the summit of Mont Blanc loses a portion of its grandeur in consequence of its proximity, and of the surrounding peaks and domes rivalling it apparently in altitude and sublimity. Scattered over the valley, and some of the neighbouring heights, are rude chalets, in which the hay and other produce of the fields are stored up for the winter food of the cows and goats, which here, as in other parts of the Savoy and Swiss valleys, are very numerous.

The houses of Chamouni are strangely huddled together, and the streets, if so they may be called, are narrow and ill-paved. Of the comfort and cleanliness of their inhabitants but little can be said. Their condition is like that of people generally, where, as in this valley, wooden crosses and gaudy shrines are to be seen at the corners of every road. The villagers make common cause with their animals, and appear to be satisfied if they can obtain a tolerable quantity of hay, and a sufficiency of black, sour, rye-bread.

An interesting and very remarkable group is formed of the guides; and those in Chamouni are regarded as the best in all Switzerland. They are under the direction of a chief, who is applied to when the services of any are required. They are robust, hardy, energetic, and sagacious, most of them cheerful and good-humoured, and enthusiastically devoted to their employment. Of course, there are varieties of character, as well as degrees of intelligence. The law of Sardinia keeps them under a strict system, determining not only their time of apprenticeship, but the prices they shall charge for the different excursions they take. They remind the traveller of the old seamen who work the vessel in his voyage, or the old stage-coachmen, especially those accustomed to drive long distances, in his former journeys in England. Some of them know every nook and cranny of the mountains, every aspect of the weather, every prophecy of storms, the paths of the avalanche, and many other things only acquired as the result of much observation and experience.

It is pleasing to state that they do not promise fair weather when it will be otherwise for the sake of employment. Nor are they the lumpish, insensible hirelings which are some-

times found necessary in foreign travel. A guide, who provides for himself, carries the knapsack of his master, though it may weigh thirty or forty pounds, for six francs a-day, with right good will, and throws into his service a thousand free and good-natured civilities, which are not unfrequently of special value, ought to be duly appreciated. There are certain kindly looks, and words too, which will specially draw him out, and place all his knowledge, whatever it may be, at the disposal of the party he accompanies.

One of the most amazing objects in the whole Valley of Chamouni, is the source of the Arveiron, to which a delightful walk may be made from the Priory, through some fine meadows and a superb forest. Let the imagination conceive of a deep cavern, the entrance to which is an arch of ice, more than 100 feet high, and of a prodigious width; a cavern cut by the hand of nature in the middle of an enormous block of ice, which, by the play of the light, seems here white and opaque, like snow, and there transparent and green, like aquamarine. From the bottom of this cavern, a river rushes impetuously, white with foam, and oftentimes rolling on its waves vast rocks of ice. Raising the eyes above this vault, there appears an immense glacier crowned with pyramids of ice, from the midst of which rises the obelisk of the Dru, its summit almost lost in the clouds; while around are the beautiful forests of the Montanvert and the Aiguille du Buchard, which rise with the glacier until its summit is confounded with the sky. The spot from which this prospect is seen is extremely wild, the glacier formerly extending further into the valley, and in retreating has left large masses of stone and sand devoid of verdure.

There is a great danger in entering this cavern, as large fragments are constantly falling from the roof. A young man who visited this spot with a party was so imprudent, as, in opposition to the advice of the guides, to fire a pistol in order to see what results would arise. The concussion detached from the roof of the cavern a huge mass of ice, the fragments of which for a few minutes arrested the escape of the stream; but at length the accumulated waters burst through the barrier with a loud noise, and swept along with it the fragments of ice. The party had placed themselves, as they supposed, in security on a small island, but the young man lost his life, and his father had his legs broken.

Saussure observed a great horizontal crevice in the arch, cut at each extremity by a vertical cleft, and he did not fail to apprehend that the whole mass marked by these crevices would soon be detached. His conjecture was speedily realised. That very night a noise was heard resembling a thunder-clap; the fragment that had fallen was the key of the vaulted roof; its descent had occasioned that of the whole of the external portion of the arch; this mass of ice suspended for some moments the course of the Arveiron; its waters accumulated in the bottom of the cavern, and then all at once breaking down this dyke, carried away with violence vast blocks of ice, dashed them against the rocks with which the bed of the torrent is strewn, and bore off large fragments to a considerable distance.

The Cascade des Pelerins is one of the singular and beautiful spectacles presented by the valley of Chamouni. A torrent, issuing from the Glacier des Pelerins, and high up the mountain, descends by a succession of leaps into a deep gorge, dashing from precipice to precipice almost in one continued cataract, meanwhile collecting its utmost force for its last magnificent plunge and recoil of beauty. Springing in one round condensed column out of the gorge over a perpendicular cliff, it strikes at its fall, with its whole body of water, into a sort of vertical rock basin, which one would suppose its prodigious velocity and weight would split into a thousand pieces; but the whole cataract, thus arrested at once, suddenly rebounds, in a parabolic arch, at least sixty feet into the air, and then, having made this splendid aerial curvature, it falls into the natural channel below. The effect is indescribably beautiful.

On the north-western side of the valley, immediately above the village of Chamouni, and opposite to Mont Blanc, is Mont

Breven. At the base it is connected with the Aiguilles Rouges, which form another portion of the boundary of the valley on that side. Its summit is isolated and bare, presenting a perpendicular appearance on the side towards Chamouni, but being rounded off on the opposite side. Saussure describes it, however, as in every respect one of the most interesting to a naturalist. The ascent to its upper part is one of the regular excursions made by the visitors to Chamouni; some contenting themselves with climbing only a portion of the way, but reaching a point from whence the view is as fine as from the summit.

"The view here," says Simond, "is a most extraordinary one. Placed full in front, and about mid height of Mont Blanc, and, therefore, at equal distances between the summit and the base—sufficiently far to embrace the whole at one glance, sufficiently near to distinguish every detail—we saw this stupendous object like a full-length picture hung up there for our pleasure and information; when we began to ascend the Breven, and half-way up to its chalet, we could not turn round and look at Mont Blanc without experiencing the terrific sensation of its falling upon us. Several of our party made use of this expression, at the same time averting their eyes in terror, which shows how strong and general the impression was; but as we ascended higher it ceased."

On the rising ground overlooking Chamouni is a church of rather imposing appearance. There are shops, abounding with carvings of the cottages and animals of Switzerland, book-knives, needle-cases, and other indescribable articles; and where the traveller may purchase one of unquestionable utility in climbing and descending mountains—an Alpenstock—a pole, in fact, six feet in length, with an iron spike at one end, while the other is sometimes ornamented with the horn of a chamois. Chamouni has five large hotels, where the comforts of life may be readily obtained. And truly they are needed, for the valley presents in summer a bustling scene; and ever and anon, are visitors arriving with their guides and porters, mules and char-à-bancs, from Geneva and Martigny, and from the Brèven, the Jaldin, the Flegère, and other "lions" of the neighbourhood.

In addition to the villages gathered about the Priory, there are several others in the valley, as Les Ouches, Les Bossons, Les Prés, Les Tines, Argentière, and La Tour. Some of these take their names from the neighbouring glaciers.

Aroused at an early hour of the morning by the tinklings of many bells, we had a sight from the window of a flock of goats, each one provided with a bell, just starting for the mountains; and at the same time, a pleasant recollection that we had projected a similar trip, with, however, the drawback, that in our party there was not even one *belle*.

Our path, for about half a mile, lay along the middle of the valley; and then suddenly turning to the right, the Arveiron is crossed by a rustic bridge, and the visitor arrives at the foot of the mountain. If mules are not engaged, as they may be, in the service, and a pedestrian trip is encountered, the ascent now commences in right good earnest;—passing two or three cottages, from which children eagerly rush out, only intent on the sale of milk, cherries, strawberries, or stones; clambering zealously over rocks, stones, and roots of trees; now veering to the right, and then to the left, a tempting path appears a long way above; but, gentle reader, should you ever be allured to try it in the hope of escaping the windings you dread, it may be as well to apprise you that, as in many a promising commercial speculation, you can only come out of it with "dirty hands;" so this is generally the result of such an experiment, while as to "a dividend," you merely gain a loss in great additional fatigue.

"The furthest way about is the nearest way home," is an adage often applicable with advantage on the mountains, and here it will be well to act upon it. After attaining a considerable height, the dark shade of a small pine forest will not fail to be enjoyed before it is passed through, should the day be bright and sunny, as it was when we made the ascent. But

onward and upward we must soon go, over torrents, too, by means of planks which the next storm will wash away, and through *crues*, or channels, down which during the winter the avalanches rush.

After a toilsome ascent of two or three hours, we reached Montanvert, "the Green Mountain,"—a pasturage, in fact, elevated more than 2,600 feet above the valley of Chamouni, and consequently 6,000 feet above the level of the sea. It is at the foot of the Aiguille de Charmoz, and would be worthy a visit only, from the magnificent view it affords of the immense Glacier des Bois. But there is another reward for the traveller. For as, in making the ascent, he may descry far beneath the valley of Chamouni—the Arve, meandering throughout its length—and a crowd of villages and hamlets, surrounded by trees and well-cultivated fields—so, the instant he reaches the summit, the entire scene is changed; and instead of the smiling and fertile valley, he stands almost at the edge of a

Such a sight would be impressive even on a contracted scale; what is it, then, when the sloping valley extends seven or eight miles in length? One end descends to the verdant Valley of Chamouni, from a point at which the cottages are mere specks, and the inhabitants scarcely to be perceived; the other stretches far away into the regions of eternal ice and snow; while, on either side, rise the bluff, bare mountains—masses and jagged peaks of granite—to an elevation of from 6,000 to 8,000 feet!

But let us descend the steep path, and even amidst the effulgence of a July day, walk on ice. The inequalities of the surface, indeed, seem like the rounded undulations of the sea; but if the middle of the glacier be reached, these waves appear mountains, with valleys intervening. The colour of the ice on the surface is a dull white, attributable partly to the snow which frequently falls on, and becomes congealed with, it, and partly to the earthy fragments with which it is



MER DE GLACE.

precipice, the bottom of which is a valley—a valley of snow and ice, bounded by colossal mountains, which fill the mind with astonishment on the survey of their altitude and shape, if there be no terror at their steepness and sterility.

It is, in fact, the upper part of that enormous glacier, of which the lower part, sloping downwards into the valley, is called the Glacier des Bois, and which bears the well-known name of Mer de Glace. But who shall adequately describe that spectacle?—

"Wave upon wave!—as if a foaming ocean,
By boisterous winds to fierce rebellion driven,
Heard—in its wildest moments of commotion—
And stood congealed at the command of heaven!
Its frantic billows chained at their explosion,
And fixed in sculptures! here, to caverns given,
There, petrified to crystal—at His nod,
Who raised the Alps an altar to their God!"

covered, and which are probably thrown up from below. But, in the huge crevasses—at the sight of which we instinctively shudder—the colour is the bright blue of ultramarine. Then other surprising objects meet the view: as crevasses, brooks of fresh water, flowing in canals of ice, and precipitating themselves in cascades down the vast abysses; and walls of loose rocks, stones, and earth, on each side of the glaciers, as if to bound the domain where some Neptune of the icy regions holds his court. But, hark! what are those rolling, echoing, thundering sounds, which might well herald the advance of his snowy chariot? They are the voices of avalanches hurrying onwards in their course. And if you listen again, you may catch the roar of the mountain torrents as they rush down the precipices from the regions far above into the abyss beneath, when they unite with the waters of the glacier, and issue forth from a cave as the river Arveiron!

JOSEPH ADDISON.

There are no books at the present day so plentiful at the second-hand book-stalls as the writings of Addison. Few people ever stand for ten minutes inspecting the wares which are there displayed, without seeing at least duplicates of the "Spectator," the "Guardian," and the "Freeholder;" often ancient copies, upon which the hand of time has fallen lightly, but not passed over by moth and mildew, in faded ink, and antiquated characters, bearing the name of some dame who

and starts and muse over it, are likely to seek them, or leave them. The circulating library possesses them, to be sure, but it is at rare intervals a customer inquires for them. The fact is, that for the "masses," "the million," or whatever you please to call the great bulk of the people, whom "people of ton" don't consider "select," Addison's writings have lost their charm. His refined idealism, his graceful wit, his chastened and artistic imagination, were never made to bear the puffing,



JOSEPH ADDISON.

flaunted in Great Ormond-street, and Soho-square, in the days of hoops, sedan-chairs, and link-boys; or some long-forgotten man of letters, doubtless crowned with immortality in his day by his own little circle of admirers. We meet with smarter editions in modern type, and calf and gold, in the libraries of *élégants* and men of letters, and men who ape a taste for literature because it is fashionable, but their very appearance tells us that they are intended more for ornament than use.

But we seldom find them in places where greedy readers, that devour a book, or dreamy readers, that read it by fits

bustling, excitement-craving character which the go-a-head spirit of the present age has given to literature and the public taste. Much of the popularity of his works was due to their clever allusions to the current topics, vices, follies, and fashions of the time at which they appeared. The "Spectator," and "Guardian" supplied the place of the *Times*, and the *Daily News*, and all the other morning papers, of all the reviews, and all the montalies, and all the cheap serials which at the present day infest or charm England. They were at all the breakfast tables, and in all the coffee-houses, and the talk of all the town. To confess to not having read them *then*, was

a confession of a man's own want of taste. But when times, and men, and manners changed;—when new authors, new poets, historians, philosophers, notions, politics, and laws, came on the scene,—Addison faded insensibly from the eyes of the great crowd who seldom read a book, except for excitement, and because everybody else has read it.

But for all who value an English style unequalled for its grace, simplicity, and perspicuity, wit of the utmost keenness, but the utmost delicacy, that sparkles and delights without ever wounding—humour that can put the point of a long story, or the gist of a good joke, in a single inuendo—a mild and tolerant Christianity, that seeks the love and elevation of all without the condemnation of any—pictures of manners in one of the most interesting periods of English history which have never been surpassed for richness and truth of colouring—the writings of Addison will have charms for ever. No man who has aught in common with Addison's gentle and refined nature, ever rose up from their perusal without a feeling of unmingled delight. As long as the English tongue lives, and as long after its death as it will be studied, they will hold the prime place amongst its classics. The purchase and possession of them by thousands, who never read them thoroughly, or never read them at all, is a tacit tribute to their sterling worth. If we ever dedicate a temple to the memory of our great men, his statue should occupy the place of honour, for he was one of the very few who have figured in the history either of English politics, or English literature, on whose fame no stain has ever been found by friend or foe. He, with far more truth than the elder Lyttleton, might be truly said never to have written a line that he need wish to blot out. He did many things, doubtless, that a prudent man might wish undone, but none that a good man need regret.

His father was the Rev. Lancelot Addison, a pious man and a good scholar, who for his attachment to royalty was rewarded with the offices of Archdeacon of Salisbury and Dean of Lichfield after the Restoration. Joseph was born in 1672. He was taught the rudiments at schools in his father's neighbourhood, and then sent to the Charter-house. At fifteen he was considered fit for college, and was entered in Queen's-college, Oxford. While there a copy of some of his Latin verses fell into the hands of Dr. Lancaster, the Dean of Magdalene-college, who was so delighted with them, that he procured his admission to Magdalene-college as one of those scholars who are called *Demies*, and he was afterwards elected a fellow. Magdalene was then one of the wealthiest foundations in Europe, and the persecutions of James had rendered it the most famous. Addison reflected new honour upon it. Macaulay tells us that it is still proud of him, that his portrait hangs in the hall, and that his favourite walk under the elms on the banks of the Cherwell is still pointed out to strangers. His knowledge of the Latin poets was prodigious, as might be expected from a man so proficient in Latin versification; but his acquaintance with prose writers was extremely meagre, and with Greek literature still more so. His Latin poems were long and justly applauded before his name had ever been heard of in connexion with the literature of his mother-tongue. His first attempt in English verse was made in some complimentary lines to Dryden, who was pleased by his praise, and formed an acquaintance with him. He then translated part of the fourth "Georgic," and wrote an ode to King William, in the usual style of that day—heroic metre, flowingly smooth, and not necessarily possessing any meaning. Pope carried the art of this sort of versification to perfection, and has been imitated by hundreds ever since who are utterly unable to conjure up one happy idea. Addison's poetry, written at this period, possesses no one merit.

His next performance was writing a critical preface for the "Georgics" which Dryden was engaged in translating.

In 1699 he had just completed his twenty-seventh year, and it became necessary that he should make a choice of a profession. There was every inducement for him to enter the church—the wealth and numerous livings possessed by the college, his own orthodox opinions, and his quiet, studious habits. But the course of his life was changed by the fact that Lord

Somers, the chancellor, and Charles Montague, who was the leader of the whig party in the House of Commons, were very anxious to encourage young men of literary talents, by enlisting their services in the administration of public affairs. Addison had more than ordinary claims to their notice. His patrons were at first anxious that he should be employed in the diplomatic service of the crown, but his want of acquaintance with the French language was a bar to this. It was determined, therefore, that he should spend some time upon the continent preparing himself for official employment. His own means would have proved insufficient for the tour, if Lord Somers had not procured for him a pension of three hundred a year, which, with his fellowship, was amply sufficient for all ordinary expenses.

He, therefore, bade adieu to Oxford in the summer of 1699, and passed over to Calais, and thence to Paris. He was there treated with great kindness by the Earl of Manchester, then ambassador at the French court, and his charming countess, whose beauty Addison celebrated in some verses inscribed on the glasses of the Kit-Cat Club. From Paris he passed on to Blois, where the French language was at that time said to be spoken in its greatest purity. He spent some months here in retirement, going little into company, but still closely observing the peculiarities of French society, which at that time, owing to the dotting fanaticism of Louis XIV., was in a curious state. On his return to Paris he formed an acquaintance with Boileau, in which the old satirist's character appears in a new light. He was old, deaf, and living in retirement, generally peevish, and slow to admit any one to his confidence. But Addison seems to have won his heart, for he praised his Latin poems, which he had read, and spoke to him upon other subjects with a freedom which was certainly not habitual.

December, 1700, he embarked at Marseilles for Italy. On his way, a violent storm arose, in which the captain and crew gave themselves up for lost. Addison's feelings upon the occasion have found utterance in the fine hymn, "How are thy servants blessed, O Lord!" which was afterwards published in the "Spectator."

While in Italy, as a matter of course, he visited most of the places which were consecrated by the traditions of antiquity or by the artistic glories of the middle ages. Genoa, Rome, and Venice all came in for a due share of attention. He spent also a good deal of time at Naples and Florence, engaged in examination of the various curiosities both of art and antiquarian remains which they contain.

In December he returned across the Alps, but on his arrival at Geneva learnt that a change of ministry had taken place, and that his friend, the Earl of Manchester, was appointed to the office of Secretary of State. Through his influence, Addison was appointed diplomatic agent, on behalf of England, to attend Eugene in Italy, and he was preparing to return to the scene of his duty, when William III. died, and on the accession of Anne, the Whig party were thrust out of office. He, therefore, lost not only his employment, but his pension, and in order to support himself, became tutor to a young English tourist, with whom he rambled over most of the continent. It was during this period that he wrote his treatise on "Medals." From Germany he repaired to Holland, and in 1703 returned to England, when he first became acquainted with the Kit-Cat Club. He was for a long time after this greatly pressed by pecuniary difficulties, but at length the battle of Blenheim, strange to say, placed him once more on the high road to fortune. Godolphin, the tory minister of the day, was greatly annoyed by the badness of the verses in which the scribes of his party attempted to celebrate the victory. He went to consult the whig chief, Lord Halifax, in the choice of a bard who would treat the theme in a manner worthy of its importance. Halifax recommended Addison, and Addison was, therefore, surprised one morning in his garret in the Haymarket, by a visit from Boyle, the then Chancellor of the Exchequer, who requested him to undertake the poem. Addison eagerly grasped at the proposal, which suited his inclination no less than his pocket.

and when the work was half finished showed it to his employer. Godolphin was delighted with it, and instantly appointed him to a commissionership, worth about two hundred a-year. The poem was the "Campaign," which immediately after its publication met with immense success.

His next work was the "Narrative of his Travels in Italy," which though possessing great merit in the grace and perspicuity of its style, and the aptness of its classical quotations and allusions, has one great fault—that it makes hardly any reference to the literature, art, or history of modern Italy. Soon after this, he published an opera called "Rosamond," which for a long time enjoyed great popularity.

The whigs, towards the beginning of the year 1705, obtained a complete ascendancy, both in the House of Commons and in the administration, and Addison's good fortune once more began to return in right earnest. The great seal was given to Cowper, and Somers and Halifax were admitted to the Privy Council, and Addison was appointed Under-Secretary of State. At the general election in 1708, he was returned for Malton, but in the House of Commons he never opened his mouth but once, and then completely failed. His timidity, like Cowper's, was so great, that the wit and eloquence which were the life of the Kit-Cat Club, and the delight of the thousands who had read his writings, quite forsook him in the presence of an audience. His literary talents, however, in an age when literature was a political engine of greater power than even at the present day, availed him so well, that he rose into as good a position as has ever been occupied by the most celebrated orators of any period in parliamentary history.

At the close of the year 1708, Wharton was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and conferred on Addison the Chief Secretaryship, the salary attached to which office was then three thousand a-year, and in addition to this, the latter obtained a patent, appointing him keeper of the Irish records for life, with a salary of three or four hundred a-year. In the summer of 1709 he was elected member for the borough of Cavan, and, it appears, so far got the better of his native bashfulness as to make two speeches in the Irish parliament. His gentle and refined nature did not, however, ever suit well with the rude and licentious coarseness of the Lord Lieutenant, and we may fairly presume that his stay in Dublin was anything but the most agreeable period of his life. In it, however, the event occurred which was destined to place him in his present high position amongst the ornaments of English literature. Richard Steele, a well-educated rake, with some talents, but no steadiness or application, and an acquaintance of Addison's, had been appointed Gazetteer by the whigs, and thus had access to earlier news than was within the reach of the small fry of journalists who even at that time existed in London. He, therefore, determined to start a periodical to be entitled the "Tatler," which should contain an epitome of home and foreign news, the gossip of the town and of the coffee-houses, pasquinades on sharpers, strictures on the fashions and manners of the day, and such like.

In April, 1709, it appeared; and Addison, immediately on hearing, determined to lend his assistance, and contributed a series of papers of unrivalled elegance, wit, and humour, lively portraits of certain types of character, and short satirical tales showing up some foible or folly of the times. Great as the charms of his conversation are described to have been, the charms of this style of writing are still greater. The success of the "Tatler" was immense, and far surpassed Steele's expectation, who found himself completely eclipsed by his contributor. "I fared," he said, "like a distressed prince who calls in a powerful neighbour to his aid. I was undone by my auxiliary. When I had once called him in, I could not subsist without dependence upon him."

In 1709 he was sailing pleasantly along upon the full tide of popularity which his known connexion with the "Tatler" caused to flow around him, when an unexpected catastrophe threw a gloom over his prospects. The whigs fell suddenly with a crash; were, in short, turned out of office by the queen, whose old Stuart prejudices made her hate them. Addison, consequently, lost his secretaryship; and what made the misfortune

greater was the fact, that but a short time previously he had resigned his fellowship, it was said with the view of offering his hand to a lady of rank, who, in some slight degree at least, favoured his suit while he was a rising politician. We fancy he must have been a model in love-making. His exuberant wit, his brilliancy in conversation, his gentle earnestness, and the exquisite delicacy of his compliments and of his respect, must have been powerful weapons in laying siege to the heart of a marriageable woman. Your thundering, roaring, rattling, manly, impetuous, ardent fellows, with their battering-rams of loud protestation, would meet with a smart repulse, where Addison's lines and covered ways would carry the citadel.

But the fair one in this instance seems to have been a worldling. When he lost office she would have none of him. All these reverses do not seem to have had much effect upon him. He was a thorough philosopher, and was just as smiling, as witty, and as good-humoured when once more an adventurer, as when one of the chief ministers of the state. He was consoled, too, by finding that no one disliked him. The Tories, his political enemies, even in those days when party spirit ran so high, had never a word of reproach or ill-will for Addison; and what was then rare, he retired from office with the sympathy and respect of everybody. Nay, so great influence did he retain, with his political antagonists, that he was enabled to obtain appointments for many of his old friends whom the change of ministry had thrown penniless on the world. Not the least deserving was Richard Steele—poor, good-natured, ne'er-do-well Richard Steele—for whom he got permission to continue in his place in the Stamp-office, upon condition that he should abstain from meddling in party politics, which he did. The "Tatler" thus lost one of its leading features, and in January, 1711, ceased to appear altogether.

In the March following appeared the first number of that incomparable production, the "Spectator."

The "Spectator" sketched by Addison, was an imaginary personage, who is supposed to have fixed his residence in London, and to be a diligent observer of men and manners in the great city, and furnishes the result of his investigations to the public in the shape of sketches of the characters of the individuals composing a club of intimate friends, in whose presence alone he can overcome his bashfulness so as to converse with freedom. Most of these are now familiar to the great mass of the public as household words. Will Honeycomb and Sir Roger de Coverley are old friends of every school-boy, and the good old baronet is still further endeared to many a grown man by its connexion with the well-known dance, in which perhaps the first pressure of a soft hand, and the first sparkle of a bright eye, sealed his fate for life.

The series of papers was closed by the break-up of the club, the death of Sir Roger, and the marriage and reformation of the old rake, Will Honeycomb. Besides these sketches, the "Spectator" contained a great number of critical and other articles, also from the pen of Addison. The circulation was immense for that age, when the population of England was so much smaller than it is now, and the per centage of readers still smaller. At the very first it was three thousand; it afterwards rose to four, and for some particular numbers the demand was so great that twenty thousand copies were sold.

In 1712 the "Spectator" died; and the "Guardian" appeared also under Steele's editorship. For a long time it received no contributions from Addison, and when he did begin to contribute, it was too late to save it from downfall.

He had been in the meantime engaged in preparing his celebrated play, "Cato," which was brought out at Drury-lane, and received by a crowded audience, composed of all political parties, with thunders of applause. In 1714 he projected and published another volume of the "Spectator," which contains some of the most charming essays in the language; but before it was completed, a change in political affairs produced a great change in his fortunes. The death of Anne threw the power once more into the hands of the whigs; and the council which assumed the administration of the

government, until the arrival of George I. from Hanover, appointed Addison their secretary. On the king's arrival, a new ministry was formed, in which Addison was again appointed Chief Secretary for Ireland. In 1715 he relinquished the secretaryship for a seat at the Board of Trade, and returned to London. The most remarkable event in his history at this period was his quarrel with Pope, who accused him of malignant jealousy, because he gave him some advice regarding the "Rape of the Lock" which did not turn out as well-timed as Addison honestly believed it to be. Into the details of the dispute our space will not permit us enter. It is enough to say, that everybody now believes Addison to have been in the right, and Pope in the wrong—the one to have been noble minded, honourable, and well-meaning, the other spiteful, jealous, peevish, and suspicious.

In 1716 he married his old flame, the Countess Dowager of Warwick, who at last accepted him when his position left her no excuse. His official standing was very high, and he had inherited the property of a brother who had died governor of Madras, which enabled him to purchase an estate in Warwickshire. He now took up his abode in Holland House, since become so celebrated for the brilliant réunions which in the early part of the present century took place within its walls, comprising all the talents and all the graces of a glorious intellectual epoch—wit, eloquence, and poetry. Not long after his marriage he was made Secretary of State, by a modification of the ministry. But he did not long enjoy his elevation. Declining health compelled him to resign upon a pension of £1,600 a year. The remainder of his life, except during a

silly political quarrel with Steele, carried on in the columns of two periodicals started for the purpose, was passed in calm retirement. Though suffering severely under the attacks of disease, his last moments were characterised by a pious fortitude arising out of the implicit and child-like trust in God which had always distinguished him. He sent for his son-in-law, a wild and dissipated young man, that "he might see how a Christian could die!" On the 17th of June, 1719, he was no more.

His body lay in state in the Jerusalem Chamber, and was borne thence to the Abbey by torch-light, at the dead of night, the choir chanting a funeral hymn. He was interred on the north side of the chapel of Henry the Seventh in the vault of the Albermarle family. It was not until very recently that any monument was erected to his memory in the great temple in which so many famous Englishmen lie sleeping; but the visitor to Westminster Abbey may now see his effigy skilfully sculptured in the Poet's Corner, representing him clad in his dressing-gown, and holding in his hand a roll of paper. "Such a mark of respect," says a great essayist of our own time, "was due to the unsullied statesman, to the accomplished scholar, to the master of pure English eloquence, to the consummate painter of life and manners. It was due, above all, to the great satirist, who alone knew how to use ridicule without abusing it, who, without inflicting a wound, effected a great social reform, and who reconciled wit and virtue, after a long and disastrous separation, during which wit had been led astray by profligacy, and virtue by fanaticism."

PHOTOGRAPHIC SELF-REGISTERING MAGNETIC AND METEOROLOGICAL APPARATUS.

INVENTED BY CHARLES BROOKE, ESQ., F.R.S.

THE importance of instruments whereby the direction and intensity of the earth's magnetism may be readily ascertained, is acknowledged by all scientific men; and the application of photography to this purpose is a means whereby much labour has been saved in meteorological observations. In the following paper we purpose explaining, as briefly as we can, how these observations are made by self-registering apparatus.

Terrestrial magnetism is a *directive*, not an *attractive* force, exercised by the earth and its surrounding atmosphere upon a compass needle, or a freely suspended bar magnet. That it is not an attractive force, may be readily shown by floating a compass needle by means of a piece of cork on a vessel of water: the needle will be found to take its position in the direction of the magnetic meridian; but it exhibits not the least tendency to float towards the north, although perfectly free to do so if any attractive force were exerted upon it in that direction.

The *magnetic* does not coincide with the *astronomical* meridian, but is variously inclined to it at different points of the earth's surface. The angle at which these two meridians are inclined to each other is the *magnetic declination*. The value of this angle is at the present time about 22° in the vicinity of London, and its direction towards the west.

A compass needle is ordinarily supported in such a manner as to rest horizontally in the magnetic meridian; but if it be so sustained as to be capable of moving freely in a vertical plane, the marked end of the needle will point or dip downwards, and the angle which the needle when in its position of rest makes with the horizontal plane is called the dip. The present value of this angle, in the same locality, is about 68° .

The force by which the marked end of the needle is thus directed obliquely downwards, may be conceived to be compounded of two forces, one acting horizontally and the other vertically; by the former of which, acting alone, the needle would assume a horizontal, and by the latter a vertical position. In the present instance, the proportion of the vertical to the horizontal force is nearly as 2 to 1.

These three elements of terrestrial magnetic force, namely,

the declination or direction of the vertical plane in which it is exerted, and the amount of its horizontal and vertical components, are found to be continually in a state of change: some of the variations being of a periodical character, while others, far more irregular and extensive in amount, are of less frequent occurrence, and arise from causes that are at present very imperfectly understood.

The general object of magnetic observations is to obtain a complete knowledge of the physical causes on which the existence of terrestrial magnetism, and its various changes, depend. This knowledge is to be sought by a comparison of the observed changes in the three elements of magnetic force with the occurrence of other natural phenomena. The instruments by which the changes of the magnetic elements are observed are the declinometer, the bifilar or horizontal force magnetometer, and the balanced or vertical force magnetometer. The declinometer consists of a bar magnet freely suspended by a bundle of untwisted silk fibres: the variations of the position of this magnet correspond with those of the vertical plane in which the earth's force is exerted. The bifilar is a similar bar magnet, suspended by two nearly parallel bundles of fibres, separated by a small interval. The double point of suspension is twisted round until the bar assumes a position exactly perpendicular to the magnetic meridian, in which it will then be retained by the opposition of two equal forces—the gravity of the bar and its appendages tending to untwist the suspension skeins, while the horizontal component of the earth's force tends equally to turn the bar in the opposite direction. As the former of these forces remains constant, it is clear that any variations of the latter will produce corresponding changes in the position of the magnet; and it is by observation of these changes of position that the variations of horizontal magnetic force are determined.

The balanced magnetometer is a bar magnet, very delicately poised on knife edges, so as to move in a vertical plane like the beam of a balance. This instrument is placed at right angles to the magnetic meridian, and is maintained in a horizontal position by a weight, which counteracts the tendency

of the earth's vertical force to place the magnet in a vertical position. As the counterpoise remains constant, it follows that any changes in the amount of vertical force will be indicated by corresponding changes in the position of the magnet; which latter have been made a subject of observation.

The method hitherto adopted for observing the indication of these instruments, has been that of viewing, through a fixed telescope, the divisions of a fixed scale reflected by a plane mirror attached to each magnet. But by this system of observation a very imperfect knowledge of the nature of magnetic changes has been obtained; and as it has been deemed necessary, in magnetic observatories, that the observations of the various instruments should be made at intervals of at furthest two hours, by night as well as by day, this laborious duty has devolved upon the assistants: hence some means of enabling these instruments to record their own changes has long been an acknowledged desideratum in physical science. With the aid of photography, this desired object has been attained by the instruments that form the subject of this notice, the merit of which has been acknow-

nowledged by the award of a council medal by the jurors of the Great Exhibition of 1851. Previously to being placed on the cylinder, the paper is washed over with a solution of fifty grains of nitrate of silver to one ounce of water, which communicates to it the requisite degree of sensibility. After having been in action for twenty-four hours, the paper is removed from the cylinder, and the impression developed with a warm solution of twenty grains of gallic acid to one ounce of water, with a small addition of the ordinary commercial strong acetic acid. We may now proceed to explain the working of these very ingenious instruments.

Fig. 1 represents the principal self-registering apparatus invented by Mr. Brooke. The apparatus is supported by a framework of tubes springing from the four corners of a black-marble slab (which, when in actual operation, would be cemented on the top of a stone pillar firmly fixed in the ground, and insulated from the floor of the observatory); these tubes, about four feet long, converge alternately to four points of the top of the slab; they thus compose a framework possessing great stiffness. To the suspension frame of each magnet, a plane glass mirror and a concave metallic speculum are attached. The plane mirror is for the purpose of making

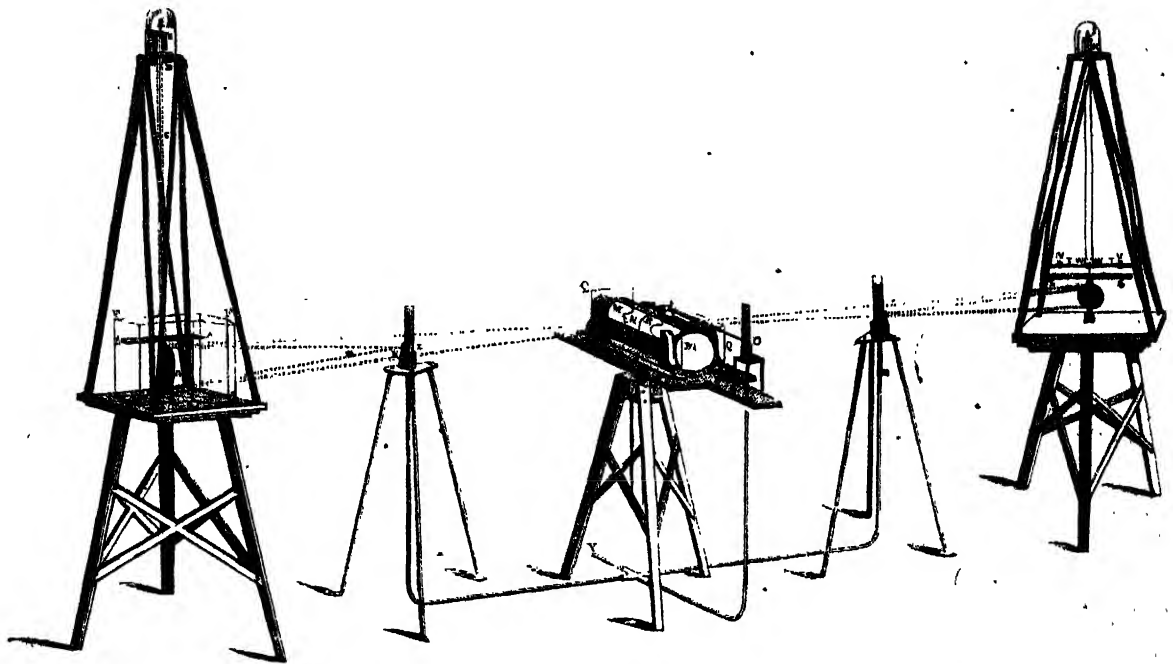


FIG. 1. —BROOKE'S SELF-REGISTERING DECLINOMETER, AND BIPOLAR MAGNETOMETER.

ledged by the award of a council medal by the jurors of the Great Exhibition of 1851.

By these instruments, an uninterrupted and unerring record of all magnetic changes is now maintained at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich. These results could not have been obtained by personal observation; for even if every telescope were constantly watched by the eye of an assistant (which would require a very numerous staff), the results would still be liable to errors of observation; and occasionally the magnetic variations are too rapid and transient to be continuously recorded by an observer. We may further remark, that since the employment of this apparatus at Greenwich, the number of assistants in the magnetic department has been reduced, and the fatigue of night duty has been dispensed with entirely.

Magnetic registration is undoubtedly the most useful application hitherto made of the beautiful art of photography. The method suitably applied to each of the magnetic instruments may be thus described:—A concave metallic mirror, three inches in diameter, is attached to each magnet by a frame possessing all requisite adjustments; the rays of light from a lamp or gas-burner, placed at a distance of about two feet from the mirror, pass through a small aperture in a

considerable quantity of paper may be thus prepared at once. Previously to being placed on the cylinder, the paper is washed over with a solution of fifty grains of nitrate of silver to one ounce of water, which communicates to it the requisite degree of sensibility. After having been in action for twenty-four hours, the paper is removed from the cylinder, and the impression developed with a warm solution of twenty grains of gallic acid to one ounce of water, with a small addition of the ordinary commercial strong acetic acid. We may now proceed to explain the working of these very ingenious instruments.

Fig. 1 represents the principal self-registering apparatus invented by Mr. Brooke. The apparatus is supported by a framework of tubes springing from the four corners of a black-marble slab (which, when in actual operation, would be cemented on the top of a stone pillar firmly fixed in the ground, and insulated from the floor of the observatory); these tubes, about four feet long, converge alternately to four points of the top of the slab; they thus compose a framework possessing great stiffness. To the suspension frame of each magnet, a plane glass mirror and a concave metallic speculum are attached. The plane mirror is for the purpose of making

eye-observations with a telescope in the usual manner. A gas-light or lamp is so placed, at a distance of about two feet in front of each speculum, that an image of a small slit in the copper chimney surrounding the burner may fall on the sensitive paper attached to the registering apparatus. This consists of a stand supporting horizontally on friction rollers two concentric glass cylinders, round the inner of which is wrapped a sheet of prepared photographic paper: the outer or covering cylinder keeps the paper moist during the twenty-four hours it remains in action. A bent arm, attached to the axis of these cylinders, is carried round by a fork at the end of the hour-hand of a timepiece specially constructed for the purpose. The horizontal motion of the tracing point of light, combined with the vertical motion of the paper, traces out the magnetic curve. A third light is attached to the registering apparatus, for the purpose of drawing a standard or base line on the paper; by the varying distance of any point of the magnetic curve from this line, the magnetic variation is determined. At the distance at which these instruments are placed, an angle of 1° is represented by two inches on the paper; but the scale value may be enlarged at pleasure, by placing them further apart.

A A, the declination magnet.

B, a concave speculum attached to the magnet.

C, a plane glass mirror also attached to the magnet, for making observations by a telescope, on the old method, when required.

D, the torsion plate, reading to minutes by two verniers.

E, a frame standing upon the torsion plate. A hook, capable of being raised or lowered by a screw, is attached to this frame, from which the magnet is suspended by a skein of untwisted silk fibres.

F F F, a glass box, in which the magnet and its appendages are enclosed, to protect them from the air; for the same purpose, the suspension skein is enclosed in a glass tube G, which passes through a stuffing box H, in the lid of the box.

I, a gas-burner enclosed in a brass chimney, from which no light can escape, except a small pencil which passes through a narrow slit K, capable of being adjusted by a screw; on the breadth of this slit, the breadth of the register line depends.

L L, a combination of two plano-convex cylindrical lenses. The pencil of light passing through K, falls on the mirror N, and is reflected to the cylindrical lenses; by these, the image of the slit is condensed to a point of light on the surface of

M M, the registering apparatus, consisting of two concentric cylinders, between which the photographic paper is placed.

N, the magnetic curve traced by the point of light.

O, a gas-burner, fixed to the stand on which the cylinders rest.

P, a plano-convex prismatic lens, attached to the top of

Q, an opaque box, which protects the photographic paper from extraneous light. A pencil of light from O passes through P, and is brought to a focus on the surface of the paper; R, the base line, described by this point of light.

S S, the bifilar, or horizontal force magnetometer.

T T, the apparatus for producing an automatic temperature compensation, consisting of two zinc tubes, which are clamped to a glass rod by two adjustable clamps V V; the suspension skein passes over a pulley X, and the ends are attached to two hooks W W; as the temperature rises, these hooks are approximated to each other by a quantity equal to the difference of the expansion of the glass rod and the zinc tubes, between the clamps V V; and thus the torsion force is diminished; the position of the clamps is so adjusted, that the diminution of the torsion force shall be equivalent to the loss of power in the magnet: and *vice versa*, when the temperature falls. The magnet, its appendages, and the suspension skein are enclosed similarly to the declination magnet; the glass box, &c., is omitted to avoid confusion. The registration of its movements is likewise similarly effected on the opposite side of the cylinders.

A blackened zinc case is placed over the cylinders, when in actual operation, to prevent any light from falling on the paper, except the two pencils which describe the magnetic curves, and another which passes through a prism on the top of the case, and draws the base line. In order to avoid con-

fusion this is omitted in the drawing, as well as another case of the same material, which covers the whole of the apparatus, to protect the sensitive paper from any stray light, as well as to defend the whole from dust, &c.

Fig. 2 represents the Balanced Magnetometer, the Barometer, and the apparatus on which the indications of both these instruments are registered.

A A, a self-registering barometer, enclosed in a case, resting on a stand.

B B, the upper and lower ends of a syphon barometer tube, which are of the same diameter, and of large size.

C, a float resting on the surface of the mercury, which hangs in a notch on the short arm of a lever.

D, the pivot on which the lever turns.

E, the long arm of the lever, which carries at its extremity an opaque screen F, with a small aperture, through which a small pencil of light passes.

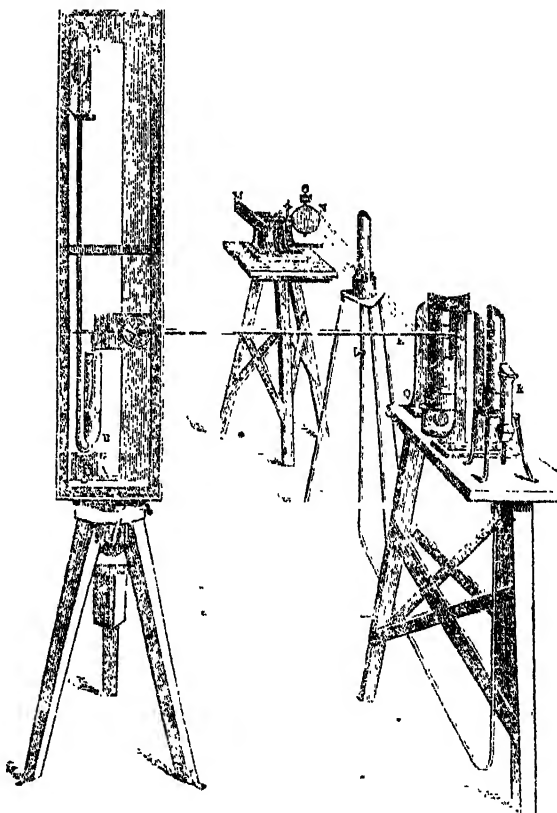


FIG. 2.—BROOK'S SELF-REGISTERING BALANCED MAGNETOMETER, AND BAROMETER.

O, a plate on which the tube rests, which is raised or lowered by a screw.

H, a stand supporting a gas-burner.

I, the register line, described by the pencil of light transmitted by the screen F, which will evidently rise and fall with the column of mercury; the indications will be amplified in proportion to the length of leverage.

J, a tube with a plano-convex prismatic lens at each end of it, placed at the back of the burner; through this, a pencil of light is conducted in the direction indicated by the dotted line, and describes the base line L. By this arrangement, two pencils are derived from the same source of light, which fall perpendicularly on two remote points of the paper.

K, the Balanced Magnetometer, is supported by a brass framework surmounted by agate planes, and firmly attached to a slab of black marble, which, like the preceding instruments, would be cemented on the top of an insulated stone pillar, when in actual operation; it would also be enclosed in

an air-tight case (omitted in the drawing), having a plate-glass window in front of

x, a concave speculum, connected with the magnet by a brass bar in which two agate knife edges are imbedded; these rest on the agate planes attached to the supporting frame. The knife edges may be raised out of gear on four *y*'s by means of an eccentric.

o is a small plane mirror for making observations with a telescope in the usual manner.

r, a gas-burner, similar to those of the preceding instruments. A small pencil of light proceeding from this is reflected from the speculum *x* towards the photographic apparatus, and passing through

q, a combination of two plano-convex cylindrical lenses in a frame of wood, falls upon a vertical revolving cylinder covered with photographic paper, and describes

n, the register line.

s, is a brass frame which supports a turn-table on three vertical and three horizontal rollers. A pin projects vertically from the centre of the turn-table, which enters a hole in the centre of the cap of

t, the cylinder, resting on the turn-table; by these means the axis of the cylinder always coincides with the axis of revolution.

v is the gas-pipe by which the burners are supplied.

The balanced magnetometer is, like the bifilar, furnished with an automatic temperature compensation, not visible in the drawing. This consists of a small thermometer tube, clamped to the magnet, so that the axis of the tube may be in the same horizontal plane with the centre of gravity of the magnet and its appendages, and the centre of motion between the bulb and the end of the thread of mercury in the bore. The length of the stem, and the capacity of the bulb and bore, are so adjusted, that the weight of the small quantity of mercury driven out of the bulb by expansion, may exactly counterbalance the loss of power in the bar occasioned by the same elevation of temperature.

The necessity of this and the previously described temperature compensation, will be better understood by stating that, in both the force magnetometers, the position of equilibrium of the instrument depends on the mutual action of the earth's magnetism and the free magnetism of the bar, and that a variation of either of these elements will induce a corresponding change of position of the magnet. In order, therefore, that the magnetic curve may truly represent the changes in the earth's force alone, it is necessary that the variations of force in the bar itself should be mechanically counteracted by the same agency that produces them, namely, change of temperature.

Fig. 3 is a representation of the self-registering thermometer and psychrometer. This is essentially a wet and dry bulb self-registering thermometer. The bulbs of the thermometers are placed underneath the table, through which the stems pass vertically, and are placed between the opposite sides of the cylinder and two lights. A narrow vertical line of light, brought to a focus by a cylindrical lens, falls on the stem of the thermometer, and passing through the empty portion of the bore, affects the prepared paper. The boundary between the darkened and undarkened portions indicates the position of the mercury in the stem of the thermometer. Fine wires are placed across the slit in the frame through which the light falls on the stem; and coarser wires at every 10th degree as well as at certain other fixed points of the scale, namely, 32°, 54°, 76°, and 98°. The shadows of these wires protect the portions of the photographic paper on which they fall from the action of light, and the darkened surface of the paper is consequently traversed by a series of parallel pale lines; and the relative positions of the broad and narrow lines readily explain the temperature indicated by the register. In this illustration figures are used instead of letters:—

1, 2, are camphine lamps,—now superseded by gas, whereby the time and labour of trimming is saved, and a greater uniformity of light has been obtained.

3, 4, are cylindrical lenses, by which a bright focal line of light is obtained.

5, the psychrometer or wet bulb thermometer.

6, the dry bulb thermometer.

7, two concentric cylinders, between which the photographic paper is placed.

8, the register, as it appears after the impression is developed.

9, one of the rollers of a turn-table, on which the cylinders rest.

10, the frame which contains the timepiece.

11, a bent pin, or carrier, attached to the axis of the cylinder, this is carried round by a fork at the end of the hour-hand of the timepiece.

As this apparatus is necessarily placed in the open air, when in actual operation, it is provided with an inner cylindrical zinc case, with sliding doors, to protect the sensitive paper from light, when the cylinder is removed from, and brought back to, the photographic room; and an outer wind and water-tight zinc case, with water-tight doors, for removing and replacing the cylinders, and for trimming the lamps, if lamps are used.

As the time pieces employed in rotating the photographic cylinders exhibit several peculiarities of construction, our account of the apparatus would be incomplete without some

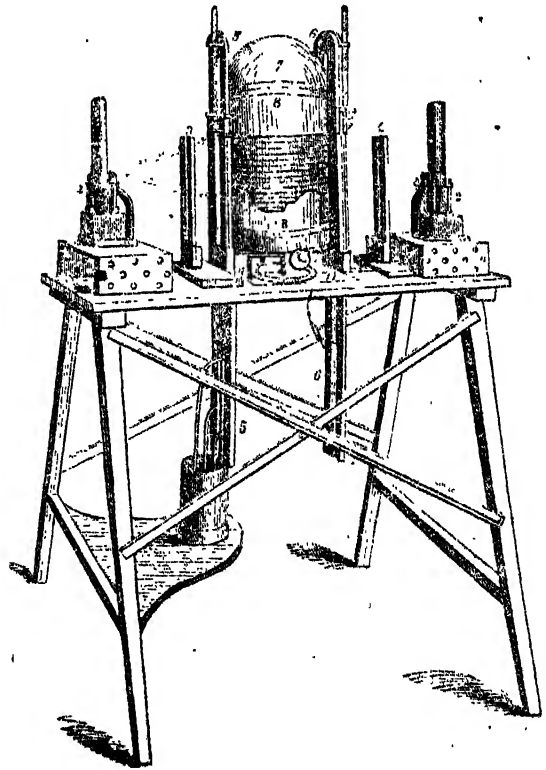


FIG. 3.—BROOKE'S SELF-REGISTERING THERMOMETER AND PSYCHROMETER.

mention of them. In order to avoid the unsteadiness of the hour-hand, which in ordinary movements results from the play of the motion-wheels under the dial, the central axis which carries the hour-hand is in the train, and the axis which carries the minute-hand is placed out of the centre. As the forked or carrying arm is firmly attached to the axis, another moveable hand or pointer is added, which travels with the former, and points to the hour. The compensating-bars of the balances of these pieces are composed of brass and palladium, to prevent the rate being influenced by proximity to the magnets. The numbers of the leaves in the pinions are all prime to the numbers of the teeth in the wheels with which they are in gear, to diminish the chance of irregular motion from wear, as the face of the piece must necessarily be exposed.

THE TWO DREAMS.

The unfortunate wretch has gone to sleep hungry, resting his head upon the foot of the bed on which his wife and child are sleeping. The terrible visions of misery are haunting him. He dreams that he is travelling along a narrow and shady road, through the midst of a forest. He sees a gay cavalier advancing to meet him, clad in silk and velvet; his pouch bursting with pieces of gold, and his uncovered hand toying with a glove of cordovan leather. He sees in him one of those frivolous lordlings whose youth is passed in shameless pro-

infant hugged to her bosom, dreams too. She sees a woman with a kindly eye, and sweet gentle smile, standing by her pallet, and looking down upon her. With one hand she points to the table, covered with all that a poor family can want—warm flannels, plenty of provisions, generous wine to recruit the strength of her worn-out and fainting husband, toys for the child, and pleasant books to beguile the long evenings of winter. The poor woman cannot believe in her dream, and presses her son closer to her heart.



DRAWN BY STAAL.

figuey, and he asks, what use is such a life as his. Whose happiness will be destroyed by his removal from this world? For what is he wanted? And those coins, useless or dangerous in his hands, would they not be sufficient to place a family in comfort, and make their hearts leap with gladness? While this horrid thought passes through his brain, the miserable man grasps more tightly the oak cudgel which he holds in his hand, and he advances towards the horseman with fierce oaks and a bounding pulse.

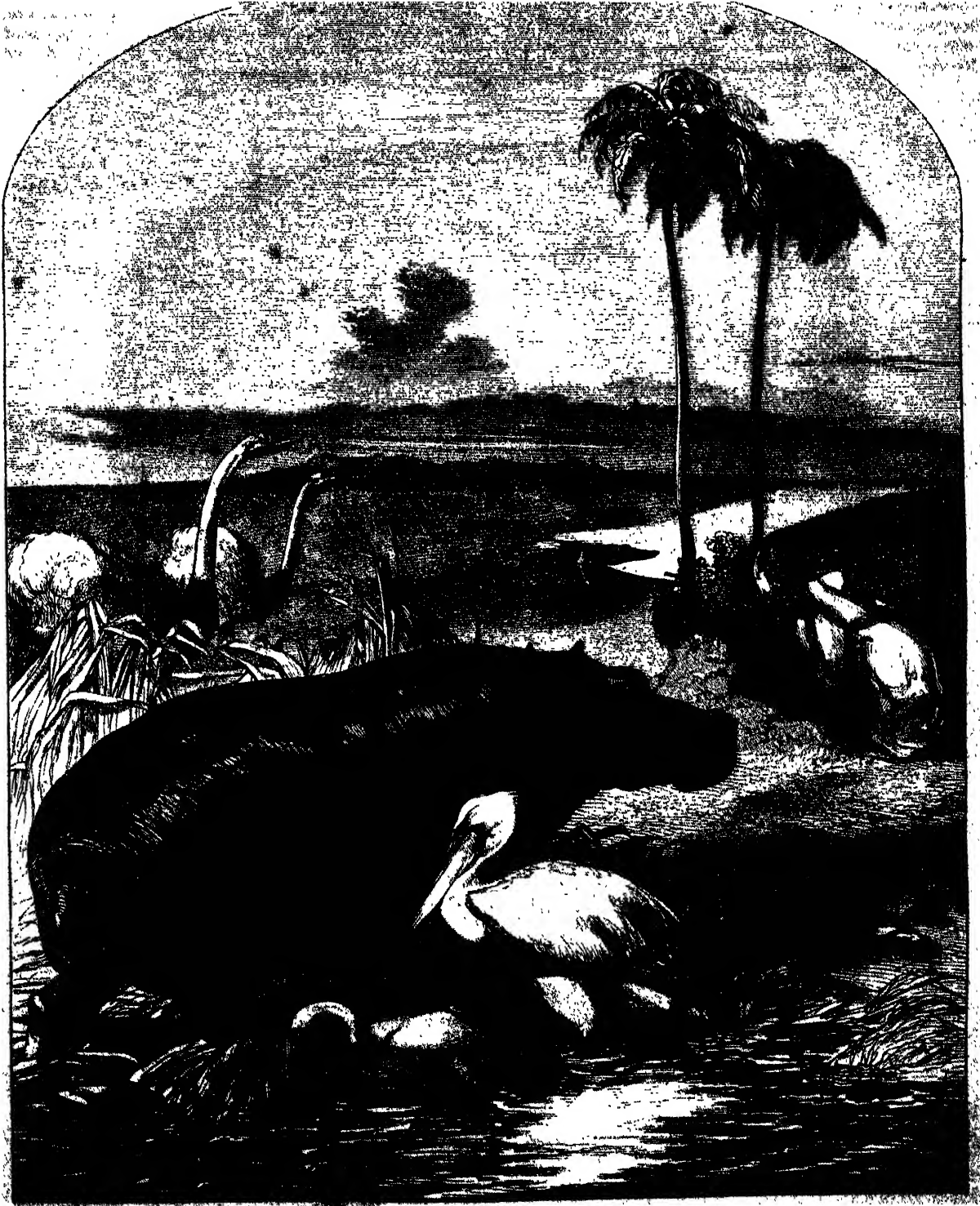
In the meantime, the poor mother who sleeps, with her

Which of these two dreams shall be accomplished? Kindly charity will decide between them, and it is she alone who shall open the door of the cottage to crime or to gratitude. It is she alone who can aid the very poor, give holy thoughts to the outcast, and new courage to the desponding. Let her watch over the abodes of poverty night and day, for if hunger have cursed the day, it fills the mind with evil dreams at night—dreams of crime—puts the strong man on his unbridled will and his lawless strength, and the weak woman on her shadowy hope.

WILD ANIMALS PECULIAR TO THE VALLEY OF THE NILE.

Egypt, the mother of nations and birth-place of the arts, is an interesting object from whatever point of sight we view it. Whether we consider it as the most ancient of dynasties of

of the early world—for to Egypt the Jews, as yet but wandering shepherds, went to purchase corn, and found it a highly civilized country, possessing abundance of food and an intelli-



GROUP OF ANIMALS AS ARRANGED FOR EXHIBITION IN THE NEW PALACE AT SYDENHAM.

which we have any knowledge—for Herodotus speaks of the Pyramids as having existed before the nations of Europe possessed written records; whether we view it as the granary

gent population; whether we look upon it as the great and perhaps only, commercial country in the time of Abraham—for we are especially told that Egypt possessed many cities

great buildings, chariots, horses, and cattle, and that it was a land full of people, and that thither came the travellers of all nations to buy and sell; whether we regard it as the patron and originator of the kindred arts of sculpture, architecture, and painting—for the researches of modern times have abundantly proved, that while Europe and the western world were yet in a state of primeval barbarism, Egypt possessed imperial palaces, vast sepulchres, and noble temples; or whether we consider it simply as the land of Ham, the son of Noah, our wonder at the achievements of its people, our interest in its history, our recollection of the influence it has had in the civilisation and refinement of the world, become only greater, more absorbing, and more intense.

Were we to pursue this train of thought, we might speedily loose ourself in the mazes of the past, and wander blindfold amid the mysteries of monuments, and sepulchre, and palace, and desert; but a glance at the picture brings us at once to the banks of the old Nile, and to the subject we have before us—the Wild Animals peculiar to Egypt.

The valley of the Nile is everywhere, on both sides of the stream, covered with the remains of Egypt's departed magnificence, especially where the river forms the famous Delta; and the past still lives in the ruined temple of Carnac and the desolated plains in which the pyramids still stand, the wonder of mankind. But while all is changed, and while Egypt among the nations is considered but a third or fourth rate power, the natural characteristics of the country remain the same. The Nile still annually overflows its banks, and fertilises the surrounding plains; the sands of those apparently interminable deserts over which the Israelites of old pursued their weary way, still rise in burning clouds to terrify and overwhelm the traveller; the corn and the fig-tree still grow in the rich valleys and on the steep hill sides as they did when the brethren of Joseph went thither from the famine-stricken tents of Israel. The men who built the pyramids have departed, and none are acquainted even with their names; but the pyramids remain, silent and grey and desolate as of old. The divine spirit of the great architects has fled away, but the work of their hands remaineth. The Nile flows down from the mountains to the sea, just as it did when the daughter of Pharaoh discovered the child Moses floating on its surface, cradled in a little ark of bulrushes; and the wild animals came down nightly now to quench their thirst in its waters even as they did then. Man only has changed.

In the oldest written record,—the Book of Job, "all people's book," as Carlyle emphatically styles it,—reference is made to the animals through whom God declareth his power—the wild goats and hinds, the wild ass, the unicorn, the peacock, the ostrich, the horse, the hawk, the eagle, the crocodile, and the hippopotamus. See how eloquently and how truly the sacred writer describes the latter animal:—"Behold now, Behemoth, which I made with thee; he eateth grass as an ox; his strength is in his loins; he moveth his tail like a cedar; his bones are as strong pieces of brass and bars of iron; he lieth under the shady trees in the coolest of the reeds and fens; the willow of the brook compass him about; behold, he drinketh up a river and tasteth not." And then the alligator or crocodile—"Canst thou draw out Leviathan with a hook, or his tongue with a cord which thou lettest down?" and with no less truthfulness are the ostriches and pelicans of the wilderness described—"The ostrich which layeth her eggs in the earth and warmeth them in the dust, and forgetteth that the foot may crush them, or that the wild beast may break them;" and the pelican, which was among the animals forbidden to be eaten by the Israelites. Reference is also made in the Scriptures to the jackass, —Pharaoh's rat,—the great enemy of the crocodile, and the sacred ibis of the Egyptians, a species of the stork which is supposed to have delivered Egypt from the plague of serpents. In fact, in speaking or writing on Natural History it is impossible not to recognise the sacred writings as a very high authority indeed. We can reach to no higher knowledge, says the venerable Humboldt, than that of which the Egyptians possessed the true essence.

REMINISCENCES OF A GENIUS.

A few years immediately prior to the celebrated battle of Waterloo, a period replete with stirring events, and remarkable for the number of illustrious men in all professions and pursuits, there flourished, in a town in the south-east of Ireland, a genius, whose natural talents, fostered by education, won the admiration and applause of all who knew him. His fame, indeed, did not extend to the ends of the earth, for modest merit ever shrinks from the public gaze; yet it reached to the utmost limits of the county in which he dwelt.

As a poet he was undoubtedly inferior to either Milton or Byron; yet he was universally acknowledged to be a superior melodist to Moore. Still, had not his talents been confined by the circumstances of the place in which he happened to receive his education, and his energies cramped, as too often is the case, by an imperious necessity, it must be said that no poet could have soared so high, or gone so near to heaven's gate in the sublimity of his flights. But the talent in which he excelled was music. In this his natural genius shone forth with a lustre unrivalled. If Handel had but heard him he must have stood entranced with our hero's delicious compositions; and while he listened in ecstasy, with swelling heart and tearful eye, to the rich volume of sound improvised by this heaven-taught artist, the great master of music would not have disdained to have embodied his conceptions in a far nobler production than that of his celebrated "Harmonious Blacksmith." As a vocalist the subject of these remarks surpassed his competitors by many degrees. Even Braham himself, with all his richness of voice and power of expression, could not be heard beside him. Whenever he chose to pour forth the thrilling power of his song, every other sound must of necessity be hushed, every other voice silent. Nor was it easy to know which to admire most—the brilliancy, beauty, and elegance of his execution, or the sweetness and pathos of that music which he seemed to compose at will. But this did not constitute his whole merit. His accomplishments and acquirements were so many and various, that he was the delight and admiration of every beholder, and the entertainment of every company.

We need not stop to inquire why most clever people are oddities. Whether it is that talent is scarce, or that the possessor presumes too much upon that wherein he excels—the truth, however, must be confessed, that the subject of these memoirs, like too many of the sons of genius, was a fanciful and capricious creature. If you sought the entertainment and delight you expected from his society, it was then he became sullen and morose; if you asked him to gratify you with a specimen of his vocal powers and his enchanting music, he would probably retire to his apartment as if you had given him some offence. But when the fit was over, and the sun again shone forth, then would he exert his powers, without further solicitation, and hold the attention of an entire company in breathless admiration.

Doubtless, my young readers are anxious to learn the name and lineage of such a strange yet admirable personage. His family was certainly respectable, being as old as the nation; but we never heard anything very particularly remarkable in any of his ancestors, nor, indeed, any of his name, till we met with him. There was one peculiarity, however, which we were very nearly omitting, namely, that though humble in their origin, every one of his kindred that came to maturity, invariably rose in the world, except himself, and that, singular to say, it was his superior talent which effectually put a bar to his advancement in that way. As to his name, it was humble like his birth; yet it has had talent connected with it, from Thomas Aquinas, down to Thomas Moore. His style and title was Thomas Lark, Esq., but he was more generally known among his friends and acquaintances, and signified, by the familiar name of "Tommy."

"And so," we think we hear our readers exclaim, "after all, it is but a poor insignificant sky-lark."

Very true, indeed; but if you had seen and heard that same sky-lark as we and hundreds of others have

He was found in a nest in the grass by some mowers, while they were employed in cutting a meadow. He was fully feathered, and ready for his first flight, and he was brought home by the man-servant, as a present to the young ladies of a family where it was once our privilege to be an inmate. A cage was immediately procured, and a boy employed to bring a shamrock sod every morning for Tommy's pleasure and refreshment.

We need scarcely say that we are much opposed to the practice of depriving poor little animals of their natural liberty, and incarcerating them in cages, and such-like portable prisons, for the mere selfish gratification of vacant minds; and we cannot realise without horror, Sterne's picture of the captive, shut up in his solitary dungeon, counting the weary moments as they steal sluggishly along, and at the close of an almost interminable day, adding it to the number of the past on his wooden calendar. We cannot fancy, without a pang of sympathetic suffering, the wounded spirit—the hope deferred which maketh the heart sick—and the iron entering into his soul. "Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, slavery, thou art a bitter draught." Surely, the practice we condemn must form part of that burden under which "the whole creation travaileth and groaneth together."

These remarks, however, are not called forth by anything which poor Tommy's state of confinement obliged him to endure; for the little creature seemed almost as happy as if he had enjoyed his natural liberty. He was brought from the nest before he was old enough to know what liberty was; and yet he was sufficiently old, as to no longer require the fostering care of the parent bird. A few hours more, and he would have stretched far away into the blue expanse of heaven, carolling that beautiful hymn of glory to the Creator which thrills through the heart, while it dies away on the ear, as the soaring bird disappears in the distance.

But if this was not Tommy's lot, he at least fell into kind hands, and he soon began to repay the tender and judicious care which was shown him, by a docility and tameness truly astonishing. He became familiarised to the presence of many people, by his cage being placed every day near the morning work-table of the young ladies of the family, and to that of strangers by the daily calls of visitors. At length the elder of our three young female friends ventured one day to let him out of his place of confinement; and it would appear as if the little creature was alive to the feeling of gratitude, for he seemed to recognise her in a peculiar way as his friend, and ever after treated her as if he held her in the deepest veneration and regard. Indeed, though evidently attached to every member of the family, which he pleased by a thousand endearing little ways, he yet exhibited towards each a different mode of behaviour. It now became a daily practice to permit the door of his cage to remain open, except on those occasions when it was necessary to ventilate the apartments by having any of the windows raised; and he soon began to consider it as a place of refuge, to which he always retired when anything occurred to give him offence or alarm.

When the family were assembled at breakfast, he would fly upon the table, and walk round, picking up small pieces of egg or crumbs of bread, and sometimes he would hop up on a loaf, and actually allow a slice to be cut under his feet before he would change his position. In the course of the morning, if the ladies sat at their embroidery, or other ingenious works, at which they often amused themselves, Tommy was again permitted to leave his domicile, and on these occasions he always paid a visit to their work-table, where he delighted to play sundry droll and mischievous tricks. It was curious to see him watching the operation of threading a needle. When the thread was put over so little into the eye, he would seize the thread and dexterously pull it through. Sometimes, when the young lady had fastened her thread to her work, and continued sewing, he would make a sudden plunge at it and pull it out of the needle again, to her great pretended vexation, while he would instantly fly out of reach and chuckle over the mischief. Sometimes he would hop on her open work-box, and seizing the end of a cotton thread,

would fly with it to the other side of the apartment, unwinding yards upon yards from the revolving spool. The second of the young ladies to whom we allude was remarkable for the elegance and neatness with which her hair was always braided. This did not escape Tommy's observation, and he frequently made an attack upon it, by taking the end of each ringlet in his bill, and, fluttering before her face, would leave it in the most admired disorder. He would then again chuckle as we have heard a magpie do after any act of mischief.

With the younger of the three young ladies, his practice was, if possible, to perch on the top of her head, and sing his beautiful song, till the music would pierce through her ears, and she was obliged to shake him off; but he never made the same attack upon her hair, though it was always becomingly settled. From the opportunity we had of watching the development of the little bird's intellect, we are quite convinced he understood everything that was said to him. There was a gentleman, an intimate friend of the family, who, in his repeated visits, had made himself familiar with Tommy. Whenever he made a morning call, he would say, "Ha! Tommy! good morning to you: are you ready for a game at shuttlecock?" The little creature would instantly fly to his extended hand, and suffer itself to be thrown into the air like that toy, and fall again into his hand, and so the game would continue for several minutes, until at length Tommy would fly to the ceiling, and, with his wings almost touching it, would dart with almost inconceivable rapidity from end to end of the apartment, singing at the utmost pitch of his voice that splendid melody which in his natural state the lark pours forth as he ascends above the clouds.

Another game which Tommy perfectly understood was "hide-and-go-seek," and for this he preferred as his companion the second of the "three sisters." She would say, "Now, Tommy, I am going to hide," and then drawing the room door open, she would place herself behind it, and cry, "Whoop." Tommy would immediately commence strutting up and down the floor, and stretching out his neck would peer under this, and behind that, as if he were seeking for her. At length coming opposite to where she stood, he would give a loud scream, and fly up to attack her hair. When this was over, and he had again become quiet, she would say, "Now, Tommy, it is *your* time to hide." Immediately the bird would staidly still under a table, and she would commence a diligent search. "Where is Tommy? Did any one see Tommy?" In the meantime he would never give by sound or movement the least indication that he was in the room; but the moment she thought proper to find him, he would again scream, and fly up to her.

Were we to recount only the twentieth part of the many entertaining little tricks and gambols he used to exhibit, we should trespass too much on the space allotted to our biography—and, perhaps, too, on the patience of our readers. Perching sometimes on the head of the lady who first gave him his liberty, he would walk down her face as she held it up, with outspread wings, and give her a kiss! At other times he would walk round and round her, with his tail in the shape of a fan, and his wings trailing on the ground, just like a turkey-cock in miniature, warbling all the time a beautiful gentle melody in a subdued tone, and quite different from his song of the skies.

The mistress of the house, a little advanced in life, wore spectacles, which he would frequently pull off in his flights, and immediately let fall, as they were too heavy for him to carry; and after every feat of this kind, he would chuckle at his success. When the dinner things were removed, and the dessert set on the table, in the long days of summer, it was his practice to come upon the table, and going round it, would do something amusing to each person. He would bite the fingers of the master of the house, and give an exciting chuckle when he pretended to be hurt. At another gentleman's knuckles he would strike like a game-cock, and seem to be in wonderful passion. Then he would take a sudden flight at a lady's cap, and seizing the end of a ribbon, would gracefully flutter before her face, carolling a species of song, and ending

he would visit his fair friend with the beautiful hair, and plucking out her combs, would speedily demolish her glossy curls.

There remains, however, one trait of sagacity which those who recollect the entertaining little creature would scarcely pardon us if we omitted. The younger of the three ladies was accustomed each night before she retired to take her candle over to Tommy's cage to bid him "good night." He would instantly bring out his head from under his wing, and standing up, sing one of the most beautiful little songs you could conceive it possible for a little throat like his to warble—a song, too, that he never gave forth on any other occasion. And if she attempted to go out of the room without thus coming to bid him "good night," although his head was under his wing, and you thought him asleep, he would instantly scream out to put her in mind. To this may be added, the singular fact that he would not sing the same song for any one else who might take a candle to his cage, though he would respond by a chirp to their "good night."

It may well be imagined that a little creature so sagacious and entertaining would become very interesting, not only to the family, but to all who chanced to know him. His fame extended far and near, and many came from the remote parts of the county purposely to visit him. Even strangers made interest to be introduced to the family for the object. But it was not always on these occasions that Tommy "showed off" best. Like most pets, he was capricious; and while sometimes he would delight a large company, at others he would refuse to come out of his cage, or even notice the caresses of his own favourites. Induced by the astonishing docility and attainments of this admired and well-known pet, many persons tried the experiment of training and domesticating birds of the same species; and the result was a general lark-mania throughout the entire town. But it would not do. Whether it was that Tommy was an original genius, or that the circumstances of his education were more favourable for the development of that natural talent, we cannot say; but it is a fact, that of the numerous birds condemned to imprisonment, after his example, not one could be in the least degree tamed, or even brought to sing, in their state of confinement. And such of them as escaped from the fangs of that miniature tigress, the cat, were, after a long and hopeless trial, restored to the green fields and their native liberty.

But this rage for lark-training occasioned a sad fright to the lady of the house on Tommy's account. Returning home one day from some shopping excursion, she found a dead lark at the hall-door, and taking it up in her hand, with what feelings my amiable young readers may suppose, she rushed to the apartment where Tommy was usually kept. Her first glance at the cage showed her the pretty pet alive, safe, and well; and, throwing the dead bird on the table, it was some minutes before she recovered from her agitation.

But an accident of a serious nature occurred about this time, which occasioned great alarm in the family. Tommy was lost! The first duty of the servant, when he came in to lay the cloth for dinner, was to ascertain that the bird was in his cage, and to close him in lest he should be trodden upon. One day, however, Tommy could not be found. Search was made in every direction; inquiries sent about in all quarters. No news could be obtained that any one had seen him for the previous two hours. At length dinner was announced, and the family sat down with grieving looks and uncomfortable feelings. Many conjectures were hazarded as to what had become of the bird. Could a cat have laid her felon claws upon him, or could he have been inadvertently trodden upon? At length it was recollected that the room having been unusually close and warm that morning, one of the windows had been thrown up for ventilation. It was concluded, therefore, that poor Tommy had got out, and that, alarmed at the novelty of his situation in the open street, he had not found his way back. It was decided, therefore, that messengers should be sent out in all directions to search for the bird. At this moment, however, a thought occurred to the lady

capacious pocket, which, despite of the fashion, she was in the habit of wearing, she drew forth a small key, and running over to the work-table, she unlocked its drawer, and, sure enough, Tommy popped up his head with a chirp, as much as to say, "Not lost, only *mislaid*!" The truth happened to be, as was now recollected, that the bird had been picking at some crumbs of gingerbread in the open drawer, when the lady, hastily called away on some household message, had as hastily closed and locked the drawer, without perceiving the bird was there. Such, however, was its exceeding tameness, that, without being disturbed, it merely ducked its head as the drawer went in; and thus was poor Tommy enclosed in his temporary confinement, and forgotten, until the anxiety produced by his unaccountable disappearance led to his happy recovery.

Our young friends will doubtless have some curiosity to know whether poor Tommy underwent the fate of most pets of the kind, or whether he escaped the arch-enemy of all little birds, the wily and treacherous cat. If so, it will be a consolation to be told that he never fell victim to such an untimely death; but that he lived all the term of his life in the midst of the amiable family to whom he was so much attached. He had, however, some escapes. One of the ladies already mentioned, who was in the habit of rising early, on coming down stairs one summer morning, heard Tommy making a most unusual noise. She entered the apartment, and found a cat attempting to get her claws in through the bars of the cage, while Tommy stood on the middle of his sod, looking at her, and scolding most vehemently. The little creature had the sagacity to stand still in the centre of his cage, where the attacking party could not reach him. Had he been terrified, and fluttered against the wires, he was gone for ever. Punishment was denounced against puss; but the servants begged her off, as she belonged to a neighbour. It is a pity that a first warning is seldom regarded. The same cat was again caught at Tommy's cage, in a month or two afterwards, and then she was ordered to be banished for ever from the house.

What the duration of a lark's age usually is we cannot say. It is probable that in the natural state they do not live as long as when well taken care of in a tame condition. The frosts of winter, want of food, and other circumstances, must cut off large numbers of the older and more weakly birds. However this may be, Tommy himself lived a happy life for thirteen years. As he grew old, a curious complaint affected him. He cast the upper chap of his bill every season for a few years before he died. At those periods, more than usual care was necessary: he required to be fed with soft food, and he seemed in some degree to languish while the process was going on; but when the new portion of the bill had grown, and the old part was thrown off, he soon recovered his spirits, and became as entertaining as ever.

But, alas! larks must die as well as men. At length poor Tommy fell sick, and now, indeed, he lost all his energy and power of entertaining. His feathers ruffled, his head drooped, his wings hung, and his eyes grew dim. Every one suffered with poor Tommy, and there were as many messages to inquire how he did, as if it were indeed some dear friend. A humane and skilful surgeon, who was intimate in the house, and who regarded Tommy with unbounded admiration, did not disdain to visit him several times a-day, and continued to administer medicine in homoeopathic doses. But all would not do: the sympathy of attached friends, and the skill of human science, were alike unavailing. Tommy was wrapped in cotton, and placed near the genial warmth of a moderate fire—yet still he languished, and took but little notice of those around him. His young friend, for whom he used to sing his sweet "good night," approached him with her candle; he lifted his little head; and as the dying swan is said to sing, he attempted to warble his last "good night." She burst into tears, and retired. In the morning, Tommy was dead.

The above relation of this very clever and entertaining bird is true in every particular, and the MS. having been put into the Editor's hands, he is happy to state that

THE TOWN AND BRIDGE OF CERET.

In the valley of the Tech, in the Pyrenees Orientales, lies the little town and commune of Ceret. The former, as the name implies, is a department of France in the eastern extremity of the Pyrenean mountains, bounded on one side by that part of the Mediterranean called the Gulf of Lyons, and on the other by the department of the Arriege, the mountains themselves forming the natural line of division between it and Spain. The whole department is not much larger than Hampshire; or, to speak more correctly, its area contains about 1,600 square miles, with a population of rather less than 165,000 persons, or about 103 persons per square mile. The principal town in this small and very rural department of France is Perpignan, on the Tet, and the next in importance is Ceret.

The town of Ceret contains about 2,750 inhabitants; but its

populations of from two to three thousand each, are among them.

Ceret possesses a Court of Justice and a high school, and is surrounded by ancient lofty walls, said to have been built by the Romans during their occupation of Spain. But, besides present interest, Ceret has also its historical associations; for in its neighbourhood were fought several battles between the Roman armies and the troops under Hannibal, the African general, who, as we are told by Livy, at one time encamped in the Valley of Elne, at no great distance from Ceret. In 1793, a battle was fought between the French and the Spanish in a plain near at hand; and later still, the neighbourhood has been the scene of various encounters between the marshals of Napoleon and the generals of the allied



THE BRIDGE OF CERET, OVER THE RIVER TECH, IN THE EASTERN PYRENEES.

is surrounded by a tolerably well cultivated district, containing nearly as many people as the town itself. Like other places out of the immediate range of the tourist, Ceret has its curiosities and antiquities; but one of the greatest glories of the town is the bridge shown in our engraving. It consists of a single arch of 144 feet span; and, says M. Merime, writing in 1834, "the massive style of its architecture is only equalled by the simple grandeur of its design." It is the opinion of many that it was constructed in the fourteenth century. The Tech flows down from the mountains in a rapid and tumultuous manner, till it almost reaches the town, when it widens considerably, and forms a kind of natural lake on the eastern side of it. Several small towns and villages are scattered about the river and its tributaries; Thet de Melle, Arles, La Boulon, St. Leger, Bellagard, &c., with the grand

armies—to say nothing of the masterly retreats of the former from the Peninsula, or the bold entry of Wellington into France.

But the view from the heights around Ceret suggest other and better thoughts than these. Looking down upon the rich valleys and smiling homesteads at his feet, the philosopher-tourist may well deplore the fact, that war and evil passions should make a desert of so beautiful a spot, and that in the pursuit of the false and meretricious, men should neglect the true and beautiful. It is pleasanter, from such a spot, and with such a prospect before him, to think of the time when the Romans carried the arms and the civilisation of Italy into Gaul; and to trace in his memory the various fortunes of the soil—from the Romans to the Visigoths, and from them to the Moors, then again to the Franks, and then to the Spanish, till, in 1840, it was finally incorporated into the domain of France.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF A PAINTER.

FRANÇOIS has heard of the famous painter Albrecht Durer, but every one is not aware that he possessed a "better half" so Xantippical in temper as to be the torment not only of his own life, but of that of his pupils and domestics also. Some of the former were cunning enough to purchase peace for themselves by conciliating the common tyrant—but woe to those unwilling or unable to offer sought in propitiation. Even the wiser ones were spared only by having their offences visited upon a scape-goat. This unfortunate individual was Samuel Duhobret, a disciple whom Durer had admitted into his school out of charity. He was employed in painting signs, and the coarse tapestry then used in Germany. He was about forty years of age, little, ugly, and humpbacked; was the butt of every ill joke among his fellow-disciples, and was picked out as a special object of dislike by Madame Durer.

Poor Samuel had not a spice of envy or malice in his heart. He would at any time have toiled half the night to assist or serve those who were wont, oftentimes, to laugh at him, or abuse him loudest for his stupidity. True—he had not the qualities of special humour or wit; but he was an example of indefatigable industry. He came to his studies every morning at daybreak; and remained at work until sunset. Then he retired into his lonely chamber, and wrought for his own amusement.

One morning Duhobret was missing at the scene of his daily labours. His absence created much remark, and many were the jokes passed upon the occasion. One surmised this, and another that, as the cause of the phenomenon; and it was finally agreed that the poor fellow must have worked himself into an absolute skeleton, and taken his final stand in the glass frame of some apothecary; or had been blown away by a puff of wind, while his door happened to stand open. No one thought of going to his lodgings to look after him.

Meanwhile the object of their mirth was tossing on a bed of sickness. Disease, which had been slowly sapping the foundations of his strength, burned in every vein; poor Duhobret had his dreams, as all artists, rich or poor, will sometimes have. He had thought the fruit of many years' labour, disposed of to advantage, might procure him enough to live, in an economical way, for the rest of his life. Now, alas! even that hope had deserted him. He believed himself dying, and thought it hard to die without one to look kindly upon him; without the words of comfort that might soothe his passage to another world. He fancied his bed surrounded by devilish faces, grinning at his sufferings, and taunting him with his inability to summon a priest to exorcise them. At length the apparitions faded away, and the patient sank into an exhausted slumber. He awoke unrefreshed; it was the fifth day he had lain there neglected. His mouth was parched; he turned over, and feebly stretched out his hand towards the earthen pitcher, from which, since the first day of his illness, he had quenched his thirst. Alas! it was empty! Samuel lay a few moments thinking what he should do. He knew he must die of want if he remained there alone; but to whom could he apply for aid in procuring sustenance? An idea seemed at last to strike him. He arose slowly, and with difficulty, from the bed, went to the other side of the room, and took up the picture he had painted last. He resolved to carry it to the shop of a salesman, and hoped to obtain for it sufficient to furnish him with the necessaries of life for a week longer. On his way he passed a house about which there was a crowd. He drew nigh—asked what was going on; and received for an answer, that there was to be a sale of many specimens of art collected by an amateur in the course of thirty years.

Something whispered the weary Duhobret that here would be the market for his picture. He worked his way through the crowd, and, after many inquiries, found the auctioneer. That personage was a busy, important, little man, with a bundle of papers; and he was inclined to notice somewhat fully the interruption of the lean, suffering humpback, inasmuch as were his gestures and language.

"What do you call your picture?" at length said he.

"It is a view of the Abbey of Newbourg—with its village—and the surrounding landscape," replied the trembling artist. The auctioneer again scanned it contemptuously, and asked what it was worth.

"Oh, that is what you please—whatever it will bring."

"Hem! it is too odd to please, I should think—I can promise you no more than three thalers."

Poor Samuel sighed deeply. He had spent on that piece the nights of many months. But he was starving now; and the pitiful sum offered would give him bread for a few days. He nodded his head to the auctioneer, and, retiring, took his seat in a corner.

The sale began. After some paintings and engravings had been disposed of, Samuel's was exhibited.

"Who bids at three thalers? Who bids?" was the cry. Duhobret listened eagerly, but none answered. "Will it find a purchaser?" said he, despondingly, to himself. Still there was a dead silence. He dared not look up, for it seemed to him that all the people were laughing at the folly of the artist who could be insane enough to offer so worthless a piece at a public sale. "What will become of me?" was his mental inquiry. "That work is certainly my best," and he ventured to steal another glance. "Does it not seem that the wind actually stirs those boughs and moves those leaves? How transparent is the water! what life breathes in the animals that quench their thirst at that spring! How that steeples shines! How beautiful are those clustering trees!" This was the last expiring throb of an artist's vanity. The ominous silence continued, and Samuel, sick at heart, buried his face in his hands.

"Twenty-one thalers!" murmured a faint voice, just as the auctioneer was about to knock down the picture. The stupefied painter gave a start of joy. He raised his head and looked to see from whose lips those blessed words had come. It was the picture-dealer to whom he had first thought of applying.

"Fifty thalers," cried a sonorous voice. This time a tall man in black was the speaker.

There was a silence of hushed expectation.

"One hundred thalers," cried the picture-dealer.

"Three hundred."

"Five hundred."

"One thousand."

Another profound silence; and the crowd pressed around the two opponents, who stood opposite each other with eager and angry looks.

"Two thousand thalers!" cried the picture-dealer, and glanced around him triumphantly, when he saw his adversary hesitate.

"Ten thousand!" vociferated the tall man, his face crimson with rage, and his hands clenched convulsively.

The dealer grew paler; his frame shook with agitation. He made two or three efforts, and at last cried out—"Twenty thousand!"

His tall opponent was not to be vanquished. He bid forty thousand. The dealer stopped; the other laughed a low laugh of insolent triumph, and a murmur of admiration was heard in the crowd. It was too much for the dealer; he felt his peace at stake. "Fifty thousand!" exclaimed he, in desperation.

It was the tall man's turn to hesitate. Again the whole crowd were breathless. At length, tossing his arms in defiance, he shouted, "One hundred thousand!"

The crest-fallen picture-dealer withdrew; the tall man victoriously bore away the prize.

The possessor was proceeding homeward when a decrepit, lame, and humpbacked invalid, tottering along by the aid of a stick, presented himself before him. He threw him a piece of money; and waved his hand as dispensing with his thanks.

"May it please your honour," said the supposed beggar, "I am the painter of that picture!" and he rubbed his eyes.

The tall man was Count Dunkelsbeck, one of the richest noblemen in Germany. He stopped, took out his pocket-book, tore out a leaf, and wrote on it a few lines. "Take it," said he; "it is a check for your money."

MODERN ART AND ARTISTS.

THE Exposition of French Arts and Industry in 1849 was inaugurated in the Royal Palace of the Tuileries, at Paris; and a writer of the day, alluding to the former occupancy of that celebrated pile, observed, that "kings might perish and dynasties might be overthrown, but art must be eternal!" Now, however applicable or otherwise this expression was to the occasion, it contained a great truth. Art, if not exactly French art, is lasting and universal. Whether we stand in the shadow of the past, or bask in the sunshine of the present, our sympathies with art are enlisted, and our grosser natures purified; and, in this sense, the painter and the sculptor become great teachers, great poets, great orators!

We have heard of the "golden age," when little gold was discovered or brought into use; the "iron age," which indeed existed before railroads or steam-engines; the "age of innocence," which, by all accounts, was an age of very loose morals indeed; and various other "ages" distinguished by various other positive terms; but few have dared to designate the present time by any similitude to actual materialities. With the news of Australian and Californian discoveries brought daily to our fire-sides, we might, indeed, term this the "golden age;" while, if we look merely to the mechanical results of modern research and invention; we might, with equal truth, esteem ours the "age of bronze," or the "age of iron." Artistically and figuratively speaking, ours has been termed—whether truly or otherwise we shall not pretend to determine,—the "Age of Tinsel!" Glitter and superficiality, says a modern writer, are the characteristics of both the times and the tinsel. Everything appears to be overdone; everything seems to be brought out in the gayest possible forms, at the cheapest possible rates, and with the least possible real utility or purpose. Burke declared, that with the French Revolution the age of chivalry had passed away; and later writers have not hesitated to affirm that the romantic period has altogether vanished from the world's history. In some senses—that is to say, in the senses in which these phrases were, and are, generally understood,—both assertions are probably correct; but in that higher view of chivalry and romance, which regards the most noble and daring action to be the removal of those old superstitions and restrictions which confined the minds of our forefathers, as iron bands and prison walls and rusty chains confined their bodies, the spirit of honour and the love of adventure are more than ever the property of the present. True, we have designated this the age of tinsel, but is it not a period of advancement too? If, in our literature, we place too much reliance on showy and tawdry exteriors, striking illustrations, beautiful printing, glossy paper, and gossamer writing, have we not also some enduring books which will take their stand beside the works of the masters of the past? If, in our mechanical arts, we waste, occasionally, the energies of both mind and capital in the production of trifling and shallow nothingnesses,—hundred bladed penknives, patent leather boots with a polish like court sticking-plaster, and ladies' silk dresses with half a dozen tints and shades, according to the light you view them in,—have we not also our tubular bridges, and Thames tunnels, and spinning jennies, and caloric engines? And so also in art. Though we no longer produce "Holy Families," and "Galateas," and "Schools of Athens," and "Annunciations," like those of Titian, and Raphael, and Guido, and Claude, and Murillo, but content ourselves with "Pet Kittens," and "Oyster Dredgers," and "Views on the Thames," and "Moth-traps," and such like nonentities,—we have also something to boast in the grandeur of Turner, and Dumb, and Martin, and the naturalness of Landseer, and Webster, and Wilkie, and Frith. It is true that, instead of the severely classic styles of the painters patronised by Lorenzo the Magnificent, in the glorious times of Italy, when a church thought it no waste to spend a couple of years' income for one grand altar-piece,—we have numerous examples of what may be called domestic pieces,—portraits and fancy pictures, and illustrations for annuals and drawing-books,—yet must we hold the ages we

live in, and not the artists who live in the times, to account for this seeming,—nay, real—degeneration of art. In the place of noble and wealthy patrons, who, like Leo and Lorenzo, directed the artists to higher aims and more ambitious purposes, and disdained not to expend fortunes in the production of splendid art-examples, we have now a middle class public whose patronage can only be secured by the manufacture of paintings small enough to hang over library fire-places, and fill wall-spaces over parlour cupboards. It is the public who control the artists and not the artists who govern the taste of the public. We had a melancholy instance in the unfortunate Haydon, of the failure of an attempt to educate the public mind by great historical and grand gallery pieces. He painted pictures which were too large for modern houses, and the consequence was, that they remained unsold on his hands, and failed to attract discriminating audiences to the Egyptian hall when put in competition with the superior claims of General Tom Thumb!

And the reason for all this is, not that the artists of our day want patronage—for the thousand and more new works which cover the walls of the Royal Academy on the first Monday in every May attest to the contrary—but that the patronage is not quite of the right sort. What was it that produced such multitudes of low-art paintings among the Dutch masters? Why, simply because their patrons were shopkeepers and dairy-men, who preferred the portraits of themselves and their little houses to anything which the genius of the artist might dare to attempt in a higher walk; because such productions paid, and because there was no demand among the wealthy and educated classes for the nobler and more enduring evidences of the painter's skill and labour.

Till within a very recent period indeed, the same remark would have applied to English patrons and English artists; but our statesmen have shown their appreciation for the higher creations of art, and their love of the true, and beautiful, and noble, by those commissions which produced the statues and frescoes which decorate the walls of the New Palace at Westminster, and by that determination, so lately made public, to provide a better building than that in Trafalgar-square for the reception and preservation of the noble works which have been purchased by, or bequeathed to, the nation. When a Vernon and a Turner—a well-informed patron and a successful artist—give their pictures to the nation, it behoves the nation to provide them a fitting house.

Much, too, has been done for modern art by the establishment of such institutions as Art-Unions, and Fine-art Distributions, Public Galleries, and Free Exhibitions; and much has been done towards the improvement of the public taste by the patronage of the rich and powerful among us. But not enough. It was, we think, a mistake of the Royal Commission, in excluding paintings from the Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations—an example which, we trust, will not be followed in the People's Palace at Sydenham. Art requires extensive patronage, and that patronage must be judicious as well as extensive. The half-penny ballad-school of illustration must give place to the higher claims of works, such as we insert in this magazine. Art must not be allowed to sink, either in style, conception, or execution, by the low taste of the purchasing patrons, or in the non-appreciation of governmental boards. We have had examples enough of Falls of Niagara painted upon tea-boards, and uncovered Atlantic Oceans depicted upon canvases twenty inches by twelve. Even the sellers of pictures now-a-days begin to exclaim against the rubbish they are compelled to sell, and the public demand for better subjects and higher art is beginning to make itself known among artists. Glaring colour and petty artistic efforts are, we trust, about to give way to a nobler and more living style of painting.

As in pictures, so in statuary. Our Bays, and Steeds, and Boats, are slowly beginning to excite the public taste—and therefore the predilection of artists.

inclining towards something better than portrait statues of great children and small busts of unknown celebrities; and sculpture is again falling into the hands of princes and potentates. And thus it will suggest itself to artists, that it will be

America and Austria—the Powers and Raphael Monticelli of the Exhibition—will overtake and pass them in the race for fame.

In architecture, too, we of the modern times are improving. From the gin-palace character of our modern buildings, we



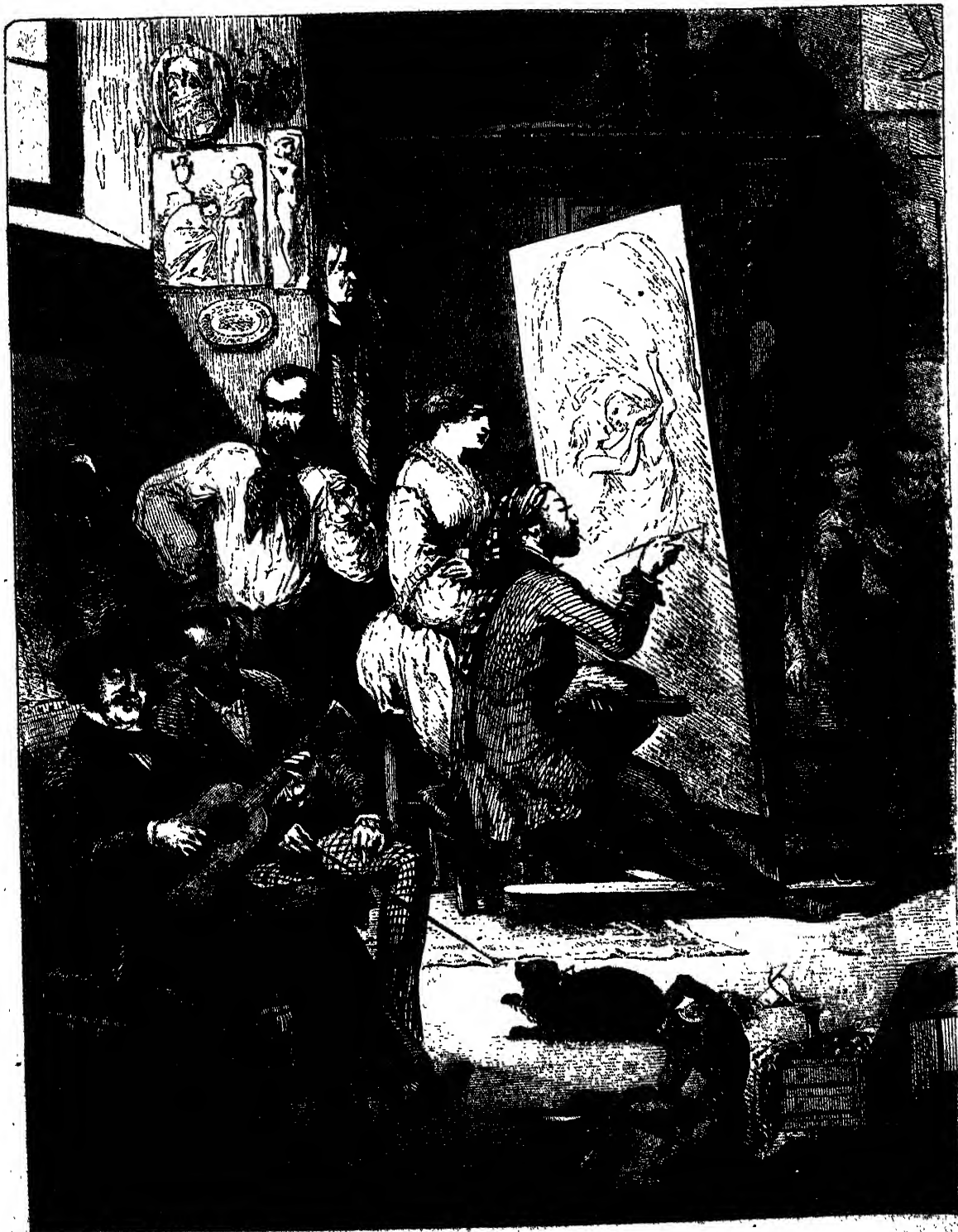
A FRENCH VIEW OF A FRENCH STUDIO

better to lead the growing intelligence of the Age, than to go on, as they have been going on, producing statues which are carved by the chisels of marble-manufacturers in Rome, to be gilded and sand-papered up to the requisite degree of finish in

are slowly retiring to the great Grecian and Gothic models, as the Royal Exchange, the Reform Club, the Catholic Cathedral in St. George's-fields, and the New Houses of Parliament, sufficiently testify; and it will be the shame and reproach of

assumed. Art to be eternal must be intelligent and aspiring. We have been led into these brief remarks by the very natural wish to illustrate our engravings by apposite reasoning. Painted by a French painter, the studios of modern French

and the sculptor work on regardless of the noise and riot of intruders, and the lady model sits unconscious of the proximity of small sword practice and the inanity of cup and ball. Of course, it is not to be supposed that such incidents as are here



IN THE PRESENT DAY. FROM A DRAWING BY VALENTIN.

artists are presented to us with just that degree of exaggeration which was requisite to render them attractive pictures. Here we see that, in the place (that should be) devoted to study and reflection, the students pursue their avocations amid the apparently incongruous amusements and gaieties of youth. The painter

depicted ever take place in any artist's studio all at once—even though the studio be a Frenchman's: but M. Valentin has generalised and brought together the phases of artist life in France in his own exquisite manner, simply to show what sometimes takes place in separate and occasional intervals of

study. Many of our readers will remember the works of Pradier, Collas, and Debay, which graced the French Sculpture Court in the Exhibition; and they will of course conclude that something more of thought and inspiration were bestowed on, and evolved by their production than the beautiful pictures of Valentin would lead us to suppose. The age of Tinsel is the age of youth; and it is generally succeeded, in art as in nature, by the ages of Gold and of Iron.

SILK AND SILK-WEAVERS.

THE silk-trade of this country, employing upwards of half a million of people, is the exclusive occupation of only two localities in England of any great importance—Spitalfields and Macclesfield. In the latter place, where it employs about 25,000 persons, it is entirely the growth of the last sixty years; in Spitalfields it boasts of a much higher antiquity, dating its origin as far back as 1685. Silk-weaving was not entirely unknown in England prior to that time, it having been carried on at Canterbury, Norwich, and other places, by large numbers of refugees from religious persecution on the continent. A new impulse was given to the trade in 1685, caused by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, when upwards of 50,000 French refugees, chiefly weavers, found an asylum in this country, and were treated with the utmost consideration, both by the parliament and people. A grant of £15,000 per annum was voted by government for their immediate necessities, and they were permitted to settle on what was then an open space belonging to the Hospital of St. Augustine, and known as "Hospital-fields;" hence, by a very obvious abbreviation, the modern name, Spitalfields. The hospitality thus afforded, appears to have been in no way abused, for the liberality of the legislature soon became unnecessary, the weavers attaining a flourishing and important position; so much so, that in less than thirty years afterwards, their trade in its various branches maintained upwards of 300,000 persons in England, about half the number at present engaged in it. While the cotton-trade has originated and grown to its present colossal dimensions almost within the memory of the present generation, 140 years has scarcely sufficed to double the number of those dependent on the silk-trade. The early growth of the silk-trade was, however, of a far more extraordinary character than that of the cotton-trade, the first forty or fifty years having witnessed its development to an extent, which, when taken in connexion with the total population of the country, is entirely without a parallel.

For many years the population of Spitalfields was almost exclusively French, and although in a foreign country, they retained almost to within the memory of persons now living the use of their native language, remnants of which may still be traced in names of articles used by the weavers. For instance, the instrument used to turn the work on to the beam after it is woven is called *a tanto*; in Norwich, where the Flemings are supposed to have given most of the names to weavers' tools, the same thing is called *a starking-pin*. The *battens*, the *battens*, the *mouture* of the Spitalfields weaver, are substitutes for the *rol*, the *boards*, and the *harness*, of the Norwich weaver; the former words being pure French, and the latter evidently of Saxon or low German origin. Lancashire has synonyms for these words in *rathe*, *lath*, and *mountain*, the latter clearly a corruption or mispronunciation of the French name. The evidence of French antecedents is not, in Spitalfields, confined to the names of tools; numbers of proper names of undoubted French parentage are to be found scattered over the whole district, many of them owned by shopkeepers and small tradesmen. The foreign aspect of the neighbourhood is, however, with the exception of a few names, almost entirely amongst the things that were. The French songs, which we are told were formerly sung about the streets, the French coffee-houses, the French manners, the dash of French in the style of the houses, the porticoes, the seats at the doors, with the weavers on summer evenings enjoying their pipes, all these are gone, leaving scarcely a remnant behind. Spitalfields is changed; and, it is painful to add, not for the better.

There is one pleasant remnant of old times that has survived all the adverse vicissitudes from which Spitalfields has suffered—the little gardens with their neat summer-houses. Of these there are several hundreds, and from the immense numbers of tulips and dahlias which appear to be the peculiar care of Spitalfields cultivators, the whole neighbourhood presents during the latter part of the summer a gay and sprightly appearance. The ancient chronicler of Norwich describes that early seat of the weaving trade as a "city in a garden;" it has certainly, even to this day, some pretensions to that agreeable description; but it must yield the palm in that respect to Spitalfields, whose superiority renders that horticultural vanity, of which a few instances might be given, somewhat excusable. Although their gardens in autumn present all the deep tints and variegated obtrusiveness of the showiest of flowers, the cultivators are not all unmindful of the utilities. We remember, about five years ago, a gentleman, well known for his exertions in the cause of popular improvement, invited a number of the principal weavers of Spitalfields to several meetings at his house, for the purpose of talking over their depressed condition, and the possibility of something being done for them. At the second meeting, an old man between 60 and 70 presented a small basket to the host, saying, it contained some of the produce of Spitalfields. The contents were put upon the table in the shape of several fine *parsnips*. The old man was first speaker that night; and, with the produce of his garden before him, he waxed absolutely eloquent on the sin and shame and disgrace of letting a man who could produce such *parsnips* work from "morn to eve, from eve to dowy morn," and earn no more than enabled him to spend in food for his family just three farthings per head per day! He was perfectly right as to the sin and shame and disgrace existing somewhere; but one would have expected the "reason why" and the pride to have lain in another direction.

The decadence of Spitalfields may be dated from shortly after the commencement of the present century. Up to that period the wages of weavers were higher than those of any other class of workmen. Even in 1814, some years after the stream of adversity had begun to gather strength, a list of prices for labour was published, in which the price of the lowest article in the trade, which was and is made chiefly by women and young persons, was 7d. per yard; the price paid for a similar article, but with a far greater amount of labour in it, in Lancashire and Cheshire, is 2d. per yard. This comparison of prices is a tolerably correct indication of the amount of reduction in wages generally.

From the earliest times, the Spitalfields weavers have sought, by combination, to fix the prices of their labour. For a time they succeeded. The state of the trade would have enabled them to command almost any prices they chose to name; but they endeavoured to maintain their monopoly too long. An enemy was in the field that they refused to recognise; the power-loom was taking the work from the cotton-weavers of Manchester, Macclesfield, and other places, and cotton-weavers needed but little instruction to make them good silk-weavers. Silk manufacturers discovered this, and as Spitalfields has declined, other places have taken its trade. The silk-trade, which, at its commencement, was almost confined to one locality, is now scattered over twenty counties. In the small towns of Essex, in Kent, in Somersetshire, in Norfolk, in Lancashire and Cheshire, in Derbyshire and Staffordshire, in Northamptonshire, Leicestershire, and Warwickshire, and even in Yorkshire, the sound of the silk-loom may be heard. In many of these places the trade is extending, but Spitalfields declines. Although the original cause of this decline was the high wages demanded, the reaction has been so great that prices are now lower in Spitalfields than in some of those places to which the trade has fled. Forty years ago, the best hands earned as much as £7 or £8 per week, and they would any of them have been ashamed of themselves not to have kept St. Monday as a holiday. There was no waiting then; one week's wages was the average wages of the year, and the masters were so anxious to obtain the goods, that some of them have been known to take work on from

weavers on a Sunday morning. If, by some strange chance, a man played a week instead of working, he went to the warehouse for his wages on Saturday as usual. There were no "black" Saturdays then—no empty cupboards because the "cane was down." The weavers of those days were amongst the most respectable of tradesmen, and in Norwich, to this day, the old women will often tell of the time, when a farmer's daughter was said to have made a "capital match" by marrying a weaver; now the milk-maid and scullery-girl turn up their noses with supreme contempt at the idea of such a suitor.

For upwards of a hundred years the weavers of Spitalfields maintained almost a monopoly of the silk-weaving trade, but at the commencement of the present century it became evident that its glory was departing. The work was sent elsewhere, and all their committees and combinations and strikes were found to be unavailing. They have no list of prices now, no committees, no combination, no strikes; prices are so low that they are not worth the cost of a hopeless contention with the masters. The steed has been stolen, and it is useless now to lock the stable-door.

Nearly 20,000 weavers were at one time employed in Spitalfields; the number at present is less than 10,000, and these continue to diminish. Macclesfield and its neighbourhood employ quite as many, in addition to the persons employed in the throwing department. The 10,000 weavers for Macclesfield manufacturers, however, are not more than half of them residents in the town; the other half living in the country parts of Lancashire and Cheshire, and a few among the hills of Derbyshire. Macclesfield has, almost from its first acquaintance with the silk-trade, sought to follow out the same trade policy as that which had been adopted by its metropolitan parent. It had trade committees who fixed the price of labour; it had strikes every few months, sometimes of the most disastrous character; it limited employment to those who had served an apprenticeship of seven years to the trade, none others being permitted to work. In 1832, a strike took place, which lasted seven weeks. Every day a procession of nearly 3,000 men paraded the streets with bands and banners, living chiefly on the bounty of the shopkeepers and small tradesmen, many of whom were completely ruined by the contest. The workmen won the day, but it was an expensive victory. The loss in wages alone, including the subordinate branches of the trade, could not be less than £30,000. There have been several strikes since, but none to compare with that, which is still frequently referred to as "the great strike." The last general strike of the whole town took place in 1849. It was of short duration, a conference of masters and men having agreed to put an end to it by forming a board of arbitration or reference, consisting of equal numbers of each. This "Silk-trade Board," as it was called, existed for upwards of three years; it was composed of twenty-four members, who appointed a president having no personal interest in the decisions of the board. The president was a gentleman of the legal profession, selected on account of the presumed greater ability of lawyers to sift evidence in a logical manner, and to decide "according to law." When any question was raised, it was argued with all the best ability that either party could command, and when the decision was given it was considered to be as binding as if given in a court of law.

For three years Macclesfield exulted in having found a remedy for all the ills entailed by strikes and industrial contention. The "Silk-trade Board" meetings assumed an importance second only to those of the town-council, the same room being often used by both bodies, and the members of the one not infrequently being members of the other. A kindlier feeling and a greater degree of confidence grew up between the employers and the employed; each party in case of grievance knowing that they had a recognised and friendly tribunal to which to appeal, and each felt bound to accept the judgment, although necessarily opposed to the views of one of them. Theoretically, it appears that such a system is adapted to the requirements of any trade, but practically such an appeal has proved to be nearly valueless. Prices could not be regulated by quality of material, but only by quantity.

Hence the inequality of wages must be greater where price is fixed, than where each man makes his own bargain with his employer, as at Manchester, and in the Lancashire weaving trade generally. This view of the case appears to have led the manufacturing members of the silk-trade to abandon the views entertained at the commencement of the experiment, and they gradually neglected their attendance at the meetings, until their almost total absence led to a formal dissolution.

The destruction of the silk-trade board has driven the weavers back into their old position—to strikes and committees and public meetings—to making bargains in multitudes. These were precisely the causes which drove the trade from Spitalfields, and they have for the last twenty years been actively spreading it in the villages and hamlets of the rural districts. Capital dreads confusion and tumult; it will fish only in quiet waters; in calm and in sunshine it will put forth its strength like a giant, but when the waves of popular commotion begin to rise, and the rumblings of distant thunder indicate the coming of a social storm, it is as sensitive as the horns of a snail. The history of a hundred and fifty years may be appealed to in proof of this.

Having said thus much in disparagement of weavers' trade policy, it may be agreeable to add some testimony as to their personal honesty. Dr. Mitchell, in a report on the condition of the weavers of Spitalfields, presented to parliament in 1838, says,—"Many of the manufacturers are ready to speak highly of the honesty of the operatives as a body; and when it is recollected how often the weaver is in deep distress, and has a portable and saleable property under his absolute control, it is no small trial of his virtue under such circumstances to restrain himself. There is undeniable evidence, that, amongst some select bodies of weavers, the embezzlement is so small as to be almost an invisible fraction." Further on, the doctor states that, from extensive inquiry, he was satisfied that the delinquency was little more than one penny for every hundred pounds' worth of property entrusted to the weavers' care; and he observes,—"Honesty beyond this we can hardly expect ever in this world to find." The same remark and the same statements are equally true of the weavers of Macclesfield; but there is without doubt a large amount of gross villany in other branches of the trade in which embezzlement is less easy of detection. There are persons who make a regular trade of inducing children to purloin small portions of silk in the factories, for which a mere tithe of the value is paid. But a more gross, because a more open and recognised, fraud is that practised by some of the commission-throwsters.

A manufacturer gives out a bale of silk, say a hundred pounds weight, to be thrown [i. e. spun, or twisted.] He is to pay 2s. 6d. a pound for throwing, and its value is, say, 16s. a pound. By a plentiful use of soap, the bale of silk is increased several pounds in weight, but if this overweight is returned to the manufacturer, he has to pay for it at its full value, or, in other words, he pays 18s. 6d. a pound for soft soap, and he must either do this, or his bale of silk, with several pounds of soap added, will come back just 100 pounds if less than that weight, there is always the ready excuse that it did not work well, and a good deal was wasted. Of late years this excuse has been of no avail, as the manufacturer has exacted from the throwster the value of any deficiency as a set-off against his, the manufacturer's, liability to pay for any overweight.

A few miles from Macclesfield there is a considerable amount of silk plush manufactured, and made into hats, by a firm of long standing. This firm was in the habit for many years of allowing their workmen to draw money when they had been waiting for work. About an equal number of weavers and—another trade, which need not be named, as "comparisons are odious," were employed. The manager of this firm stated to the present writer not long ago, that while they had lost upwards of £400 in ten years by the "other trade" going away in debt, they had lost less than £10 by the weavers in that time in the same way. May we not conclude in the words of Dr. Mitchell, "Honesty beyond this we can hardly expect ever in this world to find?"

REMARKABLE TREES.

A desolate place indeed would the world appear, if its population ever increased enough to sanction the presence of the husbandman, accompanied by all the modern improvements in agriculture, on those spots rendered grand by trees whose age and stature so enchant mankind, but whose over-spreading boughs are proclaimed inimical to the growth of the staff of life! We will hope, however, that the price of the cheap loaf will never require to be maintained by the introduction of the woodman's axe into places whose traditions are solely about their trees, whose picturesque scenery depends

places in which, through summer days, to feast on reverie—that reverie whence spring their most sublime productions, and which assumes at no time more fanciful, more picturesque, more profound, or more true tones, than when they are gazing on some magnificent distant view, which, deprived of trees, would be a desert. Promise me this, and I will tell you—but no, I will not impose any conditions on you; for whether you promise me or not, I will still relate to you the peculiarities of two remarkable trees, as they will, perhaps, cause you, at least, to respect, if not to admire, the stately and



PLAINFAIN, NEAR SMYRNA.

on their existence, and whose inviting shade and various associations assemble beneath their branches the lovers alike of poetry and of romance. Approach not such places, you model-farmers, who prefer the sight of acres laid out by rule and line to that of nature's wild and beautiful devices. Back! you manufacturers, who delight in the smoky volumes that issue from a factory chimney, but who see nothing to admire in the leafy interwindings of the stately forest tree. Leave, I say, the poet and the painter undisturbed in their possessions, and let not the scenes which inspire them become, like cold and snow in English winters, things of former days. Let them still have views containing trees to sketch, and shady

romantic forms which nature alone knows how to assume so well.

Smyrna, which is one of the largest cities on the Asiatic coast, is situated at the head of a delightful bay surrounded by lofty mountains. A vast plain stretches from the eastern limits of the city to the hills situated in the opposite direction to the sea: these hills are lofty, and are covered with opulent villages; while the plain itself, which is extremely fertile, is watered by the Meles, a sparkling river which washes the walls of Smyrna; poplars, cypresses, plantains, as well as all kinds of vegetables, grow here in great abundance.

Towards the middle of the plain, at the side of the road

which leads from Smyrna to Bournabat (a village where a grotto is shown, in which it has been thought, from the remotest times, that Homer wrote the Iliad), is seen an old plantain, remarkable for its size, and still more so for its singular form and picturesque appearance; its trunk is divided into two strong parts, which, in spite of this division, have but one head between them; these two stems, as they join at a considerable height from the ground, form a sort of arch, through which the inhabitants of the village frequently pass as they go to Bournabat, where the country-houses of the rich merchants are situated. The tree does not rise exactly in

to be seen at Brignolles, in the department of Var, in France. The river of Carami runs outside the walls of Brignolles. According to tradition, it flowed, five or six centuries ago, over the very place which, at present, bears its name; and the, remarkable elm which is given in our engraving was among the trees which graced its banks. This elm had already become, in the fifteenth century, one of the curiosities of Brignolles. Michel de l'Hopital celebrated its rare proportions in the writings which he composed during his exile in Provence, in the first half of the sixteenth century. On the 25th of October, 1564, Charles IX., who was stopping at a



ELM AT BRIGNOLLES

the middle of the road, for it would there impede the progress of the vehicles, which are too large to pass between its two stems; but foot-passengers, and very often people on horse-back, follow a path which runs parallel with, and is contiguous to, the road, and which passes under this vegetable archway. On approaching the city, a view is obtained of the cemeteries, which are, after those of Pera and Scutari, the most remarkable throughout the East, both by the number and the beauty of their venerable cypresses, in the midst of which the numerous and richly-sculptured tombs of the inhabitants of Smyrna rise in the most picturesque irregularity.

The other tree we wish to speak about is an elm, which is

house opposite the elm, was much delighted by beholding a ball given under its spreading boughs, where the volte and the martingale were danced in a right gallant manner. Time, which endangers all things, rendered it, however, at last, necessary to prop up this venerable patriarch of the trees of Var, and it is at present supported by a wooden pillar about seven feet and a half high. It is said that the hollow sides of its old trunk have served more than once as a dwelling-house for poor people. But this vegetable retreat is now protected from the weather by a wall of stones and cement, and it is only since it has been repaired like an old house, that the tree no longer serves to shelter any one.

DIARY OF A JOURNEY TO THE DIGGINGS.

BY ALFRED HOWITT,

SON OF WILLIAM AND MARY HOWITT.

THE BUSH, ABOUT EIGHT MILES FROM KILMORE.—*Saturday, Nov. 6, 1852.*—You will see from my heading that we are fairly on our journey; that is, as fairly as being detained here by a broken cart can be called so. You will see how that disaster happened from another part of my letter, as I shall commence with our departure from Melbourne last Wednesday week. On that day, at six o'clock in the morning, we were all ready,—the cart loaded, the horses as fine a team as you could see in a day's walk; and ourselves dressed in digger costume, and well armed with guns, rifles, and revolvers. It was three o'clock, however, before the two other parties, with whom we had promised to go up the country, were even in anything like moving order; and we then started by ourselves, leaving Edward and Charlton behind to show them the road out of town. My cousins Edith and Charley went a short distance with us.

At about half a mile beyond the town, and just below the new wooden suburb of Collingwood, we came to the first piece of bad road—a wide swampy flat, full of mud-holes deep enough to take the cart up to the axle-tree. By good piloting, however, we went through in fine style, our horses dragging the cart and its load of seventeen hundred-weight through with ease: here Edith left us and went back. From this place—Illey's swamp—we pushed on over a couple of miles of level country to the "Merrie Creek," where we halted for the remainder of our party to come up. The "Merrie Creek" is a deep ravine winding through the level country, and with steep banks covered with huge boulders and a few gnarled gum-trees. Here we waited for at least an hour and a half, till our patience was almost exhausted, and I went back towards town to look for the others. It was not till I was close to the swamp that I saw them winding slowly among its mud-holes, with stragglers before and behind, and Edward and Charlton posting on at a great pace ahead.

I wish you could have seen the sight our troop presented. Three carts, heavily laden with tarpaulin covers, and drawn by two horses each,—with tent-poles poking out at each end, and pots and pans hanging on behind, jingling all the way. Then fifteen people in picturesque-looking jumpers, with all sorts of hats and caps, and many of them carrying bundles on their backs; some with guns across their shoulders, and almost all with pistols or knives, or both. These defensive weapons were for the bushrangers, who had lately become unusually numerous and daring—even stopping as many as fifteen persons within an hour's time at only three miles from Melbourne. All the fifteen in our party had come to the determination of at all events having a fight for our things should they be attacked.

That night we pushed on ten miles on the lower Plenty road, and halted soon after dusk on a cross-road at the back of Mr. Bakewell's paddock. Leaving the others there, we four—Mr. —, Charlton, Edward, and I—took the horses down to Mr. Bakewell's, at the Plenty, where we stayed for the night. Up to this time that was our last night under a roof, and we enjoyed it extremely. In the morning we started about nine, for four or five miles over good roads; but then our hard work commenced. Great mud-holes to cross, big boulders scattered over the road, dead trees, and deep ruts. The only thing was to run the horses at these places; and on we went, splashing through the mud,—one wheel up to the nave, and the other on hard ground, the horses plunging and snorting, and the heavy carts creaking and shaking as if every jolt would break them to pieces. All this time you must imagine the drivers yelling and shouting to their horses, with plenty of whip-cracking, and altogether a regular uproar. In several places we came to a dead stand-still; and our unfortunate grey had to be unharnessed and led back to fetch up the other carts; and the two other leaders were not able to do one-half that he could in

pulling. Of course we had their two leaders when we were bogged, but the proportion of work fell on ours.

After this bad road we had half a mile of tolerable travelling as far as Kavanagh's inn; when it became so bad, that, after much deliberation, we knocked out a couple of rails from the fence at our right hand, and determined to go through the paddock as far as the road continued impassable. No sooner, however, were the three carts inside and the rails put up again, than a man came riding up through the trees like mad, demanding, in the name of an infernal personage, what we were doing there? I was about a hundred yards behind the others with the cart, and, therefore, heard little of what went forward, except an angry "You shan't!" and an equally determined "We will!" till at length the debate appeared to cool, and I caught the words "pound note." I now heard some one behind me, and looking round saw a sunburnt old fellow, in a fustian jacket, and with a long wattle stick in his hand.

"Good day," said I.

"Good day," said he, "and what may it be that has brought you here?"

"Our legs," replied I, "we're all walking."

"And sure thin, and where's the dachter?" asked he.

"Up there, in the canvas jumper," said I.

"Good luck to you, sir, and sure I'll have this tooth drawn!"

And, sure enough, I soon saw the old fellow down on the ground, and the Doctor brandishing a bright forceps about his mouth. Then the old fellow gave a jump, and shouted out "Arrah, sure! and is the baste out? And won't your honour take a nobbler to keep the could out of your fingers?"

It was a most absurd scene, and by the time it was ended the man on horseback had agreed for the sum of one pound sterling to show us a good road through his paddock. The villain! if we had only had him harnessed for a leader, it would have saved the bush of our wheel, which is now at Kilmore being repaired, on which account we are here gradually soaking through, after two days and two nights incessant rain.

The road through his paddock was good just as far as he went with us, but beyond that it was execrable—mud, boulders, dead trees, and roots, obstructing the road for miles and miles. We had scouts out ahead to spy out the land; at dusk we were obliged to camp, as our cart was bogged, and one of the others had a broken shaft. To our great satisfaction, we discovered that the river Plenty was within a couple of hundred yards of our camp, down some steep, beautiful banks. Under the circumstances, we were tolerably comfortable; and Edward and I had the second watch, from one in the morning till four. We sat by the fire, made a damper, going every now and then to drive the horses back to the camp, which, towards the end of our watch, when the moon had set, was no easy matter among the trees and scrub. Just as our watch was ended, half the tree against which our fire was made came down with a tremendous crash close behind me; although, fortunately, without doing the slightest damage to the carts or tents. This roused every one, and we were off as soon as the broken shaft was repaired. That day we travelled over the same kind of roads for some six miles, when, at a swamp, we met Mr. Robert Bakewell, who had very kindly ridden up from the Plenty to show us the road. At this swamp, as usual, our unfortunate grey came in for the greatest part of the pulling. The great round boulders we had to cross at this place finished what those in Burke's paddock had begun, and the bush of our wheel split in two or three places, and ground against the pinch-pin where the pieces had slipped off. That night we camped at Barber's Creek, a series of reedy water-holes, with very bad crossing places. Burke here overtook us with a three-horse dray, and was received very badly by our party, who had by far the best of the argument; as Burke went off discomfited.

The following day we travelled as far as Heffernan's inn, to the point where one of the sources of the river Plenty rises in a weedy marsh. We camped on a mound rising from it on the Saturday evening.

The next day being Sunday, we had determined to give our horses a rest as well as ourselves, and therefore sauntered about—some in one direction, some in another; others stayed at the camp; and Mr.—, Joe Lamb, and myself went on about two miles to Mr. Boyd's station, where we bought three quarters of a sheep, and ordered another for the next day, to take with us. I am sure you would have laughed very much, as we did, if you had seen us walking back, each with a quarter of mutton over his shoulder. When we got home we dined, and frying-pans of hot mutton went off in a great hurry from the fire, frizzling and frying, to the tents. After dinner, one of our unfortunate events happened. At four o'clock our two horses were safely hobbled, and quietly grazing below the tents: at a quarter past they were gone; and two men in straw hats had just been seen walking up the opposite side of the swamp. Off went Edward and Charlton, and I seized a whip and followed, accompanied by the Doctor: just round the bend of the mound we all separated, and the others were soon out of sight. On I went through the trees, expecting to see the grey leader among the scrub; but not a trace. Over a hill and down the next valley was but a few minutes' work; and there was a grey horse, just like ours, looking at me from a paddock on the right. On I pushed, floundering through bogs, tumbling over stumps, till at last I was close to him. It was now quite a different animal—a Rosinante in the last period of existence. There was nothing for it but to push on; the sun was setting, and, though it was full moon, yet horse-hunting at night is no easy task at any time. I struck into the woods, and described a circle of at least six miles over hill and dale, steering first by the sun and afterwards by the moon, till I saw our fire blazing among the trees, and found myself on the opposite side of the swamp, having gone round its head in my ramble. Charlton and Edward had returned without any tidings, both wet and muddy, as they had crossed the swamp three times. Edward walking through in his jack-boots with Charlton on his back. The second time both fell souse into the water together. But the Doctor had not returned! Here was another cause of anxiety, as we knew well that he could scarcely find his way by daylight. There was nothing for it but to continue searching; and parties of two set out on all sides, to hunt the horses and the Doctor. Mr.—, Edward, Charlton, and I set out together to make the round I had made before, but with a wider sweep. This second search had not the slightest success, and we almost gave up the horses as lost. In the round I roused a camp, and was mistaken for a bushranger, and threatened with dogs, pistols, and guns, till I explained my object, when they became more friendly, and endeavoured to console me with the information that they had been there for ten days looking for their team of bullocks.

We were the last at camp; and nothing had been seen or heard of the Doctor or the horses.

The next morning we were up betime making inquiries. Some people said they must have been stolen; others declared they could only have strayed; and all that day were we tramping among the hills and gullies, in a vain search, for miles round. About four o'clock we returned to camp very tired and dispirited, and arranged that I was to start the next morning back to Melbourne for fresh horses—a step entailing a very heavy expenditure both of time and money. In the camp we found the Doctor, who had returned during the morning from exactly the opposite direction to that in which he set out. He had passed the night under a gum-tree, with a fire in front of him.

While we were sitting disconsolately over our tea, one of the people ran in to say that our horses were heard of. Our fatigue seemed to have vanished in a moment, and off we hurried to Heffernan's public house, where we found a bullock-driver sitting over a bottle of stout with a jet black pipe in his mouth. "Had he seen a bay and a grey horse in hobbles?"—Yes, he had, at about five miles' distance in the bush, both of them making off as fast as they were able for the Plenty Ranges. "What made him think that they were ours?" He had passed us two days before, and knew he had seen them

before directly he set his eyes on them; besides, he turned them round two or three times, when he found them, to make sure: the bay was saddle-marked, and both in first-rate condition.—"Where, then, could we find them? could he not go with us?"—Well, it was an uncommon queer place to find out, and he shouldn't have stumbled upon them if he had not been out himself looking for his team of bullocks; but if we kept along the fence to the left, and then along the first bush-fence we came to, and then right up among the ranges, we might see them, but we must be sharp about it, for they were making off like smoke for the Plenty Ranges, and if they once got among Wells's mob of wild horses on Mount Disappointment, we might whistle for them; he had lost a mare there four months before, and no one could get her out again; there were thousands of stray horses among the wild ranges back. "But couldn't he show us the way?" He would, if we found him a horse to ride on. Here was another dilemma, we only had one horse disposable—all the others being quite knocked up by the hunting about for our strayed horses and the Doctor.

Considering this, we determined to set out alone, and refusing the bullock-driver's repeated offers to taste his stout, we started along the left-hand fence. We had not gone more than half a mile before we found that it would be impossible to find the horses alone, and, therefore, sent back one of our party to offer the bullock-driver a pound-note to show us the way, and to bring on the least jaded horse in camp. In a short time we saw the horse and the bullock-driver coming up at a sharp pace with our messenger, and on we went:—our guide having brought with him a bottle of stout which he insisted on our emptying. We soon saw that we never could have succeeded in our search alone, for we had to strike up to the lower ranges—among heavily timbered gullies, and across swampy flats, till after some miles of travelling we came to a water-hole, where the foot-prints of hobbled horses were distinctly visible. We followed these tracks for some distance till we lost them, and had to spend a considerable time in finding a continuation beyond the stony ground, where the hoof-prints ceased. After another half-hour we lost them again, and the search seemed so hopeless, that two of the people who had accompanied us from the camp returned—being very much afraid of losing their way in the increasing darkness. Directly after they were gone we met a stout man on horseback, and asked him if he had seen two such horses? "Oh, yes; down in the next flat."

And sure enough, there they were, feeding as they hobbled on towards the ranges just ahead. The grey was just beginning to ascend the first hill as I rushed through a deep swamp, which came over my big water-boots, and headed him down again to the flat.

In five minutes more we had them securely, and having given the bullock-driver his pound-note with the greatest satisfaction, we trudged back on our way homewards. It was late when we got in, and I felt terribly weary and footsore—for we had walked at least thirty miles that day—and jack-boots are not particularly well adapted for walking in warm weather. The road from our second camping place up to this point was over treacherous flats of loose honeycombed black soil, most harassing both for ourselves and the horses. The broken bush, too, made the cart run several hundred-weight heavier.

The following morning we started early, and travelled about nine miles along the foot of the hills, crossing the sources of the Merrie Creek twice, till we came to a tremendous hill, with about the worst road up it we had yet seen. Here we camped of necessity, water at two miles distance, and determined to ascend the hill next morning with half a load at a time.

At about seven the next morning we began to start; T—, of "nolus-bulus" memory, being naturally obstinate, declared he would take up his whole load at once, and was walking off our grey leader "nolus-bulus," when Mr.— stopped him and said, that if he chose to take up an unreasonable load, his horse should not be distressed by pulling it. T— instantly flew into a

violent rage. That was gratitude was it, for hunting our horses all day, and now not to lend him our leader! Mr. — replied, that he was very much obliged to him for what he had done, and that he should be most happy to assist him in any reasonable manner; but if he took up a full load, his grey should not go. At this T—— went off without a word, and lashing his horses, ran them up the first rise in the road, where the cart stuck fast and had to be half unloaded before it could proceed. After a time he came back to fetch the second half. Now came L——'s turn, and it was arranged that our leader should take up his two half loads with his grey shafter, and that then he should lend us his shafter to bring up ours. After our horse had helped his cart twice up the hill and his shafter had drawn ours once, several of the men in the Doctor's and Mr. L——'s party said that they did not think it at all necessary for the grey shafter to go back for the remainder of our load. Mr. —, who was there with our cart, said that it must to fulfil the agreement, and was leading it back when they stopped it, and declared that it should not. He appealed to Mr. L—— and the Doctor, but they only shook their heads and said, "What can we do?" "Very well," said he, "in that case I see how it is, neither of you are masters of your own men. You would have worked my horse to death in dragging your carts, if I had let you; he has already done more work than any horse in the party, and from this moment I shall travel by myself. I never asked you to go with me, it was your own wish, and you had better therefore go on, for I shall wait till you do so." Both Mr. L—— and the Doctor looked blank, but of course had nothing to say; and leaving the cart with the first load under Edward's care, he brought back the grey to us. From that time we have been by ourselves; infinitely more comfortable than before. No harassing watches of three hours duration every third or fourth night, no unpleasant companions, and perfectly free to stay or go on without consulting the other parties.

That afternoon we camped about four miles below the hill, near a water-hole in a flat covered with fine gum-trees, and close to a party who had passed us the day before, but who were now stopped on the road by the straying of one of their horses. The bush is now full of stray bullock-teams and horses; some with hobbles, some with the remains of saddles and bridles upon them. This party were out nearly all night opossum shooting, and in the morning found a nest of wild cats in a hollow log.

The next morning we had made only about five miles, when our linch-pin gave way—cut in two by the broken bush, at the spot where we are now encamped. That was on Thursday afternoon. The next day I rode over to Kilmore, through a terrific thunder-storm, to consult a blacksmith. Kilmore is a dirty-looking, straggling village, with about one public-house to every three houses, and no less than five stores bearing the inscription, "Post-office." One might imagine the Kilmore people to be the most assiduous letter-writers, instead of the most noted horse-stealers, of Victoria. I found the road home dreadfully long, as I had to go at a foot's pace, having half a sheep and fourteen pounds of beef before me, and nothing but a rug to ride upon. I was wet through—bearskin-coat, jack-boots, and all—before I reached home at dark. The next morning the cart was unloaded, and Mr. — and Charlton took it to Kilmore, and returned at night as wet and cold as I did the evening before. The cart is to be finished to-morrow, and it will be Tuesday morning at least before we are able to start again.

Thursday, Friday, and Saturday it rained almost incessantly; our tent leaked at one particular seam just above our beds, and the ground about us was like a swamp. To-day, however, the weather has cleared up, and the sun is shining gloriously.

We are encamped in a gully close to the road, in a forest of stringy bark trees, with thousands of parrots, paroquets, cockatoos, laughing jackasses, leatherheads, and birds unknown to us, screaming, and whistling, and making grotesque noises in the trees about us. Opossums, wild cats, bandy-bills, and kangaroo rats, are very numerous, as are those

plagues, the flies, who make unceasing attacks upon our fresh meat; it is almost one person's work to take care that they do not creep through the canvas with which we cover our provisions.

We are, however, very comfortable. Our tent is on the whole very satisfactory, and very much admired by the parties who every now and then pass us—all bound for the "Ovens;" all that pass of course stop to chat and light their "bush pipes," and compare notes about the roads and their respective loads and cattle. Last night, as we were getting tea ready, an Irishman rode up who had lost his way—a regular "wild Irishman," very hairbrained, and quite a character. As it was pitch dark I lighted a lantern, and put him into the right track; at parting he was most vociferous in his thanks—you would have imagined that I had at least saved his life.

Our mode of life in the bush is very much the same each day. Early in the morning, soon after dawn, the fire is replenished on the ashes where it smouldered during the night; it is generally against some fallen tree or hollow stump; the kettle is boiled, mutton is fried, damper is made, and we breakfast. Then we start, and about four camp again, pitch our tent, make a fire, tether out the horses, and give them their oats and water; have a dinner-tea, with fried mutton, tea, damper or suet puddings. About ten the horses are brought up to the camp, and tethered short, the fire is made up for the night, and we creep between our blankets. Our light is at present a candle stuck into the forked end of a crowbar; soon we shall have to adopt the country plan, of a pannikin of mutton fat and a strip of linen for a wick.

We have plenty to do: looking after the horses is Charlton's business; Edward cooks, and doctors when necessary; and Mr. — and I look after the cart and tent, and arrange the beds.

If it is clear to-night, we are going out "possuming" by moonlight. The double-barrel gun we bought of —, in New Oxford-street, has unfortunately turned out quite worthless, and is useful only for show. The Minié rifle I intend selling at the Ovens, if I get a good colonial price for it—that is, three or four hundred per cent. on what it cost! As I have said, numbers of persons pass here on the road to the Ovens; some on foot, others on horseback, others with bullock or horse drays. At present, the creeks ahead are quite impassable, from the three days' and nights' rain; but two days' hot sun will make them all right again.

The country we have passed through is in general magnificent; but I have not yet seen any of those gigantic gum-trees, 400 feet high, that our Australian friend used to tell us so much about. Ask him where they grow.

THE BUSH, TWO MILES FROM SEYMOUR.—Sunday Afternoon.—I shall now endeavour to give you a sketch of our proceedings up to this point. On the Monday after our accident with the linch-pin, our cart was brought back from Kilmore, and the following morning early we started again on our road. We did not do so, either, before it was absolutely necessary, for feed for the horses and wood for our fire was getting rather scarce about our camp, that is, within a few hundred yards—and here we consider it quite too much trouble to go for wood more than a few paces. You may imagine from this how encumbered the country, and especially where the stringy bark grows, is with dead timber.

About half a mile beyond our camping-ground we passed the party who lost one of their horses a few days before, and were now travelling with one horse and two bullocks in front. Since then we have been together up to the present moment, where they are encamped close behind us on a mound overlooking the "Sunday Creek," of which more anon. The road for four or five miles was on the whole good, but with occasional deep gullies to cross, most of them with quagmires at the bottom, which made the travelling very difficult and harassing. At length, after crossing three bad gullies, we came to one worse than the others. What was to be done? Any way round the quagmire? No! nothing for it but pushing through as best we could. I led the grey, and Mr. — took old Ben, and down the steep bank of the gully we went as

gently as possible. At the bottom we gave the horses their heads and shouted them on, Charlton on one side of Ben; and Mr. — on the other, to keep him up to his work. Into the mud-hole—the horses plunging and kicking the mud on all sides—the wheels sinking in half up to the axles,—one more shout—a few smacks of the whip on Ben's stubborn sides—and we are through, and dashing up the opposite steep ascent; now comes the trial—the drivers shouting and urging on the horses—the cart groaning over the broken ground—when one wheel sinks into a soft place, and Ben, as usual, finding himself stopped, comes to a dead halt, and nearly brings the leading horse down on his knees. No use whipping—hold on the cart shafts, the horse will be off his legs—put a prop behind—and we are delightfully bogged at the foot of a steep bank, with a horse that has decided objections to exert himself to extricate us!

Here we had to half unload the cart before we could get out, and after taking it on for two or three miles over a similar road to return for the remainder. About five o'clock, however, we were encamped on the brow of a hill, with a running creek below, and plenty of wood and feed for the horses. It was a beautiful camping-ground, covered with huge stringy bark trees, and with green conical hills rising up all around us.

The following morning we only took half a load for the first three or four miles, but as the road was afterwards good, pushed on as far as Whitehead's station on the Sunday Creek, close to which we encamped. Here we spent the next day, to refresh ourselves and the horses, and to have a "general wash." You would have been very much amused to have seen the display of shirts, towels, and stockings lying out upon the grass in the afternoon. Charlton, Edward, and I went down to the creek to fish, and brought home a good dish of mullet and perch. The creek, or, as we should call it in England, the brook, is one of the most pleasant streams I have met with in Australia. It rushes along under its steep banks, through masses of wattle and tea-tree scrub, with immense gum and stringy-bark trees shooting up from the brushwood. Like all Australian rivers, however, the water looks dark and gloomy. While we were fishing, Charlton found a diamond snake, but thought it advisable to leave it alone; and when I went to look for it, it was gone. It is one of the most deadly snakes here.

After our day's rest we made about twelve miles to Ferguson's inn, on the Sunday Creek, but over some very bad road—particularly a place called Sideling-hill, where the cart threatened first to topple over, and then to run away with the horses. However, these obstacles, like all former ones, were passed, and about five o'clock we halted in a flat on this side of Ferguson's, and still upon the Sunday Creek. On a hill above us, two other parties were encamped, and celebrated the Fifth of November by huge fires till late at night. We were soon under our opossum rugs, and did not wake till dawn the following morning. The air was deliciously cool, the sun was just beginning to shoot long rays over the stringy-bark ranges to our right; and down by the river banks, and in the gum-trees on the flat, quantities of magpies were whistling their grotesque tunes. Leatherheads, cockatoos, and curlews were screaming and chattering with might and main in a most ludicrous manner. Night and day the Australian forests are full of warblings, screamings, chatterings, and screechings: birds by day, and opossums, wild cats, and flying squirrels by night.

From this pleasant camping ground we started early the next morning, and travelled all day over a hot, parched, track of sandy country—but here, among the scorched acacia scrub, and yellow, hot-looking everlasting, we came upon a creek of delicious water, running over a gravelly bed, and so clear that every pebble was visible in the bottom. After leaving this creek, at about eleven o'clock, we had no water, excepting some muddy rain-water, which we found by the road-side, till we came upon the Sunday Creek again, at about three miles distance from Seymour. Three bullock drays, our friends with the one

horse and two bullocks, and a large party with a couple of drays were waiting to cross the ford. All the bad road we had passed before seemed quite delightful compared with this ford. Fancy a river about twenty yards across, running between steep muddy banks on one side, and a heavy sandy one on the other, with a steep hill to pull up beyond. The bullock drays crossed with the greatest ease, as bullocks seem to care for no obstacle less than a few feet in height, or mudholes as deep as the dray-wheels. Then came the one horse and bullock party with half a load, which they landed in safety on the opposite bank; but with the second load the cart missed the exact place in going down the bank, and turned completely over, horse and all, into the river. The two bullocks seemed to take it with the utmost *sans froid*, and after being unchained, stood upon the bank and chewed their cud with every expression of calm indifference. The horse was dragged from under the cart after a good deal of kicking and groaning, and while they were busy with their cart, we came down to cross; I led the grey as usual, and Ben at first refused to go into the creek, but by coaxing and whipping he at last made up his mind and floundered in; I never looked behind me, but kept the grey's head towards the opposite bank, wading up to the middle, sometimes sinking into a hole, at another stumbling over a sunken snag. However, we did cross, and rattled up the opposite bank in fine style to our camping ground for the night. We then returned for our other half load, and met the bullock party with their cart; everything in it was wringing wet with its upset. In coming over the second time I found it absolutely impossible to stop the leader at the bottom of the bank where Mr. — and Charlton were to get into the cart and drive Ben. I might as well have tried to stop a steam-engine, so, *volens volens*, in I went, and for a wonder Ben put out his strength, and we splashed through the ford, and rushed up the opposite bank as if the cart had been empty. When I could pull in and look back, I saw Mr. — and Charlton wading slowly through, with the dog swimming after them, and a lot of bullock-drivers and diggers on the opposite bank enjoying the fun. I can assure you that I was not sorry to be well through the creek, particularly after seeing the upset just before our attempt.

To-day being Sunday, we are enjoying our usual halt close to the main Sydney road, and not far from Seymour. Captain Adam's station is just below upon the creek, where we bought milk and fresh mutton this morning; the land to the left is flat, and as hard as a brick—the grass turning yellow by the heat; to the right is a valley, in which runs the Sunday Creek; and beyond in the distance are the Goulburn Hills, a continuation of the Plenty Ranges, with the Tallarook Hill rising up from among them. Wherever we turn, we see nothing but dark green forests, excepting a few spots in the distant ranges where the bare rocks show on the hill sides. It has been intensely hot to-day, and the flies are troublesome in the extreme, buzzing round one's face in swarms: a third hand could be here very well employed in wielding a fly-flap. We have just dined, and I am sitting under the shady side of a box-tree writing; leatherheads and magpies are, as usual, chattering and whistling in the trees around. Charlton and Edward have gone down with one of the "one-horse and bullock" party to fish in the Sunday Creek, and I am going down to look on as soon as I have closed my letter.

This morning we walked over to Seymour, which consists of two inns, one general store, a butcher's, a shoemaker's, and about a dozen weatherboard and slab cottages. The Goulburn is a beautiful river, about a couple of hundred yards across, with a strong current, and steep, overhanging banks covered with immense trees. At the punt there were at least twenty drays waiting to cross, and several enterprising persons had opened temporary stores beside their carts, where they sold flour, tobacco, bacon, cheese, tea, sugar, pickles, &c. &c., at an exorbitant rate. There were formerly two punts, but one was carried away by the floods, and the other has therefore all the custom. Calculating from the fares and the numbers of drays and foot passengers crossing, the owner ought to be

making from ten to fifteen pounds a day! After walking through Seymour, and calling at the Post-office, we returned to Gloner. For a mile round Seymour-drays and carts were encamped in all directions, and most of them bound to the "Ovens."

Just as we were sitting down to our mutton damper, tea, and suet pudding, one of our neighbours ran up to say that

there were two opossums in a box-tree near them; and sailing out, rifle in hand, we soon had them down on terra firma. It is a very unusual thing to see opossums out by daylight, and these would not have been seen if a dead bough had not given way with the largest.

To-morrow we cross the Goulburn, and my next will be from the "Ovens." I hope the worst part of our journey is over.

SCENES IN IRELAND.

IRELAND, the land of poetry and song, is likely, in this year of grace eighteen hundred and fifty-three, to attract considerable attention in virtue of the Great Industrial Exhibition at Dublin; a few particulars, therefore, of some of the scenes which will probably be visited by the tourist will not be out of place. Without attempting anything like a regular plan, we proceed at once to say a few words of the places depicted by the artist. First, of Carrick-on-Suir: no spot on Irish ground is so blessed in sun and soil and station as the "Golden Vale" in Tipperary. Sweet Tipperary, the pleasantest county in Ireland to any who knows the ways of the place, notwithstanding its bogies and assassinations—which latter, by the way, are far less frequent than they were. It is famed for its historical associations, the beauty of its women, and the athletic symmetry of its men, and it had also a somewhat bad reputation for the fearful multiplicity of its crime and outrages; but neither crimes, nor outrages, nor martial law, nor newspaper denunciations, can in the least abate the vivacity and good humour of the people. Their history has been a tale of trouble and violence. Placed almost on the confines of the English pale, the county was for centuries the great battle-ground between the forces of the lord deputy and the clans of the south. Traces of the conflict may be found in all parts of the district, in the shape of ruined castles, and landowners whose names are certainly not Celtic. Most of it early passed into the possession of the Butlers, the proud Dukes of Ormonde, who were numbered amongst the Norman barons, who, forgetting their antecedents, in process of time became "more Irish than the Irish themselves."

Carrick-on-Suir stands on the spot where one of their earliest strongholds was erected. It formed part of the possessions of Theobald Butler, to whom were granted also the lands of Carrig-mac-Griffin, now Carrick-Beg, and whose grandson Edmond built a castle here about 1309. The castle was, in 1330, granted by his son, James Butler, to the Franciscan friary of Carrick-Beg, which he had founded, and it continued to form part of the endowment of the house until the year 1445, when, the monks having let it go to ruin, it was purchased from them by another of the Butlers, who rebuilt both castle and bridge. A priory dedicated to St. John the Evangelist was founded here at the end of the thirteenth or beginning of the fourteenth century. A castle was erected afterwards on the site of the priory, by Thomas Duff, called Black Thomas, Earl of Ormonde. In 1600, the earl granted a charter to the burgesses of the town which had gradually sprung up round the fortress. In 1670, another Duke of Ormonde, established the woollen trade in it, and it flourished until the close of the last century, when, as everywhere else in Ireland, it began to decline, till now it only turns out a few satteens of an inferior description. This manufacture formed the principal means of support of thousands of families in various parts of Ireland, the spinning and weaving being carried on in their own houses, until the improvement of machinery absorbed it into the great towns of England.

The town is pleasantly situated on the banks of the Suir, which forms the boundary between Wexford and Waterford. Except for its antique air, its pleasant rustic quiet look, the calm flow of the river, and the glorious scenery of the surrounding country, there is little in it to interest the stranger. In its leading characteristics it is like all the Irish country towns that we ever saw—and we have seen a great many—

one long and wide street running east and west at right angles to three smaller streets diverging northward to the fair green, and one southward to the river; a police-barracks, a military-barracks, a tannery, a brewery, a court-house, a ruined church, a chapel, a fever-hospital, a dispensary, a monastery, a convent, *voilà tout*. The castle is still stately, even in its ruins, and part of the old town walls may now be traced, but with some difficulty. The scenery along the banks of the Suir, is exceedingly beautiful, and in the eyes of all who reverence genius, eloquence, and patriotism, they will have an additional interest from the fact that, wandering along them, Richard Lalor Sheil passed some of the happiest hours of his youth. Here also the unfortunate gentlemen of the Young Ireland party delivered their last harangues, previous to the attempted outbreak in 1848, Meagher's containing the celebrated allusion to the sinking of the French frigate *l'engueur*, which the Carrick policeman, who reported the proceedings, not understanding, converted into the laughable hodge-podge which gave such amusement at the Clonmel trials.

Our next illustration shows us the Castle of Cahir, county Tipperary. This well-preserved fortress is rich in historical associations of the wars and sieges of past ages. It is the Irish residence of his grace the Earl of Glengall, who, with a liberality worthy of imitation, admits all visitors to view the curiosities of the fine old edifice. The castle is situated in the immediate neighbourhood of the town of Cahir, or -Caher, which is situated in a prosperous agricultural district "rejoicing in the double advantage of a numerous and, of course, thriving Quaker resident proprietary, and a lord of the manor, whose management of his estates, and administration of the duties of his position are in every way worthy of the sphere in which his lot is cast." The Earl of Glengall is the "good squire" here alluded to.

The Waterford and Limerick Railway is now opened to Clonmel, with a station at Cahir; the tourist has, therefore, the opportunity of inspecting the many beautiful spots in the valley of the Suir, on his way from Carrick. Clonmel—the town he will probably visit on his departure from Cahir—is a remarkably fine Irish town, beautifully situated under the Comeragh mountains on the Suir, and famous in all ages in all sorts of ways. It was the focus of fights innumerable in every age of Irish embroilment, and was the principal scene of the rising in '48. Saints uncountable and unaccountable were born here, and not a few sinners, of whom perhaps it will suffice to name Sterne and Lady Blessington, whose errors have at least been gilded by the rarest genius in the one case, and by beauty and accomplishments as rare in the other. Ruins, of course, are in profusion all round; and history and tradition to give them an eternal freshness in the minds of the susceptible and imaginative people who dwell in their vicinity. Clonmel, however, owes most of its modern prosperity, or at all events of its industrial celebrity, to the activity and enterprise of a single individual, and that individual a foreigner, M. Charles Bianconi. The system of cart, or as we should call them, stage carriages, which he inaugurated, and which conferred such inestimable benefits on the country of his adoption, is now being comparatively superseded—he himself assisting with all his original ardour—in the institution of these new and better means of conveyance—the railways.

That gentleman is better known in Ireland than elsewhere. He has raised himself by his own industry, prudence, and fore-

thought, to a position of, at least, great respectability and credit. Public conveyances in Ireland were both scarce and expensive before his time; now they are admirably arranged, cheap, and comfortable. He ran his first car from Clonmel to Cahir, on the 5th of July, 1815, and shortly afterwards other cars to Limerick and Thurles. The experiment was very discouraging at the commencement; he was frequently for weeks without obtaining a passenger; but his energy and perseverance ultimately triumphed, and he has succeeded in obtaining a large fortune for himself while conferring immense benefit on the community, having preserved an irreproachable character and gained the respect of all classes.

Our artist comes at once to another scene and another county; and we stand before the entrance to the Seven Churches of Glendalough, near the Lake of St. Kevin, in the County of Wicklow. It would be difficult to conceive anything more solemnly impressive than the scene which presents itself to view as we approach the lake, so famous for its legends.

So wonderful and remarkable a scene has rarely been before witnessed. Wild, bare, rocky, and dark-coloured mountains run out into a sharp promontory; to the right the ground descends into the valley of Glendasan, and to the left into that of Glendalough. One can see into both these valleys at the same time through broad, wide rock-doors. In the foreground, in the midst of the basin formed by the meeting of the two valleys, lie the low ruins of the Seven Churches; and right in the centre, forming the middle point of the landscape, rises the lofty, slender, pillar-temple, that stands in good preservation, exactly in the middle of this picturesque wilderness, like Pompey's Pillar in the midst of the waste of Alexandria. Behind this temple appear the water-mirrors of the two famous lakes; first, the smaller, and behind it the larger. The entire prospect is ruin,—ruins of nature and of art. It is, indeed, a wild and touching scene of desolation—the Baalbee of Catholic Christianity in Ireland. No tillage, no industry, no evidences of social co-operation—all is flat, dreary, and barren. Such is the scene which in gloomy solitude shrouds this city of the dead, celebrated in the earliest ages of Christianity—while Britain was still sunk in barbarism—for the splendour of its altars, and for the learning of its monastic community! The name Glendalough, like other early denominations of places derived from some obvious natural features, implies “the valley, or glen, of the two lakes.” The lower is small, and is filled only during winter; the upper is a mile in length, by about a quarter broad. St. Kevin founded the Abbey of Glendalough, and presided there as abbot and bishop for many years. He died on the 3rd of June, 618, being nearly 120 years old. The Seven Churches, properly so called, are Trinity Church, the Cathedral, the Abbey, St. Kevin's Church, Our Lady's Church, the Rhefeart Church, Teampullna-Skellig. As we approach the valley by the road from Larn, the first object of interest which presents itself is the ruined church of St. Saviour, so denominated in the Ordnance Survey; for a description of it we refer to the able work on Irish antiquities, lately published by Mr. Petrie, the great authority on all such subjects. He describes the Round Tower as one of the loftiest and most perfect in Ireland, being 110 feet high, and fifty-one feet in circumference; and precisely as it stood at the beginning of the present spring (1853) it is given, with all its immediate archaeological accessories, by the truthful pencil of Mr. Jones, in the accompanying engraving. Besides its little doorway, the tower has two little windows in the shaft, and four small apertures near the top: it is built of granite, and of a hard kind of slate wedged in between the granite blocks. The cap fell to the ground in 1804.

St. Kevin's Bed is on the south side of the Upper Lake, and is a cavity in the face of the nearly perpendicular rock. This hollow is at a fearful elevation above the dark waters. Whether excavated by art, or originally a natural recess, it is impossible to determine. As it is most easy of access from the water, a boat is always at hand to carry the curious to it; and many are the tales that are told of the adventures of some of the most celebrated personages of the present century.

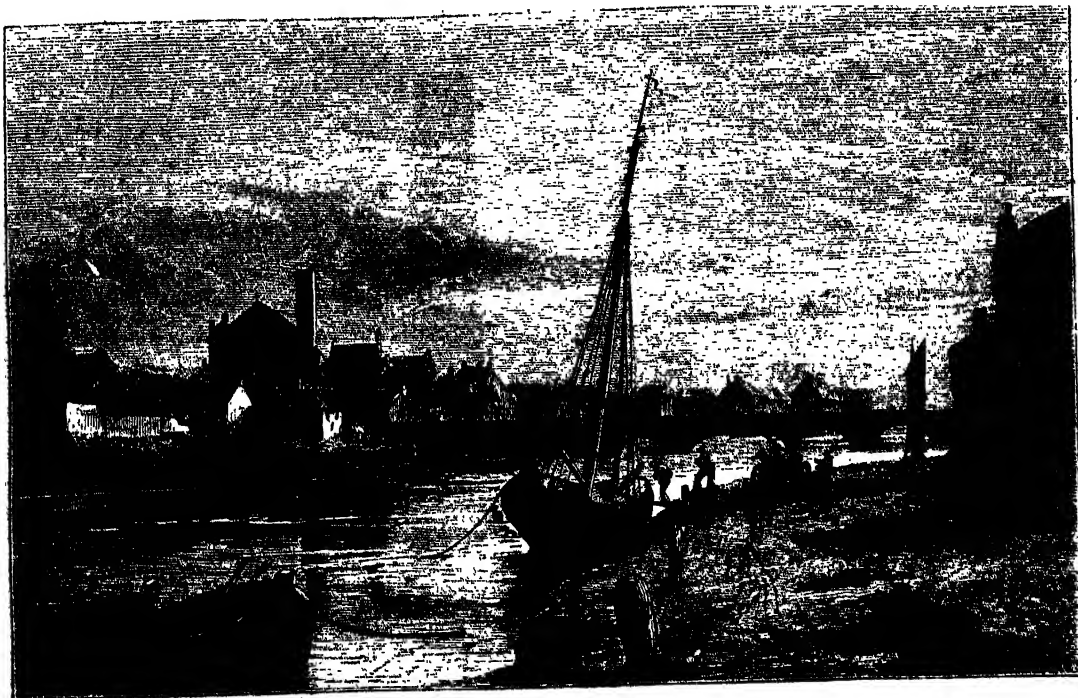
of either sex, in reaching it. We need not encumber our pages with any profitless particulars of their sayings and doings; but it would be unpardonable to omit Thackeray's description of the general aspect of the whole place, done in the happiest style of Mr. Michael Angelo Titmarsh, ere the author of the “Irish Sketch-book” had begun to paint in the encaustic of “Vanity Fair.” After some remarks *apropos* of music in general, and the Irish melodies in particular, he proceeds thus:—

“I don't know if there is any tune about Glendalough; but if there be, it must be the most delicate, fantastic, fairy melody that ever was played. Only fancy can describe the charms of that delightful place. Directly you see it, it smiles at you as innocent and friendly as a little child; and once seen it becomes your friend for ever, and you are always happy when you think of it. Here is a little lake and little fords across it, surrounded by little mountains, and which lead you now to little islands where there are all sorts of fantastic little old chapels and graveyards; or again into little brakes and shrubberies where small rivers are crossing over little rocks, splashing and jumping, and singing as loud as ever they can. Thomas Moore has written rather an awful description of it; and it may indeed appear big to him, and to the fairies who must have inhabited the place in old days—that's clear. For who could be accommodated in it except the little people? There are Seven Churches, whereof the clergy must have been the smallest persons, and have had the smallest benefices and the littlest congregations ever known. As for the Cathedral, what a bishoplet it must have been that presided there!—the place would hardly hold the Bishop of London or Mr. Sydney Smith—two full-sized clergymen of these days—who would be sure to quarrel there for want of room, or for any other reason. There must have been a dean no bigger than Mr. Moore before mentioned, and a chapter no bigger than that chapter in Tristram Shandy which does not contain a single word, and mere popguns of canons, and a beadle about as tall as Crofton Croke, to whip the little boys who were playing at taw (with peas) in the yard. They say there was a university, too, in the place, with I don't know how many thousand scholars; but for accounts of this, there is an excellent guide on the spot, who, for a shilling or two, will tell all he knows, and a great deal more too.”

Wicklow, “the garden of Ireland,” as it has been appropriately termed, abounds with picturesque scenery, straggling little towns, and other characteristics peculiar to the sister island. Ten miles from Dublin is the town of Bray, in the immediate neighbourhood of which are situated some of the most striking features of Irish scenery. Among the many objects of great interest is the gloomy Lough Bray, which lies “in the midst of a peculiar lonely district; high up the mountain, from one of whose sides towers a bare and dark cliff, the Eagle's Nest. These sombre waters are enclosed between precipitous hills, except on one side, from which they are discharged into the valley of Glencree, where, uniting with the Glenislone river in Powerscourt demesne, they pass through the Dargle into the sea near Bray. In the midst of this wilderness, at the moment when such a thing might be least expected—as if by enchantment—a beautiful Swiss cottage with its *entourage*, rises to view, mocking, as it were, the desolation which everywhere reigns around. It was erected for Sir Philip Crampton, the distinguished surgeon-general, and father of the English ambassador at Washington.” The view from the road is magnificent, including Lough Bray, Sir P. Crampton's Swiss Cottage, and endless succession of hill and dale, wood and village. Further to the west, in a dreary solitude, is the Poolpucka waterfall (the Puck's or Devil's Hole), with its whirlpool of “depth interminable.” Here the “Horse-spirit” is said to hold his nightly rout, luring strangers into the vortex of his cataract, formed by the waters of the Liffey. A picturesque bridge spans the summit of the fall from rock to rock, the distance being sixty-five feet. Poolpucka is the name given to a succession of cataracts 150 feet high and forty in breadth, over which the Liffey is precipitated. The spectacle from the

bridge is sublime, and always seen on entering the fine grounds on Lord Miltown's side of the river. Poolaphuca is also accessible by the road leading from Luggalaw Lodge over

and his trusty band. The vale of Glendassan lies to the north of Glendalough, separated from it by a lofty ridge. the road from the Lara to Poolaphuca waterfall traversing



CARRICK-ON-SUIR, COUNTY TIPPERARY.

the Sally Gap, or may be reached from the Seven Churches by the glen of Glendassan and Wicklow Gap."

The mountain districts around Bray—there is little to notice

the glen. The most elevated point of the road is at Wicklow Gap, five miles from Glendalough, a magnificent view. The lead mines of Lugganure are situated in this valley.



CASTLE OF CARRIG, COUNTY TIPPERARY.

in the town itself—are magnificent. The valleys near Lough Dan were the scenes of many daring exploits in 1798, and many stories are still in circulation of the rebel General Holt.

Lugnaquilla, the peak of the mountains of Wicklow, lies to the south-west of Glendalough, and is 2,039 feet above level of the sea. Strimling Hill is the best point from which

to commence the ascent. Having reached the top of Drumgoff, the bed of a mountain torrent guides us up a slope till exception, the route to the top of the mountain, though tedious, is easy. The view, in clear weather, extends over five coun-



ENTRANCE TO THE SEVEN CHURCHES, GLENDALOUGH.



TOWN OF BRAY, COUNTY OF WICKLOW.

to reach Kelly's Lough; near this point, however, a steep descent, the most difficult part of the ascent, with this single exception, the route to the top of the mountain, though tedious, is easy. The view, in clear weather, extends over five counties, and even the peaks of the Galtee mountains, in the County of Tipperary, have been discerned from it.

THE TELEGRAPH IN AMERICA.

THE origin of a great invention is like the source of a river: the more carefully you explore it, the more difficult does it become to discriminate between rival claims, and decide where and when it actually took its rise. During the age of religion or fiction, when the practical philosopher was unborn, seven cities disputed the honour of having given birth to Homer: during that of exact sciences, history counts pretenders to the honour of the invention of gunpowder, printing, the steam-engine, and the telegraph, by the dozen. Each nation has a favourite candidate; each city, each college, has something to advance in favour of its exclusive right. M. Quetelet asserted, in the bulletin of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Brussels, that the discovery of the electric telegraph was claimed by sixty-two persons, all of whose pretensions were founded on some shadow of reason. And if we endeavour to retrace the steps which the science of telegraphing has made, from the delicate and ingenious telegram of House, to the earliest attempts to give intelligence to the spark, we shall find it almost impossible to put our finger on the exact period or the exact laboratory where the invention first saw the light. Like the towering front of some massive edifice, the telegraph has been reared by many hands: to ascribe the glory to any one would be like awarding the prize of architecture to the mason who buried the first stone of the foundation, or who superposed the last cornice of the pediment.

Not that we can refer with unconcern to the experiments of Le Monnier, who, in 1746, demonstrated that the electric discharge could be transmitted through metallic circuits of almost any length, that water was a conductor, that the velocity of the spark was appreciable;—to those of Jehan Winkler, of Leipsic, who corroborated the principles established by Le Monnier;—to those of Dr. Watson, who proved that dry land was as good a conductor as water;—to those of Franklin, who methodised the science, and gave it a tangible shape. More than a century has elapsed since these philosophers gave their discoveries to the world; but the long period which divides the first theoretical principle from the final practical application, does not impair their claims on our gratitude. The perspective through which we contemplate their services does not render their outline indistinct.

The seed they scattered had germed for a quarter of a century, when a Genevan philosopher conceived the idea that thought could be conveyed to great distances by sending the electric spark along an insulated wire, and attracting or repelling a pith ball at the end. Twenty-four wires represented the alphabet; and M. Lesarge, by connecting each wire alternately with his battery, actually contrived to spell out words. Here was the telegraph in its rude embryo. But Lesarge, like many other great men, was in advance of his age: philosophers scoffed at his instrument, wits pointed epigrams at his schemes, and the superstitious citizens of Geneva, constantly alternating between tolerance and bigotry, gave him the benefit of the latter characteristic. A Frenchman, named Lomond (L'Homond?), performed similar feats with a single wire, the signals being distinguished by the number and nature of the divergences or attractions of the pith ball. But his scientific countrymen did not condescend to notice his invention; and we might never have heard his name, had not an English traveller, named Young, left us a brief account of a visit to his room. About the same time (1765), a wire twenty-six miles long was laid down between Aranjuez and Madrid, and signals were transmitted by means of a battery of Leyden jars. Reuben substituted for the pith balls strips of metal placed upon a square of glass, each strip being divided by several breaks. The electric spark, passing through each of these breaks, illuminated the strip, and thus conveyed intelligence. Cavallo's signals were made by counting

Salva invented a telegraph in 1794, and exhibited in the town of Pavia, who used it, we are told, to preserve an important occasion, but its principle seems to many still lost.

Thus, at the close of the eighteenth century, the idea of communicating thought by means of electricity was already familiar to men of learning in every civilised country of Europe and in the United States. The crude notion was afloat; but the essential element—which even Franklin, who was confident that his descendants would converse across the Schuylkill by means of wires, had not dreamt of—electro-magnetism, was yet wanting.

We must skip over a period of some nine or ten years, during which Luigi Galvani stumbled on galvanism by trying to resuscitate a dead frog. Alessandro Volta built his pile, and Nicholson, Carlisle, Davy, and others, astonished the world with their discoveries of the chemical properties of the galvanic current. A German named Semmering has hit upon the notion of making the decomposition of water by the galvanic fluid a vehicle for thought. Thirty-five wires lead from his laboratory to the station with which he wishes to communicate, and are understood to stand for the German letters and numerals. By sending a stream of galvanic electricity through one of these, a small bubble of air rises from the water at the further end, and the bubble means A, B, C, D, E, 1, 2, 3, 4, or 5, according to its position in the receiving trough. The members of the Academy of Sciences, at Munich, open their eyes; the days of persecution being over, Semmering is neither hooted in the streets nor burned at the stake: but the authorities do not seem willing to advance him the 2,000 florins he required to construct a telegraph a mile long. Meanwhile, Ronalds, in England, is making a retrograde step, and consuming his energies in trying to invent a working telegraph with free electricity.

Fortunately about this time, a Copenhagen professor, named Oersted, restored the credit of the galvanic battery, by proving that a magnetic needle always tries to place itself at right angles to a neighbouring wire which is charged with a current of galvanic electricity. This was, perhaps, the most brilliant scientific discovery since the construction of the voltaic pile. The new element—electro-magnetism—was destined to work miracles. It was eagerly caught up by *savans*, and M. Ampère, in 1820, invented the first telegraph based on the combined effects of the voltaic pile, the charged wire, and the magnetic needle. He used as many needles and wires as there are letters; by closing the current with any one of the wires, the needle at the other extremity of the line moved, and the letter which it represented was designated. This was the primitive stage of the Wheatstone telegraph, now generally used in Great Britain. M. Ampère also discovered that a piece of soft iron, placed in the centre of a coil of wire through which a galvanic current is passing, becomes an electro-magnet, and attracts iron. This is the main secret of the Morse telegraph.

M. Ampère's discoveries made as much noise as such things usually do. But when people spoke of putting it in practice, the learned Professor Barlow, proved by $a-b$ that the force of the galvanic current would be so diminished by distance, that it would be impracticable to use it for long distances. Strange to say, notwithstanding this dogmatical decision, Baron Schilling had the monstrous audacity to build a telegraph working with a defective needle on Ampère's plan, at St. Petersburg, in 1832; and what is still more unaccountable, he actually succeeded! By employing five needles, and causing them to deflect to the right or left as he wished, he obtained ten intelligible signals, and astonished the Czar Alexander, by holding a conversation with a person at a great distance. With equal disregard for the feelings of Professor Barlow, Messrs. Gauss and Weber built a telegraph between the Observatory and the Cabinet de Physique, at Göttingen—a distance of a mile and a quarter—and conveyed their thoughts by means of the deflections of a single needle; and Steinheil erected twelve miles of wire, with a more elaborate instrument, at Munich. The latter is chiefly remarkable as being the first who employed a registering apparatus on

an electro-magnetic telegraph. His needles were armed with pens filled with ink, which marked dots on a paper drawn up before them by mechanism.

We have now approached the period when the telegraph began to be practically and successfully employed. In the same year in which Steinheil erected his telegraph at Munich, 1837, Professor Wheatstone patented his improvement on Ampère's plan in England. Nor was America idle. The mantle of Franklin had descended to others. Dr. Coxe, of Philadelphia, had shown, in 1816, how the decomposition of water by the galvanic current might be used as a telegraph. Mr. Dyar, of Long Island, had actually contrived, in 1826, a registering telegraph, worked with common electricity: the sparks from his wire discolouring a litmus paper which was made to revolve under it. Professor Henry had demonstrated that the earth was a good conductor for voltaic electricity, and had produced the most powerful magnet known. In September, 1837, Professor Morse announced to the Secretary of the Treasury that he was prepared to demonstrate the "practicability of telegraphic communication by means of electro-magnetism." A patent was forthwith issued in his favour, and in 1844 his registering telegraph was introduced upon a line between Baltimore and Washington. In June, 1846, Mr. O'Reilly, an associate of the professor, sent the following message from New York to Washington:—

"Henry O'Reilly congratulates Professor Morse on the completion of the telegraph, and on the connexion of the Hudson and the Potomac by links of lightning."

The following reply was received a few moments afterwards at New York:—

"Professor Morse congratulates Mr. O'Reilly on the success of his labours."

The Morse telegraph is based on Ampère's discovery, that a bar of soft iron enclosed in a coil of wire becomes a magnet while a stream of galvanic electricity is passing through the wire, and ceases to be one when the current is interrupted.

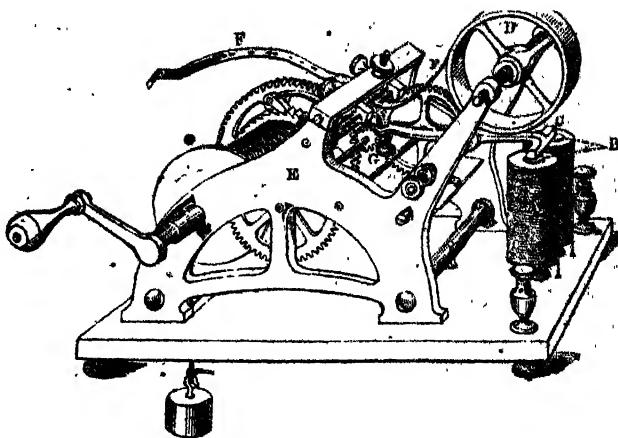
It is hardly possible to convey a clear impression of so ingenious and complicated an instrument as the Morse telegraph by a verbal description, and more especially in the brief space allotted to us. We shall, however, attempt to sketch its leading features.

The electricity is generated by a Grove's battery, consisting of several pairs. Each pair is a glass tumbler, within which stands a zinc cylinder, which encloses an earthen vessel, in which a strip of platinum is suspended. The earthen vessel is filled with nitric acid, and plunged into diluted-sulphuric acid contained in the glass tumbler. It is stated that this battery will act uniformly for three weeks; but this, we presume, supposes that the pairs are taken down every night. The number of pairs employed depends on the resistance to be overcome, or, in other words, the distance to be traversed by the message; as many as fifty pairs are employed on a line two hundred miles long. Through two screw-cups above the battery the negative and positive wires are passed. One of these wires is connected with a metallic plate buried in the earth. The other is carried on stout poles, from which it is isolated by glass supports, to the distant extremity of the line.

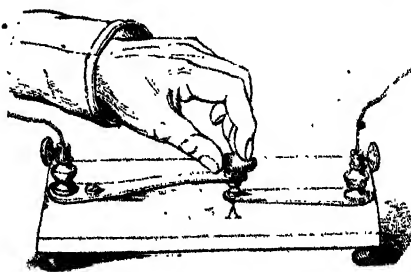
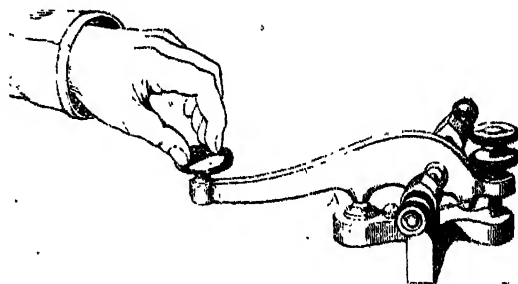
The registering apparatus has been already alluded to. It consists of a powerful U-shaped electro magnet, round each limb of which coils of fine copper wire are wound. The armature of the magnet is attached to the short arm of a lever, the long arm of which carries a style. Close to this style a large spool, on which an endless strip of paper is wound, is made to revolve by clock-work. The following sketch may elucidate the description:—

- a, coils of wire through which the fluid passes.
- b, the electro-magnet round which the wire is coiled.
- c, the armature of the magnet.
- d, the spool kept in constant revolution, when the instrument is at work, by
- e, a clock-work apparatus.
- f, a strip of paper for receiving messages.
- g, the long arm of the large wheel-style attached.

It remains for us to describe the "signal-key" by which the message is transmitted. We have explained that, by means of

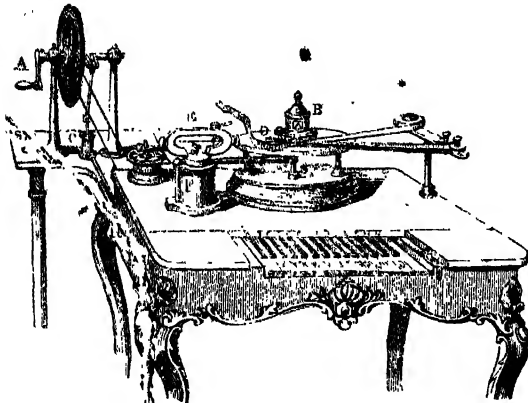


the wire carried on the telegraph posts, and the earth which acts as a conductor, a continuous chain is formed between the two places or cities which it is desired to connect. In this chain there is but one break, and that is the signal-key, which is placed beside the registering apparatus. In other words, the two wires are at that point disconnected by a space of an eighth of an inch or so, but may be brought together by the pressure of the hand of the operator on an ivory-knob at the extremity of the key; the contact (which is called closing the circuit) produces a stream of electricity; so long as the wires remain separate, no current passes. The following sketches represent the signal-key in its simplest form, and the more perfect instrument called a signal-lever. Both operate in a similar manner.



Let us suppose now that an operator at New York wishes to ask his friend at Boston how he is. The process is beautifully simple. We have mentioned that the only break in the line which prevents a stream of electricity passing through the wire occurs at the signal-key, exactly under the finger of the operator in the sketch. By a slight pressure of his finger, the two wires will be brought into contact at the point *a*, and a flood of electricity at once rushes through the wire. The piece of soft iron wound round by the coils of wire at the other end of the line, at once is charged with electricity: the armature is forcibly attracted to it, and the style which is attached to the end of the armature is thrown up against

c, and moving an escapement at d. The direction of the current of condensed air is changed twenty-eight times during each revolution of the cylinder, by means of the vibration of an iron rod e, suspended by a fine wire over a powerful electro-



HOUSE'S PRINTING TELEGRAPH.

magnet r. When the revolution of the cylinder is checked, the type-wheel is stopped at the same moment; and an eccentric, worked by the mechanical power at the crank, instantly brings a band of paper against the type on the periphery of the wheel. The letter is thus printed, and the type-wheel again revolves to the next, and so on. As will be remarked, nearly the whole of this ingenious mechanism is worked by local mechanical power: the only effects which can be rightly ascribed to electricity are the uniformity of rate which is attained in the movement of the machinery, and the transmission of the regulating power from one end of the line to the other.

The number of telegraphic lines in the United States is so constantly increasing in every direction, that it is hardly possible to give a correct estimate. According to official documents prepared a few months back, however, 20,017 miles of wire were erected and used in the country. They were distributed as follows:—

Morse Lines.....	70 wires	15,835 miles in length
House „	6 „	2,200 „
Bain „ (now Morse) 6 „	2,012 „	

20,047

The following are a few of the longest lines:—

	Miles.
New York to New Orleans, <i>via</i> Charleston, Savannah, &c. (Morse), 1 wire	1,966
Washington to New Orleans, <i>via</i> Richmond (Morse), 1 wire.....	1,716
New York to Buffalo, <i>via</i> Troy and Albany, (Morse), 3 wires each	513
Calais to Halifax, <i>via</i> St. John's (Morse), 1 wire	409
Buffalo to Milwaukee, <i>via</i> Cleveland and Chicago (Morse), 2 wires each.....	400
Columbia to New Orleans, <i>via</i> Tusculum (Morse), 1 wire.....	638
New York to Buffalo (Bain), 2 wires each	513

The House Company are now constructing a line to St. Louis, the whole length of which, when finished, will be 1,500 miles, and many thousand miles of line are in construction by the other companies.

At the present day, a continuous line of telegraph extends from the extreme limits of civilisation on the west, to the ocean on the east; and, ere long, the Pacific shores will form part of this vast network. The route to San Francisco has already been pointed out, and approved by the Committee on Post-offices and Post-roads. "It will commence," says the report, "at the city of Natchez (Mi.) running through a well-settled portion of Northern Texas to the town of El Paso, on the Rio Grande, in latitude 32°; thence to the junction of the Gila and Colorado Rivers, crossing at the head of the

Gulf of California to San Diego on the Pacific; thence along the coast to Monterey and San Francisco. The whole distance from the Mississippi to San Francisco will be about 2,400 miles." Mr. Henry O'Reilly offered, within two years from this time, to deliver the European news on the shores of the Pacific one week from the time it left the European continent, if he were permitted to build a line from the Mississippi, and protected by a chain of military posts."

Another important line of telegraph is that from New York to St. John's, Newfoundland. The grantees, Messrs. Tibbatts and Company, are now busily engaged in erecting the posts on the island, and sinking the submarine portion of the line. As soon as it is completed, it is their intention to run a line of steamers from St. John's to Galway, there to connect with a telegraph from Galway to London. By this means, as the distance from St. John's to Galway is only 1,647 miles, it is expected that the distance between New York and London will be traversed in five days.

In America, everybody makes use of the telegraph. The merchant who has left his wife in the country to transact business in the city telegraphs an inquiry about her health before he goes to his counting-house in the morning. Half the operations on 'Change and in the produce and cotton market are performed by telegraph. Your friend who lives on the Hudson telegraphs you that he will be happy to see you at dinner that day, and you reply forthwith "most happy," or "engaged," as the case may be. We have not reached that stage of perfection which thunderstruck the old lady whose "*umbrella*," she was assured, had been forwarded by telegraph; but we can draw and remit money as easily as by mail. Some people have lines of their own. Mr. Norton, the telegraph manufacturer, has a line from his office in Broadway to his manufactory in Centre-street, and can transmit an order to his clerk or foreman without stirring from his seat, or trusting to a messenger. Of the business of the lines, some conception may be formed from the fact that during the last six months of 1851, 99,313 messages were transmitted, at a cost of 34,733 dols., over the lines of the Magnetic Telegraph Company from New York to Washington; and during the first six months of 1852, the number of messages was 154,514, being at the rate of 849 messages a day. The receipts of the company, which were only 1,228 dols. in 1846, were 103,860 dols. last year.

The business of a telegraph operator is not a pleasant one. He has very heavy responsibilities; and if anything goes wrong—if people misdirect their messages, or make mistakes in writing them—the blame is sure to fall upon him. Here, in America, where news is a merchantable commodity; many unprincipled persons earn a livelihood by gleaning scraps of imaginary news from the city newspapers, or manufacturing them themselves, and sending them on to the country papers. When their inaccuracy is discovered, the blame is always laid on the shoulders of the operator. He is bound to know the person who hands him a message, and to be satisfied of his identity; but he has no right to refuse to transmit a message without very well-founded grounds of suspicion. He is bound to send on the message, letter by letter; and at the same time he is visited with the severest punishment his employers can award if he divulge its contents. This, we are told, becomes at last a very easy matter. The telegraph operator becomes after a few months' work a mere machine: he either does not realise the sense of the letters he writes, or forgets the purport of the message ten minutes after it has passed through his hands. In general, he is a taciturn, suspicious-looking individual, gifted with great clearness of head, and a precision of judgment in examining faces, far above the average. The best telegraph operators are taken from among the Post-office clerks. They are constantly exposed to accidents, owing to the action of the lightning on the lines, notwithstanding the conductors erected for their protection. A few months ago, the operator at the House's telegraph in New York was severely injured by the explosion of a charge of natural electricity at the battery; and similar accidents are not unfrequent though we have not heard of an instance which

terminated fatally. To cap the whole, the rates of remuneration are not such as to make the post a very enviable one in a pecuniary point of view.

Honest Mr. Ronalds, of Ilummersmith, who made some improvements on the telegraph in 1816, winds up a piece of sound advice to telegraph owners and operators, as to their treatment of "mischievously disposed persons" who might cut the wires, with the following words:—"Should they (the mischievously disposed persons) succeed in breaking the communication, hang them if you catch them, damn them if you cannot, and mend the wire immediately in both cases." It would have been well if the first, at least, of Mr. Ronalds' suggestions had been acted on in this country some time ago. It was constantly the practice for news-agents, after having telegraphed the news of the English steamer from Halifax or Boston to the journal by which they were employed, to endeavour to secure a monopoly for it by cutting the wires; and, strange to say, none of them were ever brought to punishment for their villany. Crimes of this description are much rarer at present. A close watch is kept on the movements of suspicious individuals by those through whose property the telegraph passes, and who feel that every man in the country is interested in its preservation. Some time ago, a man who was detected in cutting the wires in South Carolina, narrowly escaped being "lynched" by a party of infuriated citizens who caught him in the act; and there can be very little doubt that a jury would show no mercy to a similar offender who might be brought before them.

One of the most novel feats performed by the telegraph in America is transmitting intelligence in advance of time. Some years ago, as the clerk of the House of Representatives began to read the President's message, the telegraph operator began to transmit it to St. Louis. He kept pace with the clerk, and was seldom more than a few lines behind him. At St. Louis, printers were in attendance at the telegraph office, and set it up almost as fast as it arrived. Five minutes after the peroration was delivered at Washington, the last page of the message was in the steam-press at St. Louis; and a few minutes afterwards (viz., at half-past twelve, P.M.) boys were hawking in the streets the document which the clerk was still reading at Washington at half-past one. According to the clock, the inhabitants of St. Louis, who were 1,500 miles distant from the spot where the speech was delivered, heard it, and read it, an hour or more before those who were sitting in the hall where it was read. This difference of time between the eastern and western cities sometimes give rise to funny mistakes, which our readers will readily conceive.

In the present age, he is a bold man who can say to science, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther." We can only look with amazement at the projects which are mooted every day, of submarine telegraphs across the Atlantic; or lines of wire, like Puck's girdle, encircling the earth in forty minutes. Easy, indeed, is it to suggest obstacles to either to allude to the impossibility, under our present arrangements, of charging a wire with such a quantity of electricity, that the best conductors known will not absorb it in a distance of upwards of 300 miles—to the constant accidents which are happening in our present lines, and which it would be almost impossible to detect and counteract in a submarine or subterranean line of a thousand miles in length to the sheer absurdity of "telegraph stations" on the ocean, or amid the wilds of North America, or the ice-bound forests of Kamtskatka—any schoolboy can raise these difficulties, and put them in a formidable shape. Whether the man of science is destined to overcome them is a question to which, however dangerous it might be to answer boldly in the affirmative, it would be both dogmatical and unreasonable to offer a decided negative. The earth, air, water, every known substance is, as we have seen, a conductor. A line carried round from New York to our Antipodes would constitute a perfect telegraphic circuit, according to modern writers. The fluid transmitted into the earth at either end, would instantly traverse the centre of the globe to rejoin the end of the wire buried at the other extremity. Who knows, but that, a few years

hence, the electric fluid will be traversing in every direction, with its own peculiar instinctive sagacity, the bowels of the earth; and, besides drawing the colonists of Western America into close proximity with the nomade tribes of Africa or Asia, will disclose to an astonished world those mysteries which the science of the geologist and cosmogonist have not dared to penetrate?

CURIOSITIES OF THE CHEMISTRY OF ART.

"CHEMISTRY!" exclaims, perhaps, the reader, "What's to do with chemistry, or it with me? It is a dry, cold, and as a modification, signs and properties, of elements and equivalent substitution, chlorides, iodides, and salts—a fit enough theme for the pass- apprentices behind the counter, and for emmoveable style, collage laboratories, but quite unworthy, it is a telegraph was, interest or in the results produced, of the two systems are, fessional people."

Now, whether this be true or not, as regards its broader laws, and its minuter details, we shall to say, and without waiting to determine what repulsive forms of the science might not be something more of attractiveness, we hold that there are many facts which the chemist, in light, and many curious processes with the results we all have habitually to do—which are deserving even of those who may be least interested in exposition of chemical laws. And when it is that every form of matter with which we may whether it be in the world around us, or in our organisation—whether it be the simplest food we clothes we wear has been passing through beautiful processes of nature or of art, surely the chance of all of them will not be defended. To the we would say brief.

The operations of chemistry have brought into employment a thousand substances which had otherwise been useless. The industrious housewife she economises. The no shoe nails dropped in the streets during the daily traffic, are the bits of old iron which have been rusted in the timber of the ships, are moulded into the form of musket-barrels. The redient of which the ink which tracks its muddy route on this paper, was once possibly part of the broken hoop of an old beer-barrel. The bones of dead animals yield the chief constituent of the explosive element employed in the formation of matches. The clippings of the travelling-tinker are mixed with the parings of horses' hoofs from the smithy, or the cast-off woollen garments of the poorest inhabitants of a sister isle, and soon afterwards, in the form of dyes of the brightest hue, grace the dress of courtly dames. The dregs of port-wine, rejected by the drinker in decanting it, are taken by him in the morning, in the form of seidlitz powders, to aid in the removal of the effects of his libation. The offal of the streets, and the washings of coal-gas re-appear in the lady's smelling-bottle, or are employed by her to flavour blanc-manges for her friends.* Such is the economy of the chemistry of art, which, by the combination of apparently useless elements, produces, as though with the touch of an enchanter's wand, order out of confusion, advantage and beauty from the offensive and the injurious. And in these processes there is but an imitation of those of nature. Animals and vegetables live and die, and from their mouldering forms are given off into the atmosphere the materials from whence other races derive their means of subsistence, and thus the death and destruction of one generation furnishes the food and support of the next. Let us trace, two or three of these operations more in detail, as illustrations of some of the myriad curiosities of the chemistry of art.

The processes which are gone through in the preparation of common carbonate of soda, or British alkali, will furnish

* Professor Playfair.

many illustrations of the advantages which have been conferred by chemistry on art, though to these we have space to make only brief reference. The period is very recent since one of the commonest sights on the Scottish coast was the collection and preparation of the sea-weed called kelp, which was used as carbonate of soda. The weeds were cut by the sickle at low water, and a rope of hemp or birch being laid beyond them, and the ends being carried up beyond the high-water mark, the whole floated as the tide ran, and by shortening the ropes, they were made to settle above the wash of the sea, whence they were conveyed to dry land on

The more quickly the kelp was dried the better produce, and when dry it was burned in coffers. As tons of weed were usually required to form one is easy to conceive that the labour employed in processes of cutting, landing, carrying, drying, and burning, was immense. The scene was, in many places, a familiar and an interesting one; and the trade in the value of property on the coast.

obtained from the kelp, was a hard, petrified of impure carbonate of soda; the entire of Scotland and the adjacent islands being tons annually. But a change came over the name of the kelp burners. The removal of the

magnet r the type-wheel, the eccentric, wor instantly bring periphery of the type-wheel, will be remarkable is worked by rate which the trans line to the

The new Glasgow, erected a gigantic chimney, 100 feet constant in St. Paul's Cathedral, for the purpose of dissipation of gas. But as the best way of destroying an enemy is to make him a friend, so the best way of getting rid of a waste of gas is to find a method by which it may be retained in a useful form. This has accordingly been done in the case of chlorine, and those old chimneys remain as so many huge monuments of the ignorance of the past.

But this is not all. The improved method of producing soda from common salt led to another of equal importance, by which bleaching is carried on by chemical processes on the largest scale. The bleaching power of chlorine was only employed on a large scale after it was obtained from acid, which, in combination with lime, may be transported to considerable distances. Had it not been for this, the cotton manufacture of Great Britain would probably have never successfully competed in price with the continent of Europe. In the old process of bleaching, remarks Liebig, every piece had to be exposed to the air and light during several weeks in summer, and kept continually moist by manual labour, for which meadow land, suitably situated, was essential. But a single establishment near Glasgow bleaches 1,400 pieces of cotton daily throughout the year. How enormous a saving has thus been effected in the capital which would have been required for the purchase of land had these methods been unknown!

A better illustration than this could scarcely be afforded of the aid which chemistry has brought to art, while the establishments in which these processes are carried on are full of interest. These are called "crofts"—says the writer of an article on the subject in the "Eclectic." "These 'crofts' are buildings where the incessant roll of engine and mill-work fills and floods the ear, and crushes the faculty of oral perception;—where hastening men drag to and fro heaps of dripping canvas;—where flying folds of steaming cloth thread a maze of wheels and pulleys, and rise and fall into troughs through which rivers of water ceaselessly rush;—places where giant cauldrons boil and bubble, fret and vomit up clouds of steam;—

where the very air is so thick and solid that the lines of light are lost almost as soon as caught by the astonished eye, and into which a length of cloth that would girdle London round, with a good piece of the suburbs added to it, this day enters yellow or brown, and to-morrow emerges whiter than the snow of Carmel."

The processes through which every yard of cloth has to pass, before it is fit for sale, are most numerous and curious. Miles in length of it are subjected to some forty or fifty manipulations—to soakings and dryings, to heatings and foldings, which are too complicated for brief description, but which have not only to be done, and done well, but done so economically as to enable the producer to make his profit on it at so many halfpence per yard.

Pass from these establishments to those where other operations are going on. Witness the elaborate processes by which our streets are illuminated at night, to the amount—in London alone—of three thousand millions of cubic feet of gas; but on which, having more to say hereafter, we shall not now dwell. Examine the methods by which the crude masses of ores are made to surrender their precious metals for the service of man. Scrutinise the ways in which the elements of nature are brought into antagonism with one another, and are thus mutually guided by the plastic hand of man into submissive obedience. Everywhere it will be found that there are processes going on in a high degree worthy examination, in which the arts are everywhere aided by the discoveries and appliances of chemistry. To some more of these we hope, as opportunity may be afforded, to direct attention.

THE LEGEND OF ST. KEVIN.

By that lake, where only shore
Skylark never war!
Where the cliff hangs high and steep
Young Saint Kevin stole to sleep;
"Here, at least," he calmly said,
"Woman ne hall find my bed."
Aunt little knew

What the

'Twas from Kathleen yes he stole
Eyes of most unholy blue!
She had lov'd him well and long,
Wish'd him hers, nor thought it wrong.
Where'er the Saint would fly,
Still he heard her light foot nigh;
East or west, where'er he turn'd,
Still her eyes before him burn'd.

On the bold cliff's bosom east,
Tranquil now he sleeps at last;
Dreams of heav'n, nor thinks that e'er
Woman's smile can haunt him there.
But nor earth nor heaven is free,
From her power, if fond she be;
Even now while calm he sleeps,
Kathleen o'er him leans and weeps.

Fearless she had track'd his feet
To this rocky, wild retreat;
And when morning met his view,
Her mild glances met him too.
Ah, your Saints have cruel hearts!
Sternly from his bed he starts,
And, with rude repulsive shock,
Hurls her from the beetling rock.

Glendalough, thy gloomy wave,
Soon was gentle Kathleen's grave!
Soon the Saint (yet ah! too late)
Felt her love, and mourn'd her fate.
When he said "Heaven rest her soul!"
Round the lake light music stole,
And her ghost was seen to glide
Smiling o'er the fatal tide.

MOORE.

THE FAMILIES OF PLANTS.

VITACEÆ.—THE VINE TRIBE.

CALYX small. Petals four or five. Stamens equal in number to the petals. Ovary superior, two-celled. Seeds four or five. Embryo erect.

subordinate peculiarities there is considerable variety, but among them in essential characters there is a very close resemblance. The chief apparent difference is in the size of

Fig. 18.—*Vitis Vinifera*.

Fig. 20.—The Raisin of America.



Fig. 19.—Grapes of Corinth.

Fig. 21.—*Althaea Officinalis*.

The plants of this family are naturally inhabitants of the warmer and hotter parts of both hemispheres, especially of India. We give a specimen in the wild state (fig. 18). In

the flowers, and the taste of their fruit. It may seem strange, but the berries of one vine in America have a taste which has been compared to the odour of a fox, and hence it is called the

whether black, white, blue, or varied in colour, are all varieties of the same species.

The vineyards of the continent are strikingly unlike what a vivid imagination pictures them to be. Of them Mr. A. B. Reach thus speaks: "Fancy open and unfenced expanses of

cluster as fair a chance as possible of a goodly allowance of the sun; Such, then, is the general appearance of matters; but it is by no means perfectly uniform. Now and then you find a patch of vines unsupported, drooping and straggling and sprawling, and intertwisting their branches like beds of snakes; and again you come into the district of a new species

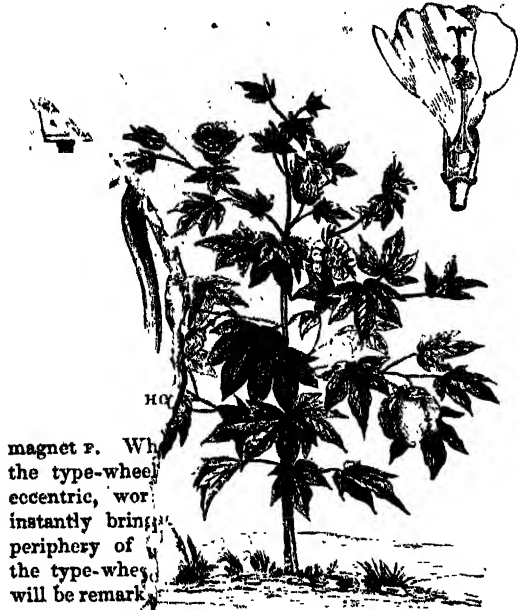


Fig. 22.—Gossypium.

magnet p. Wh the type-wheel eccentric, wor instantly bring periphery of the type-wheel will be remark is worked by t can be right rate which the trans ing, scrubby bushes, seldom rising two feet above line to the planted in rows upon the summit of deep furrow The ne, collated with great care to low fence-like lines of constar high run in unbroken ranks from one end of the to the other. These espaliers or laths are cuttings

On



Fig. 23.—Erodium Cicutarium.

of the walnut-trees around, and the tendrils of the vine are attached to the horizontally running slopes with withes, or thence of bark. It is curious to observe the vigilant pains and attention with which everything has been supported without being trained, and how things are arranged so as to give every



Fig. 24.—Pelargonium.

of bush, a thicker, stouter affair, a grenadier vine, growing to at least six feet, and supported by a corresponding stake. But the low two-feet dwarfs are invariably the great wine-givers."

In this country vines often fail to ripen well on the open walls. But this is easily accounted for. It is not mere earth



Fig. 25.—Citrus Limonium.

that the roots require to come in contact with, to induce growth and extension, but air also, which is as necessary them as to the leaves and branches. All borders, therefore, expressly made for the reception of vines, ought to be composed of a sufficient quantity of dry materials mixed together

in such a manner, as to possess a series of cavities and interstices, into which the sun's rays can enter with freedom, and there exert their full power. In such circumstances, the air in which the roots perform their functions becomes warm and purified, they absorb their food in a medium which dissipates their secretions, and a healthy and vigorous vegetation is the never-failing consequence.

"It is not too much to assert," says Mr. C. Hoare, "that the surface of the walls of every cottage of a medium size that is applicable to the training of vines, is capable of producing annually as many grapes as would be worth half the amount of its rental. On a wall only twenty-five inches in height, and eighteen feet in length, I have for years trained a vine that is a perfect picture of fertility, the whole surface of the wall being every year literally covered with fine grapes, close down to the very stem of the plant."

The raisins of Corinth (fig. 20), Malaga, and other places, are fruits dried in the sun, forming a considerable article for the purposes of commerce. Of "Zante Currants," which are really small dried grapes grown in the Ionian Islands, there is also a very large importation into this country.

MALVACEÆ.—THE MALLOW TRIBE.

Sepals five, rarely three or four. Petals equal in number to the sepals. Stamens indefinite. Ovarium formed by the union of several carpels round a common axis, either distinct or cohering. No albumen, or else in very small quantity. Embryo curved.

The country child is commonly well acquainted with what are called *cheeses*, which are found among the hedges, and which are the produce of the mallow. Of this plant we have, indeed, four or five species, of which the most remarkable is the musk mallow (*malva moschata*), denoted by its large red flowers and musky scent.

On the coasts of England, as, for example, those of Devon, in some parts of the Isle of Wight, on the shores of Anglesea, and on various parts of the islands and mainland of Scotland, is to be found the beautiful sea tree-mallow (*lavatera arborea*). Its handsome, shining, mallow-like flowers, of a purplish-pink, adorn maritime, and always insulated, rocks. Occasionally, too, it has been transplanted into our gardens and shrubberies, where it will frequently attain a large size, and allowed to scatter its seed, it will spring up during many successive years. A frequent ornament in salt marshes is the marsh mallow (*althæa officinalis*—fig. 21), which may be known by its straight tormentous or downy stems, and its large red flowers.

Under the genus *althæa* is now ranged the hollyhock, seen almost in every garden. It has been so long in a state of cultivation with us, that its native country is at present unknown. But its showy flowers indicate that it is a species of mallow which has come to us from a warmer climate.

But of all the members of this family, none is so important to man as that which yields cotton. There is, perhaps, no other single tribe, except the grasses, with which we should now find it more difficult to dispense than this one. Cotton is derived from several species of *Gossypium* (fig. 22), which are cultivated in both the Old and the New World. We import it, as is well known, very largely from America, but our British possessions in India might yield it far more largely than they do, were proper means employed for its culture and preparation. A species of *Gossypium*, grown in China, is remarkable as having naturally a coloured fibre; it is from this that the *Nankeen* cotton stuffs, formerly so much in use, were made. Their name was taken from the city of Nankin, where alone this peculiar substance was manufactured.

GERANIACEÆ.—THE GERANIUM TRIBE.

Petals five, or by abortion, four. Stamens twice or thrice as many as the petals. Ovarium of five carpels. Fruit cohering round the axis. Seed solitary, erect. No albumen. Embryo curved.

One of the most frequent ornaments of the cottage window

is a geranium, and of those flowers which variegate the borders of our domestic inclosures, some of the brilliant specimens of this sort form not the least considerable portion.

In this plant we may discover a remarkable provision for a special purpose. The style terminates in five stigmata or rosy points, which proceed down along the outside of this central pillar, and, at the base, each of them is enlarged into a seed-vessel, containing one seed. At the base, therefore, we find a circle consisting of five distinct protuberances; these finally separate, and are lifted up out of their original situation by the descending threads, which are a continuation of the mata, or rosy points. The operation of lifting up these and their cases, is performed by the twisting of the style, either in a spiral direction, like a screw, or by abstraction up like a lady's ringlets. The effect of these is to place the seed in a favourable position, so close, to awaken admiration, but it will be strong testimony to the examination of this beautiful structure. If we examine an eye desirous of instruction at the flower, the calyx, we shall perceive, in some instances, an enlargement on the upper side, and is extended various lengths down the style to afford an auxiliary mark for specific distinction.

In the genus *erodium* (fig. 23) we miss the flower-stalk. But what is most likely to be the case, the screw or worm-like twisting of the style, the seed from its lodging below.

Another genus is called *petargonium* (fig. 24). Its stamens vary from four leaves to seven, while the style is beaded on the inner side, and twist spiral, to seed from its lodging. Examples are to be found in the garden varieties, which are originally native of Good Hope, but by the cultivator's skill they have been improved and multiplied by crossing, so that, in our greenhouses and conservatories, few plants are more conspicuous or more beautiful.

THE ORANGE TRIBE.

Petals three or four, at the base, sometime combined. Stamens equal in number to, or a multiple of, the petals. Style one, stigma one, somewhat divided. No albumen. Embryo straight.

The various species of the orange tribe are almost all natives of China and India, from whence they have been brought to other countries in or near the tropics. Nearly all of them contain sugar, citric acid, an aromatic essential oil, and a bitter principle, having tonic properties; but these are combined in varying proportions in different fruits. Thus, in the common orange the sugar prevails, and, when the fruit is ripe, the acid is subordinate. The best oranges are imported not only into England, but other parts of Europe, from the Azores, or Western Islands, in the Atlantic Ocean. They were sent thither by the Portuguese, to whom the islands belong, as oranges were originally transmitted by the Spaniards to the continent of America. The trees in the orange gardens of the Azores are magnificent, and, at the proper season, appear bending under the weight of their luxuriant fruit. It is difficult indeed to conceive of the rich appearance they present during the fruit months, when the emerald tints of the unripe, and the golden hue of the mature fruit, blend with the thick, dark, foliage of the trees, while the bright blossoms diffuse around their delicious odour. The gardens are of large extent, always encircled by a high wall, while within there is a thick, plantation belt of the faya, cedar, fern, and birch, which serves as a defence from the sea-breezes. Sometimes the gardens overhang the sides of a glen or a ravine, and the orange-trees, intermingled with the lofty arbutuses, display their charms to peculiar advantage. In the lemon (fig. 25) the acid is always predominant in the pulp, and the oil is more in the rind. In the shaddock, and still more in the Seville orange, the bitter principle is manifest. On the importance of these fruits to us it is unnecessary to expatiate.



EPITAPHS.

to define an epitaph is useless; everyone knows that it is an inscription on a tomb. An epitaph, therefore, implies no particular character of writing, but may be composed in verse or prose. It is indeed commonly panegyric, because we are seldom distinguished with a stone but by our friends; but it is no rule to restrain or mollify it, except this, that it ought not to be longer than common beholders may be expected to give leisure and patience to peruse.

subjoin specimens of epitaphs, collected from various sources, mixing the "grave and gay" promiscuously; for, say, much facetiousness is to be found in the class called epitaphs.

inscribed on the tomb of his wife in the following beautiful tribute of his ardent love. Who deserves such a character; happy, thrice happy, who can apply it to the partner of his

page all hearts, and charm all eyes,
 And, magnanimous, though witty, wise;
 Whose life in courts had been,
 Not that she the world had never seen;
 Fire of an exalted mind,

magnet &c. Whose female tenderness combin'd,
 The type-wheel was the melodious voice of love,
 eccentric, wore the warbling of the vernal grove;
 instantly bringing her voice was sweeter than her song;
 periphery of her heart, and as her reason strong;
 the type-wheel, each beauty of her mind express'd,
 will be remarked, was Virtue by the Graces dress'd."

is worked by the author of the "Worthies and the Church,"
 can be right, "that he proposed as an epitaph for himself
 rate which the transcriber

"Fuller's Earth."

line to the following epitaphs are to be found among Browne's

The constant
 sible
 ments
 wi

"Here lieth in sooth,
 Honest John Tooth,
 Whom Death on a day
 From us drew away."

On a Mr. Button,—

"Here lieth one, God rest his soul,
 Whose grave is but a button-hole."

On a Mrs. Sarah Newman, in the churchyard of the old church of St. John, Clerkenwell;—

"Pain was my portion,
 Physic was my food,
 Groans was my devotion,
 Drugs did me no good;
 Christ was my physician,
 Knew what way was best,
 To ease me of my pain,
 He took my soul to rest."

Dr. Lowth, Bishop of London—when his eldest daughter, of whom he was passionately fond, had been carried off by a premature fate—engraved his affection on her tomb. The reader will not be displeased with the following translation of the very beautiful Latin lines, though it is far inferior to the graces of the original:—

"Dearer than daughter, parallel'd by few
 In genius, goodness, modesty, adieu!
 Adieu, Maria! till that day more blest,
 When, if deserving, I with thee shall rest.
 'Come,' then thy sire will cry, in joyful strain,
 'Oh! come to my paternal arms again.'"

On the slab which covers the remains of the "Poet of all times," are those extraordinary lines, generally believed to be written by himself:—

"Good friend for Jesus' sake forbear
 To dig the dust enclosed here.
 Blessed be the man that spares these stones,

Goldsmith—"poor, Goldy!" "the learned fool,"—draw the character of Sir Joshua Reynolds in the form of an epitaph during his friend's life-time, in the following lines:—

"Here Reynolds is laid; and, to tell you my mind,
 He has not left a wiser or better behind.
 His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand;
 His manners were gentle, complying, and bland.
 Still born to improve us in every part;
 His pencil our faces, his manners our heart.
 To coxcombs averse; yet, most civilly steering,
 When they judg'd without skill he was still hard of hearing;
 When they talk'd of their Raphaels, Corregios, and stuff,
 He shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff."

Pope was fond of writing epitaphs. The most valuable is considered to be that on Mrs. Corbet, who died of a cancer in her breast. It is in the north aisle of the parish church of St. Margaret, Westminster:—

"Here rests a woman, good without pretence,
 Blest with plain reason, and with sober sense;
 No conquest she, but o'er herself desired;
 No arts essay'd, but not to be admired.
 Passion and pride were to her soul unknown,
 Convinced that virtue only is our own.
 So unaffected, so composed a mind,
 So firm, yet soft, so strong, yet so refined,
 Given, as its purest gold, by tortures tried;
 The saint sustain'd it, but the woman died."

The character and most prominent discoveries of Sir Isaac Newton are summed up in his epitaph, of which we give a translation:—

"Here lies interred Isaac Newton, knight, who, with an energy of mind almost divine, guided by the light of mathematics purely his own, first demonstrated the motions and figures of the planets, the paths of comets, and the causes of the tides; who discovered, what before his time no one had ever suspected, that rays of light are differently refrangible, and that this is the cause of colours; and who was a diligent, penetrating, and faithful interpreter of nature, antiquity, and the sacred writings. In his philosophy, he maintained the majesty of the Supreme Being; in his manners, he expressed the simplicity of the Gospel. Let mortals congratulate themselves that the world has seen so great and excellent a man, the glory of human nature."

Lord Byron was the author of an epitaph on John Adams, of Southwell, a carrier, who died of drunkenness:—

"JOHN ADAMS LIES HERE, of the parish of Southwell,
 A carrier who carried his can to his mouth well;
 He carried so much, and he carried so fast,
 He could carry no more—so was carried at last;
 For the liquor he drank, being too much for one,
 He could not carry off, so he's now *carried-on*."

THE FETE OF THE MADONNA DEL ARCO, • AT NAPLES.

At the commencement of the seventeenth century, some young men were playing at tennis in a little village some miles from Naples, near Vesuvius; one of them cried out with a sort of enthusiasm, "I'm sure to win! I prayed at the feet of that Madonna before I began to play," pointing to a little stone image in a niche, such as are found at the outside of almost all houses in Italy, "and she smiled on me." He did win, and his antagonist furious with disappointment, as he did not by any means take the Virgin's interference in good part, threw the ball at the Madonna and hit her on the cheek. The cheek instantly became black. A certain nobleman of Salerno, who chanced to be passing at the time, seized upon the sacrilegious offender and hung him on a neighbouring tree. The moment he touched the tree it withered up, as if struck by lightning. It was cut down, and a church was built over the spot where it stood, and on the high altar was placed the miraculous image, which received the name of *Madonna del Arco*. The origin of the name is unknown, neither history nor

name to the village or the village to the church, but at all events, the latter has become the shrine of immemorable pilgrimages, and the load of votive offerings, greater part of which are bas-reliefs in silver, placed on the altar testify to the piety of the worshippers who crowd thither from all parts of the kingdom. The walls also are covered from the ceiling to the floor with a great number of crutches, legs, arms, heads; &c., made out of every possible material; and small pictures

balustrade, scatter upon every side. When the ceremony is concluded, they scatter themselves under the poplars which abound in the vicinity of the church, and between which the vines climbing the trunk, and spreading across from one to another, form green and shady arbours. Groups are seen seated here and there upon the grey cinders with which the ground is covered, and which glitters with brilliant micas; there one or more families eating maccheroni from the same



abandonment
by the pas-
sionable style
side so closely,
a telegraph was
two systems are
and convey some

THE FETE OF THE MADONNA DEL ARCO, AT NAPLES.

representing some accident, from the effects of which the Madonna has saved her votaries, and in the corner which she herself appears in the midst of clouds and surrounded with angels.

On the day on which the feast of this Madonna is celebrated, an immense crowd fills the church from morning till night, shouting, gesticulating, and pushing one another about, and scrambling for the white rose leaves, which the officiating priests, standing in front of the altar, surrounded by a marble

dish, here lazzaroni playing at dice, further on girls and young men dancing, while tabors and castanets are discoursing merrily upon every side.

In the evening, after the tarentella, the only dance which is admitted in rural fetes, the crowd goes back to Naples singing and laughing the while, and not the least charming feature of the scene for a stranger, is the beautiful aspect of the surrounding country when the whole landscape is bathed in the soft light of an Italian sunset.

THE SCHOOL OF LIFE.

BY ANNA MARY HOWITT. ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHORESS.

CHAPTER II.

Back to each we are mysteries;
Nor can we guess what we may be,
Except by what a glance can seize.

Henry Sutton.

Ah, children, children! never grieve those you love; never lose an opportunity of doing a kindness to those you love; never give way to bitterness and hardness, else you will lay up a punishment for yourselves which will pursue you as with a whip of scorpions!—*Mary Howitt.*

It was a curious surprise to us, could we see laid out on a chart, the intermingling lines of life of our deadliest foes, of lovers, of future wives and to a certain point their destinies have appeared as a single line, looking on, to themselves even, as widely separated, many an instance, could we but obtain the two lives, they have, unconsciously to each, run side by side, or crossed and recrossed each other's orbit with a marvellous pertinacity.

Leonard was quite unconscious, as he passed through the village of Wilford, on his way to the magnet r. When he, in a rosy-faced urchin of some thirteen years, entered a certain individual whose fate would in the end be singularly linked together with his own. It was the genius, the would-be great painter, the periphery of a life.

The type-wheel of an individual was opening the shutters of one of the picturesque little thatched cottages of the village. There was something so fresh in the whole scene, that the bright, rate which the boy, with his clear, frank eyes and golden teeth, looked out of the dusky cottage window, putting line to the shutters—the long, dagger-like icicles hanging thick eaves, with the rays of the up-rising sun, shining upon them—and the pure, untrodden snow sible of the fresh colouring of the lad's face all the richer in contrast—fixed themselves deeply in Leonard's artist-soul as one of those exquisite combinations of truth and nature is unceasingly weaving for the delight of poets and painters.

Leonard observed the lad's face with an almost unconscious interest, and then sank back again into his absorbing speculations regarding his own fate. The boy's countenance looked bright enough in the glowing beams of the morning sun; but had Leonard chanced to pass the same little cottage some five hours later, he would have seen a very different expression upon it. He would have seen a cloud of the most decided ill-temper overshadowing those frank, clear eyes; he would have seen that sweet mouth pouting with most unmitigated crossness! And all that he would have remembered would have been how a little country bumpkin had bounced out of a cottage, muttering in a very surly manner, between his clenched teeth, and pulling very hard at a grand new red and green comforter which was tightly tied round his throat. Had Leonard cared to watch this exhibition of childish rage, he would have observed how the boy, having advanced several paces from the cottage, pulled off the comforter, striking it violently upon the ground, and exclaiming—

"The nasty thing! I hate it—I can't abide it—I can't abide wicked things—they tickles me so! And that grandmother knows, that she does!—I'd like to tear it, that I would!" And Leonard might have seen, had he still cared to watch the lad, how the door of the little cottage again flew open, and how a little old woman, also very cross, appeared, shouting out at the pitch of her voice, and shaking her fist at him—

"Johnny, Johnny! I say thee, that I did! thou hadst lad! I'll never knit thee any more!"

And Leonard might have seen, had he still cared to watch the lad, how the door of the little cottage again flew open, and how a little old woman, also very cross, appeared, shouting out at the pitch of her voice, and shaking her fist at him—

"Johnny, Johnny! I say thee, that I did! thou hadst lad! I'll never knit thee any more!"

And Leonard might have seen, had he still cared to watch the lad, how the door of the little cottage again flew open, and how a little old woman, also very cross, appeared, shouting out at the pitch of her voice, and shaking her fist at him—

forter, pulling the other end up with his hands till he tore it in earnest. And then he would have seen how the old grandmother rushed out, and, beginning to box Johnny's ears, ended by crying bitterly; and how Johnny, vouchsafing the poor old soul no other comfort than the torn comforter, doggedly trudged off towards Nottingham.

It is grievous to relate such a change in the bright-faced little lad of the morning, but such, nevertheless, was the scene which occurred before the pretty thatched cottage, about one o'clock of the eventful 15th of December, 1830. And as this 15th of December is a day of considerable importance to the said little Johnny, or John Wetherley, as we must later on in our story respectfully call him, let us enquire further into the origin of this quarrel.

Johnny usually worked for a farmer of the village, but the severe frost having put an end to all out-door labour for the present, Johnny had a holiday until the frost should break up again. Johnny and his grandmother, Sally Wetherley, lived alone, and Johnny being what is usually called "a handy lad," made himself, in his holidays, so extremely useful to the old woman, that some twenty times a day she exclaimed, laughing, that she "only wished she could keep Johnny always as her servant of all work, and live like a lady." This very morning, after opening the shutters at seven o'clock, how busy he had been! You would never have fancied Johnny could go into a pet, had you only watched him setting the breakfast-things for his dear merry old grandmother out upon that funny black tea-tray, that stood upon the little walnut stand before the fire, or toasting her a bit of bread, which he buttered with dripping! And then, both having breakfasted, he eating "dry-bread and pull-it," as he called it, instead of toast and dripping, he had washed up the breakfast-things like the tidiest of little servants, had chopped the wood, brought it in, fetched water from the river—had swept out the house, and peeled the potatoes for his and his grandmother's dinner—and now having been in a very great hurry to finish everything—he said,—

"Grandmother; I've attended to all the little jobs, and I want you now to do something for me—will you dear old granny?" asked the lad coaxingly, and laying his cheek upon his old grandmother's head as she sat warming her feet at the fire—"I want you, grandmother, to sit quietly in your arm-chair a bit, as you do on Sundays—for I want to try to make a picture of you. I want to try and make one with the colours Mr. Brewster gave me, the day after he laughed so much at my painting the view of the church with your powder-blue and mustard!"

"Make a picture of me, lad!" returned his grandmother. "Bless thee, lad! don't thou relly think, then, thou couldst make a picture of me? But thou'dst better try thy hand, Johnny, upon something handsomer than my wizzen old face, it's all so full of crows'-feet, and such like!"

"Now I think, grandmother," replied Johnny, looking up from an old tea-chest which stood in the window, and out of which he was bringing with much care a new jar of colours, box, and several sheets of cartridge paper—"now I think, grandmother, that you have a very nice dear old face, very pretty face, that I do," and Johnny, having said this, began to paint his grandmother's face with the colours, and soon the old woman's face was covered with a thick layer of paint, and she looked very much like a clown.

"Yes, I do indeed think you very pretty, grandmother," said the lad, still more coaxingly and affectionately; "and you must just sit still a bit, now won't you?"

But the old woman declared so vehemently that it was not "her nattering to sit still upon her chair," and that "she couldn't believe it were Sunday," that Johnny would never certainly have persuaded her to let him take her picture unless a brilliant idea had struck him, and this was to give his grandmother her knitting. And so away he ran to the drawer in an old press where the old dame kept her knitting. However, before he could open the drawer, his grandmother was after him, and pushing him away, cried, "Get off with thy impudence, get off with thee! Thou must na come here; every one keep to their own concerns." And Johnny, who in reality cared more about his picture than about the old woman's private drawer, and seeing her quietly take out her stocking to knit, arranged his paper and colours very contentedly, and Sally Wetherley sitting down at last with her knitting, the important picture was commenced.

It was a clever, spirited likeness of the old woman that the lad traced upon his cartridge paper; there were all the curious lines and markings of the face indicated, though most rudely, with such life-like expression, that the young artist glanced with surprise as he saw the success of his attempt.

"Why, grandmother!" cried he, "your face looks really, only its coloured, like one of the three pictures in black frames that Mr. Brewster has hanging up in the room where he writes his sermons! I wish you'd only seen them, grandmother. I'd a good look at them t'other night when he gave me those Penny Magazines." And in truth the sketch *did* resemble these pictures, which were rare etchings after Albert Dürer. The hand and eye of little Johnny were the rare hand and eye of a born artist; but how richly endowed the lad was, neither he nor his poor old grandmother had as yet the faintest inkling.

Johnny Wetherley was holding up his sketch for the wondering admiration of the good old woman, when a knock at the door suddenly disturbed them, and the door opening, there stood before the curtsying, surprised grandmother and the bashful boy-artist, a commanding-looking gentleman, and by his side a slender girl of twelve or thirteen.

"So here we find our young *Giotto* in the very act, Honoria!" said the gentleman, turning to his youthful companion.

"Will not his honour be seated! Johnny, Johnny, why doesn't thou run for a cheer, thou idle lad; doesn't thou see the young lady has no cheer?" ejaculated poor old Sally Wetherley, in a very great flurry, letting her knitting fall, and rubbing down her own arm chair with her apron to offer it to "his honour."

But "his honour," who was in fact no less a personage than the Honourable Jasper Pierrpoint, of the Hellings, unobservant of all this attention, had taken up Johnny's sketch and was examining it very attentively.

"This really is very surprising, Honoria!" observed Mr. Pierrpoint to his daughter, addressing her as though she were his equal in age; and then turning towards the old woman: "Is it true," he demanded kindly, yet somewhat severely, "what you have assured Mr. Brewster, that except for the few cheap prints which Mr. Brewster has given your grandson, he has had no instruction in drawing whatsoever?"

"Bless your honour, Mester Pierrpoint, my Johnny never has had no learning but i' the Sunday-school! Mester Brewster, sure enow, give Johnny some pictures, but what for I know na!" responded Sally Wetherley briskly.

"Honoria," pursued Mr. Pierrpoint, again addressing the little girl, who stood holding Johnny's sketch with a sort of proud contempt, but lowering his voice considerably: "Honoria, we must be careful in removing this lad out of the sphere in which destiny has placed him;—it seems certainly to me; that there is extraordinary genius in this rude sketch. If all boys were as clever as our excellent friend, Mr. Brewster, (and these people are honest simple folks, incapable of deceit) we will see them placing the lad where he can shake proper

so warmly desired to seek out the young Giotto, I will do all my Honoria, in your name."

"But, papa, I do not think him a Giotto." And with an indescribable *hauteur*, the young lady laid down the little artist's sketch. "I am disappointed, papa. I think Mr. Brewster has exaggerated—but, if you, papa, think him a Giotto," pursued she, smiling beautifully and lovingly at her father, "I shall believe, of course, that I am wrong to be disappointed!"—and she laid her slender hand within the arm of her father, as he, having again taken the sketch, was once more examining it.

Johnny had undergone, during the last five minutes, extraordinary sensations. That bit of cartridge paper—which had given him such pleasure when only his own eyes and the eyes of his good old grandmother had rested upon it, upon those rude lines which had appeared to him the "moral" of his grandmother—the instant the eyes of the strange, grand, gentlefolks fell upon them, became horror;—he wished his paper were in the fire, burned hot as flame—he caught a sight of the sketch, it was not a bit like his grandmother now! It was a muddle of blots—oh, why was he standing, and his mouth felt so dry, and his eyes so sore, were only in the turnip-field at work! "It is surprising, Honoria!"—the words rang through to his very finger and toe ends! Was his sketch ordinary!—Did these grand, clever people who about pictures say his sketch was extraordinary, Honourable Jasper Pierrpoint, of the Hellings, The fertile, which had been spoken of in his "Penny Magazine" supporters it was like his grandmother, he saw it now, like her, and he could make the pictures of sound among all saw upon paper, that he could, if he might only, ves of the Cape working in the turnip-field and straw-yard, they have been reached his ear, let Mr. Pierrpoint lower his oftentimes, in much.—Genius? he'd read of genius—what was it more him?—Mr. Brewster?—honest?—oh, yes, they were instruction!—oh, thought he, would they only let instruction—he'd work night and day—he'd never if he might only be instructed to paint and to make! But a Giotto!—what did that mean? And then the baslightly young lady looked so proud, and she did not like the of, the picture; and she was quite right—oh dear, he wished No had never made it, he wished the ground would open under his feet and swallow him up—he felt quite "badly like"—and so confused, that when he saw his old grandmother curtsying again, and almost crying with joy—and Mr. Pierrpoint rolling up the sketch, and then holding out a golden half-sovereign towards him—little Johnny Wetherley!—he thought he was dreaming—and in his dream could neither move nor speak, only grew hotter and hotter! and felt his grandmother pushing his elbow, and exclaiming, "The lad's soft! the silly lad's downright soft!"—and the grand folks were gone, and his picture was gone, and he had a golden half-sovereign in his hand. But, somehow, he was more ready to cry than to do any thing else. John Wetherley had begun to learn one of the many painful lessons in the artist's "School of Life,"—a lesson which, with its bitter alternation of joy, and of self-contempt, of hope, courage, and despondency, must be repeated, with many an unrelenting severity, before John Wetherley can stand forth the humble, yet self-reliant and perfected man and painter!

Poor little Johnny! he actually did sit down on the ground and cry, holding the money in his hard little hand—such queer feelings were in his heart! He wanted his little picture, to look at it again—he cared more, after all, for it, than he did for the half-sovereign;—and yet that was very fine, and he could buy some beautiful paper and paints with it—and a picture or two, perhaps, out of a paint shop window in Nottingham. But oh, the beautiful young lady had looked so beautiful! Poor Johnny's vanity was wounded, and the tears streamed down faster than ever.

"Why Johnny, Johnny! where art thou, where art thou?"

from the end of the garden where she had been watching the "gentlefolks" drive away in their carriage, which all the time had been waiting for them at the end of the elm-tree avenue. "Why thou'nt never a crying, thou big booby! thou'nt got such a heap o' money! Let's see, lad! bless thee! but thou'nt a born soft 'un, I do believe! Let a body look at the money!" and kissing and hugging her grandson, who stood silent, looking very unhappy all the time, she snatched the money out of his reluctant hands, and looking at it side-ways as she held it towards the light, continued in the highest glee: "But thou'nt a rare 'un, Johnny, bless thee! I'd never a thought any body 'ud a given a half-sovereign for they bits o' painting o' my old face. But they gave it thee, lad, out o' charity like; they seed it were getting very bare, Johnny, and Mester Brewster, he's before, a thoughtful gentleman, had told 'em of us, that's it, dearest. And now, Johnny, thou mun really buy thyself a pair husband's ankle-boots; thine is got too bad, thou patched 'em up to the Sunday, I seed thee myself, with an 'oud end o' pack-separate; if they're really done for;—them will be five shillings, secret clue, five and sixpence; and then, Johnny, I mun have other, wand'nel for my rheumatis, and that will be fifteen pence other in their good stout flannel for fifteen pence a year, thou Thus Leonard, middle o' th' Long Row, or to Manlove's, through the Clifton grove, let me see—six shillings say th' boots—and mind, years old, get 'em big enough, with good stout nails in years to come, thou can get i' Goose-gate, thou knows; but Leonard M. Her form, that's seven and threepence; and bring us Her mind, tea from Mester Fox's the quaker's, his tea's the money; and half a pound o' soap, and half a It is reported on, and that'll make—let me see! sixpence tea, History of Brita soap, sugar threepence—that's elevenpence, the words—'e eight and twopence; and thou can buy thyself a or two o' marbles, and a bit o' Gibralta rock if The two, —and stop!—we may as well 'a two or three candles, poems: I'll make up about nine shillings, and the other shilling and poor old Dolly White, she's so badly, and Samwel work, and that'll bring thee, lad, a blessing upon thy they! and them 're honest folks, and 'll pay it back as soon as she can go out a washing again. But really, Johnny, thou mun be down-right soft, that thou mun, to look so glum, and thou so rich! Thou mun set off right sharp for Nottingham, the taters are just biled, and here they are we' a pinch a salt to 'em; come, make a good dinner and be off with thee! Bless thee, lad, for thou art a good 'un!" And the chattering, happy old woman, totally oblivious to her grandson's state of mind, bustled about, all the time her tongue going as fast as possible.

"I don't want no dinner, grandmother," pettishly ejaculated Johnny, roughly brushing away from the old woman as she pressed him to eat; "I don't want no dinner; and I wish you'd let me alone, that I do!"

"The Lord ha' mercy! bless us and save us! what's come all on a sudden to th' lad! Why he seems quite upset we's luck. Lord, ha' mercy! The thought of 's new boots has fair upset him, sure enough, and taen 's appetite. Johnny, lad! I'll tell thee what, I'm so proud and upset myself by th' good luck, that I think I mun 'e'n tell thee a secret, that I've had ever so long in my head, and that's this—look'e Johnny!" And with much bustle and delight she pulled out of her private drawer the splendid new comforter all so gorgeous in its scarlet and green. "There lad, there! isn't it fine? and I've knitted it all i' hidlings for thee, to give thee at Christmas; but to-day's as good as Christmas, it's so uncommon lucky! just look, and it's so warm, and thou can wrap thyself up in it ever so fine! I do think now—" collected the grandmother, regarding her handiwork with undiminished pride. "I do think, Johnny, it's the very hand-somest comforter as ever I set eyes on. But the lad's gone clean off his head, I do believe; he never even looks at it! I seed a putting on 's hat to set off, and without a word to me—well I never would've thought

and I having knitted this beautiful comforter for thee—I wish I'd never been fool enough—but if thou'nt got the mully-grub, I can't help it now. Here, lad, let's tie th' comforter tightly round thy throat, and be off with thee, and forget none of the things, and there's the money." Saying which, Sally Wetherley knotting the ungraciously received present round Johnny's throat till he could scarcely breathe, she opened the door, and pushing Johnny's ill-tempered looking shoulder, forth he bounced.

And that, too, as we have seen, in a tremendous rage! What a ferment was Johnny Wetherley in—wounded vanity, a strange and galling sense of injustice, which had sprung up and increased to a mighty degree within his breast, whilst his poor old grandmother was so comfortably disposing of his own especial money;—a vague sense of a world, magnificent and beautiful, to which he himself did not belong, and which had now first dimly dawned upon his startled imagination,—were the chief causes of agitation;—he could have wept, he could have laughed, and could equally have gone into a passion—which was what he finally did, as we have seen, venting his strange discomfort upon the innocent comforter!

Johnny's pride rose, as his grandmother boxed his ears, to such an unusual degree, that though the sight of her tears of vexation at another moment, would have almost broken his heart, he trudged off towards Nottingham, wishing fervently that he might enlist—might run away—might do anything, in short, desperate and bad, to punish his good old grandmother!

But the more violent Johnny's rage, the sooner it was over, and before he had reached the town he was quite surprised to find his old grandmother assuming an amiable aspect again. "It was too bad of her though," mused he, "to want me to spend all my money upon her things; and to say that Mr. Pierrpoint gave us—gave me—that half-sovereign out of charity. He gave it me for my drawing—and he thinks something of my little picture, or else he would not have talked to that beautiful young lady about my having instruction!" At the remembrance of this, Johnny's countenance cleared up so suddenly, that in an instant his face was that of the bright, fresh, innocent little lad of the morning, who opened so cheerily the window-shutters to the up-rising sun. "Poor old soul! it was too bad of me though about the comforter! I was very nasty-tempered. I'll buy her all her things, that I will, sure enough; but my boots I really can't buy. I must buy those pictures, that I must, and some more paper and pencils, and then I'll make more pictures—and then, perhaps—" But we won't follow Johnny through all his "castles in the air;" suffice it to say, that he transacted all his business very much to his satisfaction; and with a yearning after his grandmother in his heart, which lent wings to his feet as he returned from the town, he entered the village as twilight was closing in.

But how was this? Before the cottage stood a crowd of people—lights gleamed from the casements in an unusual manner! Johnny's breath seemed snatched from him—his heart to stand suddenly still—all to grow dark around him—he was wildly rushing through the crowd, who sought to detain him! "Poor little chap!" rang through his ears, as if it were the voice of the crowd. He stood, he knew not how, in his grandmother's chamber. Moaning, she lay upon her bed—her face was very white and strange! There stood Mr. and Mrs. Brewster—there stood the doctor—oh, Johnny knew him so well! Johnny uttered a wild cry, and, clasping his hands, fell upon his knees beside the poor old woman. She had broken her leg.

Poor old woman! her heart had gone through a process of remorse for her sharpness and peevishness, pretty much as Johnny's had done; and praying "the Lord to forgive her for being so very hard upon th' poor little chap," she determined "to have the kettle boiling and the tea ready to his return, and 'she'd werrit him na' more about th' comforter,—she ought t' have thought on't, that he might have wanted it." And in order to have a ready-made answer to his cry, she put on her cloak, and rushed out, and met him, and said, "I seed a putting on 's hat to set off, and without a word to me—well I never would've thought

never noticed a slide upon which the boys of the village had been very active all day, and which was close to the shop. was much worse, breaking her leg. Her scream, as she fell, brought out Mr. Stafford and all the neighbours. She was



THE PORTRAIT.

Down she came with a terrible shock, cutting her hand badly with a cup which she was carrying for the needle, and which picked up terribly hard, as we have seen, and hence broke upon a door. What an end was this to so promising a day!

We will not dwell upon the earlier portion of poor Sally Wetherley's illness. It was a season of bitter sorrow to poor little Johnny; but the time of trial brought its sweet as well as its bitter fruit. The kind clergyman, Mr. Brewster, and his wife, watched over the old woman's sick-bed like guardian spirits. Johnny was kept at home the whole winter as his grandmother's nurse. And before you found such another tender, cheerful little nurse as Johnny was, you might have sought both far and wide. Mrs. Brewster, who

card-board, she would buy them from him; and that if he succeeded—as she was sure he would—she would procure him many customers, and that thus he might make a deal of money—as much, if not more than if he were at work in the turnip-fields. You may imagine what a delight this was to the poor lad!

He was always drawing and painting now, whenever his poor old grandmother or his little domestic duties did not require his attention. The little table that stood in the win-



JOHNNY IN THE WOOD.

had her eyes and motherly heart wide open to all that passed in the village, noticed Johnny's gentle, loving care of the old woman; and her husband having long since noticed Johnny's talent for drawing, the good lady determined to turn it to account. Thus, one day on her visit to Sally Wetherley, she gave Johnny a quantity of card-board, some delicate camels'-hair pencils, and beautiful colours out of her own well-stocked colour-box, together with a pair of handkerchiefs upon which were painted clusters of roses and pansies; and she told Johnny

dow was generally covered with his work, and he would sit drawing for hours, and talking to the dear old invalid. When she began to recover, as she lay in her bed she was able to read, and she would read aloud sometimes to her grandson—the book propped up before her upon pillows. It was generally "the best of books" that she read, or "Pilgrim's Progress." She read very slowly, it is true, and mis-called names somewhat, but Johnny in those days was no critic; she slowest only perhaps expressed the beautiful, affecting his-

"Progress," the more deeply in his memory. Many a time in after life did these readings occur to him; he heard the lovely, blessed words falling from the dear lips of the good old woman, and they seemed words of heaven uttered in a heaven. The two hearts were wondrously knit together by this affliction and its accompanying joy. Without clearly defining it to themselves, they both felt how God often bestows the truest happiness, or rather *blessedness*, upon His children through means which appear the very opposite to happy. In the then state of their hearts, to have quarrelled about the comforter would have been impossible. Johnny never remembered that unhappy morning without a terrible pang, and yet he always wished to remember it; and as a lesson to himself, he hung the comforter on a nail near the window, so that it might constantly be before his eyes.

The painting of the screens succeeded marvellously, and, besides screens, Johnny painted for Mrs. Brewster and her friends needle-books and card-racks, and the paste-board sides for bags, or *reticules* as they were called in those days. Mrs. Brewster brought Johnny a number of her own drawings of flowers; and from these Johnny composed extraordinarily intricate groups, and borders, and arabesques: he quite astonished himself!—he used to dream at night of nothing but bouquets of forget-me-nots and of garlands of roses and violets. And then, when the snowdrops began to peep out of the dark mould in the parsonage garden, and there was a flush of violet crocuses in the meadows lying between Wilford and the town, and the orange crocuses in the cottage-gardens opened wide their burnished chalices, then Johnny painted flowers from nature, and was so astounded at the beauty of these lovely stars of earth, which now first revealed their wonders to him, that he was at times fairly like one intoxicated with joy and surprise.

But, though the winter was past and gone, and the joyous spring was arriving, it had not passed without its anxieties, and among them was a secret, private one, locked up in the little artist's breast. The Honourable Jaspar Pierrpoint of the Hellings, and the beautiful young lady, had evidently quite forgotten him, and their intention of giving him instruction. After the first dreadful anxiety about his grandmother was over, he had so often thought about them and their words, and speculated upon them, and listened—oh, a thousand times—for their coming, and pictured to himself what they would do and say;—but they never came! Neither did Mr. Brewster, nor yet Mrs. Brewster, speak of them. Johnny wished at times he could forget all about them; but this he could not, do whatever he would.

One gusty February afternoon, when all the country was dreary with the swollen waters from the Trent,—when the pale, feeble rays of a struggling sun, breaking through a sky heavy with leaden clouds, gleamed mournfully upon the vast expanse of muddy waters which covered the meadows lying between the village and the town,—when there was a melancholy drip, drip, from the heavy cottage eaves, and the trees, and hedges, and gardens, had as dank and hopeless an air as in November,—old Dolly White, looking in towards twilight for a gossip with Johnny's grandmother, began dilating upon the great funeral of old Lady De Callis, which her son had seen wending its way along the mirey road from Nottingham towards the little village of Pierrpoint-cum-Hellings, in the church of which, built by her grandfather, would now repose the corpse of Honoria Ethelgiva Cowdery, Baroness Cowdery, Dowager Countess De Callis.

"Lord's mercy," exclaimed Sally Wetherley, raising her hands piously, "and may He give th' ould lady a seat in His blessedness, and may she taste o' His tender mercies! And would you think, Dolly, we was born on th' self-same day—th' ould Lady De Callis and me!—that we was. And I mind me well, Dolly, when a' the country side was feasted at her wedding—my old man and me was a-courting in those days—and we'd a fine holiday like at the wedding and merry-making up at th' Hellings. Oh, bless me, Dolly, you must remember as well as me!"

"Oh, bless you!" returned Dolly White, "that I do; and

above all, what a fuss there was some few years later, when she left her husband up i' the north, and came back with her youngest babby—Mester Jaspar—oh, Sally! what a waste a years lies 'tween them times and these! and th' Hellings was all a-stir again, and what queer ways she had, with all her rearing o' Mester Jaspar—th' wonder is he ever was reared at all!—she wur a queer un, depend 'on 't. She led the ould lord an uneasy life on't, I's warrant ye, Sally!"

"Polks allers said," interrupted Johnny's grandmother, who was now sitting up in her bed quite excited with her reminiscences, "that Mester Jaspar took marvellous after the old lady, and they says he's th' outlandishest ways, and a-bringing up Miss Honoria to be quite th' moral of her grandmother—bless the poor lass, but she wanted a father to be always a-caring for her, having no mother, poor thing! I hears she's nothing but men to teach her, and that she can shoot and ride like a lad—but she looks like a young lady, and a very handsome young lady any how! don't she, Johnny?" appealed the grandmother to her little grandson, who had been listening most attentively to every word of the discourse between the two old gossips.

That evening, as Johnny sat painting a bunch of forget-me-nots, he asked his grandmother to tell him all the stories about the strange old Lady de Callis and the Pierrpoints that she could remember,—he had often heard things which had greatly excited his imagination, and to-night his grandmother grew quite eloquent upon a theme which was always interesting to her. And whilst she talked, Johnny arranged in his mind a scheme, and this was, to make a little present to the beautiful Miss Honoria of the forget-me-not needle-book he was painting. He had heard, in the gossip of the two women, that she and her father had been away in London all the winter, and this had considerably soothed the slight irritation which he had felt whenever the name of Pierrpoint fell upon his ear. Yes, he would paint her the loveliest little needle-book, and telling kind Mrs. Brewster whom it was for, beg her to make it up for him in the prettiest way she could, with rose-coloured ribbon and gold thread, as she made them up for her friends, and then, when Honoria returned from London, he would go to the Hellings and endeavour to see her.

And now a month has passed since this gusty February afternoon. The brisk winds of March have blown through the country, clearing the heavens and dyeing them with deepest azure, and summoning forth buds and bells from the vigorous old earth, and flushing the hedge-rows and groves with the russet and violet of kindling life. Johnny Wetherley is on his way to the Hellings, with the needle-book laid, together with a variety of little pictures, in a basket, and with a great anxiety and tremor lying in his heart.

He sees the smoke rising from the many-chimneyed roof of the Hellings, which lies low among its woods—he hears the bark of deep-mouthed hounds, ascending to him from the old mansion—he hears the crowing of cocks shrilly pealing through the quiet morning air—he hears and sees the innumerable rooks who fitfully career and caw around the tall elms which skirt the widely-extending out-buildings—he sees the sunlight gleam and glitter upon the tall vane of the weather-cock like a brilliant star—he sees it gleam and glitter upon the sullen water which fills a mossy moat which on one side crosses the closely shaven grass-plate of the small but stately garden—he sees the great hatchment with its emblazonments which hangs above the grey gateway leading up by a flagged walk to the red brick, many-windowed, many-gabled mansion—he sees the ivy-mantled griffins which guard the gateway—he sees a figure—a spot of brightest scarlet;—it appears at first upon the steps of the old mansion, then there are other figures—there is a bustle—a barking of dogs—the scarlet figure is seated upon a white pony; away it dashes, followed by two splendid hounds,—pony, scarlet figure, and hounds, rush on across the green turf of the park-like pasture field in which lies the old house. Johnny's heart leaps up into his mouth—he feels that this is the beautiful Honoria, she approaches near enough for him to see between the leafless tree branches—

though still far off—how beautiful she is in her black riding-dress,—above which she wears a wondrously dainty little scarlet jacket,—in her black velvet hat and feather, and with her splendid hounds and pony. Wild as the careering rooks above her head, she gallops round and round the great field, leaping ditches, making her pony curvet and rear, free and bold as the wind which rushes through her fair hair, that in a luxuriant mass is allowed to float beneath her velvet hat.

Johnny feels quite sick at heart,—he feels somehow as though he had been bold enough to think of making a needle-book, and giving it to an angel whose abode was in heaven, where no pain or poverty ever had entered,—he felt so humbled that he sank his head down among the bright fresh primroses and wild hyacinths which were springing up through the dry brown oak leaves which carpeted the thicket where he sat, and a strange discomfort gnawed his soul.

A far stranger, far bitterer discomfort gnawed the soul of another being who was pacing that thickly-wooded hill-side. Whilst Johnny had watched Honoria so gaily riding in her scarlet jacket, joyous and strong as the brisk March morning, a mournfully brooding woman had drawn near to him, her eyes cast towards the earth; but seeing nothing there—no violets, no fresh verdure, no lovely snail-shell freshly burnished with gold and purple for the new year, no happy bird pulling bents and leaves for its building nest—those eyes only saw the phantom of a beloved, lost son.

She was Leonard's mother. .

All through the winter had she ever and anon put forth in the papers appeals "to a tenderly beloved and anxiously mourned over absent son;" she had besought "L. M. to communicate with his heart-broken mother." "As L. M. valued the earthly and eternal welfare of a parent, he was besought to write—to forgive, and all should be forgiven." But Leonard read no paper, communicated his history to no one in the great metropolis which had swallowed him up, and thus the heart-broken mother lived on in a sickening despondency. She had quitted her brother's, and lodged in a squalid part of the town, refusing all assistance from, and all intercourse with, him. Her days were spent in restless wanderings; she had tramped the country far and wide in search of him

she had lost, ever returning with a sick hope to Nottingham, hoping—longing—that the young bird might have returned weary to the nest. She was this morning upon one of her rambles: she was always expecting to meet Leonard in some sylvan haunt—she had seen his phantom many a time standing in Clifton Grove, and other solitary spots, picking up mosses and stones and flowers; and when, with wide open arms, she had sprung towards the figure with a shriek of joy, the form had melted into a tree or bush!

Johnny heard a wild cry at his ear—a form hovered above him—he was madly clasped to a woman's heart—his eyes, his hair, his hands, his clothes were kissed—tears, hot as molten lead, burnt upon his hands, his brow—and a pair of large, bright, flashing eyes gazed at him—and then the woman flinging him with violent indignation from her, her face changed instantaneously from most passionate love to intensest anger; he saw in giddy amaze, as he cowered against a tree-stem, the woman press his little pictures, his little needle-book, and the flowers with which he had adorned his little basket, as madly to her lips—to her heart—as she had pressed him but a moment before.

"My boy! my Leonard! they have murdered thee!" shrieked in wild accents the strange woman. "Thy flowers! thy pictures! thy dear, dear pictures! they have taken them from thee, thou art despoiled; thou art slain! But vengeance! vengeance!" shrieked she, springing up a maniac. "Vengeance is mine, quoth the Lord," and she sprang towards the tree where a moment before Johnny had stood. But Johnny had slipped down in horror and haste by a steep pathless bank, and leaping from point to point, and clinging by roots and ivy trails, had escaped, with the agility of terror, from the mad-woman.

Honorina was still careering upon her white pony over the pasture-field, but he heeded her no longer; the dogs barked with deep-mouthed echoes from the Helling, but it was only the cry of the strange woman that rang in his ears.

Bathed in perspiration, and white as a ghost, with his clothes torn by briars and stumps of trees, panting and breathless, he hurst into the cottage of his grandmother, and fell fainting upon her bed.

THOMAS HOWARD, DUKE OF NORFOLK.

THIS nobleman, who was eminent both as a statesman and a warrior, flourished in the reign of Henry VIII. He was born about the year 1473. His grandfather was the first duke of the Howard family, and was created in 1483. He lost his life at the battle of Bosworth, while fighting for Richard III. His father, who was also in arms on that occasion, forfeited his title and estates, but had them restored to him by Henry VII. Thomas Howard was made a knight of the garter soon after Henry VIII. succeeded to the crown, and attained to other distinctions in consequence of his talents both as a naval and military commander. He assisted in the capture of a celebrated Scottish freebooter, Sir Andrew Barton, in 1511; and when his brother, Sir Edward Howard, was killed in an engagement with the French off Brest, in 1513, he succeeded him as High Admiral of England. In the same year he commanded, with his father, at the battle of Flodden, in which James IV., King of Scotland, was totally defeated and slain. For their services on this occasion, the father was made Duke of Norfolk, and the son, Earl of Surrey.

In 1821, Thomas was sent to Ireland as Lord-Lieutenant, where he succeeded in suppressing an insurrection under the renowned chieftain, O'Neal. Shortly after, he undertook an expedition to the coast of France, in which he proved successful. In 1828 he was appointed Land Treasurer; and soon afterwards he headed an invasion into Scotland, when he destroyed the town of Jedburgh by fire.

In 1594, in consequence of the death of his father, Thomas succeeded to the dukedom. He afterwards became a leading

member of the king's council, and was considered as the head of the Roman Catholic party, though he acted with so much prudence that he retained the favour of his sovereign till near the close of his long reign. In 1536, he was employed against the Catholic insurgents in the North of England, and in 1541 against the Scots. In 1544 he went to France with the king on an hostile expedition, and commanded at the siege of Montreuil.

In the event, however, it proved that all the valuable services he had rendered could not secure him from the jealousy of the capricious Henry; and, upon slight grounds, he had condemned him to suffer death as a traitor, January 29, 1547. The king died on the preceding night, and the duke obtained a respite, but he was detained a prisoner in the Tower during the reign of Edward VI.

When Edward was in the article of death, the Duke of Northumberland wrote in the king's name to his sisters, the Princesses Mary and Elizabeth, requesting them to attend immediately upon their dying brother; but before they could reach the metropolis the monarch had breathed his last. In the hope, however, of getting the princesses into his power, Northumberland concealed the fact of the death for two days. Arundel, who was in favour with Mary, sent her intelligence of the sad event, at the same time giving her to understand that a conspiracy was being formed against her. Mary went to the Privy Council, asserting her legitimate right and due to the crown, and the council, being in favour of Lady Jane, both parties were resolved to decide the contest by an appeal

to arms. The tide of popular feeling, however, had so set in favour of Mary, that she was soon afterwards proclaimed in the city of London. She immediately gave orders for the arrest of Northumberland.

*On the accession of Queen Mary, the Duke of Norfolk was released, and reinstated in his rank and property; and he sat as High Steward on the trial of the Duke of Northumberland, who was found guilty of treason, and executed. Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk, closed his life in peace

son of the second Duke of Norfolk. He made a great display of his lofty spirit as a British admiral, when commanding a small fleet in the English Channel, at the time that the Princess Ann of Austria was proceeding to Spain with a convoy of 130 sail. "He environed their fleet," says Hakluyt, "in a most strange and warlike sort, and enforced them to stoop gallant, and vaille their bonnets for the Queen of England." But the principal occasion on which this nobleman signalised himself was in the defeat of the famous Spanish



THOMAS HOWARD, DUKE OF NORFOLK. FROM A PAINTING BY VAN DYCK.

at Kenning-hall, Norfolk, in August, 1554, in the eighty-first year of his age.

The other branches of this ancient and illustrious family have played an important part in English history. Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, born about the year 1515, was an accomplished nobleman, and the best English poet of his age. He is said to have introduced blank verse into English poetry. Charles Howard, Earl of Nottingham, was a distinguished naval commander, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. He was the son of William, Lord Howard of Effingham, and grand-

son of the second Duke of Norfolk. He made a great display of his lofty spirit as a British admiral, when commanding a small fleet in the English Channel, at the time that the Princess Ann of Austria was proceeding to Spain with a convoy of 130 sail.

The head of this family has the titles of first duke, first marquis, first earl, and first baron of the kingdom, and takes place immediately after the prince of the royal blood. The title of earl-marshal is also hereditary in the family. The present, the thirtieth Duke of Norfolk, is Henry Charles Howard, K.G. and P.C. His second title, Earl of Arundel and Surrey, is borne by his eldest son. The engraving is taken from a painting by the celebrated Van Dyck.

MR. GOULD'S HUMMING-BIRDS.



GROUP OF HUMMING-BIRDS, FROM THE COLLECTION EXHIBITED AT THE BIOLOGICAL GARDENS, REGENT'S PARK.

The humming-bird (*trochilidae*) belongs, according to the classification of Linnaeus, to the genus pica, or parrot, and is scientifically described as having "a fabulized thread-like bill that is crooked and longer than the head; the upper mandible being a sheath to the lower, and the tongue like a thread divided in two and tubulous." Linnaeus was acquainted with comparatively few of the species, but the researches of Mr. Gould has enabled him to collect and describe more than 300 specimens of the interesting family—the smallest and the prettiest of birds.

The humming-bird is a native of the continents and islands of America, being distributed, more or less, all over the New World from Canada to Cape Horn. Mary Howitt tells us that—

"In the radiant islands of the East
Where fragrant spices grow,
A thousand thousand humming-birds
Are glancing to and fro;"

a fact for which the poetess must be allowed to claim a sort of poetical license; for, in truth, the real *trochilidae* are not found in the east at all. But Mrs. Howitt's general description of the beautiful little bird is so exact that, notwithstanding the error she commits in placing it in the wrong hemisphere, we cannot but complete the quotation—

"Like living fires they flit about,
Scarce larger than a bee,
Among the dark palmetto leaves,
And through the fan-palm tree.
"And in the wild and verdant woods,
Where stately moras tower—
Where hangs from branching tree to tree
The scarlet passion-flower.
"Where on the mighty river banks,
La Plata or Amazon,
The caymans, like a forest tree,
Lie basking in the sun.
"There builds her nest the humming-bird,
Within the ancient wood,—
Her nest of silky cotton down,—
And rears her tiny brood."

The members of this interesting family are described as sitting about from flower to flower, suspended, as it were, in a manner peculiarly their own, without apparent motion, while the rapid action of their wings "in cutting the air, just as a sabre would, produces the humming noise to which the name is attributable." "Where is the person, inquires Audubon, the celebrated American naturalist, who, on seeing this lovely little creature moving on humming winglets through the air, suspended, as if by magic, in it, flitting from one flower to another with motions as graceful as they are light and airy, pursuing its course over our extensive continent, and yielding new delights wherever it is seen; where is the person, who, on observing this brilliant fragment of the rainbow, would not gaze, admire, and instantly turn his mind with reverence towards the Almighty Creator, the wonders of whose hand we at every step discover, and of whose sublime conceptions we everywhere observe the manifestations in his admirable system of creation? There breathes not such a person, so kindly have we all been blessed with that intuition and noble feeling, admiration."

The variegated dress of the humming-bird is almost beyond the reach of art to depicture—all the most beautiful metallic colours, from the deepest gold and the most glowing crimson, to the darkest blue and the palest yellow, being intermingled in a manner quite impossible to describe.

"What heavenly tints in mingling radiance fly
Each rapid movement gives a different dye;
Like scales of burnished gold they dazzling show,
Now sink to shade, now like a furnace glow."

"I have seen," says Wilson, the writer of these lines, "the humming-bird, for half an hour at a time, darting at those little groups of insects that dance in the air on a fine summer's

evening, retiring to an adjoining twig to rest, and renewing the attack with a dexterity which sets all our other fly-catchers at defiance,"—a statement which at once settles the question of the humming-bird being a vegetable feeder. To enable it to prosecute its useful and necessary war upon the multitudes of insects peculiar to the tropical climates in which it principally abounds, the humming-bird is provided with a long and slender bill, and a tongue, consisting of two muscular tubes, which is capable of being protruded to a considerable distance. But besides this, the tongue, its only instrument of attack, is covered with a glutinous saliva, to which the insect adheres immediately it is touched, whence it is drawn rapidly into the mouth of the beautiful and apparently never-resting bird.

In the Zoological Gardens the humming-birds, from which our artist has selected a few of the most remarkable specimens, will be found "preserved" or "set up" in a manner so nearly approaching life as to enable the visitor to realise, without any very great stretch of imagination, their life amid the flowers and fruits of their native forests in the west.

The humming-bird, though it charms us with the brilliancy of its plumage, the exceeding delicacy of its formation, and the grace of its movements—

"While richest roses, though in crimson drest,
Shrink from the splendour of its gorgeous breast,"

must yield in one important particular to its more plainly dressed brethren of colder climates, for it has no song! Its beauty addresses itself to the eye rather than the ear—a kind of recommendation, indeed, much more fitted to the gorgeous scenery of the flowered festooned forest of the tropics than to the comparatively dull and monotonous green and brown of the sleepy woods and fairy-haunted dells of the Old World.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE CLOUDS.

DURING many wanderings in many distant countries, I have ever had a strong predilection for solitary rambles amidst the strange scenery with which they abound; and my love of nature has been always greatest when I met her in her wildest moods, and under her sternest and most savage aspects.

In no part of the world that I have ever visited is there a wider field for the gratification of this fanciful passion than in the mountain ranges of South America; and I have climbed to many a lofty summit, and descended to many a deep ravine amongst them, with no other object than a foolish ambition to rest my foot upon some spot untrodden hitherto by man; or to enjoy, alone and uninterrupted, the sublime spectacle exhibited by the magnificent yet desolate scenery around me. That portion of the western Cordillera that encloses within its loftiest peaks the extensive table-lands, or punas, from which such vast supplies of silver are procured, is, perhaps, the most rugged and most frightful of the whole. The immense mountains are split into many isolated crests, that rise above the lofty puna to a still greater elevation; and between these high points are tremendous chasms, across which the mountain roads are carried by light rope bridges that sway about with every breeze, and spring and tremble even beneath the quick foot of the active Indian guide. The agave poles and slender branches that are interwoven with the hide ropes, and form the roadway of the bridge, are parted by wide gaps and crevices, through which the traveller looks down into the immeasurable void that gapes below; and he may well be pardoned the convulsive shudder that passes through his frame when he feels the narrow platform which alone supports him bend and crack beneath his weight.

Among many recollections of these dreary solitudes, I retain a very vivid impression of one lonely adventure in them. I had long wished for an opportunity of being present during the passage of one of those fearful storms that almost daily visit the sierra during certain seasons, and which I had only seen previously at a distance, as they rolled amongst the air-off ranges. The opportunity at length presented itself. I had wandered some distance from the Indian village in which I

had passed the night, and leaving the more level puna, had entered a deep defile that gradually ascended to a high peak, from whence I obtained a splendid view of the gigantic panoramas spread before me. The wide table-land stretched away to the banks of a dark lake that lay calm and unruffled in its centre, and from thence rose with a gentle sweep to the more distant summits that enclosed it. Far behind me spread a sea of rocky waves, heaped up, and tossed about in most tumultuous, yet sublime disorder; and bursting through them rose great mountain islands, that reared their many-pointed heads aloft in stately majesty. Down the slanting declivity of a deep ravine that opened at my feet, piles of enormous stones were loosely scattered,—the mighty fragments of some shattering convulsion that had torn asunder the huge mountains, and rent the hills like silken veils. Beyond it rose, in isolated grandeur, a solitary peak that towered above all others; and from its snowy crest a line of pointed spires swept downwards in a graceful curve that rose again to the high summit of another distant peak, from which it seemed to hang like the supporting chain of some immense suspension-bridge—with every link a mountain. Far below, along the broken channel of the chasm, a little stream raced with impetuous speed, leaping from ledge to ledge in one white line of foam; and high above, where the steep cliffs bent inwards and overhung the wide abyss, a narrow line was drawn across the pure blue sky—the fragile bridge by which the mountain pathway crossed the terrible ravine.

Amidst such scenery as this I wandered onwards, forgetful of all else, searing at times a group of graceful llamas from their scanty pasture, or starting in my turn as the great condor rose from my feet, and, spreading his enormous wings, hovered a moment near me, and then soared disdainfully away to some still loftier pinnacle. Suddenly I saw, mounting above the entangled mass of rocks, a thick black cloud that rolled along the mountain sides in heavy wreaths, the sure precursor of the devastating storms that I had longed to witness. Increasing in breadth and volume as it advanced, the cloud spread over all the range, hiding the rugged landscape and blotting out the sun. Flashes of lightning gleamed from the dark wall that rose from earth to heaven, and sudden gusts of wind tore through it, opening up deep caverns that seemed bored in solid earth. As I hurried down to some more sheltered spot, so terrible was the appearance of the advancing tempest, that my resolution faltered sadly, and I heartily regretted the curiosity that had led me to face so powerful an enemy. My memory recalled a score of mountain tales of travellers crushed beneath the fall of massive rocks loosened by the passing storm; of strings of mules, dashed with their drivers from the narrow paths; and even of companies of soldiers caught up like withered leaves by the fierce whirlwinds, and hurled to sure destruction in the frightful depths around. The ledge on which I stood was scarcely five feet wide, and above and below the mountain side was covered with loose blocks, that evidently required but little force to set them rolling down the steep incline and over the edge of the precipice in which it terminated. A few yards ahead of me a huge rock had fallen on the shelf, and behind this I instinctively sought shelter from the furious hurricane that already raged around me. But a few minutes previously my admiration had been excited by the impressive stillness, the calm, sublime repose of the grand spectacle, but this was now succeeded by the most astounding uproar and chaotic turmoil. Masses of frozen snow, torn from the loftier peaks, were driven through the air, and clouds of dust mingled with stones, and showers of icy sleet, swept madly past, whirling around one common centre. The wind howled up the gorge, and shrieked and whistled in the narrow clefts and fissures, whilst high above it rose the crashing thunder, rolling in oft-repeated echoes through the deep ravines,—the solid mountains shuddering at the loud reverberation. A black and heavy pall hung over all, and dark red lines of fire flashed from it, giving no light but rather adding by their contrast to the gloom; and even through the mighty voices of the storm there came at intervals a grating shriek, and then a heavy blow, another and another, as some huge rock, torn

from its resting-place, bounded from ledge to ledge, and bearing with it masses of earth and loosened stone, fell with a dull, half-smothered sound into the wide and yawning chasm.

For upwards of an hour I lay behind my rocky shelter, which shook and wavered as the powerful gusts swept round it, and still the fury of the storm continued unabated. The cold was most intense, and the hard pellets of ice that drove in clouds through the defile beat on my head and face with painful violence. At length the heavy clouds passed onwards, and left the rugged crests of the mountains covered with a light grey mist. The effect was now extremely grand and singular. To the loud bellowing of the winds there succeeded a perfect calm, and then the snow fell noiselessly in soft light flakes. The thunder that had pealed in deafening volleys above and on all sides of my position, and rolled in prolonged echoes far below me, was heard only in low mutterings amongst the distant peaks. The unceasing lightning drew in dark red lines upon the bleak declivities a maze of complicated figures, ever there, but ever changing; the zig-zag flashes crossing and intertwining, now shooting, as it were, from every peak at once, and weaving in the heavens a momentary net of fire, then bursting out in one huge sheet of lurid flame, from which a thousand tongues and arrows glanced and vanished.

Awestricken with the sublime grandeur of the scene, I turned to retrace my steps to the Puna village, and a rapid walk soon restored the circulation in my half-frozen limbs. But the snow fell thicker and faster; the narrow path was quickly hidden beneath its white carpet, and the danger of stepping from it on to the steep incline, from whence I might be easily precipitated into the ravine, became every moment more imminent. The path itself sloped with considerable rapidity towards the table-land which I wished to reach, and this also added to the risk of traversing it: I knew that though these heavy falls of snow always accompanied the thunder-storms, and continued for some time after they had passed, yet the fall usually ceased about sunset, and it rarely happens that a storm visits the sierra during the night. Towards morning, indeed, the snow sometimes recommences, but at the level of the Puna, about 11,000 feet above the sea, it seldom remains on the ground after the sun has attained a few hours' altitude. And so, after an hour's cautious walking, its dull monotony broken by an occasional stumble, and the consequent excitement induced by the fear of suddenly accompanying the falling flakes in their descent into the gorge, the snow ceased, and the clouds broke and dispersed as the sun sank behind the distant crests that gleamed like broken domes and shattered spires of gold; and when the bright tints faded, and the dark shadow of night crept slowly over the desolate landscape, the ever-changing scene assumed new features that softened down its terrors, and to the vast outline of the stately picture were added lovely hues and touches of exceeding beauty. The pure rays of the moon were reflected from the great white mountains in a flood of quivering light, that shone upon the shadowed cliffs on which the snow had failed to rest, and brightened even the frightful darkness of the gloomy gorges. The sky was one mass of stars, for in no part of the world is it so brilliantly spangled as on the high ridges of the great Cordillera, and their subdued lustre spread like a tropical aurora over the heavens, and tinged with a brighter tint the pale twilight of the moon. In spite of the dangers and discomforts of my position—cold, wet, weary, and uncertain that my next step would not be the last—I yet often paused to enjoy the glorious beauty of the grand and magnificent pageant of which I was apparently the sole spectator. As I descended lower into the plateau, the path increases in width, and my pace was proportionately accelerated; but the night was far advanced before the welcome barking of the dogs greeted my ear, and I gladly saw beneath me the cluster of miserable huts that formed the hamlet from which I had wandered in the morning. For that time, my love of storms and mountains was fully satisfied, and most willingly did I exchange the white covering of the Puna and its brilliant canopy, for the shaggy llama skin spread beneath the low, thatched roof of a poor Indian hut.

SCENES IN IRELAND.

"The Irish car," says Mr. Michael Angelo Titmarsh, "seems large portion of Ireland. To whatever part of the country he goes, however, he will find abundant matter for observation."



ENTRANCE TO THE DEVIL'S GLEN, NEAR GLENDALOUGH, WICKLOW.



DRUIDICAL STONE, BALLINACREE, NEAR BRAY, WICKLOW.

conveyance that the Irish tourist must necessarily travel as soon as he leaves the great iron roads which now intersect a green fields and dark woods, rock, sea, and peat-covered acres of yet to be recovered and cultivated land. Taking the

scenes as the artist has chosen them, however, we resume our brief gossip about things Irish.

The Devil's Glen, near the village of Rathnew, in the northern part of the county of Wicklow, is one of those famous places to which every body goes at least once. It is well worth the trouble, for tumbling and roaring water, high bleak cliffs, hardy green trees clustering on the hill sides, and a background of magnificent mountains, make a scene worth looking at in whatever part of the world it is found.

Mr. Thackeray's description of the glen and waterfall,

walk one of the most delightful that can be taken; and, indeed, I hope there is no harm in saying, that you may get as much out of an hour's walk there, as out of the best hour's extempore preaching. But this was as a salvo to our conscience for not being at church.

"Here, however, was a long aisle, arched gothically overhead, in a much better taste than is seen in some of those dismal new churches; and, by way of painted glass, the sun lighting up multitudes of various coloured leaves, and the birds for choristers, and the river by way of organ, and in it stones



TUNNEL IN THE ROAD BETWEEN GLENGARIFF AND KINMARE, CORK COUNTY.

which he visited on a Sunday morning, is extremely happy. "There is a ravine of a mile and a half, through which a river runs roaring (a lady who keeps the gate, will not object to receive a gratuity); there is a ravine or Devil's Glen, which forms a delightful wild walk, and where a Mathusalem of a landscape-painter might find studies for all his life long. All sorts of foliage and colour, all sorts of delightful caprices of light and shadow—the river tumbling and frothing amidst the boulders—*raucum per lavia murmur saxa sient*, and a chorus of 150,000 birds (there might be more), hopping, twittering, singing under the clear cloudless heaven, some make this

enough to make a whole library of sermons. No man can walk in such a place without feeling grateful, and grave, and humble; and without thanking heaven for it as he comes away. And, walking and musing in this free happy place, one could not help thinking of a million and a half of brother Cockneys, shut up in their huge prison (the tread-mill for the day being idle), and told by some legislators that relaxation is sinful, that works of art are abominations, except on week days."

"A long tract of wild country," continues the same entertaining writer, "with a park or two here and there, a palace

barrack perched on a hill, a half-starved looking church stretching its long scraggy steeple over a wide plain, mountains whose base is richly cultivated while their tops are purple and lonely, warm cottages and farms nestling at the foot of the hills, and humble cabins here and there on the wayside, accompany the car that jingles back over fifteen miles of ground through Janiskerry to Bray. You pass by wild gaps and greater and lesser Sugar-Loaves; and about eight o'clock, when the sky is quite red with sunset, and the long shadows are of such a purple as (they may say what they like) Claude could no more paint than I can, you catch a glimpse of the sea, beyond Bray, and affect to be wondrously delighted by the sight of the element.

"The fact is, however, that at Bray is one of the best inns in Ireland; and there you may be perfectly sure there is a good dinner ready, five minutes after the honest car-boy, with innumerable hurroos and smacks of his whip, has brought up his passengers to the door with a gallop."

At Ballybach, near the town of Bray, are some Druidical stones, of a character similar to those on Salisbury Plain. Of their history nothing is certainly known.

Near the celebrated Vale of Avoca, is Castle Howard, the seat of Sir Ralph Howard. The interest attached to Moore's "Meeting of the Waters," gave rise, we are told, to a controversy respecting the identity of the locality where the poet composed his melody. As there are two "meetings," one at Castle Howard, the other at the "Wooden Bridge," a question arose as to which was entitled to the honour—a difficulty which Moore is said to have settled, by pronouncing in favour of the former.

Towards Arklow, the river narrows and deepens, and the trees, being more directly over it, cast a darker shadow on its waters. As we approach the sea, the scenery assumes a more subdued character: the valley expands, and the mountains subside into sloping hills. At the foot of one of these stands Shelton Abbey, the seat of the Earl of Wicklow, a Gothic structure, encompassed with a noble demesne. The public entrance to the grounds is about a mile and a half from Arklow. The interior decorations correspond with its external character. James II., on his flight to Waterford, after the Battle of the Boyne, was entertained here. On the opposite side of the river, is the forest of Glenart, and Glenart Castle, the residence of the Earl of Carysfort. The town of Arklow is of considerable antiquity. A monastery was founded there in the reign of John, by Theobald Fitz-Walter, hereditary Lord Butler of Ireland, "for the love of God and the Blessed Virgin, and for the health of the souls of Henry II., King of England, King Richard, King John, and other persons." The castle was erected by the founder of the abbey. Cromwell took Arklow in 1649, and dismantled the castle, and the ruins may still be seen. In a battle fought in 1798, between the royalist troops and yeomanry and the insurgent army, the latter was defeated after a desperate resistance.

To the west of Arklow, at the foot of Croghan-Kinsella mountain, are the Wicklow gold mines, which were found unproductive, and are no longer worked; but modern experiences testify that where "sparkles of golden splendour all over the surface shine," there may be richer "diggings" than any which erst rewarded the explorers of "our Lagenian mine." They form the subject of one of O'Keefe's farces, and furnished Moore with one of his happiest metaphors. Further to the west is the small town of Tinehelly, destroyed during the rebellion of 1798, but shortly afterwards rebuilt, and near it stood the ruins of Coolraas, the *Cosha*, it is believed, of the unfortunate Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, so often noticed by him in his letters. Among the peasants the place is called Black Tom's Buildings; from these ruins Tinehelly was in part rebuilt.

The town and bay of Bantry, with the surrounding scenery, never fail to attract the attention of all lovers of the picturesque. "Between Bantry and Glengariff (on the opposite side of the bay) there is a fine mountain road, sweeping through many superb scenes; and though Glengariff can also be reached by boat across the bay (seven miles), the overland

route is generally preferred. Glengariff lies at the head of a narrow arm of the sea, running in from the northern end of the bay, marked in the maps as Glengariff Harbour. The road, round, from Bantry, lies along a range of hills, which spring from the bay and unite with the northern mountain ranges—the whole route offering an ever-changing panorama. North-west of Bantry is the mountain of the Priest's Leap, in connexion with which there are endless legends to be told.

Glengariff, or the Rocky Glen, as it is called, has been finely described by Mrs. Hall. She says:—"Language fails to convey an idea of the beauty of Glengariff, which merits, to the full, the enthusiastic praise lavished upon it by every traveller. It is a deep Alpine valley, inclosed by precipitous hills, about three miles in length, and seldom exceeding a quarter of a mile in breadth. Black and savage rocks embosom, as it were, a scene of surpassing comeliness—endowed by nature with the richest gifts of wood and water; for the trees are graceful in form, luxuriant in foliage, and varied in character; and the rippling stream, the strong river, and the foaming cataract, are supplied from a thousand rills collected in the mountains. Beyond all, is the magnificent bay, with its numerous islands—by one of which it is so guarded and sheltered as to present the aspect of a serene lake. Wandering through the glen, the song of birds is either hushed or unheard; and but for the ripple and roar of waters, there is no sound to disturb a solitude perfect and profound." It is of this ravishing spot that the cynic, Mr. Michael Angelo Titmarsh, throwing aside, for once, his captiousness, exclaims, "Were such a bay lying upon English shores, it would be a world's wonder; perhaps, if it were on the Mediterranean, or the Baltic, English travellers would flock to it in hundreds. Why not come and see it in Ireland? It is less than a day's journey from London, and lies in a country far more strange to most travellers than France or Germany can be."

"The inn is very pretty at Glengariff; some thorn-trees stand before it, where many bare-legged people were lolling in spite of the weather. A beautiful bay stretches out before the house, the full tide washing the thorn-trees; mountains rise on either side of the little bay, and there is an island, with a castle in it, in the midst, near which a yacht was moored. But the mountains were hardly visible for the mist, and the yacht, island, and castle looked as if they had been washed against the flat, grey sky in India-ink."

"The day did not clear up sufficiently to allow me to make any long excursion about the place, or indeed to see a very wide prospect round about it; at a few hundred yards, most of the objects were enveloped in mist; but even this, for a lover of the picturesque, had its beautiful effect, for you saw the hills in the foreground pretty clear, and covered with their wonderful green, while immediately behind them rose an immense blue mass of mist and mountain that served to *relieve* (to use the painter's phrase) the nearer objects. Annexed to the hotel is a flourishing garden, where the vegetation is so great that the landlord told me it was all he could do to check the trees from growing: round about the bay, in several places, they come clustering down to the water's edge, nor does the salt water interfere with them."

"Winding up a hill to the right, as you quit the inn, is the beautiful road to the cottage and park of Lord Bantry. One or two parties, on pleasure bent, went so far as the house, and were partially consoled for the dreadful rain which presently poured down upon them, by wine, whiskey, and refreshments, which the liberal owner of the house sent out to them. I myself had only got a few hundred yards when the rain overtook me, and sent me for refuge into a shed, where a blacksmith had arranged a rude furnace and bellows, and where he was at work with a rough gilly to help him, and, of course, a lounge or two to look on. The scene was exceedingly wild and picturesque, and I took out a sketch-book and began to draw. The blacksmith was at first very suspicious of the operation which I had commenced, nor did the poor fellow's sternness at all yield until I made him a present of a shilling."

The best view of Glengarriff—the charm of a soft climate embracing every other—is obtained from the height of the hill road leading to Killarny, and at the foot of which is a pretty cottage, preferred as a residence for many years by Lord Bantry, to the stately mansion at Bantry. The summit of this hill, which is, in fact, within a private demesne, may be attained if the visitor can take rather a fatiguing walk; but the result will reward him. The village of Glengarriff consists

of only a very few houses. They are collected round the hotel—a pretty white house built against a hill, which rises high above it, and standing within a few yards of the clear water. From every point of view the bay is beautiful; but is most beautiful as seen from the windows of the little hotel—a hostelry placed in a paradise, and which all are loath to leave—even for the lovely and romantic Lakes of Killarny.

HOBBS'S LEVIATHAN.

THE singular figure represented in our engraving forms the upper half of the frontispiece of Hobbes's "Leviathan, or the Matter, Form, and Power of a Commonwealth, Ecclesiastical and Civil," first published in London in 1656. Above it is a motto borrowed from the vulgate edition of the book of Job—*Non est potestas super terram, quae comparetur ei* (Job xli. 24). Underneath, the title of the book appears upon a curtain, which we have been unable to introduce, and at each side of it a series of little compartments containing engravings of allegorical subjects. Under the arm which holds the sword appears—1, a fortress; 2, a crown; 3, a cannon; 4, a trophy formed of arms; 5, a battle.

Beneath the hand which holds the crozier, we find—1, a church; 2, a bishop's mitre; 3, lightning; 4, a trident, on which is inscribed the word *sylogism*; a fork with the words *direct, indirect* upon the prongs; another with the words *spiritual, temporal*; another with the words *real, intentional*; and an ox's horns with the word *dilemma*.

In the introduction the author gives the key to the allegory: "Nature, the art whereby God hath made and governs the world, is by the art of man, as in many other things, so in this also, imitated, that it can make an artificial animal. For seeing life is but a motion of the limbs, the beginning whereof is in some principal part within; why may we not say, that all *automata* (engines that move themselves by springs and wheels as doth a watch) have an artificial life? For what is the heart but a spring, and the nerves but so many strings, and the joints but so many wheels, giving motion to the whole body, such as was intended by the artificer.

"Art goes yet further, imitating that rational and most excellent work of nature, *man*. For by art is created that great LEVIATHAN called a COMMONWEALTH or STATE, in Latin, *Civitas*, which is but an artificial man, though of greater stature and strength than is natural, for whose protection and defence it was intended; and in which the sovereignty is an artificial soul, as giving life and motion to the whole body; the magistrates and other officers of judicature and execution, artificial joints; reward and punishment, by which, fastened to the seat of sovereignty, every joint and member is moved to perform his duty, are the nerves, that do the same in the body natural; the wealth and riches of all particular members are the strength; *salus populi*, the people's safety, its business; counsellors by whom all things needful for it to know are suggested unto it, are the memory; equity and laws an artificial reason and will; concord, health, sedition, sickness; and civil war, death. Lastly, the facts and covenants, by which the parts of the body politic were at first made, set together, and united, resemble that *fat*, or the *let us make man*, pronounced by God in the creation.

"To describe the nature of this artificial man, I will consider,

"First, the matter thereof, and the artificer, both which is man,

"Secondly, how and by what covenants it is made; what are the rights and just power or authority of a sovereign; and what it is that preserveth or dissolveth it.

"Thirdly, what is a christian commonwealth.

"Lastly, what is the kingdom of darkness.

"Concerning the first, there is a saying much usurped of late, that wisdom is acquired, not by reading of books, but of men. Consequently whereunto, those persons that for the most part can give no other proof of being wise, take great

delight to show what they think they have read in men, by uncharitable censures of one another behind their backs. But there is another saying not of late understood, by which they might learn truly to read one another, if they would take the pains, that is, *posse teipsum, read thyself*."

Thomas Hobbes was born at Malmesbury, on the 5th of April, 1588, the same year in which the Spanish Armada was defeated and dispersed: He was the son of a clergyman, and during his infancy his constitution was so feeble, that it was hardly expected he would ever attain to manhood, but he strengthened it into robustness by temperance and regular living. His father taught him the ancient classics at an early age, so that when eight years old, he translated the "Medæa" of Euripides into English verse. At nineteen he completed his education in the University of Oxford, and went to travel on the continent as tutor to the eldest son of William Cavendish, Earl of Devonshire. His first published work was a translation of the "History of Thucydides," by which he wished to prove to his countrymen the dangers and disorders of a democratic form of government. In 1626, his patron, the Earl of Devonshire, died, and in 1628, his pupil died. He then accompanied a son of Sir Gervase Clifton on a tour in France, where he remained until the Countess Dowager invited him home to take charge of the education of her son, then thirteen years of age. He accepted her offer, and discharged his trust with great fidelity. In 1634, he accompanied his pupil to Paris, where he applied his leisure hours to the study of natural philosophy. He went thence to Italy, where he formed an acquaintance with Galileo, who became very intimate with him, and freely communicated to him all his discoveries. On his return through Paris he met Descartes, and afterwards kept up a correspondence with him upon mathematical subjects; but when Descartes sought to establish points of high importance on the assumption of innate ideas, Hobbes showed his good sense by differing from him. In 1642, he published his work "De Cive," which raised up against him many enemies. After the Revolution, he found himself obliged to follow the example of his patron, Sir Charles Cavendish, and take refuge in France, as the monarchical tendencies of his works had rendered him decidedly obnoxious to the republican party in England. He there became so celebrated by the part he took in the controversy about the squaring of the circle, that he was recommended as mathematical tutor for the Prince of Wales, afterwards Charles II. He discharged this duty with so much diligence, that he drew forth the esteem of the prince, who gave him very substantial marks of favour after the Restoration, and it is said kept a picture of him suspended in his closet. In 1650, his able treatise on "Human Nature" was published in London, with another, "De Corpore Politico, or, on the Elements of Law." After digesting his religious, moral, and political principles into a complete system, he published it under the name of the "Leviathan," to which we have already referred, in 1650 and 1651. After that he returned to England, and mostly passed the summer at the country seat of the Earl of Devonshire, and the winter in London in the society of his friends. When Charles regained the throne, he bestowed upon him a pension of £100 a year out of the privy purse. In 1666, his "Leviathan" and his treatise "De Cive," were strongly censured by parliament, and this, combined with the bringing in of a bill to punish seditious and profane

ness, seriously alarmed him. When he found no unpleasant consequences had resulted from this outburst of parliamentary sanctity, he determined to publish an edition of his pieces in Latin, but found he would have to go abroad for the purpose, which he did, and they appeared in three volumes quarto, in 1688, from the press of John Bldau. In 1689, he received a visit from Cosmo de Medicis, who had his picture taken, which he placed amongst his curiosities and his works in his library at Florence. In 1672, he published his own life in Latin verse; and in 1674, a translation of four books of "Homer's Odyssey," in English verse. He afterwards completed the translation of the "Odyssey," and that of the "Iliad" also. In 1675 he took his leave of London, and passed the remainder of his life in easy retirement at the country house of the Earl of Devonshire. He died in December, 1679, at the age of ninety-two years. Lord Clarendon speaks of

ders up that right to everything which nature has originally given him,—no great sacrifice certainly, for as Hobbes himself remarks, the right of everybody to everything takes away from each the right to anything. He then supposes these natural rights to be all vested in the state, or in other words the sovereign, who represents it, who henceforth is, or ought to be, the supreme arbiter of everything,—the interpreter of the laws and the standard of right and wrong, occupying for each citizen the place of his conscience. And to this all-powerful ruler, he assigned also the functions of the church, subjecting it in doctrine and discipline to the complete control of the civil power.

His theories raised up against him two classes of enemies—the royalists, who perceived with confusion that his principles of government were as much in favour of Cromwell as of Charles, and in fact invariably united the *jus* with the *possessio*;



ALLEGORICAL FIGURE OF A COMMONWEALTH

him as "a person for whom he had a great esteem, and who was always regarded as a person of probity, and of a life free from scandal."

Hobbes's system of philosophy has made such a noise in the world, and even at this day is such an awful "bogey" to a great many who have not the remotest conception in what it consists, that it may be well to give a short sketch of its leading features.

He was above all things a royalist, a supporter of monarchy, and a hater of democracy under whatever form, and he consequently made the monarch everything. He supposed all men originally to be free and equal, and to have an equal right to the enjoyment of the good things of this world; but he also supposed each individual to be solitary, selfish, and ferocious, afraid of every other individual, like wild beasts. He then that, for the sake of peace and comfort, each surren-

dered up that right to everything which nature has originally given him,—no great sacrifice certainly, for as Hobbes himself remarks, the right of everybody to everything takes away from each the right to anything. He then supposes these natural rights to be all vested in the state, or in other words the sovereign, who represents it, who henceforth is, or ought to be, the supreme arbiter of everything,—the interpreter of the laws and the standard of right and wrong, occupying for each citizen the place of his conscience. And to this all-powerful ruler, he assigned also the functions of the church, subjecting it in doctrine and discipline to the complete control of the civil power.

His theories raised up against him two classes of enemies—the royalists, who perceived with confusion that his principles of government were as much in favour of Cromwell as of Charles, and in fact invariably united the *jus* with the *possessio*;

and the clergy, who denounced him as an atheist, because he proposed to subject the law of God to the law of the state. He has not yet got from under the ban that two hundred years ago was placed upon him and his works. The Hobbit controversy raged with unexampled fury during the greater part of the eighteenth century; but at the present day we would hope that there are few who do not possess sufficient judgment to pluck the flowers with which his works abound, without being injured by the nettles. That the anti-Hobbes feeling is not yet extinct, however, is evidenced by the fact that when Sir William Molesworth and Mr. Mill were contesting the borough of Southwark, at an election a few years ago, the committee of the latter published placards warning the electors against the right honourable baronet as a supporter of atheism, inasmuch as he had a short time previously edited an edition of Hobbes's English works, in eleven volumes, clearly

WORKS OF THE GREAT MASTERS.



JACOB JORDAENS.

TOWARDS the end of the sixteenth century, Flanders saw arise a generation of bold and vigorous painters, who, stamped with



— and of national genius, were destined to restore its
Flemish consciousness to Flemish art. For nearly a hundred

years past, there had existed no national school of painting in the country of the great artist who had invented oil painting! While the Breughels, a family of unaffected and intelligent peasants, were executing, under the guidance of nature, singular pictures, that were, doubtless, despised by the ambitious votaries of the ultra-montane style, a fantastic and violent man, Adam Van Oort, was revelling in all the caprices of his own imagination, without, in the least, troubling himself about foreign importations, or even thinking of Italy,—that country to which his rivals thought it obligatory on them to undertake a pilgrimage, as their predecessors had thought before them. Passing his existence in the midst of gaiety, and in the atmosphere of taverns, his original style, which is as impetuous and disorderly as was his mode of living, formed a strong contrast with the cold style of those who only imitated. It is not astonishing, therefore, that his studio was filled with an enthusiastic crowd of young artists, though the Italianized Fleming, Otho Venius, had also opened a school.

When Jacob Jordaens became the pupil of Van Oort, Rubens and Van Balen had already left him. Born on the 20th of May, 1593, a few years after Rubens, and a few before Quellinus and David Teniers the young, Jordaens, who was the son of a linen-draper, contributed more than any one else to the resurrection of Flemish art.

Jordaens at once fell at his feet in the studio of Adam Van Oort, master, whose studio, however, possessed a greater attraction

like Isabella and Helena. Van Dyck is as elegant as his ladies of the court of England. Boucher is as affected as opera-dancers; Poussin is as grave as his mistress, philosophy; and Lesueur is as chaste as the nuns he adored in their convents, in a discreet and romantic manner. Tell me whom you love, and I will tell you who you are."

Jordaens liked freshness, fecundity, vividness, and energy. All his paintings are distinguished by these rare qualities. In six days he painted Pan and Syrinx, figures as large as life, in the midst of a dazzling landscape. This picture is one of his *chef-d'œuvre*. His indefatigable hand was ever creating fresh images, and giving life to fresh figures. Rubens painted about three thousand pictures, of which nearly fifteen hundred have been engraved; and Teniers even executed as many as three hundred and fifty paintings in a single year. Jordaens was almost as prolific as these prodigious artists, and often finished a portrait or a figure of the size of life in one sitting.

His fortune, in consequence, increased with his fame, and he kept house in the sumptuous style of a nobleman. Breughel, Rubens, Van Dyck, and Teniers also enjoyed the privilege of living in palaces, in the midst of the luxury of civilization, and surrounded by the master-pieces of art, the wonders of science, and all the comforts that riches can procure. Van Dyck, it is true, spent all his money in alchemy, and Teniers was ruined several times; but Jordaens, whose loyal and open character made his company universally sought after, and to whom Rubens had sworn fraternal friendship, lived all his life in the most delectable abundance, enjoying continued happiness that nothing ever troubled, and delighted with his dapple horses, which he painted with such fiery boldness, after having ridden them, or with his rich stuffs, in which he clothed his figures, after having worn them himself. From the year 1639 to the day of his death, he lived at Antwerp, in the house that forms the south-eastern corner of the Rue Rensselaers.

At that time, artists lived together in untroubled friendship, each lending to other his special assistance, in order to render their works more perfect, though every one of those great men was quite capable of executing all styles of painting in the most accomplished manner. It was thus that the brilliant students of Italy had also behaved in the sixteenth century. Rubens has painted figures in the kitchens of Snyders, in the delicate landscapes of Breughel, and even in the middle of the latter's flower garlands. The Fraencks and the two Teniers have left their little figures in nearly all the paintings of their contemporaries.

This was likewise the case in Holland, where Berghem, Lingelback, Poelenburg, Adrian Van de Velde, Wouvermans, Cuyp, and many others, animated with figures the landscapes of Wynant, Vanderneer, Ruydael, and even Mebbins, and the public places of Van der Heyden, or the interior of the churches of Steenwyck and Peter Neefs. Most of the Flemish painters of the seventeenth century have worked on the "original" *chef-d'œuvre* of Rubens.

Besides assisting Rubens in several of his principal works, Jordaens very often painted with Snyders or John Fyt. The lusty servant girls of Jordaens matched admirably with the golden game and silvery fish of Snyders, or with his lobsters grasping at the light with all their claws. The red hares, the pheasants, the ducks, the boars, and the hounds of Fyt, could find no better company than those hairy blowers on the horn whom Jordaens painted full of life and movement, as if to produce a noted contrast with the still-life of the Dutchman. Though always willing to lend his own aid to others, Jordaens himself never applied to any one for assistance in his own compositions, but always executed horses, dogs, cows, sheep, landscapes, and sky with his own hand. No other artist has fastened finer oxen than Jordaens has, nor bred more spirited or better built horses, and his painting dogs vie in perfection with the victorious hounds of Snyders.

In reference to the subject of the last two or three paragraphs, it may perhaps be allowed to wander a little from our immediate path. It has been asserted over and over again, that Jordaens was not a great artist, but that his work was of a high order.

art of painting were subject to mutual jealousy," a fact, if it be one, not very creditable to artists or art; and it certainly did not apply to Jordaens. In a *catalogue raisonné* of his collection published by Desenfans, he insinuates that if painters wanted employment "it was not very surprising when men of talent had the weakness to depreciate each other." Mrs. Jameson undertakes to defend modern artists from the charge. "Desenfans," she says, "presumed to lament that there did not reign among painters that noble emulation which prevails in other liberal professions, particularly in the army, where officers and soldiers were always praising and mutually encouraging each other by reciprocal example." "All which," as Hamlet says, "though one may powerfully and potentially believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down." A shower of abuse in newspapers and anonymous letters was the consequence of this want of honesty,—or of prudence. Desenfans, in self-defence, quoted Dr. Johnson, who says, "It was once ingenuously confessed to me by a painter, that no professor of his art ever loved another. This declaration is so far justified by the knowledge of life, as to damp the hopes of warm and constant friendship between men whom their studies have made competitors, and whom every favourer and every censurer are hourly inciting against each other." * But this apt quotation did not mend the matter; even the more respectable painters winced, and took umbrage. West was offended, because in some part of the catalogue Rubens was accused of envy towards Van Dyck and Jordaens. As this accusation, though not true in fact, and refuted by the whole life and character of Rubens, may be found in some early biographer, Desenfans might have sheltered himself under authority, but he had given personal offence, and was not to be pardoned.

In Jordaens' "Allegorical Triumph of Prince Frederick Henry of Nassau," now at the Hague, the white horses which are harnessed to the car are magnificent creatures. This triumph, of which there are a few sketches in the Belgian galleries, passes for one of the best paintings of Jordaens. It is certainly one of his grandest and most carefully-executed compositions. He had to celebrate his prince, as Rubens had celebrated his well-beloved queen, Marie de Médicis. While painting his "Triumph of Nassau," he, no doubt, borrowed from the magnificent treasures contained in the works of Rubens; but it can, at least, be said that the inspired disciple has equalled the master who inspired him. It is true, that the series of paintings illustrative of the life of Marie de Médicis holds, a somewhat secondary rank in the works of Rubens, with the exception, however, of a few pieces, which are indeed capital performances.

Those who wish to see all the qualities of Jordaens assembled in the height of their splendour, must visit his "Jesus driving the Money-changers out of the Temple," which shines resplendent in the Louvre; the canvas, which is thirteen feet wide and nine high, is so full that it seems ready to burst: a little to the right, is Jesus, surrounded by men and women, oxen and sheep; in the middle and on the left, are colossal male and female figures running away, with their goods upon their heads and their baskets under their arms; among the crowd is a burly woman with a straw hat on, and she alone seems to weigh as much as all the other figures in the painting. In the foreground, is the figure of a man, foreshortened and falling forward in such a way as to somewhat alarm the spectator when he is beneath the picture. In the background, are the two scribes of the money-changers—two enormous Israelites, full of force and health, like all the others. On the left, between the pillars, are figures looking on. Above and below, to the right and left—in a word, everywhere—are seen people, movement, and colour.

* Dr. Johnson goes on to say that "The utmost expectation experience can warrant is, that they should forbear open hostilities and secret machinations, and thus when the whole fraternity is attacked be able to unite against a common enemy." The acute observation will serve to illustrate the rest of the story. The painter above alluded to was Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Barry, in his "History of Painting," speaks somewhat slightly of the Flemish school. "The artists of the Low Countries, have," he declares, "deviated widely from all the sources of elegance, pathos, and sublimity; induced not only by that sordid disposition, which will ever be epidemic in a country so generally devoted to gain, but still further, from the differences of religion, they had accustomed themselves to look with ridicule and buffoonery on those great subjects, which the Italians executed with the utmost possible sobriety and unction. Although the Hollanders in this procedure ultimately disqualified themselves for serious pursuits in the arts, yet as the human capacity is seldom disappointed, when it will perseveringly apply, I shall, under the divisions of my subject in the subsequent discourses, have occasion to advert to many excellencies, which might be studied with great

the tints, and the depth of the tones. Let him beware of being captivated by the ostentatious splendour of the Venetian and Flemish schools; the terrors of the Crucifixion must not be lost in the magnificent pomp of a triumphal show, nor the pathetic solemnity of the Last Supper be disturbed by the impertinent gaiety of a bacchanalian revel. This is abhorrent to true taste, nor shall the authors of such mockeries escape censure, however great their powers or celebrated their names."

"Le Roi Boit," or in English, "Twelfth-Night," which has been reproduced by the burin of several engravers, foremost among whom comes Paul Pontius, whose engraving of it forms his *chef-d'œuvre*, is a composition full of life and light. In it are seen, besides his wife, the heads of most of the persons who were dear to Jordaens. There exist some



THE FEAST, SOMETIMES CALLED THE FAMILY CONCERT—JACOB JORDAENS

profit in the works of some distinguished characters in the Dutch school."

Again, speaking of colour as an element of success, he says, "that one seldom finds an ill-coloured picture in the Dutch school, tho' little more or the little less in the drawing could make no difference worth attending to, where they regarded not so much the beauty or perfection of the human form, as the contrary: it was not easy to err in the drawing and composition of works formed out of trite, vulgar, slattern matter, level to the meanest and most mechanical capacity."

And Oyle, in his lectures, so far from dissenting from his brother R. A., in his depreciation of the Flemish school of painters, cautions the student against "that vulgar error, the mistaking fine colours for fine colouring, which consists, not in the gaudiness, but the truth, harmony, and transparency of

transplendent drawings of these two paintings. The drawings of Jordaens are generally very vigorous water-colours, sketched in black and red chalk, washed with every colour, relieved with white, and even with other tones in oil. They generally fetch a pretty good price, on account of their beauty and importance, and, relatively speaking, a higher one than the artist's large paintings, of which, in fact, they supply the place, but the heads in them are heavy, incorrect, and of a common type. Their composition, however, is, on the whole, grand and admirably effective. The Louvre possesses several of these drawings, in the execution of some of which Jordaens employed the pen.

Jordaens himself, following the example of other great painters, has left some sketches executed by his own hand. They consist of eight plates, namely, "The Flight into

Egypt;" "Jesus driving the Money-changers out of the Temple;" "Descent from the Cross;" "Mercury decapitating Argus;" "Jupiter stopping Io;" "The Infant Jupiter fed by the Goat Amalthea;" "A Peasant stopping an Ox by the Tail, with several Spectators;" and "Saturn on the Clouds, devouring one of his Children." The last plate is very scarce.

These prints are not much sought after, for at the Rival sale, in 1817, the whole collection, with the exception of "Saturn," only fetched the insignificant sum of 3s. 4d.

Jordaens excelled in portraits, as he did in allegories, religious and mythological pieces, or fancy subjects. Yet his manner, which is not, perhaps, fitted for elevated subjects, is better suited to portrait-painting, which requires, above all, close study of nature. With respect to mythology and Christian tradition, Jordaens is quite at home, as is proved by his pictures of Silenus, his satyrs, his paintings of the heifer, Io, his bacchanals, his nativities, his adorations of the shep-

Angelo, Titian, and Jordaens, for whom art is a second life, cease to paint and live but on the day of their death.

Jordaens had had the misfortune to lose Catherine Oort in 1659, from which time he lost something of his vigorous style, and, nineteen years after, he himself died on the 18th of October, 1678, at the age of 85. His beloved daughter, Anne Catherine, also died on the same day as her father. They were both interred in the Protestant church of the seignior of Putten, a village situated on the frontiers of the United Provinces, where the great Flemish painter's tombstone—which William II., King of the Netherlands, has restored some years ago—may still be seen. Who would have believed that Jordaens, the great picture-drawer, was a Protestant? Born a Catholic, he, some time after his marriage, adhered, with his father-in-law, to the reformed religion—that religion which was indifferent, or rather hostile, to the ceremonies of outward worship and to all signification of form.

In speaking of Jordaens, De Piles says, "All he lacked was



THE REPART; ANOTHER TREATMENT.

herds, &c.; but do not seek for Jordaens in the regions of refinement and mysticism. As for his portraits, the Dutch mariners were made expressly for him, and reality is his. He never hesitated to introduce into his paintings their large, ruddy cheeks, to make their inflamed eyes sparkle there, and to envelop them in the ample folds of their large rough cloaks.

After the death of Rubens and Van Dyck, the former of whom died in 1640, and the latter in 1641, Jordaens had no rivals at Antwerp. At that time, he had scarcely run half through his career. Innumerable are the pictures executed by him at this epoch. All the princes of Germany, all the wealthy people of the Netherlands, every mansion and every church, strove to obtain the paintings of Jordaens. Carried on by his temperament and quickness of execution, he dashed off his gigantic figures wholesale, and, without the least fatigue, spread his vigorous colouring over whole acres of canvas, throwing his treasures profusely about, and this was when he had grown old. Real artists, like Michael

to have seen Italy." That was what he lacked, it is true; but we ought rather to say, "Luckily, he never saw Italy."

There are certain painters whom Italy never profits, and whose natural originality, when it is as powerful as that of Jordaens, is far preferable, even with all its defects, to forced science and borrowed correctness, which, as a natural consequence, cannot fail of becoming both affected and false. In support of what we have just said, we will beg permission to quote the opinion of a very intelligent man, who cannot possibly be accused of partiality for Jordaens; we mean the classic Taillasson. He compares the regret expressed by De Piles, with respect to Jordaens and Italy, to those commonplace remarks which are incessantly being repeated, and which remind you of those general remedies which are to cure every disease. "Italy," says he, "would have doubtless given a better form to the outline of the drawings of Jordaens, but she would not have increased the elevation or nobleness of his genius; she might perhaps have turned him more from the style for which

he was born; nature had organised him for feeling deeply, for expressing common truths faithfully, and for representing trivial and laughable things, which he rendered with perfectly original accuracy and force. Nobody has equalled him in painting those rubicund faces of his, loaded with masses of flesh, through which the spectator fancies he sees beer, wine, blood, and brandy all circulating together. De Piles would have been much more right in saying, 'What an extraordinary man Jordaens would have been, if, instead of painting classical pieces and subjects of heroic history, he had confined himself to pictures of the style of "Le Roi Boit,"' a subject in which he was so much at home, that he has painted it in several different ways." We, in our turn, also say that it is better to be Jacob Jordaens of Antwerp, Jordaens the Fleming—incorrigible, incorruptible, entire—than an unnaturalised fugitive, re-baptised by the Italians, who would not have failed to call Jacob Jordaens *Jacopo Giordano*. A wit has said that a man is only some one, on condition that he is no one else.

Two of the engravings we have introduced to illustrate this master, show how differently the same subject may be treated even by the same hand. Jordaens, like many of the modern painters, was in the habit of making duplicate copies of some of his favourite pieces; and it would appear from the evidence of the pictures themselves that he occasionally varied his style of treatment, to suit the wishes of his patrons—at least the two copies of the "Repast" would suggest this notion. The two pictures are varied in title as well as treatment—the one is simply called "The Repast," the other is named after an old Flemish proverb, "As the old cock crows the young ones learn," in allusion to the imitation by the children of the elders' music. "To find excellences and discover beauties," says Sir Joshua Reynolds in one of his discourses, "can be the work only of him, who having a mind always alive to his art, has extended his views to all ages and to all schools; and has acquired from that comprehensive mass which he has thus gathered to himself, a well-digested and perfect idea of his art, to which every thing is referred. Like a sovereign judge and arbiter of art, he is possessed of that presiding power which separates and attracts every excellence from every school; selects both from what is great, and what is little; brings home knowledge from the east and from the west; making the universe tributary towards furnishing his mind, and enriching his works with originality and variety of inventions." Thus, and in a like spirit, to discover defects requires a feeling for art which is only the property of an artist.

In the style of picture called "Breakfast Pieces,"—of which "The Repast" is a notable example,—Jordaens is conspicuous. In these pictures costly cups and ewers, beautiful glass with sparkling wine, the most inviting pâtés, juicy fruits, lobsters, crabs, and glittering oysters, are formed into an agreeable whole; all the solid mid-day dainties which the old masters had enjoyed with one or the other of their boon companions, are embodied for the latest posterity as examples of their good taste in eating. Among the names of the artists who distinguished themselves in these works of "still life," are Adriaenssen, Peter Nason, Wm. van Aelst, Vigor van Heeda, and Th. Apsahoven, all of whom flourished in the second half of the seventeenth century. The galleries of Berlin, Dresden, and Vienna are rich in their works.

In Germany and the Low Countries, says Franz Kugler, speaking of the revival of art in the seventeenth century—traditional types and ancient habits existed side by side with all the results of the new struggles made by the human mind in the sixteenth century, but these two elements had not been reconciled and blended with each other before the time that the highest perfection of art in Italy had passed away.

The case was the same on both sides of the Alps; neither the mannered imitators of the great Italian masters in Italy, nor the northern artists who devoted themselves to the study of Italian art in the course of the sixteenth century, could do more than seize the mere external characteristics of their models. This substitution of the outward shell for the real

essence of art, showed itself just at the time when the groundwork of old religious feeling had been struck away, and when confusion in creeds, clamour for Church reform, and struggles for bodily and mental freedom, had produced a state of things which could not be favourable to the fine arts. At the beginning of the seventeenth century, however, these elements of disturbance had at least in part subsided, and a new ground was prepared for the progress of the human intellect. In Italy, these circumstances caused a sort of revival of art and produced a close academical imitation of the older masters, together with a vigorous and somewhat rude "naturalism." No new principle, however, of grandeur or of deep feeling had shown itself. The result was different in the North and in the Low Countries; the termination of the contest with Spain allowed elements of national life, at once vigorous and healthful, to develop themselves freely.

In the works of the artists of the Netherlands of the seventeenth century, we recognise a revival of art in an original, and, on the whole, in a most attractive form. There is not, indeed, any aspiration after the pure beauty of ideal form, and after that feeling which is the highest in its kind, and the most universal in its effect; but as regards breadth, freedom, and originality of treatment, united with a due attention to individual objects, much that was new and important was secured in this school. The peculiar character of individual life, with its singularities, its interests, and its passions; the daily intercourse of men with each other in all its variety; Nature, in all the freedom of her every day works and operations; the expression of a happy tone of mind, in the play of light and colour; and finally, a delicacy of execution, which, without any claim to profound meaning and consequently without pretension, at least delights the eye with its bright images;—all these elements of art were now developed in the richest profusion.

From the time of Jordaens, however, but small advance has been made in art by Flemish painters. With some few exceptions, the Low Countries have produced no masters of the brush and palette since the year 1700. The artists of Belgium—and here again we quote from Kugler—have followed the example of those of France, and have fallen into the same feeble mannerism which distinguished the latter during the greater part of the last century. In the second half of this period, however, Andrew Lens, of Ghent, is sometimes distinguished by a feeling of greater tenderness, and deserves to be remarked as an artist, in spite of all his conventional stiffness. The Annunciation in St. Michael's Church, Ghent, is one of his works. At the close of the century, the Belgian artists in like manner followed David, among whose scholars Joseph Paclink, of Ghent, must be mentioned. At present the Belgian artists appear to be subject to the influence of the romantic school of France, one of whose most zealous and spirited adherents is to be found in Wappers, of Brussels.

The artists of Holland, on the contrary, have lately taken the path of their forefathers of the seventeenth century, and have followed it out with peculiar success. They are distinguished by the same spirited and faithful imitation of nature, the same truth and life, and these qualities give a character of completeness to the greater number of their works. This particularly applies to their landscapes, among which those of Koekoek, Schelfhout, and Schotel (the works of the last are sea-pieces), have gained a high reputation. In landscape and genre scenes, Moerenhout also is distinguished by a handling as soft as it is spirited. In historical painting, Eeckhout the younger deserves notice; he, like the older artist of the same name, has imitated Rembrandt with tolerable success.

The signature of Jordaens is found on none of his pictures, with the exception of the allegorical painting of "Human Law based on Divine Law," which is in the museum at Antwerp, and at the bottom of which he has stated in a long inscription, which he has signed in Roman letters, that he made a donation of this painting to the brotherhood of St. Luke.

Like Rubens, Jordaens had the pleasure of seeing his compositions reproduced during his life-time by the hands of his

most celebrated engravers of his time. Unfortunately, we at present only possess twenty-three of them, but then they are all so many *chef-d'œuvre*. Bolswert never executed finer engravings than those of the "Infant Jupiter suckled by the Satyr," "Pan playing on a Flute," the "Concert," entitled "Soo d'oude songen, soo ppen de Jongen," or "A Faun holding a basket of Fruit, with Ceres behind him." Paul Pontius never succeeded better in anything than in "Le Roi Boit." The "Martyrdom of St. Apollonia," by Maunus, is a splendid engraving. The "Nativity," and "St. Martin de Tours," by Peter Jodt the younger, are also magnificent works, and "Jupiter and Mercury, with Baucis and Philemon," by Nicholas Lawers, ranks with the finest of this artist's productions. And last, though not least, in the list which our space permits us to make, "The Fable of the Satyr with the Peasant who blows hot and cold," has been admirably engraved by Lucas Vorsterman the elder. The last subject has also been engraved by Vorsterman the younger. All these prints fetch very high prices. As early as the *Mariette* sale, in 1775, "Le Roi Boit" was sold for £17s. 6d., and the "Faun holding a Basket," with its companion, representing "Persons singing," for £7 10s. 2d.

The etched pieces of Jordaeus are very scarce but are sometimes to be met with at public sales. The prices they have fetched vary, as far as our researches permit us to say, from £6 to nearly £100 sterling.

Almost all the public galleries of Europe contain paintings by Jordaeus, but those of Belgium and especially the churches of that country, are filled with this master's production.

In the National Gallery we have a "Holy Family of Joachim," a picture which is remarkable as possessing in it the characteristics of the painter beyond the splendid colouring of the Virgin's robe and some beautiful painting of the head of Joseph. Indeed Mrs. Jamieson declares it to be vulgar in conception, and without merit of any kind. At Hampton Court there is a fine painting called "The Overthrow of Pharaoh in the Red Sea," in which the traces of the Rubens school of painting are evident enough, and in the Dulwich Gallery there is a good sketch of Jordaeus famous "Blowing Hot and Cold," a miniature engraving of which is given under the portrait at the head of this article. The original picture is in the Gallery at Munich, and is a fine large specimen, perhaps the best in existence, of the peculiarities of this master. It will appear that the subject has been frequently painted, and at any rate, sketched, for, by reference to Vorsterman's engraving of the Munich picture, a great difference of treatment will be at once perceived. In the collection of the Duke of Devonshire at Devonshire House, Chiswick, there is a portrait subject representing Frederick Prince of Orange and his consort. The figures are in full length, and are painted with a rich feeling for nature, the flesh not having that glassy and transparent appearance noticeable in many of Jordaeus' works. There is also a brilliant and perfect copy of the "Twelfth Night," undoubtedly from the hand of Jordaeus, and another portrait by the same master in the Chiswick Gallery. A genuine, but by no means excellent, "Holy Family" is in the possession of the Duke of Northumberland, and a "Mercury and Argus," very hot and glowing, with land scape and cattle in the Rubens style, is at Alton Tower, the seat of the Earl of Shrewsbury. The Marquis of Bute, in his collection at Luton House, Bedfordshire, has a couple of fine paintings by Jordaeus—"Pan between Two Nymphs," and a "Girl with Fruit," both of which may be esteemed good specimens of the Flemish artist's manner, beside which there are many doubtful pictures in the hands of private persons in England. In the sales of pictures continually taking place in London, a tolerably augmented Jordaeus occasionally turns up, but it seldom reaches a high price. The works of this artist are not, however, among those which are reproduced in the private manufactories of London and Paris, "with all the marks of age upon them."

The Louvre contains several paintings by Jordaeus, and among them is a "Jesus driving the Money-changers out of the Temple," valued at £1,440. Vienna, Dresden, Munich,

the Hague, St. Petersburg, and Madrid, all possess paintings by Jordaeus; but, as we have already said, most of this master's works are to be found in Belgium.

The consideration of the works of Jordaeus naturally leads to a review of the state of arts in Flanders. In the year 1781, Sir Joshua Reynolds, accompanied by Philip Mordaunt, Esq., made a tour through the Low Countries, with a view to a more perfect examination of the principles existing in the various galleries and private collections of the Dutch. For this purpose the painter successively visited the cities of Bruges, Ghent, Brussels, Michlin, Antwerp, the Hague, and Amsterdam, looking also with a critical eye through the Düsseldorf gallery, and the collections at Cologne, Aix-la-Chapelle, Liège, and Louvain. Of his impressions during that tour Sir Joshua is left in a very full and interesting account, in which the characteristics of the Dutch and Flemish schools of painters are clearly defined and kindly criticised, and their peculiar excellences described. "O," would wish to be able to say, "to convey to the reader some idea of that excellence, the sight of which has afforded so much pleasure, but as this merit often consists in the truth of representation alone, whatever picture they describe, whatever pleasure they give when under the eye they make but a poor figure in description. It is to the eye only that the works of this school are addressed, it is not therefore to be wondered at, that what was intended solely for the gratification of one sense, survives but all when applied to another."

Am I to begin with a hunt in her hand, a man blowing a trumpet, or a boy blowing bubble, a view of the inside or outside of a church, or the subjects of some of their most valuable pictures, but there is still entertainment even in such pictures, however uninteresting their subjects, there is some pleasure in the contemplation of the truth of the imitation. But to a painter they afford like wise instruction in his profession. He may learn the art of colouring and composition, and skilful management of light and shade, and indeed all the mechanical parts of the art, as well as in any other school whatever. The skill which is practised by Rubens and Titian in their large works, is also exhibited, though on a smaller scale. Painters should go to the Dutch school to learn the art of painting, as they would go to a grammar school to learn to write. They must go to Italy to learn the higher branches of knowledge.

We must be contented to make up our idea of perfection from the excellencies which are dispersed over the world. A perfect imagination, expressions, character, or even correctness of drawing, are not to be met with that power of colouring, which would set off the excellencies to the best advantage, and in this, perhaps, no school ever excelled the Dutch. An artist, by a close examination of their works, may in a few hours make himself master of the principles on which they wrought, which cost them whole ages, and perhaps the experience of a succession of ages, to ascertain.

The most considerable of the Dutch school are, Rembrandt, Teniers, Jan Steen, Ostade, Brouwer, Gerard Dow, Mieris, Metsu, and Triburg. These excel in small conversations. For landscapes and cattle, Wouwerman, Paul Potter, Berthelm, and Huisdael, and for buildings, Vanderheyden. For sea views, W. Vanderwilde, jun., and Backhuysen. For dead game, Wierinx and Hondelust. For flowers, De Heen, Vanhuysum, Rachael Hoos, and Buechel. These make the bulk of the Dutch school.

"I consider those painters as belonging to this school, who painted only small conversations, landscapes, &c. Though some of these were born in Flanders, their works are principally found in Holland; and to separate them from the Flemish school, which generally painted figures large as life, it appears to me more reasonable to class them with the Dutch painters, and to distinguish those two schools rather by their style and manner, than by the place where the artist happened to be born."

"Rembrandt may be considered as belonging to both, or either, as he painted both large and small pictures."

"The works of David Teniers, jun., are worthy the closest attention of a painter who desires to excel in the mechanical knowledge of his art. His manner of touching, or what we

"Jan Steen has a strong manly style of painting, which might become even the design of Raphael, and he has shown the greatest skill in composition, and management of light



THE MARTYRDOM OF ST. APOLLONIA.—BY JACOB JORDAENS.

all handling, has perhaps never been equalled. There is in his pictures that exact mixture of softness and sharpness which is difficult to execute.

and shadow, as well as great truth in the expression and character of his figures.

The landscapes of Ruysdael have not only great force

but have a freshness which is seen in scarce any other painter. What excellence in colour and handling is to be found in the dead game of Weening!

would make no improper part of a painter's study. Rubens' pictures strongly remind one of a nosegay of flowers, where all the colours are bright, clear, and transparent.



THE DESCENT FROM THE CROSS. BY PETER PAUL RUBENS. ANTWERP CATHEDRAL.

A clearness and brilliancy of colouring may be learned by examining the flower pieces of De Heem, Haysum, and Mignon; and a short time employed in painting flowers

"I have only to add, that in my account of the Dutch pictures, which is indeed little more than a catalogue, I have mentioned only those which I considered worthy of attention."

RUBENS.

PETER PAUL RUBENS, the great luminary and centre of the Flemish system of art, was of a distinguished family at Antwerp, at that time a school of classical and religious learning, and the emporium of the western world. Here, from his infancy, he was educated, with great care, in every branch of polite literature; and his genius met these advantages with an ardour and success, of which the ordinary course of things furnishes us with no parallel. At the age of nineteen he seriously applied himself to painting under the tuition of Otho Venius, and, a very few years afterwards, we find him in Italy, possessed of unbounded powers, both in the theory and practice of his art, and working more as the rival than the pupil of those masters whose works had been selected as the objects of his imitation.

Both the number and merits of the works of Rubens, as well as his uncommon success in life, are calculated to excite extraordinary attention: his fame is extended over a large part of the continent without a rival; and it may truly be said, that he has enriched his country, not only by the magnificent examples of art which he left, but also by what some may deem a more solid advantage, the wealth which continued till lately to be drawn into it by the concourse of strangers from all parts of the world to view them.

To the city of Düsseldorf he has been an equal benefactor, as the gallery there would at least lose half its value were his performances alone to be withdrawn from it. Paris, also, owes to him a large part of its attraction; and, if to these we add the many towns, churches, and private cabinets whereon a single picture or sketch of Rubens often confers distinction, who shall dispute his legitimate claim to be ranked with the most illustrious names in his profession?

Rubens is not, says Opie, one of those regular and timid composers, who escape censure and deserve no praise. He produces no faultless monsters; his works abound with defects, as well as beauties, and are liable, by their daring eccentricities, to provoke much criticism. But they have, nevertheless, that peculiar property, always the companion of true genius, that which seizes on the spectator, commands attention, and enforces admiration in spite of all their faults. "To the want of this fascinating power" (says Sir Joshua Reynolds, in his *Journey through Flanders*), "it is owing, that the performances of those painters, by which he is surrounded, such as the altar-pieces of Crayer, Schut, Segers, Huyssum, Tyssens, Van Balen, and others, though they have, perhaps, fewer defects, appear spiritless and insipid in comparison; they are men, whose hands, and indeed all their faculties, appear to be 'cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd,' and their performances, however tolerable in some respects, are too evidently the effect of merely careful and laborious diligence."

The productions of Rubens, on the contrary, seem to flow from his pencil with more than freedom, with *prodigality*; his mind was inexhaustible, his hand was never wearied; the exuberant fertility of his imagination was, therefore, always accompanied by a correspondent spirit in the execution of his work.

"Led by some rule which guides but not constrains,
He finish'd more through happiness than pains."

No man ever more completely laid the reins on the neck of his inclinations, no man ever more fearlessly abandoned himself to his own sensations, and, depending on them, dared to attempt extraordinary things, than Rubens. To this, in a great measure, must be attributed that perfect originality of manner, by which the limits of the art may be said to be extended. Endowed with a full comprehension of his own character, he waited not a moment for the acquisition of what he perhaps deemed incompatible excellence: his theory once formed, he seldom looked abroad for assistance; there is, consequently, in his works very little that appears to be taken from other masters, and, if he has occasionally stolen any thing, he has so well digested and adapted it to the rest of his composition, that the theft is not discoverable. But, though

it must be allowed that he possessed, in many respects, the true art of imitation, though he looked at nature with a true painter's eye, and saw at once the characteristic feature by which every object is distinguished, and rendered it at once on canvas with a vivacity of touch truly astonishing; though his powers of grouping and combining his objects into a whole, and forming his masses of light and shade, and colour, have never been equalled; and though the general animation and energy of his attitudes, and the flowing liberty of his outline, all contribute to arrest the attention, and inspire a portion of that enthusiasm by which the painter was absorbed and carried away; yet the spectator will at last awake from the trance, his eyes will cease to be dazzled, and then he will not fail to lament that such extraordinary powers were so often misapplied, if not entirely cast away; he will inquire why Rubens was content to want so many requisites to the perfection of art, why he paid no greater attention to elegance and correctness of form, to grace, beauty, dignity, and propriety of character,—why every subject, of whatever class, is equally adorned with the gay colours of spring, and every figure in his compositions indiscriminately fed on roses. Nor will he, we fear, be satisfied with the ingenious, but surely unfounded apology, that these faults harmonise with his style, and were necessary to its complete uniformity; that his taste in design appears to correspond better with his colouring and composition than if he had adopted a more correct and refined style of drawing; and that, perhaps, in painting, as in personal attractions, there is a certain agreement and correspondence of parts in the whole together, which is often more captivating than mere regular beauty.

Lest these remarks should be thought too severe on this illustrious man, we shall extract from the works of the great critic, Sir Joshua Reynolds, his description of the picture of "The Fallen Angels," by Rubens, now in the gallery at Düsseldorf:—"It is impossible, without having seen this picture, to form an adequate idea of the powers of Rubens. He seems here to have given loose to the most capricious imagination in the attitudes and invention of the falling angels who are tumbling

'With hideous ruin and confusion, down
To bottomless perdition.'

"If we consider the fruitfulness of invention discovered in this work, or the skill which is shown in composing such an infinite number of figures, or the art in the distribution of the light and shadow, the freedom and facility with which it seems to be performed, and, what is still more extraordinary, the correctness and admirable taste of drawing of fore-shortened figures in attitudes the most difficult to execute, we must pronounce this picture to be one of the greatest efforts of genius that ever the art of painting has produced."

His universality is another striking trait in the character of Rubens. In the smallest sketch, the lightness and transparency of his touch and colour are no less remarkable than the sweeping rapidity and force of his brush in his largest works; and, in all kinds of subjects, he equally keeps up his wonted superiority. His animals, particularly his lions and horses, are so admirable, that it may be said they were never properly, at least, poetically, painted but by him. His portraits rank with the best works of those painters who have made that branch of art their sole study; the same may be said of his landscapes; and though Claude Lorraine finished more neatly, as became a professor in a particular branch, yet there is such an airiness and facility in the landscapes of Rubens, that a painter would as soon wish to be the author of them as those of Claude, or any other artist whatever.

Rubens, like Titian, was caressed, honoured, employed, and splendidly rewarded by several crowned heads, and even deputed in a ministerial capacity, by the king of Spain, to make confidential overtures to the court of London, where he was knighted by Charles I., and had every possible mark of respect shown to him, on account of his unrivalled talents in his profession. At his return to Flanders he was honoured

with the post of secretary of state, and in that office he continued till his death, which was brought on by the gout, at the age of sixty-three. He is said to have shown the ruling passion strong in death, lamenting to be taken off just as he began to be able to paint, and understand his art.

He enjoyed his good fortune with equal liberality and prudence, searching out and employing such artists as possessed merit, and were in indigent circumstances; but when visited by a famous chemist, who told him he had nearly discovered the philosopher's stone, and wished him to become a partner in his good luck, Rubens, pointing to his palette and pencils, answered, he was come too late, for that, by the help of those instruments, he had himself found the philosopher's stone some twenty years before.

In comparing Rubens with Titian, it has been observed, that the latter mingled his tints as they are in nature, that is, in such a manner as makes it impossible to discover where they begin or terminate: Rubens' method, on the contrary, was to lay his colours in their places, one by the side of the other, and afterwards very slightly mix them by a touch of the pencil. Now, as it is an acknowledged principle in the art, that the less colours are mingled the greater their purity and vivacity, and as every painter knows the latter method to be the most learned (requiring a deeper knowledge of the subject), to be attended with a greater facility, and, if properly managed, with greater truth and vivacity of effect, it must follow that this difference in their practice, which has been adduced to prove the inferiority of Rubens to Titian, indisputably proves the reverse; and though it must be allowed, perhaps, that, in practice, he at times uncovered too much the skeleton of his system, and rendered his tints too visible for a near inspection, we can have no doubt that, on the whole, he was the most profound theorist; that more may be learnt from him respecting the nature, use, and arrangement of colours than from any other master; and that had he

not been, in some measure, the dupe of his own powers, his name would have stood first in the first rank of colourists.

Rubens, like other men of his degree of eminence, produced a multitude of scholars and imitators, to whom he stood in the place of nature, and whose excellence can only be measured by their proximity to, or distance from, their great archetype. The best of their works are now probably, and not improperly, attributed to him, from whose mind the principle that directed them emanated. From him they learned to weigh the powers of every colour, and balance the proportion of every tint; but, destitute of his vigorous imagination, the knowledge of his principle became, in their hands, a mere palliative of mental imbecility (leaves without trunk), and served only to lacquer over poverty of thought and feebleness of design, and to impart a sickly magnificence to stale mythological conceits, and clumsy forms of gods without dignity, goddesses without beauty, and heroes without energy; which disgust the more for the abortive attempt to conceal, by colouring, the want of that which colour can never supply.

Such will always be the success of exclusive endeavours to copy the manner of a particular individual, however great his powers. The proper use, continues Opie, of the study of our predecessors is to open and enlarge the mind, facilitate our labours, and give us the result of the selection made by them of what is grand, beautiful, and striking, in nature. A painter, therefore, ought to consider, compare, and weigh in the balance of reason, the different styles of all distinguished masters; and, whatever mode of execution he may choose to adopt, his imitation should always be general, and directed only to what is truly excellent in each: he may follow the same road, but not tread in the same footsteps; otherwise, to borrow a metaphor from a celebrated artist of former days, instead of the child, he will be more likely to become the grandchild of nature.

A GOSSIP ABOUT ART AND ARTISTS.

UNDER a title like this, a man of any imagination, talent, or love of art, might write a volume. On the present occasion, however, a volume is not required, and therefore it will be necessary to say what we have to say in as brief a manner as possible; not, however, that the subject demands brevity, but rather that the space compels it.

We enter a picture-gallery; we stand, perchance, alone in the silent room; on all sides are evidences of genius and power, and we pause entranced before them. A feeling something akin to that experienced when listening to beautiful music,—a world of memory and association beyond the world of consciousness and fact,—comes gently across the senses, and we yield to the charm of the place without effort or remorse.

This, however, is only the feeling of the moment. In a little while the curiosity of the spectator overcomes the awe of the mere visitor, and he begins to examine with attention the details of the various pictures around him. In just this way the searcher after art-truth approaches his subject. At first he is astounded at the vastness of its dimensions, and is inclined rather to acknowledge its mysticism and strange power than to attempt the elucidation of the mystery or to dream of overcoming its difficulties. Soon, however, his mind becomes more and more familiarised with the aspect of things, and he is enabled first to dissect, and finally to comprehend, his sensations. And thus he is prepared to enter upon an examination of those art-triumphs which have become the glories of the world; thus is he enabled to trace the various schools of painting by their own inherent peculiarities, from the distant period when the picture over the great altar was the poor man's Bible and teacher, to the latest exhibitions of art-progress in the galleries of London, Paris, and Dresden; and thus is he and he becomes a disciple and lover of Art.

being initiated into its mysteries, and becoming familiar with its many phases—rather than an outward gazer upon things incomprehensible.

Now it must be understood at once—for without this understanding both reader and writer will be apt to go astray—that the illustrations of the painter's art are not merely calculated to charm and gratify the senses, but that they are capable of refining and elevating the mind, and inspiring the heart with every good and noble sentiment. What poetry is to the ear painting is to the mind. Indeed, every painter must be more or less a poet, a creator; bringing to the surface the hidden greatneses of human motives, and instilling into the human mind, by the exercise of his art, a love of order and harmony of design,—in fact, an admiration of the beautiful.

These are the highest manifestations of the artist's power; but if we take a somewhat lower standard of excellence,—if we look upon the painter as simply appealing to the universal heart of mankind through the feelings and sentiments common alike to the learned and the ignorant, we shall still find that every agreeable impression made by a beautiful and truthful picture, every remembrance of a natural object reproduced on the glowing canvas, every representation of the figures and countenances of those whom we have been taught to consider as among the world's great—exerts upon the mind a benign and salutary influence. Cicero, speaking of the Fine Arts, declares that “they nourish us in our youth and invigorate old age; they embellish the most fortunate situation, and console us under disasters of persecution; they accompany us day and night in our journeys and in our retreat from the world; and even when our minds are not disposed to profit by their instruction, we ought still to hold them in a just admiration, finding that to those who possess them they afford the most delicious gratifications.”

If we search through the mazes of antiquity, we shall find that the art of painting exercised an influence superior even to that of poetry; for the simple reason, that the understanding is sooner reached through the eye than the ear. The empire of art has extended through every age and over every country—the savage and remote, no less than the refined and familiar.

In the rudest period of existence—it has been well observed—the love of imitation seems to have been inherent in the nature of man; and the variety of colours and forms appear to have been among the primitive sources of his enjoyments. The desire of imitating naturally led him to trace—coarsely enough, perhaps—the objects which most interested his

ments, and make choice of such shells and stones as are of the most brilliant and varied hues with which to decorate their persons. Of course the union of colour and design have in no cases been simultaneous; but it would appear that no sooner had the rudest barbarians made the discovery that they were capable of imitating natural objects in colours, than the germ of painting took root in the soil of human ingenuity. And the seed, having once fallen on good ground, has fructified amazingly.

It would be somewhat beyond our purpose to trace the progress of this beautiful art from its first rude beginning—among the people of India, China, and Egypt, probably—to the comparative perfection it attained in ancient Greece, Etruria, and



THE SYREN OF THE RHINE. BY CARL BEGAS.

observation. Hence, instead of attempting to attribute the origin of design to any precise period or particular nation, it may be more reasonably presumed to have been indigenous in every country where human reason has in any degree developed itself, and may be said to have been coeval with our existence.

In this way only can the origin of painting be really described. The most untutored among the savages of various parts of the world—men who seem to have possessed but few ideas of clothing, building, or even the rudest forms of cookery—have been found, almost invariably, to be sensible of the attraction of colour and design. They select the most beautiful plumage of their birds wherewith to embellish their

Rome; we may rather, therefore, turn our attention to its state after its revival in Europe after the downfall of the Imperial Empire.

Poetry, painting, and sculpture, says Allan Cunningham, are of the same high order of genius; but, as words provide at once shape and colour to our thoughts, poetry has ever led the way in the march of intellect; as material forms are ready-made, and require but to be skilfully copied, sculpture succeeded; and as lights and shadows demand science and experience to work them into shape, and endow them with sentiment, painting was the last to rise into elegance and nobility. In this order these high arts rose in ancient Greece, and in the like order they rose in modern Italy; but

some of them reached true excellence till the light of knowledge dawned on the human mind, nor before civilisation, following in the steps of barbarism, prepared the world for the reception of works of polished grace and tranquil grandeur.

From the swoon into which the fine arts were cast by the overthrow of the Roman empire, they were long in awakening: all that was learned or lofty was extinguished;—of painting, there remained but the memory, and of sculpture, some broken stones, yet smothered in the ruins of temples and cities. The rules which gave art its science were lost; the knowledge of colours was passed away, and that high spirit, which filled Italy and Greece with shapes and sentiments allied to heaven, had expired. In their own good time, painting and sculpture arose from the ruins in which they had

had preached down the altars and temples of the heathen, and rebuked their lying gods into eternal silence.

Though sculpture and painting arose early in Italy, and arose with the mantle of the Christian religion about them, it was centuries before they were able to put on their full lustre and beauty. For this, various causes may be assigned. The nations, or rather wild hordes, who ruled where consuls and emperors once reigned, ruled but for a little while, or were continually employed in expeditions of bloodshed and war. The armed feet of the barbarians had trodden into dust all of art that was elegant or beautiful:—they lighted their camp fires with the verses of Euripides or Virgil; they covered their tents with the paintings of Protogenes and Apelles, and they repaired the breaches in the walls of a besieged city with the



JUPITER AND THE GOAT.—JACOB JORDAENS.

been overwhelmed; but their looks were altered; their air was saddened; their voice was low, though it was, as it had been in Greece, holy, and it called men to the contemplation of works of a rude grace, and a but dawning beauty. These "sisters-twin" came at first with pale looks and trembling steps, and with none of the confidence which a certainty of pleasing bestows; they came, too, with few of the charms of the heathen about them:—of the scientific unity of proportion, of the modest ease, the graceful simplicity, or the almost serene and always divine composure of Greece, they had little or none. But they came nevertheless, with an original air and character all their own; they spoke of the presence of a loftiness and a sentiment derived from a nobler source than pagan inspiration; they spoke of Jesus Christ, and his sublime lessons of peace and charity, and belief, with which he

statues of Phidias and Praxiteles; the desires of these barbarians were all barbarous. Painting and sculpture had to be in their labours anew; all rules were lost; all examples, & especially of the former, destroyed; men unable, therefore, as Raphael at the fountains of Greece, did not think for centuries to hew the rock for themselves. The Christian religion, from its birth, demanded sentiment rather than mere; it was a matter of the mind which was wanted; the personal beauty of Jesus Christ is nowhere insisted upon in all the New Testament; the earliest artists, when they had impressed an air of holiness or serenity on their works, thought they had done enough; and it was only when the fears of looking like the heathen were overcome, and a sense of the exquisite beauty of Grecian sculpture prevailed, that the geometrical loveliness of the human form found its way

into art. It may be added, that no modern people, save the Italians alone, seem to share fully in the high sense of the ideal and the poetic, visible in the works of Greece.

The first-fruits of this new impulse were representations of Christ on the Cross; of his forerunner, St. John; of his Virgin Mother; and of his companions, the Apostles. Our Saviour had a meek and melancholy look; the hands of the Virgin are held up in prayer; something of the wildness of the wilderness was in the air of St. John, and the twelve Apostles were kneeling or preaching. They were all clothed from head to heel; the faces, the hands, and the feet, alone were bare: the sentiment of suffering or rejoicing holiness alone was aimed at. The artists of the heathen religion wrought in a far different spirit; the forms which they called to their canvas, and endowed with life and beauty, were all, or mostly naked; they saw and felt the symmetry and exquisite harmony of the human body, and they represented it in such elegance, such true simplicity and sweetness, as to render their nude figures the rivals in modesty and innocence of the most carefully dressed. A sense of this excellence of form is expressed by many writers. "If," says Plato, "you take a man as he is made by nature, and compare him with another who is the effect of art, the work of nature will always appear the less beautiful, because art is more accurate than nature." Maximus Tyrus also says, that "the image which is taken by a painter from several bodies, produces a beauty which it is impossible to find in any single natural body, approaching to the perfection of the fairest statues." And Cicero informs us, that Zenxis drew his wondrous picture of Helen from various models, all the most beautiful that could be found; for he could not find in one body all those perfections which his idea of that princess required.

So far did the heathens carry their notions of ideal beauty, that they taxed Demetrius with being too natural, and Dionysius they reproached as but a painter of men. Lysippus himself upbraided the ordinary sculptors of his day, for making men such as they were in nature, and boasted of himself, that he made men as they ought to be. Phidias copied his statues of Jupiter and Pallas from forms in his own soul, or those which the muse of Homer supplied. Seneca seems to wonder that the sculptor having never beheld either Jove or Pallas, yet could conceive their divine images in his mind; and another eminent ancient says, that "the fancy more instructs the painter than the imitation; for the last makes only the things which it sees, but the first makes the things which it never sees." Such were also, in the fulness of time and study, the ideas of the most distinguished moderns. Alberti tells us that "we ought not so much to love the likeness as the beauty, and to choose from the fairest bodies, severally, the fairest parts." Da Vinci uses almost the same words, and desires the painter to form the idea for himself; and the incomparable Raphael thus writes to Castiglione concerning his *Galatea*: "To paint a fair one, it is necessary for me to see many fair ones: but because there is so great a scarcity of lovely women, I am constrained to make use of one certain idea which I have formed in my own fancy." Guido Reni approaches still closer to the pure ideal of the Christian school of painting, when he wishes for the wings of an angel to ascend to Paradise, and see with his own eyes the forms and faces of the blessed spirits, that he might more of heaven into his pictures.

Though abundance of figures of saints were carved, and numberable Madonnas painted throughout Italy, even in the earlier days of the Christian church, they were either degree transcripts of common life, or mechanical copies of the works furnished from the great store-rooms of the Greeks. There were thousands—nay, tens of thousands of women, who wrote themselves artists, while not one of them had enough of imagination and skill to lift art above the low estate in which the rule and square of mechanical imitation had placed it. Nicola Pisano appears to have been the first who, in Pisa, took the right way in sculpture; his groups, still in the full force, are sometimes too crowded; his figures, badly and the whole defective in sentiment; but he gave

an impulse—communicated through the antique—to composition, not unperceived by his scholars, who saw with his eyes and wrought with his spirit. The school which he founded produced soon after the celebrated Ghiberti, whose gates of bronze, embellished with figures, for the church of San Giovanni, were pronounced by Michael Angelo worthy to be the gates of Paradise. While the sister art took these large strides towards fame, painting lagged ruefully behind; she had no true models, and she had no true rules; but "the time and the man" came at last.

From out these rude materials the art of modern painting had its rise; and that we may the better understand the various characteristics that distinguish the several "schools," it may not be out of place to run rapidly over the history of each.

THE SCHOOL OF FLORENCE,

the earliest of those which are considered as among the modern, claims to have been founded by Giovanni Cimabue, who is hence called the restorer—though he may be more properly styled the founder, of the Italian or Epic style of painting. Cimabue was the first of his time who dared to step out of the beaten track and follow the bent of his own inclinations. Instead of reproducing the merely mechanical forms of the Greek artists, he began to group his figures with a bold sublimity, and astonish his patrons by his daring conceptions and vigorous style of colouring. All his compositions are of a scriptural or religious kind, for in truth, the church of his day—he was born in 1240, and died in 1300—was the artist's only patron. Cimabue gave tone and character to the paintings of his time, and the school of Florence, as the paintings of his successors are termed, is known and distinguished by the first intelligible symptoms of the grand and epic in their composition—Cimabue being the earliest of the modern painters to bring the art of design into anything like a system.

To Cimabue, the Michael Angelo of his age, succeeded Giotto the Raphael. Everyone knows the romantic history of this artist; how, from being the son of a shepherd, he lived to be patronised by princes and prelates, and how he became famous throughout Italy as the first painter and sculptor of his day. It would appear that to an intense love of the beautiful and really good natural talents, Giotto united a study of the antique more searching and comprehensive than had before been attempted. He painted historical pieces, in which groups of figures and architectural ornamentation were fittingly introduced, with backgrounds of Italian, skies and blue hazy mountains; but, beside subjects such as these, his pencil was employed upon Madonnas and Apostles, and a series of pictures from the life of St. Francis, the composition of which, says Lanzi, appear to be most surprising to one who examines them with attention. Giotto died in 1336, and the Florentines erected a statue in commemoration of his achievements.

About the period at which we have now arrived, other cities of Italy, stimulated by the example of Cimabue and Giotto, established schools of painting, which soon became characterised by peculiarities of their own. In Florence, however, the transition from the formal style of the earlier periods to the epic and historical manner of the moderns certainly took place.

Contemporaneously with the rise of power, grandeur, and wealth in the church, arose the arts of painting and sculpture in Italy; and patronised by the followers of the lowly Nazarene, the arts at length emerged from the darkness of ignorance, to become the glory of the fourteenth century and all succeeding time. The academies of art—or, more properly speaking, the schools of painting—established in Italy after the death of Cimabue are generally considered to be the Florentine, the Siennese, the Roman, the Neapolitan, the Venetian, the Mantuan, the Modenese, and the schools of Parma, Cremona, Milan, Ferrara, and Genoa. These together form what is called the Italian school of painting; and to these must be added the German, the Dutch, the Spanish, the French, and the English schools—the latter terms being, however, rather complimentary than actual.

Among the celebrated artists of the school or style of paint-

ing thus established, Stefano Florentino and his son Thomaso take rank next to Giotto. These with Taddeo Gaddi, Paolo Uccello, Mantegna, Panicali, Masaccio, Raffaellino del Garbo, Domenico, and Corradini, carried the art far beyond the style in which they found it. In their hands painting became a living art, and to such a height did Masaccio rise in his profession, that Vasari avers of him that "what was executed before his time might be called paintings, but that his pictures seem to live, they were so true and so natural."

But the crowning triumph of Florence was yet to arrive, in the person of the celebrated painter, Leonardo da Vinci, who, without reference to colours, produced some of the finest designs that the world had hitherto seen,—one especially, "The Last Supper," yet remains unequalled and unapproachable in simplicity of treatment and grandeur of composition. This great artist was born in 1452, and died in 1520. During his life-time he had the satisfaction of knowing his fame to be acknowledged all over Italy and civilised Europe; but he had also the mortification of perceiving a rival rising up to dispute with him the patronage of kings and prelates, and to court the popularity which, at that time no less than now, seems ever to attend the steps of genius. This rival was the famous Michael Angelo Buonarroti, a man of whom it was said that he resolved to conquer fame by force, and to do nothing as other men had done before him.

After the death of Michael Angelo, which took place in 1563, many painters of eminence arose in Florence, but none approached the "regal and stately step" of their great master. None since have produced works in which anything like the grandeur and sublimity of Da Vinci or Angelo is observable. It is true, that the influence of their peculiar styles was felt by, and influenced the productions of, a host of painters who flourished after them, even to the time of Carlo Dolce, with whom the long line of Florentine artists may be said to have closed; and it is equally true, that the school of which they were well-known pupils, was for many years, the most famous in Europe, but no great names succeed; and in the middle of the seventeenth century, when Pietro da Cortona was invited by Ferdinand II. to visit Florence, the great historical style of painting introduced by Cimabue may be said to have departed from the "fair city" for ever.

THE SCHOOL OF SIENNA

has been aptly termed the sister of the Florentine, displaying "a peculiar talent for invention, animating with glowing images the stories it represents, filling them with allegory, and forming them into fervid and poetic compositions." This school of painting, the second in Italy in point of time as well as fame, had its origin, say its panegyrists, in Greece and Rome; but more modest writers and truer friends to art do not go further back in their account than to the time of Mino, who lived in the days of Cimabue, and to whose talent and success the little state of Sienna owes, doubtless, the measure of fame she enjoys as one of the springs whence flowed the stream of genius which fertilised Italy and Europe during the fourteenth and few succeeding centuries. Bernardo da Sienna, who flourished in 1370, and painted saints and angels with much taste, Taddeo and his disciple and nephew Domenico Bartolo, Matteo di Giovanni, the first who painted in oils in Sienna, Razzi, and Francesco Vanni, who is said to have been the best artist of the school, are the most celebrated painters of Sienna; but their works are now little known or appreciated.

THE ROMAN SCHOOL

is little known before the days of its great master, Raphael, who gave to it, and to the works of all succeeding painters, a character of his own. "The historians of art," says Allan Cunningham, "on approaching the bright days in which Raphael, Michael Angelo, Correggio, Giorgione, and Titian, all flourished, pause to inquire why such men were sent into the world in clusters, and having settled that nature had a grand meaning in it, hasten to describe the wonder which they performed." But it would scarcely appear wonderful that an age so replete with wealthy patrons should have produced so many and so great painters. Raphael, the prince

of them all, was born at Urbino, in 1483, and studied under his father, an artist of great abilities. It is not necessary in this place to record the events of the eminent artist's life, or to tell again how, with Da Vinci and Michael Angelo, he enjoyed the patronage of Leo the Great, and produced those amazing pictures which have won the admiration of all succeeding ages.

The Roman school, in which religion, poetry, philosophy, and romance, have each an honourable place, boasts of possessing among its painters such men as Julio Romano, the pupil of Raphael; Pellegrino Modena, Polidoro, Caravaggio, who, from being a mechanical labourer in the Vatican, rose to be an artist of great celebrity; Zuccaro, and Carlo Maratti. Many other names of fine painters might be mentioned, but by these will the Roman period of painting be principally known. Some broad lines of distinction mark the various schools of Italy at about this period, which it is as well to remember. The Florentine, Roman, and Bolognese styles are celebrated for their bold epic and historical grandeur of composition, being most of them paintings fitted only, by their extent of canvas, for the walls of palaces and churches. The school of Venice is known by its height of colour, and that of Sienna by its high poetic temperament and careful treatment. Of

THE NEAPOLITAN SCHOOL

of painting but little need be said; for though the wealth of Naples brought thither many artists from other cities of Italy, it had properly no school or style of its own before the time of Salvator Rosa and Giordano. These two names, however, are sufficient to give glory to any city. The style of Salvator Rosa is well known. He delights in savage magnificence and ruined grandeur; and in his pictures we see no summer clouds that are not lit up with streaks of fire, and no winter scenes that are not made gaunt, bare, and miserable. This great artist was famous for producing "savage scenery, broken rocks and caves, and desert plains." "His trees," says Lauzi, "are shattered, torn, and dishevelled, and in the atmosphere itself he seldom introduced a cheerful line, except occasionally a solitary sunbeam. His style was original, and may be said to have been conducted on a principle of savage beauty." Though perfect in itself, the style of Rosa has seldom been imitated with success.

Giordano, on the contrary, excelled in pictures of a more cheerfully animating description, in which numerous figures of men and horses were introduced, though he was no less successful in his saints and angels; a "Holy Family" of his at the Court of Spain having frequently been mistaken for a painting of Raphael's. With Paolo de Matteis and Francesco Solimene, the Neapolitan school, greatly famed as it once was, may be said to have expired.

THE SCHOOLS OF VENICE, MODENA, PARMA, BOLOGNA, FERRARA, AND GENOA,

though less celebrated than those we have already mentioned, have produced some famous painters. Among them may be mentioned Bartolomeino and Giorgione, Sebastian del Piombo, and the world-known Titian; Tintoret and Bassano, Maritegna and Julio Romano.

Then again, in the sixteenth and two following centuries, we have, among the painters of these lesser schools, artists of undying reputation and undoubted genius. Such were Correggio, the glory of Parma; Bacciciano, the Montagna of Cremona; Ferrari, the Da Vinci of Milan; Sabbatino, the Raphael of Bologna; Domenichino, the pupil of Caracci; Guido, the "heaven-taught" painter of Ferrara; Barbieri, Girolamo de Carpi, Cambiaso and Castello of Genoa, and numerous others, of whom much might be written. But we must pass on to a very brief notice of

THE GERMAN SCHOOL.

Of the antiquity of Germany as a school of art, and of her claims to be considered a liberal patron of the artists of the thirteenth century, we shall not stop to inquire; for, till the time of Albert Dürer, Germany can scarcely be said to have possessed any distinct character in the arts. This celebrated

painter—who was born at Nuremberg, in 1471, and died in 1528, the wonder and pride of Germany, and of the whole artistic world of his day,—was destined not only to create for his native country a character for art, but to carry her fame into distant regions where her claims as an art-patron had not hitherto been recognised. Besides being a painter of no ordinary skill, he was famous as an engraver on various metals, the impressions from some of them being extremely valuable even in the present day. After Durer—who may be said to have created the German school, the chief characteristic of which is an allegorical and poetic treatment—Felix Meyer, Mathew Elias, Gaspard Netscher, Joachim Beisch, Rudolph Huber, Antony Faistenberger, Mengs, and Zoffang, are the prominent names. In this present day, German art, in spite of the efforts of her best artists, is apt to run into a kind of

great Peninsular war,—in what way it is not very difficult to imagine,—and now serve to decorate the mansions of the rulers of France.

Our space warns us that we must be brief. We have looked through the list of Spanish painters, and, not discovering one worthy to stand beside Murillo, we pass to a hasty consideration of

THE FRENCH SCHOOL.

As we approach the present time our gossip becomes of a rather more dangerous nature; though fortunately our acquaintance with the works of the French artists will not allow us to be very critical. We may content ourselves, therefore, with a mere mention of some of the most prominent of the French painters.



VIEW IN THE CAMPO VACCINO, THE ANCIENT ROMAN FORUM. BY CLAUDE LORRAINE.

mysticism which by no means promises well for its future fame. Of the

DUTCH AND FLEMISH SCHOOLS

enough has been already said in the preceding papers in this sheet to give the reader a good idea of their leading characteristics. We may therefore pass on to

THE SPANISH SCHOOL.

Murillo; the chief boast of Spain, may be taken as a good specimen of the kind of paintings patronised by the Spanish people. From the semi-civilisation which, even now, exists in the Peninsula, it is easy to guess the kind of pictures which are tolerated by the priests and rulers. Hence we find that Madonnas, Angels, Saints, and Scripture subjects for altarpieces, are the only really good paintings in Spain. Some of the finest of these came into the possession of Louis XIV. after the

The first really national efforts to establish a school of art in France were made by Francis I., who encouraged John Cousin—born 1538, died 1641—to paint Scripture pieces for church altars with much success. To him succeed Vouet, Gaspard Poussin, and the famous Claude Lorraine—an excellent engraving from one of whose paintings graces this page. The names of Le Brun and Watteau complete the list; though among the living artists of France are to be found some of the most profound and excellent in the world. Our engraving, "The Syren of the Rhine," from the celebrated legend of "Undine," is taken from a picture by a well-known French painter; it is full of grace and beauty, and tells its story unmistakably.

Of the English school of painting we shall take another opportunity of speaking, merely promising that, with a commerce-loving people, it is not destitute.



RECEPTION OF COLUMBUS BY FERDINAND AND ISABELLA IN THE "CASA DE LA DEPUTACION," AT BARCELONA.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

THE discovery of America, in the fifteenth century, surpassed in importance all other events that have ever occurred; and now, after the lapse of three hundred and fifty years, we find that, great as were the expectations and hopes that were grounded upon it, the prospects of the new continent bid fair not only to realise but surpass all that the wildest dreams of an ardent and imaginative ego ever pictured. If we could, in the small space we have at our disposal, write the history of the Western world, we should tell a tale more romantic, and in appearance more improbable, than any pleasant fiction that ever made a winter's evening pass swiftly and cheerily away: the proceedings of the Spaniards in South America, from the foundation of their empire to its recent overthrow, is a tragedy full of deeper horror than the wars of Timour, or the ravages of Attila. All that romance or history has ever fancied or recorded, all the remorseless ambition, the gloating avarice, the unrelenting cruelty, the pride, the treachery, the hatred, the intrigues, misery, ruin, and despair, which in old world

field for enterprise, the support against the assaults of tyrants and despots, and the sympathy with all great and good movements, which America now affords us. His history is one of the most remarkable examples on record of what sincerity of conviction can achieve.

Christopher Columbus was born in all but the lowest-rank of life. His father was a woolcomber of Genoa. Even for that day his education was limited, though it was as good as the scanty means of his parents would permit. At an early age he could read and write. He then got some knowledge of arithmetic, drawing, and painting, and was sent to the great school of Pavia,—a very good one, no doubt, as schools went in those times. Here he acquired some knowledge of grammar and of Latin; but his attention, fortunately for the world, was directed principally to studies bearing upon the maritime profession, which he intended to follow. He was instructed in geometry, astronomy,—or, as it was then called, astrology,—and navigation. He, like many youths, had an



COLUMBUS BEFORE THE COUNCIL AT SALAMANCA.

hronicles are scattered in agreeable variety over a long course of ages, and through the archives of divers kingdoms and nations, are here crowded into the lifetime of two generations. Travelling northward, we light upon a community which has set at naught all the lessons which historians could teach us, and bids fair to falsify all the prophecies of the sagest politicians. It was easy to fashion out an *Utopia* in a Republic, but neither More nor Plato could have imagined a *United States*,—with all the experience of the past, with all of its burdensome prejudices and traditions; with vast resources, immense energy, Spartan bravery, and deep-rooted love of liberty. Here are wonders enough to dwell on, if the time or the occasion permitted. Whatever the world has learnt from all this, and whatever it hopes, and expects from its future, is due to the energy, courage, and selflessness of one man. To him the world owes an asylum for the poor and unsuccessful, the commerce which supports in comfort so many thousands of its population, the boundless

irresistible inclination for the sea—a circumstance, probably, owing in some degree to the maritime habits of the population amongst whom he was brought up in his native city. Many years afterwards, when he saw the success which attended his career, he ascribed it to an impulse from Deity, but he probably did not know how much of it was due to the circumstances of the times. At the present day, his love for a "life on the ocean wave," and a home on the rolling deep," with all the courage, genius, and skill that he could combine with it, would probably raise him to no higher rank than the command of an Indiaman, or, mayhap, of a transatlantic steamer. We shall never have another Columbus, because there remain no more Americas to be discovered; or another Cook, because there is no other Polynesia. The age of great navigators is gone by. The duties of a skilful seaman now lie between the engine-room and the dining-table.

The simplest things in Columbus's time was widely different. Geography was then "all the rage." Five ladies poked their

noses into charts and atlases, and fine gentlemen thought it "ton" to patronise sea-faring men. The world was just beginning to recover the lost geographical knowledge, limited as it was, of the Greeks and Romans, and was astonished to find how little it knew. While monks and churchmen were raving in the attempt to discover how many angels would stand upon a needle's point; or whether a flea, under certain circumstances, was not truth; or whether black might not, taking many things into consideration, in all verity be sometimes said to be white—the Arab philosophers assembled at Senaar were taking the measurement of a degree of latitude, and calculating the circumference of the earth. Some portion of the results of their researches found its way, as a matter of course, into the minds of Christian people, who readily perceived that however detestable the creed of the unbelievers might be, their science was not altogether to be despised.

The works of Ptolemy and Strabo had also just then been translated into the Latin, the language of the learned in the western world, and excited that peculiar state of public feeling which in these days would be called a "sensation." These, and many other circumstances, gave a great impulse to maritime enterprise. The discoveries of Prince Henry of Portugal along the coast of Africa had inspired all the nations of Western Europe with the hope of lighting on some as yet unknown region, upon an immense tract of territory abounding in all the riches of the Indies—the gold, the jewels, the spices, the precious stuffs, and silks, with which the Venetians then supplied the dames and nobles in scanty quantities, and at enormous prices. "The hour" had come, and Columbus was "the man."

He left the University of Pavia at a very early age, and some say he then began to follow his father's trade. Others, who ought to be well informed on the matter, deny it. He himself says he began to navigate at fourteen years of age. In this simple statement there is a world of meaning. To navigate at that day meant to sail from one port of the Mediterranean to another, hourly exposed to the attacks of roving pirates, or the war vessels of hostile states, and obliged at any moment to engage in mortal combat in defence of life and property. Not only were "ships but boards, and sailors but men," but in good truth "there were land rats and water rats." The most dreaded amongst the latter were the Barbary corsairs. Once fallen into their hands, the sailor had little hope of aught better than spending his life in the most dreadful kind of slavery.

In the midst of these dangers and difficulties was the early life of Columbus passed. We could hardly have felt any surprise if, with his scanty education, he had been overcome by circumstances, and sunk down into the coarse, ignorant, and superstitious mariner of the fifteenth century. But he had within him the seeds of greatness, in a fine tone of thought, an ardent imagination, and a loftiness of aspiration which he nursed and kept alive amidst all the hardships of his situation. In every leisure hour he was endeavouring to wrest from fortune, by diligent observation and close study, those educational advantages which she had in his early life denied him. Few men could have passed through such an ordeal without faltering. To have done so denoted the capacity for great enterprises—the energy, courage, and faith in self, which enables a man, about once in a century, to make himself the exponent of great ideas, and hand down his name covered with honour to posterity.

In the year 1470 we find Columbus at Lisbon. He had been drawn thither, like hundreds of others, by the fame of Prince Henry's discoveries, and the desire to hear something more of those unexplored regions of the fiery south, where the rocks were said to be red-hot, and the ocean to be for ever boiling. He was now in the prime of life, tall, muscular, and of a commanding aspect. His hair, light in youth, came and anxiety was turning prematurely grey: at thirty it was white. He was simple and abstemious in his diet, affable and engaging in his manners, and generally grave in his demeanour. But under this gravity was concealed an enthusiasm like that of Peter the Hermit, or of Loyola, but loftier, more solemn,

and reined in by study, and reflection, and science. He was a devout Catholic. A man of his ardent, imaginative temperament in those days could hardly have been otherwise. He was strict in the performance of all the duties enjoined by the church, and often repaired to mass at the convent of All Saints at Lisbon. A lady of rank saw him here, fell in love with him, and they were married. His father-in-law, Don Bartolomeo Moñis de Palestrello, an Italian cavalier, had been one of Prince Henry's most distinguished officers, and the use of his maps, plans, and charts was a godsend to Columbus. He now gave his attention to geographical pursuits more thoroughly than ever. He corresponded with all the learned men of the day. He began to trace charts of his own, correcting the popular errors and traditions by the aid of his own greater knowledge and experience. Rumour, backed up by the absurd accounts of ancient geographers, had studded the ocean in the mysterious west with wondrous islands, on one of which seven Christian bishops, escaped from pagan persecution, had founded seven splendid cities. Other stories told of a lofty mountainous country, which on clear days could be discerned at the Canaries, afar off towering to the clouds; and Plato had recorded the existence of an island, Atalanta, which, in ancient times, had been sunk beneath the waves. Marco Polo, the Venetian traveller, had told of the great wealth of the realms of Cathay and Cipango, which he said could be reached by any voyager sailing westward from Europe.

All these statements, added to his own conclusions, could not fail to produce a profound impression on Columbus. He felt thoroughly convinced that in the west there lay an unknown region, which he conceived to be part of Hindostan, or the East Indies, and that he had received from God a mission to discover and explore it. His whole life afterwards was devoted to carrying out this conviction. No hazard, nor obstacle, nor disappointment, for a moment daunted him. He first made known his plans to the Portuguese court, giving the leading grounds of his belief in the existence of an undiscovered country in the western ocean, and asking for the means of ascertaining the truth of it. His proposals were received with lukewarmness, and, by the combined influences of jealousy and intrigue, were finally rejected. He next turned to his native state, but Genoa was at that time on the decline, exhausted by internal discord and foreign wars, and could do nothing.

Downcast, disappointed, and almost in destitution, Columbus now begged his way to the court of Spain. He arrived on foot, holding his little son by the hand; and the first thing we hear of him there is, that he was seen craving a little bread and water at a convent door. The prior saw him, entered into conversation with him, became interested in himself and his projects, and offered to introduce him at the Spanish court. Columbus appeared before the Cardinal Mendoza, first minister and confidential adviser of the crown. The cardinal, a man of extensive information and liberal mind, perceived the value of his theories, and introduced him to the king and queen, the far-famed Ferdinand and Isabella. The king was too good a judge of men not to appreciate Columbus' character, but was too wary to embark hastily in an enterprise of such magnitude and importance. He determined to call together a council of all the most learned astronomers and cosmographers in his kingdom, to send Columbus with his maps and charts before them, and be guided by their decision.

This council met at Salamanca. It was entirely composed of friars, priests, and monks, who monopolised all the learning, both secular and religious, of that age. Some were men of large and philosophic minds; others, narrow bigots; but all were imbued with the notion that geographical discovery had reached its limits long previously. Before this learned body had Columbus, a simple seaman, strong in nothing save the energy of his convictions and the fire of his enthusiasm, to appear, and defend a scheme which to them must have appeared little short of the dream of a madman. The difficulties of his position may be guessed from the nature of some of the

objections made to his undertaking. If Columbus supported one of his statements by a mathematical demonstration, he was met by quotations from the Book of Genesis, the Psalms of David, the Prophets, the Epistles and the Gospels, St. Chrysostom and St. Augustine, St. Jerome, St. Gregory, St. Basil, St. Ambrose, and, last and greatest, Lactantius Firmianus. Columbus quoted Pliny to show that many of the wisest of the ancients entertained a belief in the existence of a southern antipodes. But Pliny was ably rebutted by Lactantius, who, renowned doctor and learned theologian that he was, thus speaks:—"Is there any one so foolish as to believe that there are antipodes with their feet opposite to ours; people who walk with their heels upwards and their heads hanging down; that there is a part of the world in which all things are topsy-turvy; where the trees grow with their branches downwards; and where it rains, hails, and snows upward? The idea of the roundness of the earth was the cause of inventing this fable of the antipodes with their heels in the air; for those philosophers having once erred, go on in their absurdities, defending one with another." Let clerks, shopmen, gold-diggers of every class, and adventurous young ladies, hearken to this reverend father, and beware! Better bear those evils that you have in old England, than fly to a region where you hang with your heels uppermost, and where the trees, like cows' tails, grow downwards!

St. Augustine was next quoted, but he combats the doctrine of the antipodes in a calmer strain, and by arguments which have their weight with some persons at the present day. He declares that to assert that there were inhabited lands on the opposite sides of the globe, would be to maintain that there were nations not descended from Adam, it being impossible for them to have crossed the intervening ocean. But this would be to disbelieve the Bible, which expressly declares that all men are descended from a common parent; *ergo*, &c.

Columbus' simplest and fundamental proposition, that the earth was spherical like a ball, was met by the passage in Psalm civ., where the heavens are said to be extended like a hide (*extendens coelum sicut pellem*); and Paul compares them to a tabernacle,—all clearly showing that the heavens are flat. Others of the council admitted the rotundity of the earth, but denied the possibility of circumnavigating it—firstly, on account of the scorching heat of the torrid zone, and secondly, because it would take at least three years to do so, in which time the explorers would perish of hunger, it being impossible to carry provisions sufficient for so long a period. Others said that suppose a ship did reach India, she could never get back, for the rotundity of the globe would place a hill in her way, up which the strongest wind could not blow her.

It would be useless to enumerate the arguments by which Columbus refuted all these absurdities. They were those which every schoolboy is acquainted with at the present day; but our admiration of his talents and courage is increased, when we remember that so intimately were questions of science connected with religious belief in that day, and particularly in Spain, that he ran imminent risk of being charged with heresy.

After a long consultation, no final decision was arrived at.

The war with the Moors of Granada now called away all attention from his enterprise, and from the year 1487 till 1492 Columbus followed the court through the mountains, amidst the perils and dangers of the campaign, sick and weary with hope deferred. At last, in the month of April in the latter year, his wish was granted; an agreement was drawn up, making him viceroy and governor-general of the lands to be discovered, and admiral of them all, and a number of ships and men were placed at his disposal. The grand object of his life was now all but achieved: but the price of it had been wasted in a terrible struggle with poverty, ridicule, and disappointment. He was in his fifty-sixth year when he sailed for the discovery of America.

Under the auspices of Ferdinand and Isabella, Columbus set out on his voyage; and a memorable morning was that 3rd of August, 1492, when he and his companions weighed

anchor before the little port of Palos, in Andalusia. Once upon the waves of the Atlantic, he boldly set the prow of his vessel westward, and proceeded on his voyage. In a few days he reached the Canary Islands, the then western boundary of the known world. Beyond, all was speculation. But of all the inhabitants of that little world of ships, there was but one man who had earnest faith in the object of their enterprise, and that man was Columbus. As to the crew, they, poor ignorant men, fancied that when they lost sight of Europe, they must perish inevitably; and many of them knelt down and wept at the thought of their desolate future. For days and weeks they sailed onwards, the discontent and murmurs of the crew increasing with the length of the voyage. At one time, indeed, the men actually proposed to each other to seize their commander and throw him overboard; but Columbus alternately calmed their discontent by promises of rich rewards, or awakened their fears by threats of immediate punishment. And in this way the first sixty days of their voyage was accomplished. Now, however, new hopes began to revive the hearts of both captain and crew; for strange birds were discovered wheeling about in the air, and settling on the rigging of the ships; and on the sea floating plants and pieces of drift wood were every now and then discovered—certain indications that land was near. Presently, one who leant musingly over the side of the vessel, fished up a curiously carved instrument, and a branch of a tree filled with red berries. There was doubt no longer. Land! land! land! On the faces where discontent and doubt had hitherto prevailed, congratulations and tears of thankfulness appeared. The auspicious news ran through the little fleet, and the commanders visited and welcomed each other, and so inspired the crew with something of their own hopeful spirit. Night and morning succeeded each other, and the same signs became more and more apparent; till, on the 8th of October, 1492, after sixty-five days of navigation on unknown seas, they discovered land. The little island of St. Salvador, in the Bahamas, was the first Columbus visited. He found the shore covered with naked and astonished Indians, who, however, received him kindly. The object of his life was accomplished—the dream of his youth was fulfilled—a western world was at length discovered!

Subsequently, Columbus visited other of these numerous islands, which he surnamed the West Indies, from the mistaken idea that they formed part of India or Cathay.

We need not dwell further on the particulars of this his first voyage. There are few of our readers who are not familiar with them. We have been catching occasional glimpses of him in his heroic struggle with adverse fortune; let us now be present at the full blaze of his triumph.

It was in the month of April, 1493, on a fine spring morning, such as shine on Catalonia, and Catalonia alone. On the city walls and housetops of Barcelona waved clouds of banners and ensigne, and every ship in the harbour was dressed with flags from stem to stern. Every minute the prolonged roar of the cannon burst amidst curling smoke from battlement and deck, mingled with merry ringing of bells, the high notes of the trumpets, and the cheers of the gay multitude; and, at intervals, the great bell of St. Eulalia, the patroness of the town, sounded an air of grave triumph, and was answered by the chime of Santa Maria del Mar. Through the streets, the cynosure of all eyes, the admired of all admirers, rode Columbus. Not in miserable plight, as when he came crestfallen to the convent of Rabida, but surrounded by more than royal pomp. In front of the cortege marched a band of soldiers to the sound of the fife and drum; then a troop of Castilian guards, distinguished by the splendour of their accoutrements and their martial and haughty air; and then came the admiral himself, clothed in sumptuous array, and mounted on a Spanish charger that seemed to spurn the ground he trod on, in honour of his burden. Seven Indians, who had been brought from the distant islands of the New World, and had survived the voyage, marched in two ranks, decked out in all their trappings—rings of gold on their legs, and crowns of feathers on their heads. The first carried birds of strange but gorgeous plumage, which mingled their dis-

cordant screaming with the shouts of the people. Then came the crews of the vessels which had formed part of the expedition, bearing crowns of gold presented by Guacanagari; stone idols, whose rude figure and hideous visages excited the horror and disgust of the faithful; sculptured masques, with golden eyes, found in the island of Cuba, beautiful flamingoes, rudely stuffed, but still glittering in the most brilliant hues, alligators, with open throats, land tortoises, and *Lynx*, which had lost their green and sky-blue, branches of the palm tree, with the dried fruits still hanging to them. Others followed with the bows and long reed arrows winged with vulture's feathers, which had been taken in the skirmish with the Caribbees, and in the midst of the arms and branches proudly waved the banner of the Green Cross, with the arms of the two kingdoms, which had floated over the newly-discovered territory. More humble, but more attractive by far, was the admiral's flag, bearing on it in golden letters

‘ POR CASTILLA Y POR LEON
NUESTRO MUNDO HAYO COTON *

This simple legend explained the heraldic devices composing the arms which had been granted to him. They were those of the Spanish kingdom quartered by a group of islands surrounded by billows, and anchors of gold upon a field of azure.

The cortejo at last arrived before the Casa de la Deputacion, in which the kings of Aragon took up their residence when they came to visit their subjects in Catalonia. Two thrones had been erected in a vast hall open to the public, under a rich canopy of gold brocade. Around the walls hung the portraits of the ancient Counts of Barcelona, so celebrated for their courage and gallantry, and nearer the thrones waved thirty Moorish banners captured at Malaga and Granada.

Here the king and queen awaited the arrival of the great voyager. He entered at last, surrounded by a brilliant crowd of Spanish knights, amongst whom he shone conspicuous by his lofty port and his grey hairs. The sovereigns rose up to receive him, and a murmur of applause burst from the haughty and highborn crowd around. Columbus bent the knee before the throne, but Isabella bid him rise. He then asked to be permitted to kiss the hands of their highnesses, who, after God, had most favoured him. Having gone through this ceremony, he took his seat amongst the nobles and grandees. He then gave an account of the most striking events of his voyage, exhibited the gold, the spices, and other productions of the countries he had discovered, and then declared that all this was but the harbinger of still greater marvels.

His words were listened to with profound emotion, and when he had finished the sovereigns fell on their knees, and with streaming eyes returned thanks to God for so great a providence. All present followed their example, and immediately afterwards the choir of the royal chapel pealed forth the *Te Deum*. Every voice in the room took up the words of that glorious hymn, and “it seemed,” says Las Casas, “as if in that hour they communicated with celestial delights.”

The fact that a few years afterwards this same Columbus was brought to Spain in irons, that the malice of his enemies outweighed his splendid services, and that he died in disgrace and neglect, is a signal proof, if none other existed, that no multitude was ever so fickle as kings. Many great men have disregarded the admonition, “Put not thy trust in princes.” How few of them did not afterwards find cause to deplore their error. Columbus had found a better hope, and a surer refuge from the desertion of friends and the slander of enemies, when, on setting out on his last great voyage, the only one from which there is no return, he exclaimed, “In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum.”

But the honour of giving his name to the country of his discovery was not accorded to Columbus. Amerigo Vespucci, a subsequent adventurer, also an Italian, claimed, and claiming obtained, this great distinction. After the death of the great discoverer, however, the spirit of enterprise survived on the

people of Europe, and various voyages were immediately undertaken, which further confirmed the original views of Columbus. Thus, in the year 1500, Yanez Pinzon reached Brazil, and three months afterwards he was followed by Cabral, who transferred the sovereignty of that extensive country to Portugal. The discovery of Labrador by Gaspard Cartier was followed, in 1512, by the landing of Prince Leon in Florida. An hitherto unknown world (abounding with all that was calculated to excite curiosity and stir up the energies) was opened to the astonished eyes of Europe, and the riches of Mexico, Guatemala, and Peru, were poured with a lavish hand into the treasures of Spain and the Netherlands. Cabot, Cortez, Alvarado, Nunez de Balboa, Diaz de Solis, Magellan, and Pizarro, are the names which we connect with the discovery of the New World and the great Pacific. What there may be yet in the hidden future, and whether there be really a great southern continent, as many savans confidently affirm, it were idle to speculate upon.

“THE STARRY HOME”

THE greenwood wild to the roving child
With its brake and deepened dell,
With its fitful gleam in the pale moon beam
Seems the work of magic spell
His pleasures here are found—no care
Steal on his lightsome soul—
For the spanpled sky, with its dome so high,
Presents him the promise of gail,
And he looks and laughs for his home so bright,
Which should come ere the morrow descends in night
And the thick groves ring as they hear the song
Of the roving boy while he strolls along

He has seen the spring and the young birds wing
Their way to the tallest pine
Has watch'd their nest neath the mother's breast
Still his hand's unstain'd by crime
No spoiler he of their liberty—
Or else for the rover wild,
Those scenes so dear of the greenwood here
Soon would lose their solace mild

The Spring is gone and the Summer come
Fields wave high their golden beam,
And the harvest cheer of the ripening year
Is spread on the village green
But he seeks the brook with anxious look,
For his soul still longs to mount,
And lists to the mill while rippling shall,
For call from the fairy fount

The trees have now shed their leafy head,
And the wind is cold and chill,
And the garner'd store on the well-thresh'd floor
With the heavy crashing mill,
Bid all prepare for the close of year,
But the child still seeks the grove,
And his voice full strong is fir'd with song
In praise of his greenwood love
And the cheerful hearth he seeks that night,
Telling his mother with proud delight,
That ere the morrow shall dawn in day,
In a starry home he'll be far away

She has laid him down in his russet gown,
And his tabo' pipe put by,
The berries red hang o'er his head,
But his eye's towards the sky,
And his bed with leaves and strown sheaves
She has made near the oaken tree,
For the hectic flush, like a summer blush,
Says the spirit soon will flee
But to soothe her grief, as the ebb of life
Is passing strong—with emotion strife
She cries, while the birds still near him sing,
“Why weep?—I shall return with spring”

D. M. E.

* For Castile and Leon Columbus has discovered a new world

THE TOUCAN.

Few persons not naturalists would suppose that the formidable-looking creature depicted in our engraving, and the beautiful little humming-birds whose portraiture we so lately introduced into these pages—ante p. 249—belonged to the same tribe. Yet both birds are varieties of the genus *pica*, or birds of the pie kind, the second order in the *Systema Naturæ* of

parrots; the *ramphastos*, or toucan proper; the *buceros*, another variety of large-billed and plentifully-feathered birds; the jackdaws, crows, and their affinities; the *coracias*, *gracula*, *paradisææ*; and *cuculus*—the thrush of the tropics, the jackdaw and similar birds of China, the various sorts of birds of paradise, and the cuckoo. Besides, there are contained in the



THE CRESTED TOUCAN, AND THE SPOTTED FISHING MARTIN.

Linnaeus. The *pica*, scientifically speaking, are "birds which have the bill a little compressed and convex;" but the tribe will be better known when it is stated that it comprises that immense number of the feathered tribe which stands between the *scaptes*, or vulture kind, and the *anseræ*, or poultry kind of birds. Thus, in this class we have the whole family of

same classification the several kinds of woodpecker—*picus*—the kingfisher—*alcedo*—the bee-eaters and the choughs, the humming-birds—*trochilus*—and the pigeon.

Now, although these are rather dry details, and although it is not our intention to attempt a scientific notice of the various animals we from time to time introduce into our pages,—a

book devoted entirely to natural history being the more proper vehicle for such information, we have thought it necessary to say thus much, in order that our readers may be placed in the right path when they wish to study the habits and characteristics of animals—one of the most interesting kinds of reading imaginable; “as interesting,” as Johnson said of “Goldsmith’s Animated Nature,” “as a Persian tale.”

And this mention of Goldsmith brings us naturally back to our immediate subject. Speaking of the birds of the pie kind, he says that they are the least useful to man of all the feathered creation, contributing neither to his pleasures or his necessities. In making this sweeping assertion, Goldsmith most unaccountably overlooked the crows, the “farmer’s best friends,” and the pigeons, fit eating for a king; but then, in Goldsmith’s time, the crow was generally believed to be a grain eater and a thief, and the pigeon was not a particularly favourite dish at the dinner-parties in Covent-garden. With these exceptions—and it really appears something like literary treason to say anything against poor Goldy’s writings—his enumeration of the characteristics peculiar to the pie kind are extremely happy.

He goes on to say, that though, as a class, the “pie” are rather noxious than beneficial to mankind, and that they are false, noisy, and troublesome neighbours. He being within ear-shot of a rookery near Canonbury-tower, probably, while he was writing—they are yet, with respect to each other, having the rookery full in sight perhaps the most social, ingenious, active, moral, and industrious of the whole family of birds. As a bachelor he could fully appreciate their domestic qualities, and therefore he tells us, that while the vultures and other birds of prey drive out their young before they are fit to struggle with their ills of bird-life—that while the ducks, the geese, and other birds of the poultry kind are faithless spouses and indifferent parents—and that while the sparrow tribe are noisy and careless of their home duties—the pie are uniformly good husbands, good fathers, and first-rate nurses and nest makers! often living together in companies, and managing matters in a way that should be quite a pattern to mankind.

And then he grows eloquent upon the instinct displayed by this family of birds, instancing the teachable capabilities of ravens and jackdaws, hinting at the story of the “Maid and the Magpie,” as something really surprising in the general family picture; and winding up his introduction by stating, that all the tribe, from the crow to the pigeon, agree in certain general particulars, namely, the possession of “hoarse voices, slight active bodies, and a facility of flight that baffles even the boldest of the rapacious kind in the pursuit!”

But as Goldsmith says little of the toucan, never having seen one, probably, out of a bird-shop window, and that one, most likely, barbarously “set up,” we must go to better authority for our notice of this remarkable bird.

The toucan, then, belongs to the order *Picæ* and the genus *Ramphastus*, and may be described as having a monstrous hollow convex beak, serrated outwardly, with the nostrils behind the jaws, the tongue shaped something like a feather, and the toes, two before and one behind. It is known by various names, being sometimes called the Brazilian pie, and at other times the Bill-bird. In some kinds, the nostril is altogether wanting, the large hollow bill, which is seldom closely shut, serving the purpose instead. It is a native of South America, and the different kinds are arrayed in brilliant plumage, with which the ladies of Brazil and Peru decorate their heads and persons. The size of its body is about that of a jackdaw or pigeon, with a large head fitted to receive its enormous pair of mandibles. Like the aracaris of Brazil, which it very much resembles, the toucan is capable of being tamed, and several stories are told of its extreme vivacity and fondness for human society. At different times living specimens have been brought to England, but the coldness of the climate have generally proved fatal to them. In 1825, Mr. ^{W. A. Sclater} presented one to the Zoological Society of London, which lived for a considerable time. Its food was indifferently and seeds; and it is not certainly known even to

this day whether the toucan is carnivorous or grammivorous. It is a nest builder, and would appear, from the formation of its beak and its strong talons to be tolerably well provided against the attacks of its numerous enemies—the serpents, monkeys, and other voracious animals of tropical forests.

The most surprising part of this curious bird is, of course, its enormous beak, which, in some species, is nearly as long as its body. But the specific gravity of this formidable-looking appendage is so small, compared to its size, as neither to impede the upward flight of the bird, or prevent its seeking its food with great activity and vigilance; while the eyes are so placed as to be in no way inconvenienced except in one direction. This remarkable beak, says La Vaillant, forms almost as curious and wonderful an example of peculiar organisation as the trunk of an elephant; and—quoting Mrs. Barbauld’s well-known and exquisite lines—may we not exclaim, on gazing on this curious and wonderful bird,—

“I hear the voice of God among the trees,
In every leaf that trembles to the breeze,
In every creature own His forming power,
In each event His providence adore.”

The specimen of the Toucan shown in the engraving is called the Crested Toucan; and the smaller bird is called the Spotted Fishing Martin, also belonging to the *pie* family.

INTELLECT AND IMAGINATION.

A PREVALENT idea, more widely diffused, and far more difficult of refutation a century since than at the present time, has still sufficient vitality to demand a few words on the opposite side of the question. Its nature is briefly this: that there exists such an essential incongruity between the practical intellect and the imaginative faculties—between those mathematical functions which take an exclusive cognizance of the real and demonstrable, and those higher characteristics which reach to the ideal—that the possession or cultivation of the latter implies an inaptitude on the part of their possessor to bear an active part in the business of the world. It is only within the memory of the present generation that a very general protest has been entered against this fallacy, and that an organised movement has been made in favour of the principle that there is nothing really antagonistic or incongruous in the association of the practical ability, industry, and zeal, which are necessary to carry on the affairs of commerce or the business of social and political life, and the imaginative or poetical power which can see and appreciate the beauty, fitness, and suggestiveness—the ultimate qualities and spiritual views of mere commodity. The marvellous increase of books, read chiefly by those who are active workers in the busy life of men, and who exhibit no deterioration, but rather an increase of the qualities most essential to success in life—and the numerous instances in which the finer faculties of the mind have sought and found expression, even amid the roar of the factory machinery, or the routine of a public shop—are arguments as incontrovertible as they are suggestive. The whole high-class scientific literature of our day is a noble example of the human mind rising gradually through the stages of mere demonstration, and taking its stand upon the ultimate verge of the provid, reaching forward, with a hopeful gesture, into the illimitable fields of speculation and faith. And this feature of the mind of the age must not be confounded with that sentimental indolence of the intellect that is satisfied with random guesses, when it might be convinced by demonstrative reasoning; but is more truly a proof how the investigation of facts leads to a perception of analogies and uses, which, when logic has exhausted its power, lifts the contemplative soul to a higher mood of reasoning, and suggests yet nobler relations and adaptations—system indicated by system, and beauty and order, which the mind can rest assured of, though it cannot define, sanctifying the perceptions of the intellect to yet loftier uses.

It is utterly to mistake the nature of the human mind, as much as it is to misapprehend the established order of provi-

dential government, to suppose that the cultivation of the mental powers in their entirety can be prejudicial to the strength or efficiency of any one part. It is an equal mistake to imagine that the purpose of life is accomplished by a limitation of the mind to such pursuits as result only in the effective carrying on of the trade or profession in which one is placed, or in the acquisition of position, wealth, or influence. In an intellectual view, the education is greatly defective which is confined to the investigation of such subjects only as are capable of strict scientific definition and demonstration. There is ever at work an active mental principle, which is satisfied only by an indulgence in speculation, by outward forms of beauty, by inward suggestions of something lovely and elevated. It cannot be doubted that those emotions which have found an expression in art or poetry are integrally portions of the mind of man, bear an intimate relation with the other parts of his mental constitution, and have equally to perform a work necessary to the full and vigorous development of his mind. We see an analogy in the other works of nature. It cannot be denied—for it rests upon universal evidence—that beauty is an essential element of the universe; and this, too, as a distinct attribute, whose influence is not apparent upon the merely utilitarian qualities of things. There are a thousand flowers on the earth, which, so far as research can trace, contain no higher quality of nutrition to the armies of insects,—nay, in many cases, seem to afford none whatever,—give no richer elements in their decay—and yet bear a transcendent beauty, which nature will not allow to perish: for when the dead leaves of one generation strew the earth, fresh flowers spring to life, renewing the beauty of myriads of their predecessors which have bloomed since the world began, and their species will be perpetuated through the ages yet unknown. The grandest operations of nature are often the most beautiful. Were beauty useless, the earth might revolve, and meet the morning sun, and man have no knowledge of the fact, but by the recurrence of light; but a golden dawn is shed upon the earth—the sky, the fields, the hills, the waters, wear a robe of beauty—and we know the poets of all ages spoke a truth when they sang of the splendour of Aurora, or the early dawn, for we see the same still recurring with the regularity and precision of an eternal law. The same sun which rises in beauty sets in glory, amid crimson clouds and radiant splendours; and during its passage from the east to west, a myriad birds, with plumage of the most brilliant hues, sing to it in exquisite modulations amid forests whose trees are beautiful in form, and of infinite variety of foliage; the hills wear a crown of glory in its rays, and the waters reflect back the brightness of the beams. Whence is all this? Is it a phantom in the mind? If so, then are all men maniacs. Is it not rather a pre-ordained law of the universe: and is not man so constituted that—in accordance with the universal principle that an effect has an inevitable relation with its cause—he perceives this beauty, seeks after it, delights in it, because by some subtle law of his being it is necessary for his full development and happiness that he should do so?

It is the mark of the really great mind that it does possess this poetic power allied to the purely intellectual functions. Other men might have seen an apple fall, as Newton did,—might have calculated the varying densities of bodies, the different rates of momentum,—in a word, have worked out the laws which regulate the gravity of ponderable bodies; but no lesser mind would at once have surmised that here was the secret of a great principle of creation, in obedience to which the planets hold their appointed paths, worlds hang suspended in the trackless void, and systems each bear their appointed work in the divine order of the universe.

We may be sure of it, then, that there can be no real inconsistency between the intellect and the imagination. Each has its own work, but their union makes up the perfect man. It is but their relative imperfection that makes the shadow of a collision. Exactly in proportion as the imagination acquires strength and vigour, it perceives its proper work, and its relation to the reasoning powers. We have proof that there is nothing incompatible in the exact sciences and their loftier

results. So is there a harmony, and that a true one, between the routine of life's business, and the creations of art, of poetry, and faith. The noblest proof of manhood is the doing heartily what is necessary to be done; and the labour of the workshop, of the dock, the toils and anxieties of life, will be best supported and strengthened by an assurance, grafted on the intuitions nurtured and strengthened by a disciplined imagination, that these are not the end of life, but that it has a nobler use, and an infinitely greater tendency and purpose.

FORMATION OF ÆTHER.

THE decomposition of alcohol into æther and water is not interesting merely by the production of æther, but is especially so as an example of a particular kind of decomposition, which cannot be so well followed with any other substance, and which is manifested in the formation of some important products, for example, in that of alcohol itself.

M. Mitscherlich, the well known chemist, has endeavoured to elucidate the phenomena of this decomposition by the following experiments: Take a mixture of 100 parts of sulphuric acid, 20 of water, and 50 of anhydrous alcohol, and heat it gradually until its boiling point becomes 284 degrees Fahr. Alcohol is then allowed to fall gradually into the vessel which contains the mixture, and the current is to be so regulated that the heat of the mixture remains constantly at 284 degrees. If, for example, the operation be conducted with a mixture of six ounces of sulphuric acid, 1½ ounce of water, and 3 of alcohol, and if the density of each two ounces of product as it is obtained be taken, it will be observed that this density passes gradually from 0.780 to 0.783 and 0.798, and afterwards remains constantly at the last mentioned density, which is exactly that of the alcohol employed.

If the operation be properly conducted, an unlimited quantity of alcohol may be converted into æther, provided that the sulphuric acid does not change. The distilled liquor is formed of two distinct fluids; the upper one is æther, containing a little water and alcohol; the lower water, with a little alcohol and æther. Its weight is nearly equal to that of the alcohol employed, and it is composed of æther, 65; alcohol, 18; water, 17—100. If into six ounces of concentrated sulphuric acid six ounces of pure alcohol are suffered to flow gradually, a product of constant density is not obtained until the sulphuric acid has taken its proportion of water. Take, on the contrary, three ounces of sulphuric acid and two ounces of water, and let alcohol be added, drop by drop; the first two ounces distilled are merely spirits of wine of specific gravity 0.926, containing scarcely a trace of æther. The density decreases until the quantity of water of the sulphuric acid is reduced to its proportion, and the product of the distillation has acquired the density of the alcohol.

If concentrated sulphuric acid be added to anhydrous alcohol in excess, pure alcohol distils at first; but when the temperature reaches nearly 260 degrees, the first traces of æther begin to appear; the production of æther is at its maximum between 284 and 302 degrees. It results, from the preceding observations, that alcohol, when in contact with sulphuric acid, is converted into æther and water at a temperature of about 284 degrees.

A great number of analogous decompositions and combinations are known, which may be attributed entirely to the influence of the contact of bodies. The most remarkable example of this kind is that of the conversion of oxygenated water into water and oxygen, by the slightest trace of the peroxide of manganese and some other substances. The decomposition of sugar into alcohol and carbonic acid, the oxidization of alcohol when it is changed into vinegar, are phenomena of the same kind; and so also is the conversion of starch and sugar by means of sulphuric acid. M. Mitscherlich, observing that in the preparation of carbureted hydrogen by means of sulphuric acid and alcohol water is formed at the same time, attributes this decomposition of alcohol to the influence of mere contact and not to the affinity of sulphuric acid for water.

JEAN JACQUES PRADIER.

JEAN JACQUES PRADIER was born at Geneva, in the year 1790. He is, perhaps, the only native of a mountainous region who ever attained any eminence as a sculptor. It would seem that the contemplation of the grandeur and sublimity of mountain scenery is but ill calculated to encourage the statuary in his art; for however grand the design and delicate the workmanship, his productions must only appear to him paltry and trivial when compared to the magnificence of the Alps and Pyrenees.

Pradier was a Genevese by birth only; he had no other resemblance to Rousseau but that of bearing the same Christian name. He was still a child when the union between France and Switzerland took place. His inclinations and aspirations were opposed to the wishes of his parents, who intended to make him an engraver. M. Denon, having noticed this interesting neophyte at the municipal school of Geneva, predicted for

triumphs of that period. The following year the young art eclipsed all his rivals in the conception of the subject given for competition, Ulysses and Neoptolemus in the Isle of Lemnos. After this, Pradier set out for Italy, that land so dear to all artists, and which he had so ardently longed to behold. The works of ancient art, and those of Lucca della Robbia, impressed him most deeply. At that time Greek and Roman art was almost exclusively admired; Pradier partook of this enthusiasm, without troubling himself to form an opinion of his own. He dwelt with delight on the figures of Jupiter, Bacchus, Neptune, and Amphitrite, Venus, Love, and the Graces; he even asserted that he had discovered a new explanation of the history of these symbolic deities; in short, mythology had never a more ardent admirer. Consequently, he earnestly studied the statues executed by the great masters of the pagan art. He remained unmoved before the stern pro-



SAPPHO—THE LAST WORK OF PRADIER.

him a brilliant career, and in order to his advancement placed him in the atelier of Lemot, who perfectly understood the mechanical part of his art, but whose productions were devoid of all pretension to sentiment and ideality. His forte was beauty of workmanship, but he failed in the poetic development of his subject.

Two others beside his master exercised a powerful influence over the genius of Pradier. The grace of the compositions of Prud'hon, a painter long unappreciated, and the statuettes of Chlodion, made a vivid impression upon his mind. These two artists, who were the last representatives of the flippant school of the eighteenth century, attracted him from the correct and classical style of David, to that of the voluptuous age of Louis XV. Pradier, by the character of his works, has united that age with the present.

Towards the close of the French empire, in 1812, he became a competitor for the great prize, and obtained an honourable mention, which exempted him from taking part in the bloody

ductions of Michael Angelo; his soul was not capable of attaining the heights reached by the superior and more vivid imagination of the Florentine sculptor. The exquisite grace and nature of Lucca della Robbia were more to his taste, and he copied all the casts by the hand of this most admirable master which are to be found in the capital of Tuscany.

At this time Pradier was probably entirely occupied in study, for the whole of his productions, during his stay in Italy, consist of a head of Orpheus, and some plaster casts, which he brought into use at a later period. He did not positively make his debut until the year 1817, when two works in marble, one representing a nymph, the other a centaur and a bacchant, were exhibited. A new era in the history of French literature and art was now commencing; people now studied, and sought with poetic enthusiasm, for the original works of their writers and artists which had been so long sunk in oblivion.

Pradier's talents were of a high order. He had a perfect

knowledge of anatomy, and possessed the power of imparting to marble the appearance of flesh; besides this, he had a lively sense of grace and feminine beauty, with the power of embodying his ideas. Thus he had within him the essentials of a great sculptor; for in order to attain a high and glorious position in art, it is not sufficient to carry one or two qualities to a high standard of excellence. To judge of an artist scien-

In 1812, he was admitted into the National Institute of France. In the same year he produced the statue of "Prometheus," which is now to be seen in the gardens of the Tuileries. It is a very remarkable work; the body, the arms, and the legs, are executed with great care and skill; but in spite of the open wound in the side, in spite of the contraction of the muscles, the figure wants life, and the expression of the



PORTRAIT OF PRADIER.

siftally, a critic should point out his faults, and compare him with the absolute ideal of perfection;—this is not generally done, even in history; carried away by the real charm of a work, the public do not like to destroy the illusion, by acknowledging any defect. Pradier possessed many of those qualities which insure popularity, and thus tender success easy.

face is heavy and prosaic. The eyes of Prometheus are turned towards heaven, but it is not to curse his persecutor, he appears only to be gazing into space. In the statue of "Phidias," placed in the same garden, we have none of that elevation of feeling and power of thought which we look for in one so gifted. It should suggest to our mind the "Minerva" of Athens, "Jupiter Olympus," and the statues and metopes

of the Parthenon. But this is not the case, and the statue of that artist who so excelled in the drapery of his figures, is most deficient in this particular.

Pradier's statues have the same characteristics as his statuettes—they are equally graceful and possess as little loftiness of conception; they are only to be distinguished by their dimensions. "Phryne" and "Poetry," which many artists consider his most successful pieces, only require reducing to be in perfect harmony with his collection of little casts. It may be questioned if the figures of "Tragedy" and "Comedy," which adorn the Moliere fountain in Paris, have the dignity of monumental style, or the elevation of sentiment which the genius of the great man demands; they scarcely offer symbolic images of his drama, in which so much reason is blended with so much wit,—in which laughter veils so many secret sorrows.

In 1842, a group by Pradier, representing the Marriage of the Virgin, was placed in the Church of the Madeleine, in Paris, but the capacities of the artist were not suited to a subject of so serious a nature.

Besides the works of which we have here spoken, Pradier executed a multitude of others, which, if collected, would form quite a gallery of mythology. Among these would be remarked the "Wounded Nymph," which is in the Palais-Royal; a "Venus of the Shell," the "Venus of the Butterfly," which adorns the Luxembourg; the "Three Graces," "Psyche," "Chloris," "Nyssia," "Spring," the "Satyr and the Nymph," "Anacreon and Love," "Love and Venus," and three "Sapphos;" an engraving from the most recent of which, and his last production, is now before the reader. His statuettes and other pieces are too numerous to be here specified.

In the Great Exhibition of 1851 Pradier obtained a council medal for his exquisite marble statue of "Phryne," which excited the admiration of all visitors,—the only other council medal being given to Professor Kiss for his "Aniazon and Tiger;" Baron Marochetti for his "Richard Cœur de Lion;" and the late Richard Wyatt, Esq., for his admirable statue of "Glycera."

On Friday, the 5th of June, 1852, as Pradier was walking at Bongival, surrounded by friends and pupils, he fell down in a state of insensibility. All attempts to revive him were unavailing: an apoplectic fit suddenly terminated his life.

POPULAR ERRORS, PREJUDICES, AND SUPERSTITIONS.

A very singular popular error, is the belief in the DIVINING-ROD. This rod, it was formerly supposed, was capable of pointing out the position of minerals in the earth, of hidden springs of water, and even capable of manifesting the guilt of criminals, and discovering stolen property. It is, however, no longer used in the latter capacity, the advance of knowledge having led men to require stronger proofs against an accused party than could be furnished by the divining-rod; but it is even yet employed in some very distant parts of the world, as a means of ascertaining the presence of water or metals. The divining-rod is a forked stick, generally of hazel, the limbs of the fork measuring about eighteen inches each; and about a quarter of an inch in diameter. To use it the diviner grasps the extremity of the limbs, one in each hand, the palms being turned upwards and the fingers inwards towards the body. Moving cautiously and slowly onwards step by step, with the rod held in this manner, the diviner on becoming aware of the action of hidden power, tightens his grasp of the fork; but, in spite of this, and though the bark is frequently wrenched from the rod in the struggle between the influence of the force which bears it downwards, and the efforts of the holder to keep it tight—in spite of this, we say, the limbs of the rod become bent outwards, and ultimately the head of the fork points perpendicularly downwards to the spot where the metal or the water is supposed to lie. Now, that the rod really does turn in this manner is beyond all question, no end of persons having testified to their having

witnessed it; and that it acts thus in the hands of men whose character prevents the least suspicion of imposture, is an equally well-established fact. These men have tried it, and, as we have said before, found the green bark fairly wrenched off in their endeavours to prevent the rod from turning in their hands. What, then, is the cause of this action of the rod? Some authors have attributed it to magnetism and electricity. But the only probable solution of the mystery we have yet met with is that given by an American writer—when we say a solution of the mystery, we, of course, allude only to the cause of the rod's motion; as to its pointing to water, &c., that is simply a superstition. The explanation given appeared in a number of Professor Silliman's "American Journal of Science." The writer tells us how he witnessed the action of a divining-rod, which, held in the hands of a boy, distinctly traced out the course of a subterraneous stream which was accordingly marked out as he went along. However, upon the boy being blindfolded, and led about from one part of the field to the other, although he frequently passed over the course of his newly-discovered spring, and though the rod kept continually pointing down in different places, it never pointed out the same spot twice; and the whole grass-plot was covered with marks until the course originally pointed out seemed completely lost. This looked very like an imposture on the boy's part. The writer, however, on a subsequent occasion, took the rod himself, and holding it in the diviner's manner, approached the bank of a rivulet, when, to his extreme astonishment, he began to feel the limbs of the rod crawling round, and saw the point turning downwards in spite of all the efforts his clenched hands could make to restrain it. So great was the struggle between the opposing forces, that he found the bark wrenched off the limbs of the rod, just as the diviners declare it sometimes happens. And yet, instead of its being really a contest, it is the very tightness and vigour with which the rod is held which alone causes it to move. He explains it thus:—Take the rod in the diviner's manner, and it is evident that the bent limbs of the rod are equivalent to two boughs tied together at one extremity; and when bent outwards they exert a force in opposite directions upon the point at which they are united. Held thus the forces are equal and opposite, and no motion is produced. Keep the arms steady, but turn the hands on the wrists inward an almost imperceptible degree, and the point of the rod will be constrained to move; and if the limbs be clenched very tightly, so that they cannot turn in the hand, the bark will burst and wring off. The greater the effort made in clenching the rod, the shorter is the bend of the limbs, and the greater the amount of opposing forces meeting in one point; and the more unconsciously also do the hands incline to turn to their natural position on the wrists. And this gives true ground for the diviner's declaration, that the more powerful his efforts are to restrain the rod, the more powerful are its efforts to move. Thus explained, the divining-rod we see is capable of deceiving the holder of it, no less than those who put their trust in him, and we can well conceive how the motion is conveyed from his hands to the rod, not only involuntarily, but even against his will.

There are several erroneous notions entertained in relation to the influence of the Moon upon our earth, which it may be as well to notice. That the moon does exert certain influences upon our planet by the force of gravitation, is, of course, unquestionable; few persons in the present day have the hardihood to deny that tides are governed by the moon. But is it equally certain that the moon occasions fine or wet weather? The question, we doubt not, will astonish many. We know that it is very generally believed that a new moon always, or nearly always, brings a change of weather. We know that careful observers have kept tables to ascertain how often a change of moon brings with it a change of weather. And yet, in spite of all this, we would ask one simple question, "In what part of the world is this influence exerted? If on the same day (without regarding any part of the world but our own little island), it is foggy in London, stormy in Liverpool, raining in Manchester, and beautifully fine in Bristol, which

we know may frequently be the case, what becomes of the moon's influence on the weather? Is it likely that the same cause can produce such opposite effects in places but a few miles from each other? There is another error in connexion with the moon's influence which is prevalent amongst gardeners. It is, that the moon which changes in April, and attains the full in the course of that month, or in the beginning of May, has the effect of freezing the young leaves and buds which are exposed to its light, although the thermometer stands at several degrees above the freezing point. The truth is, that the plants lose during the night, by radiation, a portion of the caloric which they have accumulated during the day; and as for this radiation to take place, it is necessary that the air should be clear, the gardeners attribute that to the presence of the moon which is, in fact, owing to the absence of clouds. It is by the same cause that meat exposed to the rays of the moon decays more quickly than it otherwise would. The radiation disengaging a greater amount of caloric, causes the meat to acquire a greater degree of moisture, and water is, as is well known, a great destroyer of animal matter.

A very prevalent belief is that caverns and other subterraneous places are colder in summer than they are in winter. This error arises from our judging of heat, as we do of most things, by comparison. The fact is that in places sheltered from the external influence of the seasons, the temperature scarcely varies at all throughout the year; but as we feel the heat or cold according as the surrounding temperature is greater or less than that of our own bodies, it follows that when we are cold the cavern appears warm, and *vice versa*.

Who has not heard it said that the "wind of a cannon-ball" is capable of wounding seriously, or even killing any one, when the ball passes sufficiently near. This is impossible. The air must indeed be displaced with a tremendous velocity by the passage of the ball, but the air has too little density to hurt any one. Do we not hear cases of soldier's hats being knocked off by balls? If the "wind" had the murderous power attributed to it, it would hardly have respected their heads.

To be born with a *Caul*, was formerly considered a sign of great good fortune. "Since nature takes such particular care of this infant's head," said the believers in this superstition, "she must have something in store for it." We have spoken of the absurd belief in the past tense, but we fear it is hardly yet eradicated; nor do we doubt that there are still sailors who purchase children's cauls to bear about with them as a security against shipwreck. To quote the advertisements which were once so frequently to be met with, when is this ridiculous error about "a child's caul, to be disposed of?"

Our readers may, perhaps, be surprised at our naming *CRUELTY* amongst popular errors, and say it should rather be called a vice. True, in many instances, but in many others it results more exclusively from a habit, from a want of reflection—in short from prejudice. A few instances will explain how cruelty may be looked on as a prejudice. To go no further back than one, or at most two generations, did not our fathers, or at any rate our grandfathers, consider it their bounden duty, in order to bring up their children properly, to administer plentiful doses of the horse-whip? How long is it since flogging was considered essential to a boy's education by the heads of our public and private schools? Indeed, has it yet entirely disappeared from schools or families either? How long has it been discontinued in the army? And yet, in all cases where it has been abolished, the change has been attended with the most happy results. In regard to animals, too, how much unnecessary cruelty is exercised! Horses are overloaded and beaten—beaten often without the driver's even thinking of it—by a mere mechanical habit of the arm; and yet it has been ever found that animals which are well treated do a much greater amount of work. Thanks, however, to the "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," these instances are of much less frequent occurrence than they were.

We have glanced above at one or two species of cruelty resulting from error; but there is one prejudice of a nature

peculiar to itself which has ever been the cause of the greatest cruelties and hardships. We allude to the prejudice against certain races of mankind, and certain professions. For how long a time did the greater part of Europe, while condemning the prejudices which prevailed in the East against the outcast tribes of Guebres and Pariahs, maintain the same persecution in their own lands against the Jews. In fact, even to the present day, how cruel are the prejudices against this ancient race. The negroes are even more hardly dealt by, still than the Jews. In fact, the upholders of the system of slavery absolutely deny that the negro even possesses reasoning faculties. Even amongst our own countrymen there is a prejudice somewhat resembling this entertained by many persons against the Irish. How many advertisements for servants tell the reader that "No Irish need apply." Is not this a part of the same system of persecution? Whatever objectionable qualities some individual Irish persons may possess, is it fair for that reason to set our face against a whole nation? But there are certain professions, as well as certain races, against which strong prejudice exists—that of an actor, for example. This prejudice, we are happy to say, is disappearing. It is beginning to be acknowledged that it is not a disgrace to embody those master-pieces of genius which it is looked upon as so glorious to create; that the man of genius need not be scouted from society because his talent places vividly before our eyes the very form and feature of those great creations. The question is now beginning to take its proper individual character; and no actor or actress who is respectable in his or her private character (and amongst this list may be included the names of many of the brightest ornaments of our stage) is to be denied the esteem which such character deserves, from the cruel and absurd prejudice which was formerly entertained against their profession.

There have been several rather curious errors entertained in regard to the influence of *NUMBERS*. Several of the ancients have constructed tables showing the different bearings of numbers upon human affairs. Pythagoras advised:—"Cultivate assiduously the science of numbers. Our vices and our crimes are only errors of calculation!" Amongst the different writers, seven was the number to which they attributed the most supreme importance. A singular application of this number to human life is the theory of *CLIMACTERICS*, or the epochs in life in which our constitution undergoes certain inevitable changes. These periods were stated by the ancients to occur every seven years, and the different climacterics were all made to harmonize with the magical number seven. According to them the substance of the human body is entirely changed every seven years. An infant of seven months may be born alive. The first teeth appear seven months after birth; the second teeth at seven years. Twice seven, or fourteen years, is the age of puberty; at three times seven, or twenty-one, man has a beard, and ceases to grow in height; at twenty-eight, he has attained his full size; at thirty-five his greatest amount of strength; from forty-two to forty-nine his animal faculties diminish; at fifty-six, comes the commencement of old age and the loss of hair; and lastly, at sixty-three, or nine times seven years, comes the *grand climacteric*. This is the period which menaces man's life more than any other, or, if not his life, one authority tells us, his fortune is endangered. All these ingenious combinations of figures, have the dangerous effect of striking persons of weak imagination; and it has only too frequently happened that persons, by the influence of fear, have actually verified these absurd predictions, and looked forward with dread to the particular "climacteric" at which they have really died. The truth is, that these various changes in the human system are by no means subjected to fixed periods, but vary according to locality, climate, individual temperament, &c.; and, in one word, that the whole doctrine of climacterics can only be looked upon as one of the numerous class of matters we have been treating of, and must, therefore, be consigned to oblivion; or only looked upon as a relic of the past, and one of the curious specimens of Popular Errors, Prejudices, and Superstitions.

DANGAN CASTLE,

THE SUPPOSED BIRTH-PLACE OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

THE literary controversy which has for some time since existed with regard to the real spot where Wellington was born, naturally invests both Dangan Castle and the house at the corner of Merrion-square, Dublin, with peculiar interest. Both these places have their special advocates; and though it is curious that the birth-place of so illustrious a man as Wellington should not be correctly known, yet it appears that neither the place where, or the precise day on which, he first saw the light has ever been determined. Into the question as to whether he was born in his father's town-house in Dublin, or, as is generally believed, in the country-house at Dangan,

debut as member for Trim in the Irish parliament. The Duke's recent death, and the enthusiasm which the memory of his great achievements has called forth, has lately caused the inhabitants of the town to talk about the completion of the column, which, with true Irish spirit, was begun in great haste and left to take care of itself when about half finished.

Long before the time when Wellington became an M.P., however, the family of the Earl of Mornington had vacated Dangan; and, at the death of that amiable and gifted man, the castle and demesne were let to a gentleman of the name of Boroughs, who resided there for a considerable time, and



DISTANT VIEW OF DANGAN CASTLE, IN THE COUNTY OF MEATH, IRELAND.

we cannot enter; but it is at least certain that his youthful days were spent in the castle and its neighbourhood. Many anecdotes are yet in circulation concerning Arthur and his elder brother, Richard, afterwards Marquis Wellesley; but little remains to tell of the time when the family resided at the castle and the father of the future warrior beguiled the hours with music of his own composing, and made the place classic by the sounds of poetry and song.

Dangan Castle is situated about five miles from the town of Trim. In this town there was erected, many years ago, a granite column in honour of the Duke, who made his political

afterwards let it to Roger O'Connor, the father of the unfortunate Feergus. When the O'Connors took possession of the estate, the house was well furnished, and the grounds full of beautiful trees; but soon, political and domestic troubles arose in the family—and the furniture was sold, the rooms dismantled, and the trees cut down. It would be difficult now-a-days to point out a single tree under which the young Wellesleys played, but a room is still shown as the actual one in which Arthur was born. Whether he was really born here is, as we have said, uncertain, but that this room may have been used as a nursery is likely enough. After having

remained for many years in a dilapidated condition, in spite of all legal applications to the Vice Chancellor, and all efforts



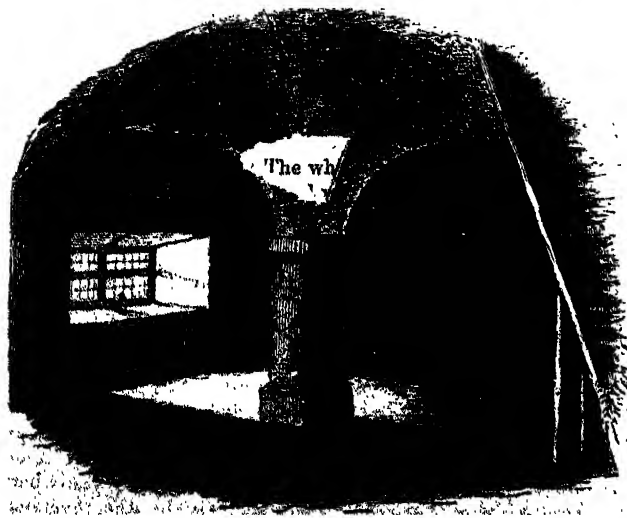
OLD GATE-HOUSE AT DANGAN CASTLE.

which friends made to regain possession for the Wellcsleys, the castle was one day found to be on fire—an accident which determined the tenancy of the O'Connors. The castle is now a mere wreck or shell, and is inhabited by an ancient pair, who are only too glad to be able to show its naked walls to the stranger, and prattle on about "his honour and glory, the Duke."

An old gate-house, still standing, gives some idea of what the castle was in the days of its pride; but in this day, like many other fine places in Ireland,

"Its pride and its pomp are all naked and bare,
And ruin and pale destitution are there."

Mrs. Hall says, that, when she visited Dangan Castle in 1840, the only reminiscences of the great Duke—whom so many Irishmen are proud of calling countryman—were to be discovered in the affectionate allusions made by the simple peasantry to "the family at the castle."



THE OLD KITCHEN AT DANGAN CASTLE.

The neighbourhood of Dangan and Trim*abounds in picturesque scenery and historical and antiquarian associations. One long summer's day in the beautiful vale of Meath will well repay the trouble of a visit. All around Dangan, as far as the eye can reach, are pastures as rich as any in Ireland. If the visitor be a lover of the picturesque in scenery, he will find it at every step; if he be an admirer of antiquities, he will discover them in all his paths; if he be anything of a poet, are there not thousands of eloquent lines which recal at once the glory of Ireland's past history, and suggest a moral for her future?

In the centre of the plain of Athboy, rises the "Forradh," the renowned hill of "Tara of the Kings," in whose halls the chiefs of Ireland met in council, where princes feasted and bards sang, where Ollamh wrote and Patrick preached. It is lonely now, and Moore's immortal dirge embodies the very spirit of desolation proper to the place:—

"The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls,
As if that soul were fled.
No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells;
The chord alone that breaks at Night,
Its tale of ruin tells."

Of all its proud memories, there scarcely remains a vestige to tell of former greatness. There are little or no architectural remains, though the indefatigable Petrie has traced intrench-



ROOM AT DANGAN CASTLE, IN WHICH THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON IS SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN BORN.

ments and foundations sufficient to justify the belief that a lordly palace, besides other buildings, once crowned the summit of the hill.

A little further on, in the neighbourhood of Kells, are the ruins of Athlumne Church and Castle, and the round tower of Donaghmore; and at Navan, one of the earliest settlements of the English in the County of Meath, the confluence of the rivers Boyne and Blackwater is a sight worth seeing.

In fact, to hint at half the interesting sights and associations around and connected with the birth-place of the illustrious duke would, though a labour of love, be one of difficulty, too. And what matters it, after all, where or at what particular time a man is born, so that in his generation he rightly fills the station into which he has been called? Wellington belongs not to Ireland or to England individually, but to Britain in the widest sense of the term—for his name and his fame is European. Nevertheless, every little anecdote collected at this time, every new fact authenticated, and every original sentence written about the great duke, will have its weight and value hereafter.

MOSSES AND THEIR ALLIES.

THE LICHEN FAMILY.

No man who possesses any degree of taste or intelligence can fail, when passing through our richly-wooded country between the months of April and November, to be struck and delighted with the varied beauty of the foliage which adorns the trees; the soft living green which decks the oak, the elm, and the willow in early spring, their deeper tinting and fuller luxuriance during the heat of summer, and then the glowing reds and yellows, the deep purple and claret hues, which tinge the fading leaves, and give warning that their day of glory is past, the hour of their fall near at hand, — all are objects which call for praise and admiration. But is there nothing of beauty to be seen in the colouring of the woods during the winter season? Most of those who have to travel at that time of year have decided that there is not; or, at all events, they act as if they had so decided, for they muffle themselves in their warm trappings, busy themselves in a book, and hurry on from town to town, without casting so much as a cursory glance on those beautiful glades, the vistas of which are now by the falling of the leaf laid open to their view, or noticing the stately columnar groups of trees which exhibit their grave but rich colouring on every side. Did these careless travellers observe, they would perceive, that though the splendour of the summer tinting is departed from the country, yet at the most inclement seasons the otherwise bare branches of the trees are clothed with a delicate and varied foliage, and that their dark brown trunks are gaily painted with living grees, and yellows, and oranges, and a thousand other dyes most glorious to behold, and they would see that not only trees and shrubs are thus clothed, but that every stone wall and ruin, every gate or paling within their ken, is more or less decorated with this brilliant decoration, all the handiwork of the "Great Work-Master."

I have said, and truly, that few travellers notice these beautiful objects in the wintry landscape, and of those few whose eye, directed by good taste and a love of beauty, is attracted by their general appearance, there is probably not one in ten who is aware of the character and structure of the minute and simply-formed tribe of vegetable production to which all this beauty of colouring is to be ascribed — I mean the lichens. Let us then see whether, by dwelling a little on some particulars of the formation and characteristics of a few of the individuals which compose this widely-extended family, we cannot induce in some a more enlightened, and consequently a more satisfactory, spirit of observation than they have before possessed, and thereby add a zest to their enjoyment of a winter's walk or drive.

The structure of lichens is very simple, and they occupy nearly the lowest station in the scale of vegetation, the fungi alone ranking below them. Their origin in some situations is buried in mystery; some have supposed that certain kinds are of meteoric production, a theory which is supported by the facts (as stated by Foies) that the leaves of some pines near Dresden were suddenly covered, on the side next the wind, with a species of lichen, and also that on a hot summer day the sails and masts of a ship at Stockholm were instantaneously covered with a coating of a similar character.

Lichens are the first rudiments of vegetation found on many bare rocks in newly-formed islands. How their seeds can have been conveyed to such new and remote positions it is impossible to say; but truly "there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy!" Even in the present day, when painful and diligent research has thrown light on so many subjects which were formerly wrapped in apparently impenetrable darkness, how much of interest yet remains to be elucidated; how many discoveries are doubtless yet in store to reward the earnest and sedulous student of nature! Yet, search as we will, depths will still remain unfathomed, for "who can search out the Almighty unto perfection?"

Lichens exist exclusively on atmospheric supplies, requiring

only air, sunlight, and some degree of moisture, for their support. The simplicity of their structure enables them to exist at altitudes where the air is too thin for the support of plants of the higher orders of vegetation, so that they are found in abundance even at the very verge of the limits of perpetual snow. Lichens, with the mosses, serve as pioneers of vegetation, they having the power of secreting oxalic acid from the atmosphere, which, acting chemically on the stones and rocks below them, produces small hollows in which moisture collects; then comes the frost, seizes on the moisture which has forced its way into the little crevices already formed, and splits the rocks so as to cause it to moulder away; and this process, which is continually going forwards, by degrees prepares the surface of the soil to receive larger plants.

A lichen has neither root, stem, nor branches; it consists of a dry, scaly crust, which sometimes appears almost like a mere powder, but in others extends itself into broad curled surfaces called thalli, which have somewhat the appearance and perform the functions of leaves. It bears no flower, but abounds in what is called fruit; this consists in a multitude of spores or seeds, which are included in cases differently disposed on the margin of the thallus, or else growing from or imbedded in its surface. It is usually in the form of shields, or of cup-like receptacles, which are called apothecia, from the Greek *apothekē*, which means "a repository," and are frequently raised on a sort of foot-stalk termed a podetia.

There are five tribes of lichens, 1st, the *idiotalami*, consisting of those whose apothecia or receptacles differ in colour from the rest of the plant, and are formed of a different substance, 2nd, the *camothalami*, which are those where the apothecia is partly formed from the substance of the thallus; 3rd, the *homothalami*, where the apothecia is entirely formed of and of the same colour as the frond, or thallus; 4th, the *athalami*, whose fructification is unknown, they being wholly destitute of apothecia; and the 5th, and last tribe, which is called *pseudolichens*, are those where the apothecia is black and horny, and imbedded in a receptacle, their sporules in slender tubular cells lying in a pulp, and not spontaneously emitted; these have usually been classed as fungi, and are in many respects like them. There are numerous subdivisions of these tribes, which we must not attempt to describe, as it would lead us far beyond the limits of our space; neither would it avail us to attempt to follow the learned investigations which have of late been entered into concerning the formation and arrangement of the spores in the different genera, as detailed in a work lately published by the Rev. W. A. Leighton, under the auspices of the Ray Society; our endeavour must rather be to open the eyes of our readers to the outward beauties of this minute tribe of plants, and to effect this purpose, we must aim at drawing their attention to the appearance and habits of a few of the most common and distinguished of the species. Let us, then, take a ramble together through those woods, and over the hill, down to the sea-shore, and I will describe you the objects which we see.

Observe, as we pass that stone-wall, how very richly it is decked with colours; look at the dark olive and white granulated substances which in places coat its surface, and the broad patches of orange which vary its tinting, and are themselves so beautifully set off by the soft green of the tufted mosses, now all bristling with capsules; these are all lichens, and most of them to be classed under our first head as *idiotalami*, being formed of a scaly crust, with little receptacles growing out of it; among these are the *lecanora*, *gyrophora*, *endocarpon*, and some others; but although their colouring is very vivid and varied, this tribe is so minute that, without a powerful magnifier, the parts of fructification can scarcely be discerned. But this is not the case with those broad-spreading thalli which lie on the mossy

hark at the root of that old oak, weaving themselves into a mass with the dead leaves which have fallen from its branches; these belong to the genus *pelticéa*, and form a part of the second and largest tribe of the lichen family, the *canothalami*, under whose banner are included the greatest number of the most beautiful, and conspicuous species of this extended family. These leaves, or fronds, or, as they are technically termed, *thalli*, belong to the species *pelticéa aphthosa*, or the thrush, so named from its having been considered by the doctors of ancient days a specific for that complaint; they are of a pale olive green, sprinkled over with brown warts, and underneath whitish, with brown branching veins; the edge of the thallus being fringed with white cilia or threads, with which it lays hold of the leaves and mosses below it, and which also probably serve it for the absorption of moisture. If we can find it in fruit, we shall see that some of the lobes of the thallus are drawn up into a sort of foot-stalk, bearing at the point a large red-brown receptacle. The *pelticéas* (fig. 1) are all much of the same character, broadly lobed and fringed, and bearing their fruit in the same manner on the summits of the lobes. Now let us hasten on to the wood. I told you that the trees even in winter were clothed with most delicate and lovely foliage; look, then, at that clustering bunch of grey filaments which grows on the branch above you, and observe the broader strap-like kinds—some sulphur-coloured, others grey, blackish, or pale green: these are all lichens, *usneas*, *alecatorias*, *cornicularias*, or others, and all classed under the third head—the *homothalami*. There is a very curious species, rising in a huge tuft from the branch of that tree; it is the *usnea florida*, or flowering lichen. If you gather a piece of it, you will see that it is composed of long branches fringed with fibres of a sort of sea green, from which proceed at intervals large apothecia, nearly oval in shape and almost as large as a sixpence, flat and edged round with fine cilia or threads an inch long. Gerard calls this the “flouring branched moss,” and says, “there is oftentimes found upon old oaks, beeches, and such like overgrown trees, a kind of moss having many slender branches, which divide themselves into other lesser branches, whereon are placed confusedly very many small threads, like hairs, of a greenish ash-colour. Upon the ends of the tender branches sometimes there cometh forth a floure, in shape like unto a little buckler or hollow mushroom, of a whitish colour tending to yellowness, and garnished with the like leaves of those upon the lower branches.” A little beyond it we see the *usnea barbata*, floating upon the air like an old man’s grey beard; and these are again met by other species, so closely clustering that from a little distance the whole tree appears as if covered by a glaucous coating of lichen. Now examine that beautiful branching liverwort (*aticia pulcherrima*) which runs up the fine dark trunk of that lofty elm. It exhibits a broad expanse of lobed thallus of a clear olive green, with a sort of raised veining, which leaves the general surface of the frond depressed and pitted; the under side is very beautiful, the colour a soft buff, the texture velvety, and the parts which form pits on the upper surface rising into rounded protuberances. The apothecia is set on the thallus a little within the margin, and is formed of circular shields of a red hue, and placed in groups of three or four together. The whole of one side the trunk of that lofty tree is densely clothed with this beautiful creeping plant. But let me now draw your attention to the groups of fine hawthorns which are round us: observe how every twig and spray is beset with a coating of green so vivid, so exquisitely bright, that you can scarcely believe it is not beginning to exhibit its own verdant spring foliage. Gather a branch, and you will find that this too is a lichen—one of the *parietalis*. It is green when young; but when mature, becomes of a brilliant sulphury yellow. Examine the branch you have gathered with a magnifier, and you will see the thallus of the lichen to be lobed and plaited, the lobes overlapping each other in much-admired confusion. From the surface of this intricately matted mass of foliage stand out very many circular shields, raised like little silvers, and plainly distinguishable by the naked eye, although more satisfactorily defined with

the aid of a lens: these are the apothecia which contain the spores. But now let us proceed to the moor, only observing, that there is scarcely an object that we pass which has not more or less of lichen-growth upon it: the black patches on those stones, the mealy crust on that gate, the splashes of yellow, and black, and white, and grey, and the tufts of glaucous moss on the park paling, all are lichens, and all add to the beauty and diversity of the colouring which enlivens the aspect of the country in winter.

You will by this time be convinced that the family of lichens is by no means deficient either in interest or in beauty; but a tribe which awaits us on the moor, the *cladonia*, will, I think, delight you far more than any thing we have yet seen. Those of this tribe are of a character in some respects quite different from most of the varieties which we have described, inasmuch as they grow on the earth, and bear much the appearance as well as in general the name of mosses.

Closely matting the surface of the ground all over the side of the hill, and between the bushes on that little bit of coppice, lies the pretty and valuable species, the *cladonia rangiferina*, or rein-deer moss. This is branched and hoary, growing many inches deep, and at this moment exhibiting a most exquisitely lovely appearance, as the half-melted hoar-frost glitters in the sunshine, and seems to tip its multitudinous points with clusters of diamonds. This species covers acres, indeed, successive miles of ground, in Lapland, especially on those tracts where pine-forests have been burned, and supplies food for the rein-deer throughout the long northern winters. Its fruit is borne at the extreme points of the branches in brown clusters. On the banks and walls which divide and flank the moor, are found growing in the peat several other varieties of *cladonia*. There is the beautiful grey-cups, or chalice moss, which sends up from a cluster of grey thalli lovely little cups each about large enough to contain a drop of water, and from the edges of these cups proceed, in the course of time, clusters of other and smaller cups, lifted on long foot-stalks, which again occasionally branch and bear more cups at their points, the edges of all of which are eventually furnished with branches of red-brown, shining apothecia. This is *cladonia periclypta*, and in the same situations we shall find another species *C. imbricata*, even more beautiful than *periclypta*, for its cups are elegantly fringed at the edges, and it is furnished with delicately crenate thalli, or leaves of a silvery greenish white, which cluster on the podetia, and on the outside of the cup (fig. 2). There are many other species of *cladonia*, all likely to be found on the moor. The autumn is the season in which they are in perfection, although we still find them *in situ*, for lichens are very slow in growth and in decay, and will remain for years with very little variation in their appearance. Several of these tribes bear fruit of the most brilliant scarlet hue, as bright as small coral beads, and the silvery grey of their setting makes them more admirable than the jewels of a bride; indeed our jewellers have overlooked a tribe which might furnish many a beautiful type for ornaments, either for a fair lady’s dress, or for the decoration of her room or table. The varied forms of these *cladonias* deserve some special notice: some, as we have seen, are cup-like; one takes exactly the form of the horn of the stag, this is *C. cervicornis*, and is found on the Pentland and other high hills; another, *C. bellidiflora*, or “daisy-flowered” (fig. 3, b), grows in stiff scaly tufts on the tops of lofty mountains; whilst another, *C. deformis* (fig. 3, c), is sulphur-coloured, and grows in branching tufts three inches high, and bearing scarlet fruit, at the roots of trees. But we must forbear, for to attempt to enumerate the varied and capricious appearances of all the species of this interesting genus would be in vain, and we must content ourselves with giving figures of a few other varieties, for there remain two of the five tribes of lichens which we have as yet not noticed. The fourth, the *athalinas*, contains but one genus, the *lepraria*; these are all yellow, and form a sort of leprosy crust on rocks, old pales, or trees, the mode of their fructification being as yet unknown.

The fifth tribe, or *pyrenias*, contains some very interesting species: the first genus or *opogonias*, is named so from

two Greek words signifying "a chink," and "to write," because the shields or apothecias are cracks upon the surface of the thallus, which look like strange Oriental characters on a pale ground. They are almost always found on the smooth



FIG. 1.—*Pelticlea Scutata*.—Shielded Lichen.

bark of trees, varying in colour, some being black, others white, olive, grey, green, or yellow. There is another genus, *graphis*, which is even more remarkable for its resemblance to written characters than the *opégapha*; *graphis scripta* (fig. 4),



FIG. 2.—*Cladonia Fimbriata*.—Fringed Cup-moss

and *graphis serpentaria*, but especially the former, being strikingly like the Chinese character.

But in our admiration at the external character of lichens, we must not forget to take a glance at their hidden qualities, nor withhold our praise to Him who has given to such simple,



FIG. 3.—a, *Borreria Furfuracea*; b, *Cladonia Bellidiflora*; c, *C. Clisformis*; d, *Sphaerophoron Coralloides*.

and often unnoticed plants, qualities which render them exceedingly valuable to man, and make some of the species highly important articles in commerce.

We have noticed the value of the rein-deer moss, or, as it is frequently called, *Lapland moss*, as the main food of the rein-

deer; and there is no necessity to say much of that well-known kind, the Iceland moss, *cetraria islandica*, which is sold in all chemists' shops, and so frequently used as an article of diet for consumptive and weak patients. The rock-cellu-tinctoria, or "true-dyer's lichen," is the orchall of commerce, celebrated for yielding a fine purple dye, for which the cudbear *parmelia tartamea* (fig. 5), is but a poor substitute, though one which is, nevertheless, in much request, and by collecting which many an industrious peasant in the Highland districts gains his living. The lichen is scraped from the rocks with an iron hoop, and sold in large quantities to the Glasgow merchants; and it is no easy process to do this, for to dislodge lichens of the crusting growth which have once established themselves on rocks and stones is hard work;



FIG. 4.—*Graphis Scripta*.—Written Lichen.

they not unfrequently take up their position on grave-stones, and effect in a few years that which, without their aid, would scarcely be accomplished in centuries, namely, the total obliteration of the name, dates, and other inscriptions which had been on the stones. The simplest and surest mode of dislodging the foe from such positions, is to cover the stone on which they have congregated with earth, turf, or other matter, which by depriving them of their main supporters, air and light, will soon clear off the incumbrance, and make the inscriptions legible. There are several lichens besides the orchall and the cudbear which are used as dyes, and others besides the Iceland moss which are eaten; the tripe de roche (*umbilicaria pustulata*) is one of these; it is very beautiful in appearance, but one would scarcely suppose it possible that any nourishment could be obtained from such a mere scaly



FIG. 5.—*Parmelia Tartamea*.—Cudbear.

sort of crust as it forms. It is, however, a valuable article of diet to the Canadian hunters; and some English travellers (Dr. Richardson and his company) were for a long time sustained by this strange food alone, when wandering under those northern snows in pursuit of scientific objects.

On rocks by the sea we find many species of lichens, particularly such as belong to the genera *icidées*, *endococcus*, *urceolaria*, &c.; but some of the beautiful genus *ramilia* is also found in such localities, and among them that very rare one the *R. scopulorum*, or the ivory lichen.

We must now leave the consideration of this interesting but almost unknown family; but before we do so we would remind our readers, that there is no branch of knowledge which does not hold out some reward which he who pursues it with care cannot fail to attain; and that the health and pleasure which is gained by the brisk and varied walks to which the pursuits of mosses and lichens invite their votaries, at a season when some incentive to leave the fire-side is especially needful, will well reward them for a little effort in the pursuit of this branch.

WYCLIFFE.

The history of Wycliffe is intimately connected with that of the place of his birth, like that of many of his contemporaries, is the stormy period in which he lived. He was born in the year spelt in a variety of ways; thus in the document which ap-



WYCLIFFE, ATTENDED BY THE DUKE OF LANCASTER, APPEARING IN ST. PETER'S, AT THE ORATION OF THE PARLIAMENT 1324; IN THE parish of Wikkil, a village upon the banks of the Toss, near Richmond, Yorkshire. His name, taken from the pointed him papal delegate in 1374, we find it as John Wikkil, and in other places as Wikkil, Wikkil, and De Wikkil. Vol. I. p. 10.

Long before Wycliffe had attained any celebrity as a divine, he had won for himself a high position at Oxford as one of the first scholars at that famous university. At a comparatively early age he had entered as a commoner at Queen's College, founded by Thomas Eaglesfield, confessor to Queen Philippa; but he soon removed to Merton, where he distinguished himself as a laborious student of law and philosophy. In the subtleties of the Aristotelian school he is said to have been perfectly familiar, ere he turned his attention to the study of the Latin fathers, and the few celebrated writers of his own time. But, besides this, he made himself so thoroughly acquainted with the Scriptures as to obtain for himself among the eminent divines of his day the title of Evangelical Doctor.

The first public recognition of his talents, however, was obtained by his famous controversy with the mendicant friars. These friars were divided into four principal orders—the Dominicans, established by St. Dominic, the founder of the Inquisition; the Franciscan, or Grey Friars, founded by St. Francis, of Assisi; the Carmelites, or White Friars; and the Augustinian or Austin Friars. Among these friars the ecclesiastical government of many cities was divided, and thus, in London, the districts where they were licensed to beg are * to this day known as Black-friars, White-friars, Gray-friars, and Austin-friars. Their authority for mendicancy was derived, they said, from the example of their great Master, who was himself of poor and low estate. But, unlike him, they soon began to arrogate to themselves enormous power and privileges, and vast estates were made over to them as death-bed gifts by the superstitious wealthy.

Into the controversial warfare on behalf of the university, in which he held the post of Divinity Professor, Wycliffe entered heart and soul; but on the death of Simon de Islip, Archbishop of Canterbury, he was deposed from the wardenship of Balliol, in exchange for which he was presented with the living of Fillingham in the county of Lincoln,—an exchange which he did not submit to, however, without an unsuccessful appeal to the Pope.

It is not necessary for us further to enter into the history of this remarkable controversy than to mention, that while it was going on, a war of principles seemed to have commenced between the King of England and the Pope. Urban V. demanded of Edward that the tribute promised by the weak-minded John, in token of submission to the papacy, should be paid. This demand, however, came a day too late, for the House of Commons, just then erected into a real political estate and power in the realm, united with the monarch in resisting the claim. To bring the dispute to an issue, an embassy was sent to meet the Pope at Bruges, composed of Englishmen of the highest rank and station. Among them were the Bishop of Bangor, Wycliffe, and his future patron, John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster. To this celebrated man, the third son of Edward III., was confided the task of defending the English Commons before the pontiff; and much of the real business of the state, during the end of this, and the beginning of the next, reign, was committed to his management. The immediate effects of the mission to the fine old continental city of Bruges were a species of reconciliation between the King and the Pope, and a partial settlement of some disputed points concerning church government; but of the steps which led to these changes no certain records remain.

It would be beyond our scope to trace the disputant Wycliffe through all the changes of opinion his mind underwent during his residence at Bruges, or to speak of those writings, full of invective, which assailed the principal doctrines of his church, and charged its propounders with corruption in doctrine and depravity in practice,—with pride, avarice, tyranny, and usurpation, and which, in the one word "Antichrist," hurled defiance at its head. We should rather follow the Christian Wycliffe to his quiet living at Lutterworth, in Leicestershire, where, from the old pulpit, yet preserved, he preached the truth on Sundays to the poor and unlearned; and from the altar chair—a relic yet among the village valuables—he dispensed that "good and comfortable" doctrine which inculcates charity with all men. We would rather

linger amid the shades of that retirement, where, like Chaucer's good parish priest, he went about preaching and teaching in the way-sides and waste places of the world, visiting the widow and the fatherless in their affliction, and keeping himself unspotted from the world.

But we cannot, if we would, linger in this quiet village. Wycliffe's out-spoken opinions were far too plain and honest for his enemies; and scarcely had he settled at Lutterworth, ere he was cited by the prelates to appear before them at St. Paul's, to answer for alleged false doctrines and heresies.

From Lutterworth to London was no day's journey in 1377; but the summons of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London was by no means to be neglected, and so Wycliffe was, perforce, obliged to appear. The wise old king had died ere the message had arrived, and the child-sovereign, Richard II., sat upon the throne. But Wycliffe had a firm protector in the Duke of Lancaster, and so to him he appealed for aid in this extremity; and John of Gaunt, as regent during Richard's minority, had perhaps many reasons besides friendship which induced him to lend his countenance to the Reformer; and so, supported by Lancaster and Earl Percy, the Marshal of England, and attended by a vast concourse of people, the venerable divine appeared before his judges in old St. Paul's.

Courtenay, Bishop of London, attended by a great crowd of ecclesiastics, was there to meet him, as he entered escorted by the Duke and his armed retainers; and hundreds of the "common people" pressed forward to catch a glimpse or request a blessing of the defender of their rights. It was a matter of no small difficulty for Wycliffe to make his way through the people, and the Earl Marshal demanded of the Bishop that honourable place should be accorded to the divine. Then the Bishop, annoyed to find Wycliffe so attended, exclaimed,—“Lord Percy, if I had known what maisteries you would have kept in the church, I would have kept you from coming hither.”

But John of Gaunt was ready to beard the Bishop in his stronghold, and so he tauntingly replied, with a loud voice,—“He shall keep such maisteries here, though you say nay.”

Lord Percy. Wycliffe! sit down; for you have many things to answer to, and you need to repose yourself on a soft seat.

The Bishop. It is unreasonable that one cited before his ordinary should sit during his answer. He must and shall stand!

The Duke of Lancaster. The Lord Percy his motion for Wycliffe is but reasonable. And as for you, my lord bishop, who are grown so proud and arrogant, I will bring down the pride, not of you alone, but of all the prelacy in England!

The Bishop. Do your worst, sir.

Duke of Lancaster. Thou bearest thyself, so brag upon thy parents [Courtenay's father was the powerful Duke of Devonshire], which shall not be able to help thee; they shall have enow to do to help themselves.

The Bishop. My confidence is not in my parents nor in any man else, but only in God, in whom I trust; by whose assistance I will be bold to speak the truth.

On this the duke exclaimed in great wrath, “Rather than I will take these words at his hands, I would pluck the bishop by the hair out of the church!”

This last inconsiderate expression, though spoken in undertone, was caught up by the bystanders, and a great tumult ensued, by which the trial was suspended.

The mob, ever prone to act upon impulse, immediately proceeded to violence. Spreading themselves over the city, they committed several acts of depredations; “broke open,” says Fox, “the Marshalsea, and Fleet, and all the prisons; and, not content with this, a vast number of them went to the duke's palace at the Savoy, where, missing his person, they plundered his house.”

But the tumult did not end here. While the mob were rioting in the town, murdering a clergyman in mistake for the Earl Marshal, and committing various other acts of unwarrantable violence, the duke proceeded to the house of peers, and presented a bill against the City of London to deprive it of its privileges, and alter its jurisdiction. In the midst of the tumult Wycliffe escaped from the city.

Once more Wycliffe sought the retirement of his favourite Lutterworth. But not for long was he allowed to repose amid its quiet scenery. The church, baffled in its first endeavour to punish the boldness of the divine, resolved to make another attempt to exterminate both him and the new doctrines which he taught. News summonses arrived from Rome, and Wycliffe was again called to appear. Once more therefore—this time at Lambeth, and fortunately without the protection of Lancaster and his soldiers—the aged man appeared: but, in the midst of the explanation and defence of Wycliffe, a mandate from the queen-mother, the widow of the Black Prince, stopped the proceedings. The legal proceedings were set aside, and the notion of imprisonment for opinion alone, as being contrary to the laws of England, rejected; and Wycliffe was dismissed by the prelates, with the injunction “not to preach any more those doctrines which had been objected to.”

But a nobler work than defending himself from factious accusations now engaged his attention: no less a work than the translation of the Bible into English. The “Gospel Doctor,” despite of the opposition of Courtenay and the ecclesiastics, succeeded in his design; and, though Bishop Arundel declared it “a dangerous thing to translate the Holy Scriptures out of one tongue into another, for in a translation the same sense is not easily kept,” the English Bible of Wycliffe was eagerly sought for and perused by the people.

Courtenay, Bishop of London, was strenuous in his opposition to Wycliffe; and, as the Reformer himself was protected from the effects of his power, he violently persecuted his followers, who were called Lollards. This name is supposed to have been derived from Walter Lollardus, one of the teachers of these truths on the continent, or from a German word which signifies psalm-singers. Many of them travelled about the country, in the simplest manner, barefooted, and in common frieze gowns, preaching and teaching in the market-places with so much zeal and success, that in a few years their numbers were very considerable and it was calculated that at least one-fourth of the nation were really or nominally inclined to their sentiments.

Richard II. countenanced Courtenay in persecuting the Lollards, and a proclamation was issued against all persons who should teach or maintain these opinions, or possess any of the books and pamphlets written by Wycliffe and his followers. Many suffered imprisonment, and were required to do penance under the most degrading circumstances; although it does not appear that any were actually put to death during this reign.

Having finished his translation of the Scriptures, Wycliffe again became obnoxious to the clergy. It had long been a political tenet among certain of the clergy, that ignorance is the mother of devotion; and, therefore, the Bible had been locked up from the common people. But Wycliffe was not satisfied with exposing this religious tyranny: he ventured to attack the grand doctrines of his opponents in what he called his “Sixteen Conclusions.” These conclusions being reluctantly condemned by the Chancellor of Oxford, at the instigation of Courtenay, at this time primate, Wycliffe appealed to the king and parliament; but being deserted by his fickle patron, the Duke of Lancaster, he was obliged to make a kind of recantation at Oxford, before Courtenay, six bishops, and other clergymen, who had condemned his doctrines as heretical; and by the king's order was expelled the university, where he had annually read lectures on divinity.

Once more, and finally, the persecuted Wycliffe found an asylum at Lutterworth, but giving fresh provocation by his writings, he was again exposed to the vengeance of his enemies; but Providence delivered him from human hands. He was struck with a palsy soon after, but still attended divine worship; till a repetition of this fatal malady carried him off, in his church at Lutterworth, in December, 1384, and he was buried in its chancel.

The malice of his enemies, however, sought him in the grave. The council of Constance, in 1415, passed a decree, condemning forty-five articles of his doctrines; and, pronouncing him to have died an obstinate heretic, ordered that his bones

should be dug up and thrown upon a dunghill. The execution of this act of malice was deferred till the year 1428. But in that year, Fleming, then Bishop of Lincoln, sent his officers to Lutterworth; the grave of Wycliffe was opened, and his bones taken out and burned. The ashes being carefully collected, were thrown into the Swift, a brook which flows near the town: his enemies thinking, no doubt, that his name and doctrines, as well as his remains, would perish for ever. But they have been disappointed; for, as Fuller observes, “the Swift conveyed his ashes into the Avon, the Avon into the Severn, the Severn into the narrow seas, and they into the main ocean; and thus the ashes of Wycliffe were made the emblems of his doctrines, which have been dispersed all the world over.”

THE COUNTRY SQUIRE.

FROM THE “LITERARY FABLES” OF YRIARTE.

A country squire, of greater wealth than wit
(For fools are often blessed with fortune's smile)
Had built a splendid house, and furnished it
In splendid style.

“One thing is wanting,” said a friend; “for, though
The rooms are fine, the furniture profuse,
You lack a library, dear sir, for show,

If not for use.”

“’Tis true; but, zounds!” replied the squire with glee,
“The lumber-room in yonder northern wing
(I wonder I ne’er thought of it) will be
The very thing.

“I’ll have it fitted up without delay
With shelves and presses of the newest mode
And rarest wood, befitting every way

A squire’s abode.

“And when the whole is ready, I’ll despatch
My coachman—a most knowing fellow—down,
To buy me, by admeasurement, a batch

Of books in town.”

But ere the library was half supplied
With all its pomps of cabinet and shelf,
The booby squire repented him, and cried

Unto himself:—

“This room is much more roomy than I thought;
Ten thousand volumes hardly would suffice
To fill it, and would cost, however bought,

A plaguy price.

“Now, as I only want them for their looks,
It might, on second thought, be just as good,
And cost me next to nothing, if the books

Were made of wood.

“It shall be so, I’ll give the shaven deal
A coat of paint—a colourable dress,
To look like calf or vellum, and conceal

Its nakedness.

“And gilt and letter’d with the author’s name,
Whatever is most excellent and rare
Shall be, or seem to be (’tis all the same),

Assembled there.”

The work was done; the simulated hoards

Of wit and wisdom round the chamber stood.

In bindings some; and some, of course, in boards,

Where all were wood.

From bulky folios down to slender twelves,

The choicest tomes, in many an even row,

Display’d their letter’d backs upon the shelves,

A goodly show,

With such a stock, which seemingly surpass’d

The best collection ever form’d in Spain,

What wonder if the owner grew at last

Supremely vain?

What wonder as he paced from shelf to shelf,

And con’d their titles, that the squire began,

Despite his ignorance, to think himself

A learned man?

Let every amateur, who mercly looks

To backs and bindings, take the hint, and sell

His costly library for painted books

Would serve as well.

THE FAMILIES OF PLANTS.

ILICINÆ.—THE HOLLY TRIBE.

COROLLA monopetalous. Stamens inserted into the base of the corolla. Ovarium free, fleshy, seed suspended. Embryo small. Radicle superior. Trees or shrubs.

use and defence, or for sight and ornament." And who, that thinks on the subject, will not join with the celebrated author of "Sylva," in advocating the claims of this aboriginal



Fig. 26.—The Holly.—*Ilex Aquifolium*.

"Among all the natural greens, which enrich our home-borne store," says Evelyn, "there is none certainly to be compared



Fig. 28.—*Anacardium Occidentale*, or Cashew-tree.

denizen of our woodlands? It boasts not, indeed, the massive strength of the oak, nor the majestic dignity of the beech, nor the towering elegance of the ash, nor does its light and airy



Fig. 27.—The Poppy.—*Papaver Somniferum*.

with our holly (Fig. 26). I have often wondered at our curiosity after foreign plants, and expensive difficulties, to the neglect of this incomparable tree, whether we propagate it for



Fig. 29.—The Pistacia.

foliage equal that of the elm. But then it has charms peculiarly its own. Ever green, and ever brilliant, now adorned with snowy clusters of star-like flowers, now clad with glow-

ing masses of deep scarlet berries, and beauteous in every season—

"It weathers every changing hour,
And welcomes every sky."

And then, while one tree after another resigns, at the touch of an irresistible power, its "leafy honours," and stands "barren as lances" and utterly naked in the blast; it is

"The holly that outdares cold winter's ire."

Amidst the chilly sleep of winter, from which so many plants and trees suffer, until bereft of every charm which arrayed them from spring till autumn-tide, the holly-bush may attract the wandering eye, and cheered by the lustrous greenness of the under growth, we may forget the dread and dreary scene that stretches all above and around it. And if it thus appears beauteous and inspiring, even in its most diminutive and bushy state, how much greater is the effect produced when it is beheld in some more open spot, where it stands in the perfection of its growth, an enormous tree, all

"Glossy-leaved, and shining in the sun;"

displaying, in fact, the rich verdure of summer amidst the desolation of a winter landscape, while well do the brilliant clusters of scarlet berries which enrich its outer branches, contrast and embellish its cone-like mass of enduring greenness! We sympathise, then, with Miss Twamley, as she sings:—

"Though flowers desert us, and roses die,
A wreath we'll twine beneath winter's sky;
A wreath whose glories unfading last
Through the snow-drift's chill and the withering blast.
Then twine we the holly's unfading leaf,
Nor mourn for flowers, their reign is brief,
But hey! for the holly, with berries so bright;
Haste! twine we the holly for Christmas night."

This was far more plenteously done in days that are past than it is now. Thus Stowe says:—"Against the feast of Christmas, every man's house, as also their parish churches were decked with holme, ivy, bayes, and whatever the season of the year afforded to be Greene; the conduits and standards in the streets were likewise garnished."

But the practice is not entirely obsolete; for there are still places in which the words of our rural poet Clare are applicable:—

"Each house is swept the day before,
And windows stuck with evergreens,
The snow is besomed from the door,
And comfort crams the cottage scenes:
Gilt holly, with its thorny pricks,
And yew and box with berries small,
These deck the unused candlesticks,
And pictures hanging by the wall."

The lower leaves of the holly are waxy, strongly armed with spines, while the upper ones are entire, terminated with a single prickle. Of the uses of prickles in shrubs the celebrated and truly excellent John Ray thus speaks:—"The prickles secure them from the browsing of beasts, as also to shelter others that grow under them. Moreover, they are hereby rendered useful to man, as if designed by nature to make both quick and dead hedges." Pliny anticipated these remarks of our British naturalist, by observing,—"The plants have prickles lest the greedy quadruped should browse upon them, or the perching bird break them."

Our late poet laureate, Southey, pours forth a moral, in his own name, as he thus speaks of this interesting member of one of our families of plants:—

"O reader! hast thou ever stood to see
The holly-tree?"

The eye that contemplates it well, perceives
Its glossy leaves

And its prickles, and the athlete's sophomoric

Below a circling fence its leaves are seen,
Wrinkled and keen;
No grazing cattle, through their prickly round,
Can reach to wound;
But as they grow where nothing is to fear,
Smooth and unarmed, the pointless leaves appear.
I love to view those things with curious eyes,
And moralize;
And in this wisdom of the holly-tree
Can emblems see
Wherewith perchance to make a pleasant rhyme,
One which may profit in the after time.
Thus though abroad perchance I might appear,
Harsh and austere,—
To those who on my leisure would intrude,
Reserved and rude;
Gentle at home among my friends I'd be,
Like the high leaves upon the holly-tree.
And should my youth, as youth is apt I know,
Some harshness show,
All vain asperities I, day by day,
Would wear away,
Till the smooth temper of my age should be
Like the high leaves upon the holly-tree.
And as when all the summer trees are seen
So bright and green,
The holly leaves a sober hue display
Less bright than they;
But when the bare and wintry woods we see,
What then so cheerful as the holly-tree?
So serious should my youth appear among
The thoughtless throng,
So would I seem among the young and gay,
More grave than they.
That in my age as cheerful I may be
As the green winter of the holly-tree."

The graceful muse of our friend Miss Twamley, already quoted, and to whose poetry in reference to plants and trees, we owe many delightful and grateful recollections, takes a still higher flight:—

"With berry red and leaf ne'er sore,
The holly greets the fading year:
A friend when summer friends do flee,
'A brother' for adversity.
But not to fond and faithful breast,
Alone, does it sweet thoughts suggest:
Oh no! To thee whom cares perplex,
Whom troubles fright, whom crosses vex,
To thee it speaks in loftier tone,
And breathes a moral all its own.
Come, then, and from the holly-tree
Learn what thou art, and what may'st be;
Mark how upon each earthward bough,
Edged with sharp thorns, the leaves do grow;
While those higher stems that grace
Bear of the prickly curse no trace;
As if to teach thee it designed,
With earth we leave the thorn behind.
Say thou upon whose brow is set
Care's thorn-entwisted coronet,
Oh! wouldst thou tear it thence, arise,
And seek communion with the skies:
The nearer heaven thou soar'st, the less
Shall that keen leaf thy temples press;
If once before thy raptured view
Faith open heaven, how faint and few
Will seem all earthly griefs and cares!
Until at last each disappears,
Like thorns from off the leaves which grow
Upon the holly's topmost bough."

PAPAVERACEÆ.—THE POPPY TRIBE.

Stamens eight, or some multiple of four, usually indefinite. Querry solitary; style short, none. Fruit one-celled. Seeds numerous. Albumen between fleshy and oily at the base of which is a minute straight embryo.

The British species of this family is one of the plagues of the agriculturist, growing up, as it does, rank weeds among his corn; and another yields the opium, often perverted to the most pernicious purposes (fig. 27). The white poppy is cultivated in gardens from the showy appearance of its flowers.

All the papaveraceæ have narcotic properties in some degree, but they are only manifested by those parts of the plants which abound with a milky juice. Thus, a syrup is made from the petals of the red poppy, but it has no medicinal property whatever. Hence it is used to give medicines a beautiful deep-red hue. The syrup obtained from the white poppy, it should be observed, is narcotic in its influence, and should, therefore, be used with intelligence and care.

TEREBINTHACEÆ.

Petals various in number. Ovarium single, or superior. Cells one to five or six. Fruit usually drupaceous. No albumen. Seed sometimes solitary, but various.

This family contains several sub-orders, and hence the diversity that prevails. Here are the *Anacardiæ*, which have an acrid and astringent juice. The varnish of Sylhet, and of Martaban, are obtained from species belonging to them. These varnishes are at first white, but afterwards become black, and are dangerous to some constitutions. Mastich is the produce of a species of the *Pistacia*. The fruit of some kinds, as the Mango, the Cashew-nut (fig. 28), and the *Pistacia*-nut (fig. 29), are eaten.

THE TOWER CLOCK OF THE PALAIS DE JUSTICE AT PARIS.

Clocks entirely constructed by the laws of mechanics only date from the tenth century.

It is true that several historians relate that the celebrated Haroon-el-Rasheed, caliph of the Abassides, once sent Charlemagne some very valuable presents, among which was an inlaid brass and bronze time-piece, on which a great many allegorical figures were moved by wheel-work; but then this machine, which was very wonderful for the times, was nothing else but a clepsydra, or water-clock, its motive power being formed by falling water, which was renewed, at least, once a day.

It is also related that about the middle of the ninth century, Pacificus, Archbishop of Verona, made a magnificent time-piece, which marked, besides the hours, the day of the month, the days of the week, the rising and setting of the sun, the signs of the zodiac, &c. It is, however, very probable that this machine was moved like the one of the successor of the Prophet, by hydraulic force, thus being merely a clepsydra, and not a time-piece constructed by the laws of mechanics.

If we are to believe Haften, Moreri, Mariet, President Hénault, and *Les Annales Bénédictines*, Jerbert (Pope Sylvester II.) invented the first time-piece which went without the aid of water, by means of a compact mass of lead, brass, or iron, suspended by a cord to the first wheel of the works, and which, by communicating with a series of wheels working into each other, set the regulator, that is, the escapement, in motion.

In the eleventh century, no mechanic had, as yet, been invented to make time-pieces strike; it is, however, certain that the means by which to make them do so was known at the beginning of the twelfth century. The first mention made of clocks furnished with a striking-part is to be found in "*Les Usages de l'ordre de Cîteaux*," in which book, compiled about 1120, the sacristan is enjoined so to regulate the clock that it may strike and wake him up before the matins. In another passage of the same book, the monks are ordered to continue reading until the clock strikes.

At the beginning of the fourteenth century, clocks worthy of notice as monumental objects already existed in Germany, in Italy, and in many parts of France; but Paris, the capital of the kingdom, and where the fine arts, the sciences, and manufactures had made such progress, did not possess, in 1380, a single public clock. It is, however, right to mention, that a few sun-dials, rudely traced upon the walls, pointed out the hour to the passers-by; but then this could only be done when the sun was not hidden by atmospheric vapours. It is also true that hour-glasses and clepsydres of more or less costly manufacture were found in most houses; but these machines, which bore a strong resemblance to those used by the Romans in the time of Augustus, were incapable of measuring time with anything like precision. It is, in fact, very probable that when one of these machines marked twelve, another marked two o'clock, when it was really but ten in the morning.

In the fourteenth century, however, a few small clocks furnished with weights were seen in the mansions of the aristocracy; but they were nothing more than curiosities, for they did not mark the hour with any more precision than did the hour-glasses and clepsydres.

Charles the Fifth of France, who well deserved the appellation of the Wise, neglected nothing which might prove useful to the inhabitants of his good city of Paris, and he, therefore, bethought himself of having a clock constructed, and placed in the tower of his palace, so that the public might know the hour both day and night. But as there was no mechanic skilful enough in Paris to undertake such a work, the king sent to Germany for Henry de Wyck, a celebrated clock-maker, with whom he made an agreement for the construction and erection of the precious machine.

The German artist, say the *Memoirs of the times*, had apartments assigned him in the tower where the clock was to be placed, and he received six sous a day from the king for eight consecutive years—that being the time it took him to execute his work.

Jean Jouanneau, a celebrated bell-founder, received the order to cast the bell against which the hammer of the clock was to strike the hours; and the clock itself, which two centuries later, gave the signal for the St. Bartholomew massacre, was carried to the upper part of the tower, and fixed there in the most satisfactory manner.

It would be a great mistake to suppose that the wheel-work of the clocks of the fourteenth century was as complicated as the wheel-work of those of the latter part of the sixteenth century. Froissart, who was contemporary with Charles V., has left a very curious and very exact description of the clocks of his time, and, by the aid of this document, we shall now enter into a few details concerning the primitive construction of these machines.

The Amorous Clock is the title given by Froissart to his description, which is as follows:—

"Ou, vail parler de l'estat de l'horloge
La premeraine roe (roue) qui y loge,
Celle est la mère et li commencement
Qui fait mouvoir les autres moivemens.
Le plonk (poids) trop bien à la beauté s'accorde.
L'aisance s'est moutrée par la corde,
Si proprement qu'on ne pourrait mieul y dire;
Car, tout ainsi que le contro-pois tife
La corde à lui et la corde tirée,
Quand la corde est bien à droit attirée,
Retiré à lui et le fait émoouvoir.

Après, affiert à parler dou dyal (mouvement diurne),
Et ce dyal est la roe journal,
Qui en surg jour naturel seulement,
Se moët (ment) et fait mi tour précisément.
En ce dyal, dont grans est li merites,
Sont les heures XXIIII d'écrites.
C'est le derrain (derain) mouvement qui ordonne
La sonnerie, ainsi que elle sonne;
On faut savoir comment elle se fait,
Par deux roes ceste oeuvre se parfait.
Si porte o li (avec elle) ceste premeraine roe,
Un contro-pois par quoi e se roe (elle se moët),
Et qui le fait le mouvoir, selonc son entente,
Lorsque levés ont à point la denture,
Et la seconde est la roe chanteuse (roes de la sonnerie)."

"But the clock's structure I soon will reveal;
The chief thing within is the principal wheel;
This is the spring and the mother of all,
And moveth the others, both large ones and small.
The weight with the nature of beauty agrees,
And pleasure's the cord which holds beauty with ease.
For what I assert I have full and just cause,
For in the same way that the well-balanced weight
Draws down the cord, as soon as 'tis drawn,
The first weight, again through the smooth even groove,
Once more pulls the cord back and makes the clock move.

At present, 'tis fitting I mention the face,
Which marks, without falling, old Father Time's trace.
The hands that go round in a certain fixed way,
Revolve only once in the space of a day;
And on this same face, which is worthy indeed,
The hours XXXIII you may easily read.
The last movement doth all the striking direct,
And makes the clock strike to a minute correct;
But if the whole process perchance you should ask,
How two wheels do effect the same task.
Within the first wheel does contain, you must learn,
A balance which causes it always to turn;
When raised fully up, then the hammer rebounds,
And straightway the second wheel loudly resounds."

In the above lines, Froissart describes the principal functions of the balance and the watchwheel. He says that clock-makers ought to raise the weights up often—that is, to wind up the clock.

It is evident from the description of the learned historian that the clocks of his time were composed of two sets of wheel-work very simply constructed. The first set, which moved the hands, only comprised three wheels; one to which the weights were suspended, one which communicated with the hour hands, and the ratchet wheel, whose teeth kept up the oscillatory motion of the balance.

The second set belonged to the striking part, the first wheel of which had a weight and fly suspended to it, and acted on a pinion fixed in the centre of another wheel, which drew the flier, that regulated the whole wheel-work of the striking part, along with it in its rotatory movement. The pins that served to lift the hammer, which was employed to strike the hour on the bell, were placed at the extremity of the diameter of the first wheel, and perpendicularly to its plane.

We have entered into these details, because we know that several learned men, and various clock-makers of all countries, have been mistaken in the descriptions they have given of clocks of the fourteenth century. And, to mention that of the Palais de Justice only, we may remark that it has been the subject of a somewhat grave error, committed by a man whose name is an authority in the scientific world. We mean the celebrated Julien le Roi.

This skilful artist saw the clock at the beginning of the eighteenth century, and supposing that it was still in its primitive state, he described it as he then saw it, and accompanied his description with explanatory figures. This description, however, is that of a clock of the seventeenth century, and not of the one which was constructed by the clock-maker of Charles V.

When Julien le Roi inspected the clock, three centuries had passed by since it had been first placed in the tower of the Palais de Justice; and he did not consider that, in the course of so long a time, it had been repaired, modified, enlarged, and improved, some ten or twenty times perhaps. Neither did he perceive, on examining this correctly-made piece of mechanism, that it could not be the production of an artist of the middle ages, when clock-making was still in its infancy, when no tools fitted to make the teeth of the wheels and pinions had been invented, and when the artist, after many an effort, only just succeeded in making the rickety works, which then composed a clock, turn gratefully upon their pivots.

Besides, the clock which he described was not furnished with either weight or fly, of which one *must* be the other described: it was furnished with a few like a modern clock.

The dial-plate, too, was divided into twelve hours instead of twenty-four; while the striking part, the defeat, the make of the wheels and pinions, the flier, and the parts that guided the hands, were all different in the clock described by Julien le Roi to what they were in the one made by Henry de Wyck. The balance is the only thing mentioned by him which was really contained in the latter machine; and this will be easily understood when it is remembered that the pendulum was only applied to clocks towards the middle of the reign of Louis XIV., and that all clock-makers did not immediately adopt this new kind of regulator, in spite of its incontestable superiority.

It is, therefore, evident that Julien le Roi was not acquainted with the construction of the first clocks, these machines being made, as can be proved on the best of authorities, in the manner described by the author of the "Amorous Clock."

We have but a few words to say with respect to the successive improvements made in the dial-plate of Henry de Wyck's clock. The most important ones took place under Charles IX. and Henri III. Charles IX. encircled it with frescoes and ornaments of the best possible taste. Germain Pilon executed two burnt clay figures, one of which represented Force leaning with one hand on a bundle of fuses, and holding in the other the tables of the law, while the other figure represented Justice, holding a balance in her left, and a sword in her right hand. The first figure was placed on the left, and the second on the right side of the clock.

Henri III. still further increased the splendour of these decorations, and Germain Pilon, who directed the works, finished them in 1585. The following is the description given of them by the historian Rabel:—

"Towards the end of the month of November, of the year 1585, the works of the dial-plate of the palace clock were finished. This clock, with its ornaments, is considered the handsomest throughout France. The director of the works was Germain Pilon, a master statuary, and one of the first in his art. He has executed such beautiful things in our city of Paris, and in other places in France, that his name will be for ever remembered.

"In the first place, there is, at the top of the dial-plate, the figure of a dove, intended to represent the Holy Ghost; beneath this, there is a crown of laurels, with two other crowns placed over the escutcheons of France and Poland; the whole of which is enriched with a collar of the order of the Holy Ghost, created and instituted by the present King Henri while below is written:—

QUI DEDIT ANTE DUAS, TRIPLEX DABIT ILLE CORONAM.

He who has already given two crowns will give a triple crown.

"On one side of the dial-plate, Piety is represented holding an open book, on which is written:

SACRA DEI CELEBRARE PIUS
REGALE TIME JUN.

O pious observer of divine law,
Respect royal right.

"And on the other is Justice holding a balance, (the figures are called by Corroget, *Force and Justice*). Underneath the dial-plate is written:

MACHINA QUE BIS SEX TAM JUXTA DEVIDIT HORAS,
JUSTITIAM SERVARE MONET, LEGESQUE TENERI.

"These inscriptions were written by Jean Passerat, Royal Professor of Eloquence."

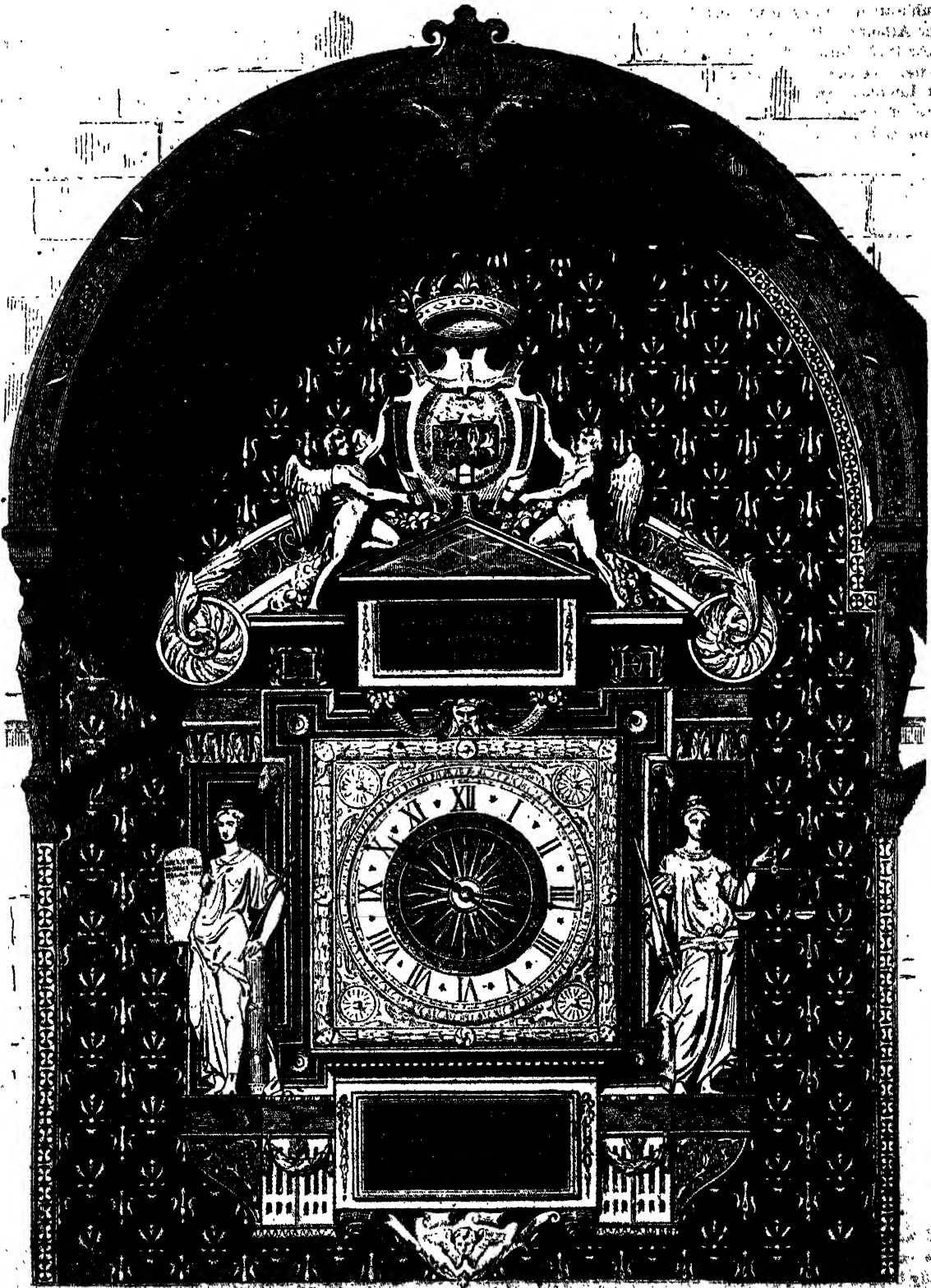
The last inscription is not quite complete. Rabel, moreover, does not tell us that the ground of the frame-work was studded with golden bees and fleurs-de-lis.

A hundred years later, Louis XIV. had the dial-plate of the clock again altered: but neither this prince nor his predecessors thought it necessary to mention, by an initial or inscription, that Charles V. had been the projector, and Henry de Wyck the constructor, of this magnificent machine. Through the sovereigns who restore old monuments worthy of

being preserved merit our gratitude, yet those who have executed them merit it still more.

The clock which at present replaces that of Henry de Wyck

The dial-plate is placed about twenty-three feet from the ground; and the diameter of the horary circle is four feet ten inches and a half. The bas-relief figures, which are placed on



CLOCK OF THE PALAIS DE JUSTICE, PARIS.

was made by Monsieur Henri Leparete, and, judging from this gentleman's reputation, it is no doubt well constructed, and will not fail to keep good time.

Each side of the clock are somewhat more than six feet high; while the general decorations occupy a space above twenty-four feet high, and above sixteen wide.

REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER, OF NEW YORK.

HENRY WARD BEECHER is a son of the venerable Dr. Lyman Beecher, and a brother of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, whose publications are exciting such deep interest on both sides of the Atlantic. He was born at Litchfield, Connecticut, in the year 1813, during the settlement of his father in that place. After receiving the rudiments of a sound and liberal education at Litchfield and Boston, he entered Amherst College at the age of seventeen, and graduated there in 1834. Here he improved a naturally good constitution by strict temperance

place for rather more than two years, he undertook the pastorate of a congregation in Indianapolis, the capital of the State, in 1839. Here he pursued a course of popularity and usefulness for eight years, and was instrumental in forming a large church. He was appointed as one of the trustees of Wabash College, at Crawfordsville; to which college his present people subscribed ten thousand dollars, soon after his removal to the east. While labouring in this place he delivered his "Lectures to young men on various important



HENRY WARD BEECHER.

and numerous athletic exercises; while at the same time he was careful to improve his intellectual powers by the close study both of books and men. On leaving Amherst College, he spent three years at Lane Seminary, near Cincinnati, where to his knowledge of mental philosophy he added a large and comprehensive knowledge of Christian theology. Having devoted himself to the Christian ministry, he was settled as pastor of an Independent Presbyterian Church in Lawrenceburg, Indiana, in June, 1837, and after labouring in that

subjects," which he afterwards published. The novel, lively, graphic, and pungent style of these lectures secured for them a sale extending to nearly eighteen thousand in America, and they have recently been reprinted and extensively circulated in England. The importance of the subjects, and the mode in which they are treated, is likely to secure for them an increasing popularity; while they will remain as a monument of his Christian earnestness, and eminent talents and acquirements, to the latest generation.

The failing health of Mr. Beecher's wife rendered it desirable that he should remove her to the east. This was no sooner known than the Plymouth Church in Brooklyn sought his services; he accepted the invitation, and was settled over that church in the latter part of the year 1847. On his taking charge of this congregation he made a bold and explicit avowal of his sentiments, both as to religion and as to various popular movements and questions of the day, declaring his full determination to adhere to those sentiments, and to propagate them publicly, whatever might be the result. He soon succeeded to secure one of the largest congregations of any preacher in the United States. His congregation is composed mainly of those in early and middle age, who have been collected and trained by his labours, and who are distinguished by their liberality, their benevolence, and their zealous exertions to promote the well-being of all the region round about them.

Mr. Beecher's mode of preparation for his pulpit labours differs very materially from that of the majority of preachers. We have already stated, that when at college he studied *both books and men*; in his preparations for the pulpit he seems to study *men* rather than books. During the week he visits among all classes of persons, noticing their peculiarities of character, and ascertaining their mental and moral condition and necessities. On Sunday morning—so it is said—he draws out upon paper the outline of his sermon, and goes from his study to the pulpit, before the ink is scarcely dry upon his paper, and while his thoughts are fresh in his mind. An hour's nap and a slight repast in the afternoon being taken, he prepares in like manner for his evening sermon, and goes again before a congregation of upwards of 2,000 persons, the majority of whom lean forward in breathless silence to delineations of character, pathetic appeals, and exposures of popular evils, such as few besides himself can give.

Mr. Beecher paid a very short visit to the metropolis of England in 1852, and spent a few days also in Paris. During his stay in London, he won "golden opinions" from the few with whom he had intercourse. One of these few, an admirable judge of men and of preaching, says of him:—"Mr. H. Ward Beecher is by far the most amusing and fascinating American it has ever been our lot to meet. He is a mass of flaming fire—restless, fearless, brilliant—a mixture of the poet, the orator, and the philosopher, such as we have seldom, if ever, found in any other man to the same extent. He is vivacious beyond even the temperature of Paris, and mirthful even to wildness, seeming not to know that there is such a thing as care or sorrow in the world."

We rejoice to be able to present our readers with a good portrait of this interesting branch of a most interesting family, from a daguerreotype, taken expressly for this work, by Mr. M. B. Brady, of New York.

in full tone. Breakfast generally consists much more of fluid than of solid material. Beaumont has shown that most fluids are not affected by the gastric juice, but pass off from the stomach soon after they have been received. This accounts for why we are equal to either corporeal or mental labour so soon after breakfast; while owing to the more solid and heavy nature of the supply at dinner, we are naturally averse to any exertion either of mind or body for some time after this meal. It is well known that liquids recruit the strength, when received by the stomach, more quickly than if solids be taken under similar circumstances. It is obvious that the first effect produced by the ingestion of food is upon the nervous system, for the feeling of languor and weakness is removed long before either liquid or solid food could be absorbed. The stomach appears to exercise a discriminating power in such instances. It should also be recollected that the wants of the system in infancy are supplied at first by liquid nourishment.

Thirdly, avoid, if possible, prolonging your ordinary occupation beyond the moment at which you feel your attention flags; but you must not confound this feeling with indolence or an indisposition to exert that control and discipline of the mind which is so truly characteristic of the man of business, and without which you are the slave of each passing contingency. But there are occasions when an individual of the most industrious habit feels he is unequal to further energetic effort—when his attention can no longer be kept fixed, and his memory fails to be as faithful as usual; recollect the rule of *non quantum sed quam bene*; nor don't spur, when jaded the willing horse.

Fourthly, if your occupation should be of a sedentary nature, tax your ingenuity to find, if possible, without any material interference with your duties, a means of change, occasionally of your body, more especially of your lower limbs. The late Commissioner Parsons, when very much employed with chamber practice as a barrister, mentioned an ingenious mode of effecting this object, which he had adopted. It was by placing the inkstand at one extremity of the study, and his books and briefs at the opposite side. This arrangement of course compelled him, of necessity, to walk to and fro when he required ink. A change of pursuit or study is often found to produce some of the relief obtained by absolute rest; which, if we recollect aright, was the only kind of relaxation Lord Brougham had permitted himself to enjoy before he attained the eminence his ambition had aimed at. Recollect we do not recommend this plan but as a substitute when there's no choice; nor do we think any individual should put himself into such a position as to render relaxation and out-of-door exercise during some portion of the day unattainable. We think that the end does not always justify the means, more especially when the latter leads inevitably to habits which undermine the health both of body and of mind.—*Hayden's Physiology.*

PHYSIOLOGICAL RULES.

It is as essential to health as to success in any lawful pursuit, that we should be governed by a principle of regularity and order. Besides the grounds of this rule, which are obvious to all, arising from the impossibility, without order carefully observed, of pursuing any system of dietetics and regimen, it will be evident that irregularity in the discharge of one duty or pursuit, must lead to the disturbance or total omission of all the other prescribed duties.

Secondly, when there is occasion (and when is there not?) for any mental application, it will be found that the mind is in fullest vigour for a few hours after breakfast. In fact, it is well known to all engaged in literary labour, that the period immediately succeeding this repast is what is called "the cream of the day." The reason is pretty obvious; all the wants of the system are by that time either sympathetically or actually supplied; and as the body may be compared to an instrument upon which the mind, as it were, plays, we should naturally look for the happiest effects when the instrument is

VOICE OF THE HUMBLE.

Though lowly my cottage, and frugal its fare,
Affection, and truth, and devotion are there;
And when evening arrives, and the day's toil is o'er,
My husband comes home, and I bar up the door.

He goes to the crib where his little ones lie,
And I know the sweet light that there beams in his eye
Then he turns to his supper, though humble it be,
With a kindness of heart that is heaven to me!

I love him too well to repine at my fate—
Frugality still keeps the dun from our gate;
And I hope that his children may rise to repay
The toils and the sorrows that wear him away.

Oh, innocent, upright, and pure be their youth!
May they hear from my lips only kindness and truth!
And when Mercy's mild messenger bears me from life,
Leave my memory dear as a mother and wife.

THE DEAD BRIDAL.

A VENETIAN TALE OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

BY JONATHAN FREKE SLINGSBY.

CHAPTER V.

"I arise from dreams of thee
In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low,
And the stars are shining bright.
I arise from dreams of thee,
And a spirit in my feet
Has led me—who knows how?
To thy chamber window, sweet!"—*Shelley.*

We think it may be safely laid down as a sure evidence that civilisation is advancing in any age of the world, in which we see that microcosm, the domestic mansion, like the great world which it mimics, reduced from a state of chaotic communism, and divided into separate and independent kingdoms. It is a good symptom when the man of art first thinks of separating for himself an apartment where he can establish his workshop, the man of science his laboratory, the man of letters his studio; wherein each may fence himself in securely, and ply his craft or his brains without the risk of interruption or intrusion from those around him. Aye, it is even a great thing in its way, when the buttery and the cellar arise and are erected into acknowledged domains, with their own special rights and privileges attached to them; when the cook hath his kitchen wherein he may unmolestedly exercise his culinary alchemy, watching the moment of projection, delighting himself with his roast and his boiled, his fat things of the earth, and his cunning combinations of comestibles, and ruling imperiously over scullions; when the butler can tap his butt of wine in peace, smelling its odour and tasting its flavour, and there be none to see how he flirts with the flask, or what "love passages" may take place between him and the pottle-pot.

But we hold it that the highest point of economical polity (a science which we would have you to remember is totally diverse from that hallucination called political economy) is never attained until the rights of the gynæceum are conceded, and the lady's boudoir is an acknowledged empire amongst the domestic dynasties. When once the ruder inmates of the common dwelling begin to feel the sanctity that belongs to the fairer sex, and by common consent yield to them a portion of territory which they may hold as their own against all males—then, indeed, civilisation has reached the summit of its elevation. For ourselves, we confess that there is no portion of the human dwelling which we hold in higher estimation or love more to penetrate than the boudoir of the lady, especially if it be the bower of the intellectual and the beautiful. We love an excursion of the sort with all our hearts—whether it be in visiting the castle or the palace of the days gone by, where we still see, as it were, the traces of the foot-prints and smell the odour of the flowers that still floats and lingers in the atmosphere which the young and the fair once hallowed—or, furnished with the talismanic passport that admits us into the interior of the modern mansion, we find the monarch in her realms, the divinity in her shrine.

And in good truth, if man would really wish to know woman—and what man is there that would not aspire to that knowledge, difficult though it be—we counsel him by all means to make acquaintance with her in her boudoir. There every thing is cognate and congenial to her mind, speaks her prevailing tastes, testifies to her nature and disposition. Talk to her if you will, and as you may, when in the ball-room, or in the park—yet, while you listen to her words or mark her looks, trust them not implicitly; remember that they may be in part the echo of fashion or the result of art. But when you enter her boudoir, her own private and congenial retreat, address yourself less to her than to the insentient things around you. See what they are that minister to her delights, or form, as it were, her necessities. Mark the book that she has last been reading—the song that she has just been singing—and what comes her fingers love to sketch—whether she

makes to herself friends of sweet-voiced birds, and bright-eyed flowers—scrutinise narrowly all around her, and discover if she loves the beautiful, the orderly, the pure; or if her heart be caught by the gaudy, the brilliant, the sensuous;—do all this, and trust us, you will know more of the fair mistress in her boudoir in one hour, than you would be able to find out in a year's superficial association when she is fenced around and disguised by the conventionalities and the formalities of life.

Well, now that we have given you our thoughts upon a lady's boudoir, step in with us after old Giudetta, out of the twilight air; for you remember that she and her young mistress, Bianca Morosini, have just left the balcony and passed into the chamber within,—pass in, we pray you, and you shall survey the boudoir of a Venetian lady of the fourteenth century.

The shadows of the evening were beginning to steal through the apartment as they entered; the young girl stepped up to a table which stood in the centre of the floor, and taking up a small silver hand-bell, she rang it twice. After a moment's interval, a little Moorish boy, dressed in a long white tunic, trimmed with gold, and gathered in with a belt round the waist, entered from the further end of the room, bearing in his hand a small lamp, and, at a sign from his mistress, he lighted a large massive chandelier that hung from the centre of the ceiling. As the illumination increased, one might observe the apartment, not indeed as accurately as in the daylight, yet, perhaps, to more advantage in some respects, for the rays from the chandelier threw out a soft light that fell upon the deep cornices, and projected long shadows of the columns and carving upon the wall and the floor. Let us, then, with such light as we now have, describe the chamber even as it existed at that period, and, for aught we know, may still exist—for he who visits the city of Venice, will see even yet in many of her palaces, now hired out to wealthy foreigners or converted into public hotels, much of the ancient splendour of their once princely possessors, intact or but little changed. A saddening sight, and fraught with that sort of painful interest with which one contemplates the form of some beautiful dead, arrayed in the ornaments of earthly grandeur, while the glory of life is departed from it for ever! In shape, the room was nearly square, measuring about three and twenty English feet in each direction—dimensions which showed it was not to be classed amongst the principal apartments of the palazzo, but was one of those delightful retreats, the position of which Italian architects so well understood in the arrangements of their domestic buildings.

We have already noticed, that from the centre of the ceiling a large chandelier depended. It was of massive bronze work, consisting of six pannelled facets, from which projected three tiers of arms branching out into numerous candelabra: in each of these last was a large waxen candle, a luxury with which the Venetians were at that time familiar. The lamp itself was suspended by a thick rope of crimson silk, and to the foliated boss in which it terminated was attached a shorter rope of the same colour and material, finished with a rich gland and tassel.

Nothing could be more tasteful than the window through which Bianca had just entered from the balcony. It stood in a recess in the southern extremity of the room, which she entered from the latter by an ascent of three easy marble steps. The casement was divided into two valves separated

by a Corinthian column of red marble forming the style, at the foot of which reposed a water-god holding a shell, while at each side pilasters of the same material and order supported the semicircular arch which formed the top of the window. At the opposite extremity of the room the eye discovered an alcove, the front of which was richly wrought in arabesque. In this stood a sleeping-couch: the silken curtains were held up at each side by Cupids, and at the angles were plumes of ostrich feathers.

The furniture of the room was in keeping with its architecture. Beneath the lamp was a table covered with a cloth of crimson velvet, stiff with richly-wrought flowers, its fringed edges reaching to the ground. An ivory crucifix stood upon the table, and near it lay an open book of devotion, beyond which was a little casket of dark wood inlaid with mother-of-pearl. A large sofa or settee, with high back and sides stuffed, and upholstered in flowered silk, stood at some distance; while a few low-seated chairs with long, high backs of similar fashion were placed throughout the apartment. Upon one of the walls was affixed an octangular mirror; at either side hung three-quarter-length portraits, the one of a doge in his ducal mantle and horned bonnet, the other of a cavalier in full armour. A portrait of a woman, apparently a young and beautiful matron, surmounted the glass.

The floor was tessellated with small squares of white marble, at the intersections of which were inserted little corner-pieces of black stone, the entire being highly polished. The ceiling was elaborately beautiful. It was divided by a great number of transverse beams, whose gilded edges upon their white ground caught the rays of light, while the deep coffers or panels thus formed contained each a florid centre-piece of stucco-work, representing bunches of grapes, intertwined with the tendrils and leaves of the vine, that hung down almost to the level of the ribs of the coffers. Round the room ran a rich deep cornice, beneath which was an entablature, having antique bas-reliefs along it, and under this was a line of leaf-work that separated the whole from the walls. These last were painted of a delicate pale green colour.

We hope that our readers can now form a tolerably accurate notion of the boudoir of Bianca Morosini—an apartment where she spent much of her time, and one that was all the dearer to her that it had been also the favourite chamber of her mother, and one of the few memorials still left of the wealth and greatness of a family now somewhat reduced in circumstances.

The young lady sat down on one of the low chairs near the table, and opposite to the mirror, and after a little time proceeded to make preparation for what has been in all ages and climes a very solemn and important act with ladies—namely, her evening toilet. First, she removed the velvet band from her brows, and suffered the long masses of her brown hair to fall down her neck and backward over her shoulders; whereupon good old Giudetta took her place behind the chair of her mistress, and began to busy herself in arranging the tresses for the night, while the little page stood in readiness to supply from time to time such appliances as the fashion of the times rendered indispensable for the purpose of dressing the hair. We must, however, confess that we approach this interesting subject with much diffidence, seeing that, with the honourable exception of perruquiers, men are but little skilled in the details of the coiffure. Let it suffice, then, to say, that after a due application of perfumes and unguents, and when the brush had done its duty, the tresses were woven skilfully into large braids, and once more confined not ungracefully within the fillet. Other operations in the arrangement of the person, which we shall not attempt to describe, succeeded, and Bianca's evening toilette was completed. The old woman, in the meantime, renewed her gossip, and sought to amuse her young mistress with that description of familiar conversation, which it has immemorially been at once the province and the privilege of a favoured attendant to administer. Then came the evening meal, a solitary one; for Bianca was now living in almost conventual seclusion since the departure of her guardian, the Count Polani, from Venice. When the supper was concluded, the little page, at the bidding of his mistress, took

up a lute, and played, not without a certain amount of skill and taste, some of the *barcaroles* which at that period formed the favourite subjects of song for the gondoliers upon the canals and lagunes, for the day had not yet come when the verses of Tasso were to be as household words with every singer. The boy continued to sing for a considerable time, but the lady appeared to give but little attention to him. In truth, her thoughts were not with the songs, nor the subjects of them, but had wandered away back to the happy days when she and Giulio sat, and sang, and played together beneath the summer skies. Giudetta at length perceived that her mistress took but little note of the minstrel's efforts, though, indeed, the boy did his best to win a smile of approval or a kind word from the young lady. Seeing this, the old woman, who, to say the truth, was no great judge of melody, set the matter down to the fault of the performer, and not to that of his fair auditrice—a very natural and commendable conclusion in a loving old nurse. So, without more ado, she fell to rating the youth soundly.

"Beshrew thee, Hamet! I know not what has come over thee to-night! Why, boy, thy fingers fall as heavily upon the strings, as if thou hadst lead upon the tips of them. And thy voice; by my troth, 'tis as husky as old Lazaro's, the aquaiolo, that sells the iced water in the Giardini publici!"

The boy looked up with an angry flash of his dark eye, but ere he could speak, Giudetta continued:

"Che diavolo vuoli? What the devil dost thou mean, child, by thrumming all those old ditties that I remember since I was a little girl?"

"Nay, Giudetta, thou art over-hard on Hamet," said Bianca. "In good sooth, I do not think he sings amiss to night, though it may be that I am not of the mind to do him full justice. But tell me, Hamet, hast thou learned no new song of late? If thou hast, let me hear it; thou wilt do me a pleasure and Giudetta too, as she loves not old songs, it would seem."

"Giudetta loves nothing old, signora," said the boy—and then added, in a malicious undertone, just loud enough to be heard by her for whom it was intended—"Save herself."

"Ah, Birbone!" retorted the nurse in the same tone "marry but I shall mend thy manners for thee when next I meet thee in the *tipello*, I promise thee."

"So please you, signora," proceeded Hamet, "I learned this very day a new *barcarola*. I heard a Zingaro singing it to a *vieille* up the Riva dei Schiavoni, and I loitered after him till I got it off by heart. Is it your pleasure to hear it?"

"Yes, indeed, Hamet. Thou shalt sing it for me; and if thou art perfect in thy measure, I promise that Giudetta herself shall praise thee."

"Oh surely, surely, my dear child," replied the nurse, "he shall have his deserts from me; but if I catch him at a false note, why—"

The youth resumed his lute, and preluded the notes of a simple but pleasing melody, just then introduced into Venice, but which afterwards became very popular; indeed we have ourselves listened often to it on a fine autumn evening upon the Giudecca, and we doubt not that he who visits to-day the Sea-Queen, may find that the strain is still in fashion. The words are in the dialect of Venice; we shall essay to render the sense at least into our own language:

UNA BARCAROLA VENEZIANA.

"A black-ey'd maiden holds me
In Cupid's toils a prey,
Th' assassin's wile enfolds me,
'And steals my heart away.
Alas! alas! I languish,
I die of love's soft anguish—
Un T, un I, un A, un M, un O."

All fair have bosoms chilling
To passion's kindling beam,
Their fickle hearts ne'er feeling
Love's faithful, steady flame.
Alas! alas! I languish,
I die of love's soft anguish—
Un T, un I, un A, un M, un O."

"What means, I pray, the spell
The spell thou chant'st to me?"
"It means—I dare not tell—
It means—that I love thee!
I love thee, dearest, ever,
I'll cease to love, oh never—
Un T, un I, un A, un M, un O."

"In faith thou hast sung bravely, Hamet," said Giudetta, when the song was concluded. "'Tis a rare pretty barcarola, and hath a very pleasant burden, 'Un T, un I, un A, un M, un O.' Per Bacco, the lover took an artful way to make the black-eyed beauty learn what he meant; but I think she was over slow at reading the riddle."

"Truly, yes, dear nurse," said Bianca. "It seems to me that she who had learned her hornbook could put the letters together and find that the youth sang to her 'Ti'amio.'"

"Ah! well-a-day! well-a-day!" said old Giudetta with a gentle sigh; "it brings back to my mind the days when I was a little girl—and the young men used to say to me, just as the youth did in the song, that I was cruel and faithless, and—"

"Nay, but Giudetta," asked the girl, smiling, "thou surely wert not all that?"

"Was I not! was I not, indeed! Ay, by my faith, but I was though, as well as the best donzella in the city, I can tell thee, my child—that is, I don't mean to say that I was so very cruel; but I was fickle and hoity-toity and hard to be pleased, as well as my betters, I promise you. Why, look you, my dear child, I remember it as if it were but yesterday; there was Giambattista Zucharello, the confectioner, in the Terra Nuova; well, when first he saw me at mass one Sunday at the Chiesa di San Nicolo, why, what do you think, but—"

"At this moment the sound of the bell of the great clock of St. Mark's came borne from the city, striking the hour. The very first stroke had the double effect of interrupting an incipient yawn which was just beginning to distend the pretty mouth of the young lady, and of cutting short the narrative of the old woman, by causing her wrinkled mouth to open to the full width for the purpose of emitting an ejaculation of astonishment. Were it not for these two results of the iron tongue of old Time, it is hard to say what might have happened to either of those personages. The former might possibly have passed from the oscitant to the comatose state; and the latter, in all probability, would have lost herself in the labyrinth of her ancient memories, and gone wandering up and down through a long life of those little love-adventures which the ladies'-maids at Venice, unless they be sadly belied by all historians, ancient and modern, indulged themselves very freely in, even while they were faithfully attached to their mistresses."

"Santissima Virgine!" cried Giudetta, "why, I declare 'tis three hours since the Ave Maria. Bless me, who would have believed it? And here am I, talking away, just as if I had nothing in the world to think of or to look to. Well, well, I must hurry to the cucino, for I promised old Eufemia Zoppo to give her some of my famous unguent for her lameness, and her little daughter, Doris, will be waiting for it. Should you want me again, signora, you will ring and I shall attend you."

Giudetta, thus speaking, hurried out of the room, upon what further cares intent we take not upon us to investigate. Bianca smiled as she watched the bustling movements of her good old nurse, and after a few minutes she turned to the page, and said,

"And now, Hamet, thou too mayst leave me. I shall not need thy voice or late again to-night, as I would read somewhat before retiring to rest."

So saying, she waved her hand kindly to the boy, and the next moment she was alone in her boudoir.

The young girl took up the illuminated missal from the stand upon which it was placed, and turned over the leaves to a page that was marked with a cord of blue and silver twist; then she crossed herself, and commenced to read, occupying herself for a time intently and devoutly with the evening service of the church.

It was a spectacle highly picturesque, and not without a solemn interest, to see that fair young girl, sitting alone in the

still night, and in the midst of this rich apartment, withdrawing herself for a season from all worldly thoughts, and lifting up her meek, pure, simple heart to heaven. The soft light from the lamp fell down upon the masses of her thick, rich hair, and touched it as with streaks of gold, till she looked like a Magdalene, with all of her love and nothing of her sin,—while statue, and column, and pilaster, and all the rich carvings and antique furniture, flung strange, grotesque shadows over the walls and along the floor, stretching onward till they met, and chequered without mingling with the faint white starlight that flowed in through the still open window.

And thus Bianca read and prayed, but after awhile her thoughts apparently wandered from the contemplation of the mysteries of the divine nature to those scarce less engrossing mysteries of our own; for now indeed her heart turned to earthly things, while her eyes still rested upon the things that belonged to heaven. At length she suffered the volume to fall upon her knees, and she surrendered herself entirely to a reverie, half sad, half pleasing. The intelligence which Giudetta had brought from Venice of the return of Giulio Polani from his travels had awakened in her mind, in all their freshness, a thousand fond memories which time and absence had subdued; and she wondered at the fidelity with which the scenes of her life, from childhood to the hour when she and her brother-friend had parted, seemed to have been treasured up in her heart, and now re-appeared at the summons of his name, who in each and all of them bore a prominent part. But now for the first time there mingled with these thoughts a feeling of positive pain, though the contemplation of them often before brought a not displeasing sadness. Despite of the estimate of the gossip of her nurse, and the silly boasting of Tommaso, she could not help experiencing a sensation of uneasiness, not so much at the thought that Giulio was courted by others, for, in truth, it appeared only natural to her that all should admire him; but the possibility that he might return the love of some of those fair admirers of whom she heard, or that, at all events, their charms might have weakened in his heart the love which she would have him feel for herself—was inexpressibly distressing to her. As long as she had been accustomed to think of him as one who had no regard for any other woman—whatever might be his feelings towards herself—she knew not the force or depth of her own passion. But now that the touchstone was applied, the throbb of her heart told her how strong and how engrossing was her love. In vain she took herself to task upon a subject on which the human heart will not be schooled. In vain she said to herself again and again, "Why should I be jealous of a love which I know not that I ever possessed? Should I not be contented with the love that a brother gives to a sister? And have I not had that always, and shall I not have it still? What right have I to look for more? He can break no faith to me who has plighted none. Let me take heed that he shall not discover the weakness of my heart, lest he despise a love which was bestowed before it was sought." Idle casuistry! Who has ever found it availing? The springs of the heart will not thus be dried up nor its current arrested. Pride or vanity, a stern sense of duty, or the chilling breath of worldliness, or the voice of calculating prudence, may, and often does, enable us to hide the feelings we cannot destroy, as the ice clothes with a hard, and smooth, and even a bright surface the face of the rippling stream; but beneath it still the wave heaves, and flows, and runs on silently, unseen, unchangingly along its predestined course and in its accustomed channel. Trust not its cold and sluggish repose. The first beam of sunshine, the first rush of stormy rain, will break the hard crust in pieces, and give the living waters again to life and light.

In pensive musings such as we have attempted to describe the hours wore on with Bianca Morosini, till night was already somewhat advanced. Within doors all was silent. Without, the sounds of life came rarer and more rare on the ear, the plash of some fisherman's oar as he returned late from his evening's toil to haul up his boat upon the sand, or the wild and cry of the lonely sea-bird, which the retreating air of the night rustled through the swaying of the reeds, and conveyed

into the chamber through the open casement. Suddenly the sound of music rose upon the breeze—the sound of guitar-strings swept by no unpractised hand. Bianca listened with surprise; such sounds at such a time and place were by no means usual; the gallants of Venice rarely wandered so far from the lagunes, and Hamet, surely, was not up and about at such an hour as this. Her doubts on this head were speedily removed, for a voice now gave meaning to the music, and that voice was not Hamet's; it was fuller and deeper than the boy's, and breathed more tenderness and passion than he had yet learned to express. Bianca listened breathlessly, and with a feeling of timidity, that, notwithstanding, had a tinge of pleasurable curiosity mingled with it. The melody was one which she had herself sung a thousand times—the words were new to her, but each of them fell distinctly on her ear: one might render them somewhat after this manner in our own tongue:—

“ZITTI, ZITELLA, ZITTI.”

“Deeply o'er Adrian's waters
The pale stars are spreading their light;
Brightest of Adrian's daughters
Look on the beautiful night.
The mariner home wending slowly,
Still blesses those lights in the skies—
I watch with a worship more holy
The stars of my love in thine eyes.
List, dearest, list to the measure
True love is breathing to thee,
Hush! while my heart tells its pleasure,
Zitti, Zitella, Zitti!”

“See, o'er the still waters breaking,
The flushings of morning appear!
To thy lattice I look for the waking
Of a day-dawn more sunny and dear.
Night is all lustre and gladness,
If lit by thy presence it be;
While day seems but shadow and sadness
If thou art not looking on me.
List, dearest, list to the measure,
True love is breathing to thee!
Hush! while my heart tells its pleasure—
Zitti, Zitella, Zitti!”

The sound of the song ceased, and all was again still as before. Bianca knew not what to think of this strange minstrelsy. At length, after wearying herself with all sorts of conjectures, she concluded that some wandering musician, perhaps the one whom Hamet had heard in the morning, had found his way along the shore of the Adriatic, and, attracted by the light that streamed out of the open window upon the night, had made this essay of his “gay science” in the hope that his song might reach the ear of some yet-waking maiden. As she made up her mind to this solution, and was preparing to rise and make her arrangements for retiring to rest, a slight noise as of one in the balcony struck upon her ear. The sound alarmed her, yet she scarce knew why, for the thought of danger in such seclusion had never before occurred to her. She looked up, and perceived a figure muffled in a cloak standing between the window and the starlight. Starting from her seat in terror, she uttered a low scream, and was about to fly, when the figure sprang forward and caught her in his arms. The cloak is flung open, the mask cast aside, the guitar thrown on the table; and Bianca Morosini looks upon the smiling face and sparkling eyes of Giulio Polani.

It was some time before the young maiden recovered from the agitation, pleasurable though it was, which the unexpected appearance of Giulio caused her, for she fully believed he was at that moment at the further side of the lagunes beyond Venice. The first sentiment which her countenance expressed was, if we may be so imprudent as to make public a lady's emotions, that of delight. But then she speedily came to a due sense of propriety and prudery and so forth, which aided her marvellously in checking and concealing her natural feelings. A course which we think very commendable, and such as all discreet young ladies, especially in this our highly artificial state of society, should practise. So, ere-

fore, after the cordial greeting and fond embrace—such as a brother and sister might share with propriety, though it was perhaps a little warmer and longer than those relatives always feel it necessary to indulge in—Bianca withdrew herself from the young man's arms, and assuming as composed a demeanour as she could, she again seated herself upon the chair. Giulio imitated her example, and sat down upon another, which he drew tolerably close to his sister.

“My dear Giulio,” said the girl, after a pause sufficiently embarrassing, and assuming at the same time an air of maidenly severity,—“My dear Giulio, though I own I am very glad to see you come home again, yet indeed I am almost disposed to scold you for this very unexpected intrusion—and at such an hour too! You have really disturbed me very much.”

The young man looked at her with an expression of mock penitence, beneath which she could perceive an air of easy gaiety that seemed to indicate that the young gentleman had an exceedingly good opinion of himself, and did not apprehend any serious results from the lady's displeasure.

The girl was piqued, and added with some spirit,—

“In truth, signore, the maidens of Venice have not yet learned the outlandish fashions of the dames of France and their courtiers, with whom I hear you have been consorting. We receive not gentlemen by night, save upon invitation, and that too in society. It is not considerate, nay, I will say, it is not kind of you to —”

“Dear sister Bianca,” said the youth, interrupting her with a tender seriousness, “if I have really offended or pained you, I entreat your pardon; for, believe me, your displeasure would be punishment enough for a greater fault even than that. But will you make no allowance for the eagerness of a brother's love? Could I be so near Venice, and yet wait throughout the long hours till day, when I might see you and speak to you by journeying a short space in the evening? You do not censure my affection, surely? You do not wish it to be less, Bianca?”

“No, indeed, brother,” cried the young girl, a blush spreading over her pallid cheek, “Believe me, Giulio, I would not that time or distance or new friends should make you think less of the old ones.”

“They have not, indeed they have not,” said the young man, interrupting her.

“But then,” continued Bianca with a pleased smile, “there was no need, you know, for coming to us in this masquerading fashion, and at such an hour, too. Why did you not come a few hours sooner, and knock at the front entrance beneath the portico, instead of stealing in through the window like a thief at midnight?”

“Why, in good faith, dear Bianca,” replied Giulio, “as to coming earlier than I have come, that was impracticable, simply for want of time. When I sent Tommaso forward from Mestre yesterday, I had not intended to proceed further till morning myself, but the fellow had no sooner gone than I felt a home-longing come over my heart so strongly that I could not resist it. So I followed in a few hours after him, and reached Venice in the evening.”

“Ah, Giudetta had left the Palazzo Polani before you reached it,” interposed Bianca.

“She had indeed, and well freighted, I doubt not, with Tommaso's marvellous stories. Well, I found none but servants at the Palazzo, amongst whom my worthy valet had created quite a sensation, filling their heads with all sorts of traveller's tales about himself.”

“And some about his master too, it would seem, Giulio.”

“Oh, of course,” replied Giulio, “a good servant, I warrant me, never loses an opportunity of magnifying his master. So while that gentleman was edifying the maidens and grooms in the *tinello*, I slipped quietly away, and stepped into a gondola, with cloak, mask, and guitar, as you see, and found my way quite naturally, hither and to your own balcony, dear Bianca; then I saw the light still burning, so I sang a song to find out if you were awake, and not receiving any response, which you must admit was rather unnecessary, why—I just stepped in the shortest way (clambering up the carved work, as I used to do

when a boy) to receive your thanks for my minstrelsy—and not to get a scolding, unkind sister, Bianca.”

“And, indeed, thou dost well merit a scolding, Giulio, though thou hast not got it. What would the matrons of Venice say, if they were to know that Bianca Morosini listened to serenaders near midnight, or if some prying eyes had seen you clambering into the balcony?”

“Why, they would give their eyes, dear Bianca, for such a story, and they would run about with it through all the palazzi of the city, hobbling along on their *chopines* at the risk of their necks—and then they would find out the next day that it was only Giulio Polani—your brother Giulio—that had come home, and did what he was wont to do when a boy, and so they would be ready to drown themselves in the Giudecca for vexation and disappointment.”

Bianca smiled at the lively sally of the young man, but a sigh soon chased away the smile, as she said,—

“Ah, dear Giulio, you know we are no longer children, and so we must not do a thousand things that we were used to do.”

“And why not, pray, most prudish sister?”

“Because we of Venice, Giulio, are more discreet, or more prudish if you will have it, than the fair dames and demoiselles with whom I hear you have been spending your time so pleasantly.”

“Ah, diavolo!” cried the young man, “that cursed ‘Maso has been at his old tricks again, I perceive: the rascal’s tongue is never easy except when it’s wagging. Come now, sister, tell me what the fellow has been saying about me.”

The girl blushed deeply, and said, in a tone of reserve,—

“I assure you, Giulio, I am not in the habit of suffering the idle gossip of menials to be repeated to me. If you have made your valet your confidant, your secrets, so far as I am concerned, are in perfectly safe keeping.”

“But I have *not* made the rascal my confidant, Bianca, and I have no secrets—at least none that I would confide to him. No, no; my secrets have all been kept for thy ear, my sweet sister. And now, shall I tell you one of them?”

“Nay, Giulio,” said the girl—and her heart fluttered as she spoke—“that must depend entirely upon yourself. I am not your confessor, as Father Chrysostom was.”

“Ah, dear old Father Chrysostom! Well, as he is not at hand, I will even confide it to your own ear. Listen, then, I have now been travelling some years, wandering up and down the world, in strange scenes and strange company; seeing many fair faces, and making some true friends, I hope; yet have I never forgotten those fairer and dearer ones whom I left at home behind me; and now that I have come back and seen one of them again, that one seems to have grown in my heart during absence, as she has grown in form and loveliness.”

The young man spoke in a tone of much tenderness, that appeared for a moment even agitated with emotion; yet there was something of gallantry about the speech itself, and the smile which accompanied it, that made it difficult to determine how much of what he said should be attributed to a love beyond that of a brotherly character—how much to the conventional courtesies of a travelled gentleman.

Poor Bianca! her heart trembled and throbbed at the ardour of language whose sincerity or real significance she feared to interpret as that heart would have wished. And so she answered vaguely but kindly, and said, how happy she was to find that Giulio’s love for all his old friends had not given place to newer objects; and that travelling had not injured his heart, as she felt sure it had improved his mind.

And thus they continued to converse, renewing a thousand sweet memories—evoking from the past those spells, which ever bind the heart in the strongest bondage—the recollections of early life, above all, of childhood, that most beautiful moral spring-tide of our existence, when the heart’s virgin soil is still rich as the unbroken glebe, when the affections germinate quick and vigorous, and, with a true instinct that no worldliness has as yet misdirected, strike their roots sure and deep, and wind their tendrils enduringly round all that is congenial to their nature. Ah, there is nothing, after all, like the friendships of our young life! In after years we may, and

often do, meet those whom we feel to be in every way superior to the mates of our childhood, whom our soberer judgments more approve—our maturer esteem more honours; but our love consecrates and cherishes them never, never as it does the objects of our earlier affections. These we embalm in our heart of hearts, keeping them ever fresh with all sweet and tender retrospections, which are as fragrant spices and aromatic gums;—these lie in our bosoms, like the seeds in the tombs of the Egyptian kings, buried unnoticed through ages during which other loves and friendships have arisen and flourished and died, while they preserve their vitality, ready, when again placed in congenial soil, to spring up with the pristine vigour of their young-world life!

At length the waning lights in the chamber, and the faint reflection of the twilight, admonished the two friends that it was high time to terminate their happy converse; and Bianca blushed as she reminded Giulio how many hours had fled since first he entered the apartment. There was no denying the fact, however unwilling he might feel to notice it, and so he rose, and, once more embracing the girl,—though it must be confessed that there was somewhat more embarrassment on both sides than in olden times,—Giulio left the boudoir, and sought one of the sleeping apartments with which he was already familiar.

Whether he slept or not that night, or how soon he was able to enter upon that most desirable reflection, we shall not trouble ourselves with investigating; but certain it is that poor Bianca pressed sleeplessly her pillow, for her thoughts had got too much matter to occupy them. She compared the Giulio of to-night with the youth that had left his father’s house upon his travels, and she acknowledged that the intervening time had done as much as time could do towards his improvement. To her fancy she had never seen one with a franker or manlier bearing, or more accomplished and graceful manners; and, to say the truth, in these respects she formed no over partial judgment. He was now just entering that period of life when the grace and sprightliness of youth blends so harmoniously with the dignity and power of manhood,—when the down has not all passed from the cheek, though the manlier moustache is covering the lip,—when the locks are yet silken and wavy upon the head, the light yet glittering and vivid in the eye, and all the pulses beat full and round and cheerily through the veins, without one click or check that can indicate a hitch or a shake in the wheels and springs of life. In a word, Giulio Polani was a very fine young fellow, and so any woman in the world would have unhesitatingly pronounced him; whether such sentence were to be passed in the streets of Venice or in any other city of the world, at the time of which we are writing, or at any other age or time down to that in which we now write. Bianca, as we said, thought as much, too, as she lay awake; and, upon the whole, her thoughts were very pleasurable. True it is, that while she felt her own love all the stronger for being thus fed again from the fountain-head, yet she had no positive assurance that Giulio’s was yet more than of old towards her, in its character at least, though assuredly it was in its intensity; and then she had the consolation of being certified that at all events no other woman had won his heart, though, as he had observed, he had doubtless met with many suited to captivate his fancy, if not to touch his affections. And this was a very great matter; for whatever be the operations one projects, it is exceedingly desirable to have a clear stage and an unoccupied field to work on. It takes a world of time and labour, often, to remove the debris of some former shrine before you can attempt to erect a new temple; but with ground unappropriated, and a reasonable monopoly of time and opportunities, he or she is but a clumsy artificer who will not be able to throw up a stronghold, and maintain it for a long time, if not, indeed, for ever, against all assailants. Thinking some of these thoughts,—though we dare say she did not refine upon her feelings, or those of him she loved, so far as we have gone,—the fair Bianca at length closed her eyes just about the time that morning opened her eyes upon the heavens above Venice, and so we leave her to her dreams.

ART INDUSTRY.

The various exhibitions of industrial art which have taken place during the last few years—and more especially the Great Exhibition of 1851—have had the effect of so far improving the public taste as to compel, on the part of manufacturers, greater attention to beauty of form and superiority of workmanship. But more than this, the public taste has been educated, as it were, up to a higher point than it had ever before attained; and thus has the improvement in the object manufactured and the refinement of the purchaser been in some sort accomplished.

But while the search after novelty in design has produced much that is unique and beautiful in metal, papier mache, and other materials, it has also had the effect of causing the designers and manufacturers to wander, oftentimes, from the really beautiful, because useful and appropriate, to the merely strange, and sometimes grotesque. Much has been said, from time to time, of the artist studying at once from nature; but it must be submitted, that even natural forms are not always appropriate when attached to domestic utensils, merely in the way of ornamentation, without reference to the use of the object itself. Thus, who has not seen carpets with huge tropical plants blazoning with

before or upon with any degree of comfort? And so through all the departments of manufacture, the designers seem to

think nothing can be beautiful
that is not ours.

We have here introduced a pair of designs in illustration of our remarks. First we have a silver salt-cellar; exquisite in design, perfect in artistic finish, graceful in outline, and elegant in decoration—beautiful as a work of art, but quite beside its purpose as a salt-cellar.

Then glance at the object below it. There we have everything suggestive of fish and the sea—dolphins, bears, pelicans, salmon, shells, sea-weed, and water—but the thing itself, the dish-cover, is all too fine for use, and so covered with complicated ornament as to be fitted only to be looked at as a piece of very fine workmanship. In both these objects, however, we trace the right spirit—carried a little too far. We admire Cupids, and cornucopies, and shields, and dolphins, and so on, as much as any one, but we like to see them in their right places. "We hail the movement in favor of art-education as a right one in the main, but we beg to put forward our use. Good taste may be as easily played, as by a too-magnificent show of



SILVER SALT-CELLAR.

BY MARTIN BURKETT, OF CHELTENHAM.



SILVER DISH-COVER FOR FISH. - ONE; TOLPHE AND CO., PANAMA

colour on a floor sixteen feet by twelve, and fifteen and twenty
decorated with designs representing flowers, and the floor just now
decorated with designs representing flowers, and the floor just now

MONKEYS.

"Meddling monkey--busy ape."—*Shakspeare.*



MANDRILL, OR RIBBED-FACED BABOON; AND BARRARY APES.

Whoever is familiar with the travelling menageries, — once the almost exclusive dependence of Natural History, — and especially with the invaluable collections of our Zoological Gardens,

need not to be informed that large, interested, and amused groupings take place continually, about the receptacles of the monkey tribes. In writing in reference to them, therefore, we

feel that our subject is an attractive one, and we offer it as an appendage to those personal observations which, happily, vast multitudes of the community have such abundant opportunity to enjoy and improve.

If any one now addressed will take down an atlas, open it at Europe, which forms a page of it, and then place a finger on the rock of Gibraltar, the only spot will be touched in this great division of the globe, where any one of these creatures is found in a wild state. The Barbary ape, an aboriginal of the opposite coast of Africa, appears to have become naturalised there; the present race being descended, most probably, from individuals which, at some period, have escaped from confinement, or have been purposely introduced.

The genus *Simia*, as naturalists designate the ape and monkey tribes, are exclusively confined to the warmer latitudes of the old and new continents, thronging in multitudes the deep forests of the torrid zone, and occasionally wandering into the more cultivated portions of the adjacent districts for fruits or grain.

New Holland, abounding with singular animals, has no monkeys, and they are as yet unknown in the Island of Madagascar. The monkeys of the *Old* and *New* World are, therefore, regarded as forming two *subgenera* each including numerous groups. And it is particularly worthy of remark, that these two divisions of the globe possess their peculiar tribes; the *Simia* of the Old World being never found in America, and those of the New World never appearing anywhere else.

The American species may always be distinguished by the lateral position of the nostrils, between which there intervenes a considerable space. Another peculiarity is as easily remembered; for no transatlantic species has ever been discovered in which the tail is wanting; on the contrary, in many of these animals that organ is endowed with the singular power of prehension,—the tail acting as another hand—a circumstance which never occurs in any species proper to Asia or Africa. The spider monkeys, for example, are when on the ground, indescribably awkward and embarrassed, dragging themselves along with difficulty and pain, while their loosely-jointed limbs appear to yield them no support. But they were not formed to live like tortoises. Their proper sphere is not on the ground, but on the trees of the wood and the forest. There, as well as in the miniature representation of them which are now so accessible, they appear all life and agility; traversing the smallest branches with the utmost ease and rapidity, suspending themselves, at pleasure, by the tail, and swinging from one bough to another far beyond with the most consummate address. One other peculiarity occurs, what is popularly termed the thumbs of the *Simia*; that part being, in some instances, very partially developed, in others reduced to a mere rudiment, and in others entirely wanting.

Of the imitative powers of these creatures there are innumerable instances. The Indians, aware of this, wishing to collect cocoa-nuts and other fruits, go to the woods which are generally frequented by apes and monkeys, gather a few heaps of produce from the trees, and then retire. As soon as they have withdrawn, these animals fall to work, imitate eagerly everything they have observed, and when they have gathered together a considerable number of heaps, they fly to the trees as they see the Indians approach, and the booty is carried home by those who did not collect it.

These animals are often put to a still greater disadvantage. As some of them are fond of spirituous liquors, a person places within their sight a number of vessels filled with ardent spirits, pretends to drink, and then retires. The monkeys, all attention to what has been going on, now descend from the trees, imitate what they have observed, become intoxicated, fall asleep, and—like humanity itself in similar circumstances—become an easy conquest to their cunning adversaries.

A baboon, possessed by the celebrated traveller, Le Vaillant, was rendered servicable by him in more ways than one, and that without any loss to the sagacious animal. The name given to this creature was Kees. Kees drew roots from the ground by a method which was, at once, very ingenious and amusing. He laid hold of the barbage with his teeth, placed

his fore feet against the ground, and, drawing back his head, gradually pulled out the root. In this expedient, Kees tasked his whole strength; but, if it did not succeed, he laid hold of the leaves as before, as close to the ground as possible, and then threw himself heels over head, which gave such a concussion to the root, that it never failed to reward his device.

Nor did Le Vaillant omit to turn it to advantage. "I made Kees," he says, "my taster. Whenever we found fruits or roots with which my Hottentots were unacquainted, we did not touch them till he had tasted them. If he threw them away, we concluded that they were either of a disagreeable flavour, or of a pernicious quality, and left them untasted."

But Kees, like the rest of his race, gluttonous and inquisitive, without necessity or appetite, wishing for everything that fell in his way or was given him, was sufficiently sagacious, whenever he pleased, to make a broad distinction between *meum* and *tuum*. Thus Le Vaillant says:—"I often took Kees with me when I went a hunting; and when he saw me preparing for sport, he exhibited the most lively demonstrations of joy. On the way, he would climb into the trees to look for gum, of which he was very fond. Sometimes he discovered to me honey, deposited in hollow trees, or the clefts of rocks. But if he happened to have met with neither honey nor gum, and his appetite had become sharp by his running about, I always witnessed a very ludicrous scene.

"In those cases he looked for roots, which he ate with great eagerness, especially a particular kind, which, to his cost, I also found to be very well tasted and refreshing, and therefore insisted on sharing with him. But Kees was no fool. As soon as he found such a root, and I was not near enough to seize upon my share of it, he devoured it in the greatest haste, keeping his eyes all the while riveted on me. He accurately measured the distance I had to pass before I could get to him, and I was sure of coming too late. Sometimes, however, when he had made a mistake in his calculation, and I came upon him sooner than he expected, he endeavoured to hide the root, in which case I compelled him, by a box on the ear, to give me up my share. But this treatment caused no malice between us; we remain as friends as ever."

The mandrill, or ribbed-faced baboon, is the most conspicuous of the three animals presented to the eye in the annexed engraving. It usually measures five feet in height, when full grown. The head is very large in proportion to the size of the body. The face, which is naked, presents a very remarkable appearance, in the cheeks being of a clear violet-blue colour, with various oblique furrows. This elevation is produced by a singular development of the bone, which forms a socket for the roots of the immense canine teeth, furrowed also obliquely. A bright vermilion line begins a little above the eyes, runs down the nose, and spreads over the lip. The eyes are small, but acute and sparkling, their irides being of a fine hazel colour. The hair on the sides of the head is long, mostly growing upwards, and terminating on the crown in an acute pointed form. The beard is long, erect, and of a yellowish hue. The whole body is covered with stiff bristly-like hairs, each of which is annulated with black and yellow. The hands are small, taper, and well made. The arms and chest are extremely muscular.

The food of the mandrill, like that of the monkey tribe, generally consists of fruit, grain, and roots. It manifests, however, a fondness for animal diet. On one of these animals being tried with a live bird, he destroyed it by a bite, and devoured it, after stripping it of its feathers. A rabbit was then given him, which he instantly killed by a bite across the back, and he was about to devour it, when the dead animal was removed. Nor is this taste one merely of maturity. A young mandrill in one of our collections, relished exceedingly the boiled meat which was added to his vegetables.

One of these creatures, which was exhibited in Wombwell's menagerie, was fond of carrots, fruits, potatoes, and bread; and was very partial to nuts, which he cracked. He liked fermented liquors, and ginger-beer was one of his favourite beverages. Though much indulged, he never lost his treacherous disposition. "On one occasion," says Captain Brown

"when Mr. Wombwell was shewing me the consistence of the callosity on his nose, I happened to put my face too near the bars of his cage, when he forced his hands suddenly through them, and had nearly deprived me of one of my eyes."

The ménagerie of Mr. Cross also presented a similar specimen of the mandrill, which was subsequently transferred to the Surrey Zoological Gardens. Jerry, for so he was familiarly called, was far more domesticated, and became, in fact, a great favourite. In his cage a strong arm chair was placed; on this, when directed, he was accustomed to sit, and with great gravity and evident satisfaction, he smoked his pipe and drank his porter. All his manœuvres were performed with great slowness and composure. His keeper having lighted his pipe, presented it to him; he inspected it minutely, sometimes feeling it with his finger, as if to know it was lighted, before inserting it in his mouth. It was then intro-

duced, almost up to the bowl, but with that part generally downwards, and it was retained without any appearance of smoke for some minutes, during which time Jerry filled his cheek-pouches and capacious mouth, and would then exhale a volume, filling his cage from his mouth, nose, and sometimes even his ears. He does not appear, however, to have greatly relished this process, for a bribe of gin-and-water was in general promised before its commencement, and at its close it was duly paid by a goblet of this liquid being handed to him, which he lost no time in discussing. He preferred for his diet, cooked vegetables, with meat; and on one occasion he is said to have dined at Windsor on hashed venison, in the presence of King George or King William IV. But he was still the mandrill; his voice was harsh and guttural; and however calm he might be, his eyes betrayed the savage of the forest.

JACQUES CARTIER IN CANADA.

BY JOHN BONNER.

AUTUMN was approaching as three small vessels rounded the cape which has since been named Point Levi, and came in sight of the bluff peak on which Quebec now stands. They were Frenchmen,—a sturdy band of sailors, equally prepared to face the terrors of the climate, or the fury of the savages,—well disciplined, and having full faith in their commander, Jacques Cartier, whose flag floated from the mizen of La Grande Hermine. Some of them had undertaken the voyage from a reckless spirit of adventure; others, because the narrow-minded police of France interfered materially with their comfort at home; one or two from a vague hope of gain, and as many from disappointed love. There were several gentlemen of good old Breton blood among the number, eager to verify the marvellous stories which Cartier had told of his first voyage. On the deck of the Grande Hermine stood Raoul de Mornac, as brave a Breton as ever trod a plank. On him the grandeur of the scene was lost; he gazed listlessly at the bold peak of Stadacona, the gloomy forests of pine and fir stretching as far as the eye could reach, the mighty river rolling slowly between the cliffs, and the silver line traced down the precipice by the falls of Montmorenci. For, though the perils of the sea and the arduous nature of his duties had for a time diverted his thoughts from the past, the sight of land had recalled to his mind with a painful freshness his native Brittany, the terrible image of a father's curse, and his broken-hearted Marie. She is no doubt by this time, thought he, another's bride. Beside him, a rough weather-beaten face, with receding forehead and protruding teeth, stood in bold contrast; a sad reprobate, in truth, was Jean Truchy, and well it was for him that Cartier waived his scruples to his forbidding physiognomy, and enrolled him among his crew. Lost in rapture at the novelty and grandeur of the scene, Ernest de Mony, nephew of Cartier's protector, and a welcome guest at the court of Francis I., had forgotten everything he had sworn to remember, even the cross hung round his neck by his devout mother; and the diamond ring which the beautiful Duchesse de Livray had, with many a prayer and many a tear, placed on his finger, as he tore himself from her arms. Here stood a reputed son of Louis XII., endowed with all the mildness and *faineantise* of his father; he was no willing sharer in the toils of the voyage, but high birth, even when tarnished by the bar of bastardy, often involves heavy penalties. On the deck of La Petite Hermine, two brothers, natives of Normandy, looked heavily over the side, seemingly engrossed in their thoughts. Ruin had overtaken the house; their father, the old Marquis d'Evreux, had poured all his wealth into the royal coffers after the disaster at Pavia; and, as not unfrequently happened in those days, prosperity effaced all recollection of the service in the royal mind, and the old man died a beggar, leaving his sons houseless with a great name. Nor did the Emérillon bear less wretched sailors among her crew. Her commander, Guillaume de Breton, owned a pedigree, and descended, it is

was to be believed, from the oldest house in the Province. The second in command was a Provençal, a man of immense bodily strength, imperturbable good temper, and a love for music which had frequently jeopardised the friendly relations existing between himself and his captain. Marc Jalobert, whom we ought to have mentioned before, commanded La Petite Hermine; he was, like Cartier, a mere sailor from St. Malo, but infinitely superior, in point of experience and judgment, to the nobles who served under his orders. The rest of the crew—amounting altogether to 110 men—were, as we said, a heterogeneous assemblage. Vice and depravity were stamped on as many faces as youthful ardour and enterprise. Men who had murdered their rival who had fled their creditors, who had held office as farmer of the revenue and tampered with the funds entrusted to their care, had smuggled themselves on board the vessel. One trait of character—and one only, perhaps—was common to all; and that was an unquestioning faith in religion. The most hardened criminal of the band had listened with devout attention to the sermons of the Bishop of Malo, as he implored the sailors to be good and St. Mary on the daring mariners.

Such were the first Europeans who reached the Saint Lawrence. Cartier, the leader, had made one successful voyage to America, and carried back, from the territory bordering on the gulf, two of the natives, whom he called Taïgonagay and Donagaya. Stimulated by his own ambition, and encouraged by the representations of these Indians, he had resolved to endeavour to penetrate the continent by sailing up the great river he had named St. Laurent; and, through the support of Admiral Chabot and Charles de Mony, Seigneur of Meilleraie, had obtained from the king, with these, well equipped and manned, he sailed from St. Malo on 19th May, 1535, reached the coast of America about the close of July, and slowly ascended the stream. As soon as he reached the Saguenay River, he began to hold intercourse with the inhabitants through his native interpreters, and received on every side marks of goodwill and kindness. While he lay at anchor some twenty miles below Quebec, the Agouhanna, or chief of the country, named Donagaya, visited him with twelve canoes, and presented the travellers with fruit, fish, and bark. So high was the chief's consideration for Cartier, indeed, that on parting from his distinguished visitor, the French sailor was requested to suffer his arm to be kissed, in Indian fashion. Thus pleasantly occupied in a reciprocal interchange of civilities with the Indians, the expedition were overtaken by symptoms of the approach of winter before they had thought of preparing for their return. Some were terrified at the stories which were told of the rigour of the climate; others, among whom the gentlemen were foremost, rather relished the idea of the new sensation of extreme cold; the Indians were loath to part with their new friends; and, after mature deliberation, Cartier resolved to winter

in the harbour of Quebec. He drew his vessels as high up as the water would allow him, in the mouth of the small river now called St. Charles, and there his ships remained seven months and a half.

As soon as La Grande Hermine and her consorts were safely moored, Cartier resolved to push on westward as far as the great village of Hochelaga. After some discussion, Guillaume le Breton persuaded Cartier to allow his vessel to accompany the boats with which he had intended to perform the journey; and the party left accordingly in the Emerillon and three large boats. Most of the gentlemen obtained permission to join Cartier: the only ones who remained were de Mornac, who had been seized with a slow fever, and was lying ill in an Indian wigwam at Stadacona, and Ernest de Mony, who, rather to the surprise of his chief, declined the honour of serving as Cartier's first lieutenant on the expedition. Donnacona, the Indian chief, was very unwilling that the strangers should depart; he painted the terrors of the journey in terrible colours, and the Indian women displayed the utmost grief at the loss of their new friends. Tenara, the beautiful wife of the chief Wakanse, implored Cartier to wait for the approach of spring; and Olenaray and Riassay, daughters of the former Agouhanna, whose hearts were sought by the bravest of the young warriors, left no means of persuasion untried to shake the purpose of the travellers. Nor were they unaided in the task. Young and old, matrons and maidens, warriors and children, hung round Cartier and his comrades, and evinced, by their lamentations, both their grief at the obstinacy of the Frenchmen, and their gloomy apprehensions regarding the issue of their daring expedition. Nasaki alone, the dark-haired daughter of Donnacona, held aloof from her tribe, and could not be persuaded to join her intreaties to those of her father and her friends.

The Emerillon sailed. No sooner had her white sails disappeared behind Stadacona Cape; than the whole village relapsed into tranquillity. The disappointed Indians did not murmur: they trusted to the *manitou* of the foreigners; and while they invoked the aid of the Great Spirit to guide and protect the absent, turned all their attention to please and comfort those who had remained behind. Of these, a large proportion, comprising several trusty men, with a few of the worst of his crew, had been strictly ordered by Cartier to remain on board the ships; but the others, enjoying more liberty, and rightly preferring the hospitality of the Indians to a dreary life on ship-board, were easily persuaded to take up their quarters among the natives. Every resource was put in requisition by the Indians to amuse them. Games requiring agility and strength were displayed every evening, and resulted generally in the defeat of the foreigners. Hunting expeditions constantly sallied forth into the woods, and the young strangers were always welcome companions. Dances and music whiled away the long evenings by the blazing fires of pitch-pine. The Frenchmen were delighted with their allies, and soon became as friendly with Donnacona as though he had sworn allegiance to his majesty Francis I. Ernest de Mony especially was attached to, and a great favourite with, the chief. The younger warriors rather despised him on account of his reluctance to join their hunting parties, and the contempt he did not disguise for their wrestling-matches and contests of strength; but there was a calm firmness in his eye which (even had the duties of hospitality suffered it) effectually deterred them from any open expression of their sentiment. The exile from the court at Paris preferred the society of the fair Nasaki to the more manly occupations of his comrades: by her side he would wander day after day over the frowning hills, through the dense forests, and often watch the setting sun gild the surface of the bay. Or she would seat him in her frail canoe, and paddle rapidly up the silver stream of St. Charles; then, when her bark had reached some silent secluded spot, where the overhanging branches met, and nought was heard but the chirrup of birds, and the subdued roar of the distant cataract, she would turn its prow to the east, and float slowly down the stream, singing the melancholy songs of her native land, to an enraptured listener.

His friend De Mornac, meanwhile, lay unconscious on an Indian bed in the wigwam of Wakause. His hostess, Tenara, was unwearied in her attentions; but bodily pain, and long mental suffering, had disabled De Mornac from appreciating her kindness. In his lucid moments, he would have welcomed death. Blighted, as he believed, by the curse of an unjust, ambitious father,—degraded from his military rank by the perfidious influence of his rival,—betrayed, finally, by her on whom he had built all his earthly hopes,—for him the world could contain no possible happiness. Death was his only cure; and death in a land of strangers, without a friend to remind him of the past, seemed the best suited to his temper. So time passed, until Cartier returned from Hochelaga, laden with presents, and bearing with him a little girl, whose father had presented her to the adventurous traveller. He reached his vessels on 11th October, and soon afterwards the cold weather began to set in. With its first approach commenced the misfortunes of the Frenchmen.

Strange to say, the extraordinary kindness of Donnacona and his tribe had not persuaded Cartier that their friendly assurances were sincere. He fancied the Indians meditated an attack on his vessels during winter, and had them fortified and surrounded by palisades. He seemed reluctant to continue his intercourse with the shore. On the other hand, the Indians were justly indignant at the brutal conduct of many of Cartier's crew. Nothing but the superior strength of the red men had, on several occasions, protected their women from insult; and too frequently the cunning Frenchmen had overreached the simplicity of the natives. Donnacona, with noble magnanimity, refused to credit the tales brought him by his warriors, and could not understand the cautious policy of Cartier. With rude eloquence, he bade the interpreters assure the Frenchmen that they had smoked the calumet of peace, and that the hatchet of war was buried beneath the sod: his wigwam, he said, would always be open to the white man. Still Cartier remained incredulous; and to the general surprise of his men, as well as the Indians, he suddenly resolved to cut off all communication between his vessels and the shore. Orders were forthwith issued to the crews that they were not to wander beyond a certain line traced on the ice round the ships.

The Indians were thunderstruck at the news. Donnacona visited Cartier in person, and reproached him with his suspicions; but in vain. Cartier was inexorable, and the chief returned after renewing his assurances of friendship. The Frenchmen, who had acquired a relish for the society of the Indians, obeyed the stern mandate with reluctance. Their commander was resolute, and even De Mornac, whose incipient recovery was likely to be checked by a removal and exposure to the cold, was carried on board in a hammock. De Mony and one of the interpreters alone were missing at the first muster. Inquiry being made for the former, his friend, D'Evereux, announced to Cartier that the young Parisian had resolved on adopting the Indian life, and settling at Stadacona. Enraged at the desertion of a valuable counsellor, and already picturing the indignation of the old Chevalier de Mony at the loss of his nephew, Jacques Cartier instantly dispatched a file of men, under the command of Le Breton, to bring the absentee on board, by force if necessary.

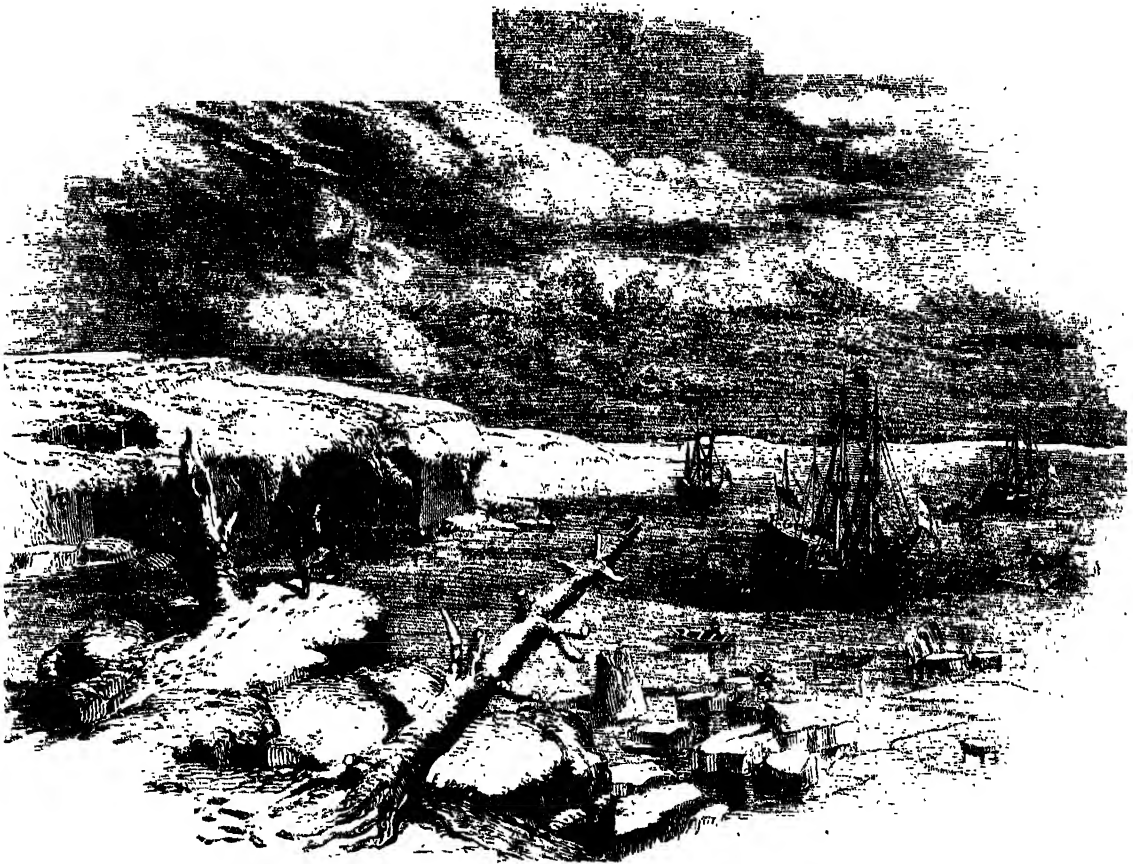
They found him in Donnacona's wigwam, surrounded by the leading warriors of his tribe. Nasaki was by his side, following his every movement with looks of love, and the missing interpreter crouched timidly at his feet. Le Breton explained the object of his visit with the bluntness of a sailor. De Mony sprang to his feet at once, and replied briefly, but firmly, that he renounced his country, and abandoned the expedition: that henceforth he was an Indian, and would not leave his adopted land. The only answer of the Frenchman was a contemptuous shrug of the shoulders, and a sign to his men to seize De Mony. The first who approached him was felled to the earth; the second fared no better; and even when empowered by numbers, the young noblemen dealt such sturdy blows right and left that his captors won no bloodless victory. They were too numerous, however, for the contest of last

long, and were dragging him off, when the Indian warriors, apprised by the interpreter of their design, fell upon the Frenchmen with the fury of savages, and scattered them in a twinkling. Short would have been their triumph over their prisoner, then, if the warriors had been uninterrupted. Powerless in the brawny hands of the powerful men of the forest, the sailors would soon have expiated their audacity in violating the Indians' hearth. Tomahawks were already brandished in the air, and scalping knives flashed before the eyes of the bewildered Frenchmen. Already was an iron hand twisted in the hair of Le Breton, and a heavy knee planted on his chest. A happy thing it was for them at this crisis that a sonorous voice rang through the air, domineering the din of the conflict, and ordering the Indians, in imperious tones, to desist from the conflict.

The voice was Donnacona's. It was promptly obeyed. Le

had heard his brief adieu, her father separated her from him, and led her to the farthest corner of the wigwam.

An hour afterwards, the old chief was sitting moodily smoking his calumet. His daughter, whose eyes were swollen with weeping, was bitterly reproaching him with what she conceived to be his neglect of the duties of hospitality. Love lent an earnestness to her arguments, and the twitchings of the old man's face—a rare thing in an Indian—showed that he was not quite satisfied with his own conduct. Large whiffs of smoke rolled into the air, and followed each other in more rapid succession as Nasaki dilated on the virtues of the chief they had lost. For a moment the chief's hand grasped the handle of his tomahawk with nervous energy, and he seemed to meditate reprisals; but his sense of right prevailed, and, casting a reproachful glance at his daughter, he exclaimed:—"The white man must obey his chief: Donnacona cannot



CARTIER'S VESSEL IN THE MOUTH OF THE RIVER ST. CHARLES.

Breton was allowed to arise, and his companions released from the terrible grasp of their assailants. A few seconds longer, and it had been too late.

In a few brief words, delivered in an authoritative manner, the chief explained to his subjects that they had no right to interfere in the concerns of the strangers; that the authority of the white chief over his warriors was as sacred as his own; and that while he would welcome to his wigwam any of the Frenchmen who chose to become members of their tribe, he would not interpose between Cartier and his crew, or countenance any violation of duty in the latter.

With Indian taciturnity, the warriors resumed their seats in silence. The Frenchmen, comprehending by their actions the purport of the chief's discourse, eagerly seized De Mony, who was taken by surprise, and could not oppose any effectual resistance to his captors. Nasaki sprang in to their midst, and clung round her lover's neck for a moment; but ere she

stain his honour by resisting his rightful authority." Nasaki fell prostrate at her father's feet. At that moment a shout was heard outside, a sudden noise of feet followed, and, with a single bound, De Mony stood before them.

He had escaped from his captors, and was now, as he exclaimed in broken Indian, no longer De Mony the Frenchman, but Nagagin the Indian.

His countrymen soon abandoned the pursuit after him. The recollection of their narrow escape was sufficient to deter them from further expeditions of a like nature, and they frankly told Cartier that he must send his whole force, or renounce all hope of recovering the deserter. Their commander reluctantly adopted the latter alternative. He had, in truth, other motives besides fear for shunning an outbreak with the Indians.

Meanwhile De Mony was at the point of death. Every day since his removal, Tenars, his late hostess, had visited

the ship with fruits and herbs for the sick man: her earnest solicitations had overcome the strict quarantine established by Cartier, and she alone was suffered to infringe the rule of seclusion adopted against her tribe. Much romance there was in her visits in the eyes of the Frenchmen. Though her lips were sealed, her deep affection for De Mornac was plainly enough apparent in her eyes and her gestures; and the sentinels who watched her depart at night, told strange tales of the Indian who frequently met her on the ice, and treated her with a savage brutality which might very possibly, be the fruits of jealousy. Their surmise was soon to be confirmed. Early in January, Cartier ordered the rule of exclusion to be rigidly enforced against the pale Indian woman. When she met the sentinel next morning, she was gruffly given to understand by signs that she could not be admitted to the ship. For a moment she stood paralysed with astonishment and despair. Light soon breaking in upon her, she acted with a vigour and promptitude peculiar to her race. With a stick she carried to assist her in crossing the cracks on the ice, she struck the Frenchman a heavy blow before he had the least suspicion of her design; he fell heavily on the ground, and flat as a deer; she passed him, reached the cabin, flew through the astonished sailors, and clasped De Mornac in her arms. All the efforts of the gentlemen to detach her from the invalid were unavailing; and partly from compassion for her, and partly in compliance with the entreaties of De Mornac, she was suffered to remain on board. Cartier consented to grant permission, on the distinct condition that she was not, under any circumstances, to return to Stadacona.

That day, Wakause, with several warriors, advanced to the side of Cartier's vessels, and demanded that his wife be restored to him. He was told through the interpreter that she preferred remaining where she was, and that the white men would not suffer her to depart. As he appeared dissatisfied with this reply, a couple of guns were discharged over his head, his companions took to flight, and he reluctantly followed their example.

He carried his grievances to his chief, and implored the assistance of the whole tribe to avenge his wrong. The warriors were eager to attack the Frenchmen whose conduct had effectually effaced all kindly feelings from their hearts. De Mornac, or Nagogin, as we should now call him, volunteered to go singly to Cartier, and pledged his faith that he would drag the Indian Helen from the arms of her Paris. But Donnacona would not hear of any such rash enterprise. He called a council of his warriors, and in the picturesque language of his race (which we regret that we cannot reproduce), gave his calm opinion on the matter. "Tinara was gone," he said, "she had deserted her husband and her home; and were she to return, she would assuredly be put to death. Was the justification of Wakause's revenge on this poor woman worth the bloody encounter they must expect with the white men? And oh, believe," he said, "the great spirit would avenge the Indian's wrongs. If, when summer came, they were still living, it would still be time to wreak their vengeance on the perfidious strangers."

This temperate council prevailed. Wakause rose moodily from the council, and was followed by a few of the younger chiefs. The elder portion of the assembly, though with clouded brows, concurred in Donnacona's sentiment.

The Indian spoke too truly. The piercing cold had already paralysed the Frenchmen. The snow rose in height around their vessels until they could no longer see the shore from the deck. Every thing which was not close to the stove became solid and hard as a stone. The clothes of the sailors were a contemptible protection; and, one after another, the best men were laid up with frost bites. To complicate their misfortunes, the scurvy broke out among them with unusual virulence. Jean Truchy lay helpless in his hammock. Both the brothers D'Eyreux were unable to crawl on deck; most of the crew of the *Emillon* were dead. Before January, no less than thirty men were attacked. Instead of diminishing, the disease increased in proportion to the attempts made to check it. All Cartier's sailor experience, and the medical science

of a quack named Fisit, were at fault. Twelve men died in January, and were buried at night under the snow. Cartier himself was attacked and disabled. The little squadron was a hospital without physicians or nurses. An easy prey they would have been, had Wakause's sanguinary designs been carried out by the Indians.

In total unconsciousness of the lamentable condition of the foreigners, Wakause and a few of the warriors were meanwhile laying a profound plot for revenge. It created no surprise, therefore, among the Indians, when Wakause announced to his friends his intention of punishing the seducer of his wife, and wreaking his vengeance on the whole party of white men. A large number of warriors promised to join him in the attack, and emissaries were sent to tribes at a distance, requesting their aid. It was resolved to postpone the attack till the month of May, when the hunting season would be over.

Donnacona was not informed of these plans, but, as might be expected, they came to his ears. His authority, as we have said, did not extend far enough to prevent them; and he was penetrated with dismay when he thought of the certain issue of the conflict. His son-in-law, Nagogin, shared his fears; and, after an anxious consultation, it was resolved that the old chief should make one decided effort to save the Frenchmen. To appeal to Wakause they knew would be fruitless: Donnacona resolved to visit Cartier.

He set out at night alone with the interpreter. When he reached the vessels, he was struck by the death-like silence which prevailed. Taignoagny, the interpreter, called Cartier, but no answer was heard. He called a second time, and a faint groan issued from the cabin. Donnacona advanced at once in that direction, and the French commander staggered out, more like a spectre than the handsome stalwart sailor. Donnacona had seen only a few months before. The Indian chief lost no time in conveying to Cartier, by means of the interpreter, the object of his visit. He warned him of his danger, and pointed out, in noble manly language, that it was the just retribution of the crime of his crew. If Tenara were sent back at once, he thought, the impending catastrophe might possibly be averted; but if the white men persisted in retaining her, no earthly power could save them from the Indian tomahawk.

"They must lose no time, then," replied Cartier, bitterly; "a few days hence, there will be no more lives here to take. Disease and cold have destroyed my crew. Twenty-six brave fellows lie frozen in the snow; eighty others are dying in the hold. Let the Indians hasten their work, if they would have our scalps. And learn," he added, steadying himself with both his hands, "that Jacques Cartier will never give up a woman who has sought his protection to be butchered by savages. The red men may come when they like: we know how to die."

Donnacona withdrew; the courage of Cartier touched his heart; he forgave his breach of honour, and only thought of his noble determination, to die rather than surrender the frail Indian girl, nor was he insensible to the pitiable condition of his crew. The scurvy was well known to the Indians, and with that instinct which was no mean substitute for scientific knowledge, they had discovered an herb which was an infallible remedy for its ravages. Donnacona's first thought was to restore the Frenchmen to health, in order, said he to himself, that if they are to be assailed, they may be able to defend themselves. Accordingly, on the following evening, the old chief visited Cartier a second time, and left with him a sufficient quantity of the herb to cure twice as many patients as were attacked.

Spring approached. The ice began to split and move. Huge flakes floated down the river with the ebb tide, and disappeared mysteriously. Though the flood was as impetuous and as regular as the ebb, it seldom restored what the latter had carried away. At length, to Cartier's indescribable joy, the ships were freed from their icy moorings, and floated once more.

On the evening of the 16th May (old style), all was bustle on board the *Grande Hermine*. Old sailors were busily engaged

in splicing ropes and mending sails. Carpenters were hammering, and sawing, and fitting spars. One or two gentlemen were carefully examining a collection of rare plants and geological specimens which they had collected from the neighbouring shores. The cooks were inspecting the condition of the provisions, and the state of the water-casks. Jacques Cartier himself was in a feverish state of excitement. Superintending everything in person, he seemed to possess the gift of ubiquity; his cheerful voice was heard in every corner of the ship, encouraging his men, and jesting merrily on the perils they had overcome. "A few weeks more, *mes amis*," said he, "and we shall set our foot on *La Belle France*." Then suddenly changing his tone and manner, he accosted a young Frenchman, who was sharpening a sword on a grindstone, and sternly observed, "No bloodshed, Jules, recollect, I caution you."

A few hours before this dialogue, a strong party of Indian warriors had left Stadacona in their war dress. Wakause was at their head, scarcely containing his exultation at the prospect of his revenge being gratified. As he issued from the village, he turned angrily round, and, waving his hatchet above his head, muttered an Indian curse on his venerable chief, Donnacona, and his white friends. Good reason had he, in truth, for feeling dissatisfied. Not content with putting the Frenchmen on their guard, Donnacona had wrought vigorously to dissuade his countrymen from the enterprise: and so great was the regard paid to his wishes that many of Wakause's fellow-conspirators had relinquished their design. Unfortunately for Donnacona's humane scheme, the emissaries sent by Wakause to the neighbouring villages had performed their task so efficiently, that large reinforcements amply compensated the defections at home. Ilest Donnacona's influence should throw any obstacle in the way of the attack, if the party set out in their canoes from the village, it was resolved that the warriors should rendezvous at the falls, on the north shore of the St. Lawrence, some eight miles from Stadacona, and thither Wakause and his friends were hastening, when the largest boat of *La Grande Hermine* began to move noiselessly towards the shore.

She was manned by twenty-five stout men. Marc Jalobert was in command, and, in case of accidents, Guillaume Le Breton was ready to take his place. Stout Francisque, the Provençal, took the helm, and the oars were manned by powerful seamen, in whose faces disease had left no perceptible mark. The whole party were armed with cutlasses, and a few arquebuses.

The first thing to be done was to discover the object of the search—their late comrade, Earnest de Mony. For this purpose, Marc Jalobert and a Parisian, named Matthieu, who had served as Mony's valet, separated themselves from the party, and advanced cautiously towards the Indian fire. They scanned each figure in silence, but without success. All wore the Indian costume; to all appearance, there was no European among the number. Jalobert uttered an involuntary curse. At this moment, Donnacona ceased speaking, and a young man in the dress of a chief rose to stretch his hand to him, as if in gratitude for what he had said. Matthieu instantly exclaimed, "My master!" The exclamation was heard by the Indians, and one or two sprang to their feet. Marc Jalobert and Matthieu instantly fell to the ground, and remained motionless for a few moments. The Indians, attributing the sound they had heard to the children who were in the neighbourhood, resumed their debate. Cautiously creeping on all-fours to their companions, Jalobert and Matthieu hastily explained that they had discovered De Mony, and the former gave orders for the attack.

It was executed with promptitude. Two guns were discharged at a given signal over the heads of the Indians; and while the latter were stupified by surprise and terror, the whole party of Frenchmen fell upon them like a tornado. Every savage who did not take to flight was felled with the cutlass. Old Donnacona had risen to front the enemy, and the first sailor who approached him had reason to know that the vigour of the old man's arm was not yet impaired. He fell wallowing in his blood. Le Breton, enraged at the loss of a

valuable hand, instantly discharged his arquebuse into the midst of the Indians. The shot was fatal to more than one. The Indians, not yet familiarised with fire-arms, fled in all directions. When the smoke cleared, old Donnacona, De Mony, and Taignoagny stood alone. Seizing his heavy arquebuse by the barrel, and swinging it round his head, Le Breton sprang forward in the direction of the old chief: one moment and the deed was done. But rapid as was his movement, young De Mony was still more active: with a single bound, he grasped the heavy Frenchman by the middle and threw him to the earth. The next moment the giant Francisque had wound his iron arms round De Mony, and held him as in a vice. It was Donnacona's turn to rescue his preserver. A blow, which, had it not been parried, would have laid the Provençal in the dust, was followed by another, more fatal, on poor Matthieu's head; and Donnacona closed with the sturdy captor of his son-in-law. The three men were locked in each other's arms, and writhed like serpents twisted in each other's folds.

"Carry both to the ships, quick!" shouted Marc Jalobert. "Time presses, in a few moments we shall have the whole tribe upon us."

He was instantly obeyed; Donnacona and his son-in-law were lifted by main force, and carried off.

One hour after they reached the *Grande Hermine* the moorings to the stakes were cut, and Cartier's vessel, with the little *Emerillon*, began to drop down the St. Lawrence with the ebb tide and a fair westerly wind. Wakause, with indescribable feelings, saw them sail from the heights where Beaufort now stands. As they passed the village of Stadacona, a canoe came towards them, but was waved off by Cartier. As it still advanced, a shot was fired over it. It was motionless for a few seconds; then the sailors on deck saw a female form rise in the frail bark, and disappear with a piercing shriek under the waves. De Mony was in close confinement in the hold.

The *Petite Hermine* was left behind, for want of hands to man her. Our artist has given a sketch of her appearance as she lay locked in the ice in her winter quarters. It may add some interest to the sketch to observe, that in 1813 the wreck of the hull of a vessel, corresponding in every particular to our notions of *La Petite Hermine*, was discovered on the spot where Cartier spent the winter of 1535-6; and that, though some difference of opinion exists on the point, the weight of authority among antiquaries is in favour of the identity of the wreck with the vessel commanded by Marc Jalobert.

THE FALLS OF THE ROUMEL, NEAR CONSTANTINA, ALGIERS.

THIS picturesque cascade is caused by the junction of the several mountain-streams which water the valley behind the city of Constantina, in the eastern province of the kingdom of Algiers. The waters unite at the foot of the rocks on which the city is built, thus forming the river Roumel, more correctly called *Oued el Roumel*. It is curious to watch the meeting of these waters; not having been able to overcome the obstacles which prevented them gaining their level, they have with difficulty forced a subterraneous passage through the rocks, the rugged aspect of which gives evidence of the convulsions to which the country has been subject. Our engraving represents the view of the deep gorges (called by the Arabs *el-Taona*, the precipice) where the torrent foams and roars as if infuriated by the many obstacles which impede its progress. The defile forms a natural moat to the city, which, in the ancient system of attack, rendered the position of Constantina almost inaccessible. It is formed of stupendous rocks, with here and there narrow ledges by which they may be ascended. The Roumel first disappears through a vast arch, to which the Arabs have given the name of *Dhakma* (the Gloomy), and pursues its course through a rocky and subterraneous passage, above which rise the triple arches of a

bridge of Roman and Moorish construction, leading to the south-east gate of the city. This gate is called *Bab-el-Katara* (the door of the bridge), and forms the entrance to Bona and Philippeville. The bridge is of admirable construction; the gallery and columns of the arches are adorned with cornices and festoons, ox-heads and garlands, the key-stones being charged with caducei and other figures. A female figure treading on two elephants, with a large escallop shell for her canopy, is seen in bold relief between the two principal arches

from a height of from 135 to 150 feet. When the river has been swollen by the rains, the aspect of these falls, surrounded by wild scenery, is truly grand. To the right, towers a huge rock, upon which is situated the highest part of the city: from this fearful height it is still the custom to throw criminals headlong into the river. Beyond the falls, the Roumel, being joined by its tributaries, continues its course for some distance through a winding valley. Although quite a small river, and unnavigable near Constantina, the Arabs, comparing it with



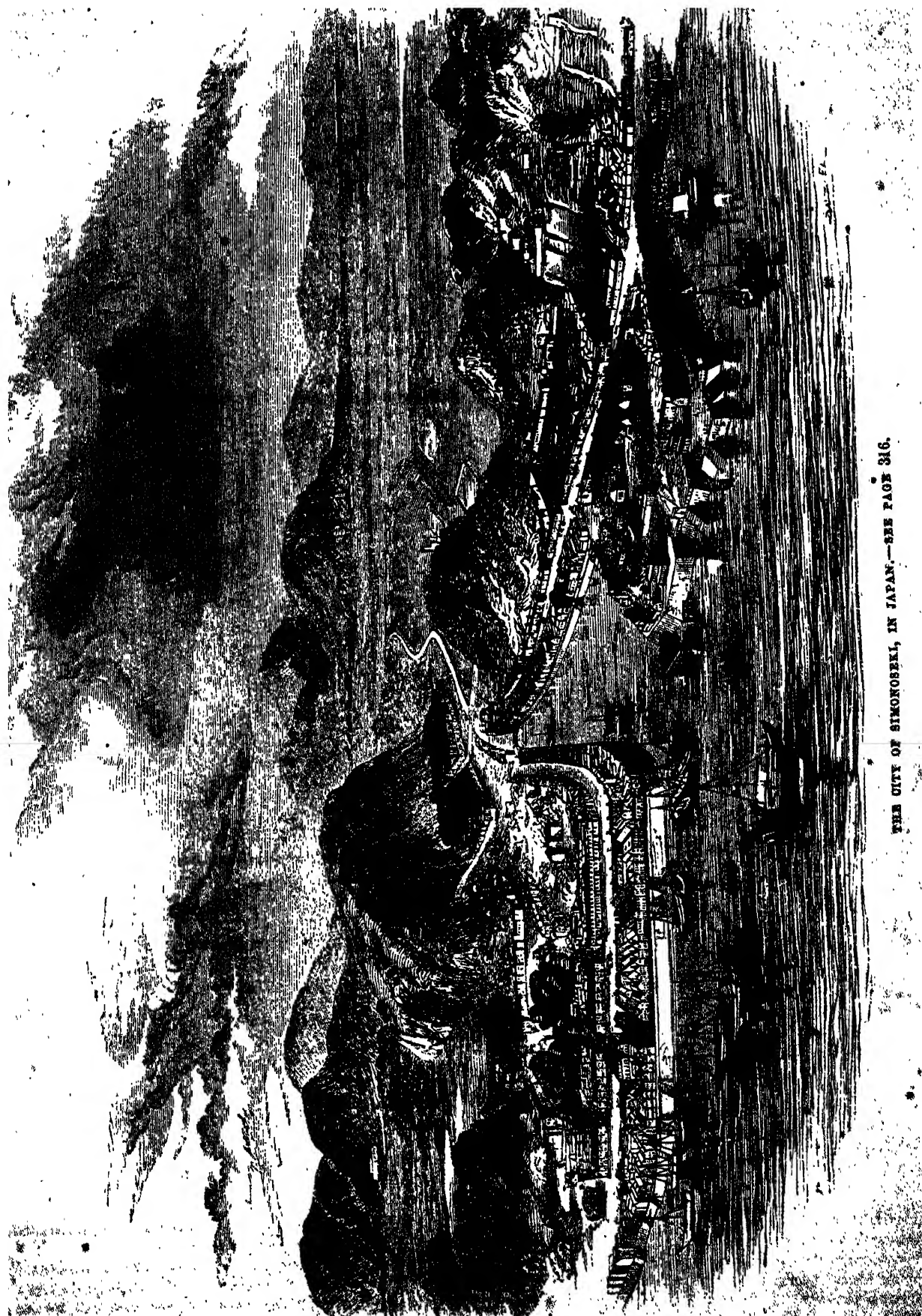
THE FALLS OF THE ROUMEL.

below the gallery. At some distance from the bridge the waters re-appear at the bottom of a little rocky basin; they then successively pass into two basins of greater size, and thence escape through the arch represented in our engraving, forming the cascade of the Roumel. This arch has been falsely supposed by many travellers to be the work of man; so closely does the arrangement of the stones resemble that in our buildings.

The cascade itself is divided into three falls, which descend

the neighbouring streams, which are still more inconsiderable, call it *Qnad-el-Kehr* (the Great River).

The city of Constantina, formerly Cirta, is situated in the eastern province of Algiers, and was anciently a very considerable place. It was ruined in the year 311, by the conquests of Alexander; but was afterwards re-established by Constantine the Great, and took the name of Constantina. This name is still preserved in the west; but the people of the country call it Cuquntia.



THE CITY OF SIMONOEKI, IN JAPAN.—SEE PAGE 316.

SPECTRE OF THE BROCKEN, IN THE HARTZ MOUNTAINS.

THIS is one of those curious and interesting atmospherical phenomena, or deceptions, which proceed from one common cause, an irregularity in the tenuity of the atmospherical fluid. This fluid is commonly of an homogeneous, or equable tenuity, and consequently suffers the rays of the sun to penetrate it without any obstruction or change; but is at times irregular, and composed of parts or bodies of a denser medium than its general texture and constitution. Under those circumstances, the fluent ray, if it do not enter the denser medium in a direct or perpendicular line, will be either reflected, or refracted, or both; and the object surveyed through it will assume a new, and, not unfrequently, a grotesque or highly magnified appearance.

The spectre of the Brocken is an aerial figure which is sometimes seen among the Hartz mountains in Hanover. This phenomenon has been witnessed by various travellers, and, among them, by M. Haue, from whose relation the following particulars are extracted:—"Having ascended the Brocken mountain for the thirtieth time, I was at length so fortunate as to have the pleasure of seeing this phenomenon. The sun rose about four o'clock, and the atmosphere being quite serene towards the east, its rays could pass without any obstruction over the Heinrichshöhe mountain. In the south-west, however, towards the mountain Achtermannshöhe, a brisk west wind carried before it thin transparent vapours. About a quarter past four I looked round, to see whether the atmosphere would permit me to have a free prospect to the south-west, when I observed, at a very great distance towards the Achtermannshöhe, a human figure of a monstrous size! A violent gust of wind having almost carried away my hat, I clapped my hand to it; and in moving my arm towards my head, the colossal figure did the same.

"The pleasure which I felt at this discovery can hardly be described; for I had already walked many a weary step in the hope of seeing this shadowy image, without being able to gratify my curiosity. I immediately made another movement, by bending my body, and the colossal figure before me repeated it. I was desirous of doing the same thing once more, but my colossus had vanished. I remained in the same position, waiting to see whether it would return: and in a few minutes it again made its appearance on the Achtermannshöhe. I then called the landlord of the neighbouring inn, and having both taken the position which I had taken alone, we looked towards the Achtermannshöhe, but did not perceive anything. We had not, however, stood long, when two such colossal figures were formed over the above eminence, which repeated their compliments by bending their bodies as we did, after which they vanished. We retained our position, kept our eyes fixed on the spot, and in a little time the two figures again stood before us, and were joined by a third" (that of a traveller who then came up and joined the party). "Every movement made by us these figures imitated; but with this difference, that the phenomenon was sometimes weak and faint, sometimes strong and well defined."

In Clarke's "Survey of the Lakes," a phenomenon similar to that of the spectre of the Brocken is recorded to have been observed in the years 1743 and 1744, on Souter-Fell, a mountain in Cumberland. It excited much conversation and alarm at the time, and exposed to great ridicule those who asserted they had witnessed it. The relation is as follows:—

Souter-Fell is a mountain about half a mile in height, inclosed on the north and west sides by precipitous rocks, but somewhat more open on the east, and easier of access. At Wilton Hall, within half a mile of this mountain, on a summer's evening, in the year 1744, a farmer and his servant, sitting at the door, saw the figure of a man with a dog, pursuing some horses along Souter-Fell side, a place so steep that a horse could scarcely travel on it. They appeared to run at an amazing pace, till they got out of sight at the lower end of the Fell. On the following morning the farmer and his servant ascended the steep side of the mountain, in full expectation

that they should find the man lying dead, being persuaded that the swiftness with which he ran must have killed him; and imagined also that they should pick up some of the shoes which they thought the horses must have lost in galloping at so furious a rate. They were, however, disappointed, as not the least vestige of either man or horses appeared, not so much as the mark of a horse's hoof on the turf.

On the 23rd of June of the following year, 1744, about half-past seven in the evening, the same servant, then residing at Blackhills, at an equal distance from the mountain, being in a field in front of the farm-house, saw a troop of horsemen riding on Souter-Fell side, in pretty close ranks, and at a brisk pace. Having observed them for some time, he called out his young master, who, before the spot was pointed out to him, discovered the aerial groupers; and this phenomenon was shortly after witnessed by the whole of the family. The visionary horsemen appeared to come from the lowest part of Souter-Fell, and were visible at a place called Knott; they then moved in regular troops along the side of the Fell, till they came opposite to Blackhills, when they went over the mountain. They thus described a kind of curvilinear path, and their first, as well as their last appearance, was bounded by the foot of the mountain. Their pace was that of a regular swift walk; and they were seen for upwards of two hours, when darkness intervened. Several troops were seen in succession; and frequently the last, or last but one, in the troop would quit his position, gallop to the front, and then observe the same pace with the others. The same change was visible to all the spectators; and the sight of this phenomenon was not confined to Blackhills, but was witnessed by the inhabitants of the cottages within a mile. It was attested before a magistrate by the two above-cited individuals in the month of July, 1745. Twenty-six persons are said in the attestation to have witnessed the march of these aerial travellers.

It should be remarked that these appearances were observed on the eve of the rebellion, when troops of horsemen might be privately exercising; and as the imitative powers of the spectre of the Brocken demonstrate that the actions of human beings are sometimes pictured in the clouds, it seems highly probable, on a conspuration of all the circumstances of this latter phenomenon on Souter-Fell, that certain thin vapours must have hovered round the summit of the mountain when the appearances were observed. It is also probable that these vapours may have been impressed with the shadowy forms which seemed to "imitate humanity," by a particular operation of the sun's rays, united with some singular, but unknown, refractive combinations then taking place in the atmosphere.

THE VISION OF A GODLESS WORLD.

FROM THE GERMAN OF JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

If my heart should ever become so hapless and so withered, that every feeling in it which asserts the being of God should be destroyed, I would appal myself by reading over the following composition of mine; and it would cure me and give me back the feelings I had lost.

The aim of this poem is the excuse for its boldness. Men deny God's being with just as little feeling as most acknowledge it with. Even in our best systems of philosophy, we go on amassing mere words, counters, and medals, as misers collect cabinets of coins; and it is late before we convert the words into feelings, the coin into enjoyments. A person may believe in the immortality of the soul through twenty whole years; and in the twenty-first, on some great moment, be for the first time astounded at the riches contained in this belief, at the warmth of this fountain of Naphtha.

Childhood, with her joys, and still more with her fears, resumes her wings, and sparkles anew in our dreams, and glows like a glow-worm in the little night of the soul. Do not extinguish these fitting sparks. Leave us our dismal and painful dreams; half-shadows that set off the realities of life.

I was lying once, on a summer evening, in the sun upon a hill, and fell asleep. Then I dreamt I awoke in a churchyard.

The rolling wheels of the clock in the tower that was striking eleven, had awakened me. I searched through the dark empty sky for the sun; for I imagined that an eclipse had drawn the veil of the moon over it. All the graves were open, and the iron doors of the charnel-house were swung to and fro by invisible hands: along the walls shadows were flitting, which no one cast; and other shadows were walking upright through the naked air. In the open coffins nothing continued to sleep, save the children. In the sky there was naught but a grey sultry cloud hanging in massy folds, and a huge shadow kept on drawing it in like a net, nearer and closer and hotter. Above me, I heard the distant falls of avalanches; below me, the first tread of an illimitable earthquake. The church heaved up and down, shaken by two ceaseless discords, which were marring against each other within, and vainly striving to blend into a concord. At times a grey gleam leapt up on the windows, and at its touch the lead and iron melted and ran down. The net of cloud, and the reeling of the earth, drove me toward the porch, before which two fiery basilisks were hatching their venomous broods. I passed along amid unknown shadows that bore the marks of every century since the beginning of things. All the shadows were standing around the altar; and in each there was a quivering and throbbing of the breast instead of the heart. One dead man alone, who had been newly buried in the church, was still lying on his couch, without any quivering of his breast; and his face was smiling beneath the light of a happy dream. But, when one of the living entered, he awoke and smiled no more; toilsomely he drew up his heavy eyelid, but no eye was within; and his beating breast, instead of a heart, contained a wound. He lifted up his hands, and clasped them for prayer; but the arms lengthened and lowered themselves from his body, and the clasped hands dropped off. Overhead, in the vault of the church, stood the dial-plate of eternity, on which no number was to be read, nor any characters except its own name; only there was a black hand pointing the rest, on which the dead said they saw *Time*.

At this moment, a tall majestic form, with a countenance of imperishable anguish, sank down from on high upon the altar; and all the dead cried:—"Christ! is there no God?"

"He answered:—"There is none!"

The shadow of every dead man trembled all over, not his breast merely; and, one after another, their trembling dispersed them.

Christ spake on:—"I have gone through the midst of the worlds, I mounted into the suns, and flew with the milky way across the wilderness of heaven; but there is no God. I plunged down, as far as Being flings its shadow, and pried into the abyss, and cried:—Father, where art thou? but I heard only the everlasting tempest, which no one sways; and the glittering rainbow of beings was hanging, without a sun that had formed it, over the abyss, and trickling down into it. And, when I looked up towards the limitless world for the eye of God, the world stared at me with an empty bottomless eyesocket; and Eternity was lying upon chaos, and gnawing it to pieces, and chewing the cud of what it had devoured.—Scream on, ye discords! scatter these shades with your screaming: for He is not!"

The shades grew pale and dissolved, as white vapour, that the frost has given birth to, is melted by a breath of warmth; and the whole church became empty. Then—Oh! it was terrible to the heart!—the dead children, who had awaked in the church-yard, ran into the church, and threw themselves before the lofty form upon the altar, and said:—"Jesus! have we no father?" And he answered with tears streaming down:—"We are all orphans, I and you; we are without a father."

Here the "screeching of the discords became more violent; the walls of the church tottered and burst asunder; and the church and the children sank down; and the whole earth and the sun sank after; and the whole of the immeasurable universe sank before us; and Christ remained standing upon the highest pinnacle of nature, and gazed into the globe of the universe, pierced through by a thousand suns, as it were, and a curtain, borrowed into the heart of eternal night,

wherein the suns were running like miners' lights, and the galaxies like veins of silver.

And when Christ saw the crushing throng of worlds, the torch-dance of the heavenly *ymenæades*, and the coral banks of beating hearts, and when he saw how one globe after another poured out its glimmering souls upon the dead sea, as a water-balloon strews its floating lights upon the waves;—then with a grandeur that betokened the highest of finite beings, he lifted up his eye toward the nothingness and toward the infinite void above him, and said:—"Moveless and voiceless nothing! cold eternal necessity! frantic chance! can ye, or any of you, tell me? when do you dash to pieces the building and me? Dost thou know it, O chance! even thou, when thou stridest with thy hurricanes athwart the snow-dust of the stars, and puffest out one sun after another, while the sparkling dew of the constellations is parched up as thou passest along! How desolate is every one in the vast ca- comb of the universe! There is none beside me save myself. —O, Father! Father! where is thy world-sustaining breast, that I may rest on it! Alas! if every being is its own father and creator, why may it not also become its own destroying angel?"

"Is that a man still beside me? Poor wretch! your little life is one of nature's sighs, or the mere echo of it; a mirror flings its rays on the clouds of dust from the ashes of the dead on your earth, and, forthwith, ye spring up, ye beclouded, fleeting images. Look down into the abyss, over which clouds of ashes are floating; mists full of worlds, are rising out of the dead sea; the future is that rising mist, and that which is falling is the present. Dost thou know thy own earth?"

Here Christ looked down, and his eye filled with tears, and he said:—"Alas, I was once upon it; then I was still happy; then I had still an Almighty Father, and still looked with gladness from the mountains to the unfathomable heavens; and, when my breast was pierced through, I pressed it to his soothing image, and said, even in the bitterness of death—Father, draw forth thy son from his bleeding tabernacle, and raise him to thy heart. Ah! ye over-happy inhabitants of the earth, ye earth, ye still believe in Him. Perchance, at this moment, your sun is setting, and ye are falling on your knees in the midst of blossoms and radiance, and dew, and are lifting up your blessed hands, and, while shedding a thousand tears of joy, are crying to the open heavens: Me, too, even me, dost thou know, thou Almighty One, and all my wounds, and after my death thou wilt receive me and close them all. Miserable creatures, after death they will never be closed. The woe-begone mortal who lays his bleeding back in the earth, to sleep till the coming of a fairer morning, full of truth, full of goodness and joy, will awake amid the storms of chaos, in the eternity of midnight; and no morning comes, and no healing hand, and no Almighty Father. Thou mortal beside me, if thou still livest, pray to Him now, else thou hast lost him for ever."

And, as I fell down and beheld the shining world, I saw the uplifted scales of the giant snake Eternity, that had spread itself around the universe; and the scales dropped down, and it wreathed itself twice round the universe; then it twined in a thousand folds around Nature, and squeezed world against world; and, with a crushing force, compressed the temple of infinity into a village church; and everything grew dense, and murky, and dismal, and the clapper of a bell stretched out its measureless length, about to strike the last hour of time, and to split the fabric of the world to atoms—when I awoke.

My soul wept with joy that it was again able to worship God; and my joy, and my tears, and my faith in him, were my prayer. And, as I stood up, the sun was glowing low down behind the full purple ears of corn, and was quietly throwing the reflection of its evening glory to the little moon that was rising without a dawn in the east; and between heaven and earth a joyous short-lived world was spreading out its tiny wings, and living, as I was, in the presence of an Almighty Father; and from the whole of nature around me came sounds of peace, like the voices of evening bells from afar.

THE JAPANESE EMPIRE.

CHAPTER I.—A SHORT SKETCH OF THE HISTORY OF JAPAN.

THE fate of the empire of Japan may be compared, with a certain amount of justice, to that of Nineveh, of Herculaneum, and of Pompeii. As the first of these celebrated cities lay for long ages buried beneath the accumulated soil which the hand of time had strewed over the former surface of the land; and as the second two were consigned to moulder in silence and night beneath the lava which Vesuvius had once vomited forth, liquid with heat—so may the empire of Japan be said to have been buried for now more than two centuries beneath a system of exclusion which has hitherto defied

Dezima. However much the reader may be struck by some of the facts which we shall have occasion to relate concerning the Japanese, he will be no less astonished, we believe, at the untiring energy and great tact displayed by such men as Siebold, Klaproth, and Kämpfer, who have written upon Japan. In spite of the strict prohibitory clauses relating to the intercourse of foreigners, our knowledge of Japan is far from being as limited as is commonly supposed. The writers we have just named, as well as several others, have published some most voluminous and interesting works on the subject.



COURT COSTUME OF A JAPANESE NOBLE.

all the attempts made by various nations, at various periods, to break through it. Whether or no Japan is justified in thus shutting herself out from the great family of nations, is a question which we shall not discuss here, but as public curiosity has lately been greatly excited with regard to this extraordinary nation, we propose giving a short account of its history, government, laws, religion, social condition, &c., illustrating our description by engravings, which have been carefully executed for the express purpose, after the drawings contained in the celebrated work of Dr. F. von Siebold, who was for some time physician of the Dutch factory on the island of

and satisfactorily proved—if, indeed, proof was necessary—that the Japanese might as well attempt, like the courtiers of the Saxon king, to set a limit to the ocean waves, as to stop the no less irresistible waves of human knowledge.

The Japanese empire consists of several islands of various sizes. In the language of the inhabitants themselves, the largest island is called Nippon or Nihon, derived from *Ni*, or *Ni*, the sun, and *Hon* or *Pon*, origin, rising; and meaning, therefore, the Rising of the Sun. The entire empire, including all the dependent islands, goes by the name of Dai Nippon, i.e. The Great Nippon. In the Mandarin language

it is called *Sai-pen*, and by the inhabitants of Northern China, *Zippen*. From these names to the English *Japan* the translation is easy.

The early history of Japan, like that of every other nation, is a compound of obscurity and mythological fable. We propose to give some account of the latter in the chapter dedicated to the National Religion, but for the present we will confine ourselves to beings of ordinary flesh and blood. Passing, therefore, over their god-kings, we will come at once to the first mortal ruler of the empire of Japan, who is said to have been Zin-mu-ten-woo (the heavenly warrior, the heavenly enlightened ruler). This name, however, was not given him until after his death; the name he bore in his early youth being Sa-nono-mikoto (Lord of the narrow land). Although the youngest son, Zin-mu-ten-woo, like Napoleon in modern times, was destined to eclipse his elder brothers in position and fame. So superior, indeed, was he to them in the qua-

liet. The fraternal sacrifice is said to have had the desired effect, for the waves almost instantly became calm, and Zin-mu-ten-woo succeeded in once more landing; although almost immediately he had done so he was exposed to fresh danger, in the shape of a bear, whose breath was so deadly that the hero as well as all his army fell to the ground completely overpowered by it. The bear does not seem to have been viciously inclined, however, for he returned to the wood from which he had emerged without hurting any one.

But although Zin-mu-ten-woo had many difficulties to contend with in his designs of conquest, he could also boast of several very peculiar advantages. He was lucky enough to interest the warlike Thunder-god, who gave him a wonderful sword, while a certain goddess sent him a raven that always preceded his army, and pointed out the nearest and best way to be pursued on the march. With such supernatural patronage, it is not surprising that Zin-mu-ten-woo



JAPANESE COUNTRY PEOPLE.

lities both of the body and of the mind, that, at the early age of fifteen, his father selected him as his successor on the throne.

At the age of five-and-forty, Zin-mu-ten-woo determined to undertake the conquest of Japan, and set out, for that purpose, at the head of a considerable army, commanded by his two sons and his three brothers. It is uncertain where his hereditary dominions were situated. Some writers assert that he originally came from China. If this was the case, we can fully believe the accounts handed down to us about the ignorance of his people in naval matters and the inefficiency of his vessels; for it was not until after a voyage of ten months that he reached land. At first, victory did not seem to smile upon him. His eldest brother met his death in battle from the wound of an arrow, while the two others, anticipating, as it were, the example of Marcus Curtius, threw themselves into the sea, in order to appease the ruling divinity of that element, who seemed determined on destroying the invading

fleet. The fraternal sacrifice is said to have had the desired effect, for the waves almost instantly became calm, and Zin-mu-ten-woo succeeded in once more landing; although almost immediately he had done so he was exposed to fresh danger, in the shape of a bear, whose breath was so deadly that the hero as well as all his army fell to the ground completely overpowered by it. The bear does not seem to have been viciously inclined, however, for he returned to the wood from which he had emerged without hurting any one.

Zin-mu-ten-woo was succeeded by a long line of sovereigns entitled *Mikados*, or sons of Heaven, and who asserted that the spirit of the Goddess of the Sun was embodied in every successive *Mikado*. In the course of time, the *Mikados*, who were originally, in the fullest sense of the word, despotic rulers, and invariably led their armies into battle themselves, sank into a state of effeminate luxuriousness. They also adopted the practice of abdicating the supreme dignity in favour of the next legal heir to the throne, acting as regent for him, in case he was a child, until he came of age.

One of the *Mikados*, who had married the daughter of a very

great and powerful prince, abdicated in favour of his little son, who was only three years old. The boy's grandfather, who was a bold ambitious man, rose up in rebellion against the ex-Mikado, who was acting as regent for his young successor, and, putting him into prison, seized on the sovereignty himself. A distant relation of the royal race, named Yoritomo, now appeared as the champion of right and justice, and, after a civil war of some considerable duration, succeeded in defeating the usurper. As his reward, he was appointed *sin i dai zioگون*, or commander-in-chief fighting against the barbarians; and knew so well how to take advantage of his new dignity, that he kept it for twenty years, and at his decease bequeathed it to his son.

In this manner did a second power spring up in the state. A succession of infant *Mikados* tended to fix the authority of the *Ziogoon* on a firm basis, and the latter, while nominally only the lieutenants of the *Mikados*, were in reality the governors of the empire. So universally indeed was this dignity recognised as hereditary, that even as early as a few years subsequent to Yoritomo's death, his widow left for a time the Bhuddist convent, to which she had retired to pass the remainder of her life, and assumed the reins of the infant *Ziogoon*. In the Japanese annals, we find mention of the *Ziogoon* abdicating, like any other hereditary sovereign, and likewise of civil wars waged by the adherents of various pretenders to the dignity.

In the year 1229, Mongol ambassadors were sent from the Emperor Kublai Khan to Japan. They brought a letter proposing an alliance between the *Mikado* and Kublai Khan, but they did not succeed in their purpose, as they were not allowed to see either the *Mikado* or the *Ziogoon*. Kublai Khan sent several other embassies, but all proved equally unsuccessful. He also appeared with a hostile fleet off the island of Tsushima, but was obliged to sheer off again with considerable loss. In 1275, the *Ziogoon* informed Kublai Khan's ambassadors, that no Mongol subject would in future be allowed to put his foot upon Japanese soil under pain of death, and, as this warning was disregarded, every room composing the next two embassies, in 1276 and 1279, were beheaded. In order to take vengeance for this act, another Mongol fleet was sent to punish the refractory Japanese, who so strangely preferred their freedom to the yoke of a foreign conqueror. There were a hundred thousand soldiers on board the various vessels. The Japanese were ready to receive them, but they had no opportunity for the display of their valour. Like the celebrated Armada, centuries afterwards, the invading fleet was utterly destroyed by a violent tempest, and all that the Japanese had to do was to slaughter, without the least danger to themselves, the poor, unhappy wretches—the miserable and innocent instruments of a despotic conqueror—who had managed to gain the shore. Three only were spared, not from any motive of mercy, but in order that they might return and inform Kublai Khan with what determination the Japanese carried out their resolutions. As long as the Mongol dynasty over China and the neighbouring states lasted, all communication between the Japanese and the Mongol subjects was strictly forbidden; and it was not until the downfall of the barbarian conquerors, that the commercial relations between the two countries were once more replaced upon their former footing.

At length, in the year 1543, when Japan had enjoyed an uninterrupted succession of 106 princes, under whose rule, extending over more than twenty centuries, it had risen to be a mighty empire, it was accidentally discovered by the Portuguese. There is no doubt, however, that it was already known, under the name of *Zi-pan-gu* to Marco Polo, the celebrated traveller of the thirteenth century. The important fact of its discovery by the Portuguese is thus related in the Japanese annals, which are quoted by Siebold:—"In the twentieth year of the *Nengo** Ten-bun, on the twenty-second day of the eighth month, under the government of the *Mikado* Konara, and of the *Ziogoon* Yoshitar (October, 1543), a strange vessel touched at the island of Tanega-sima, in the province of

Nisimura, near Ko-ura. The crew, which consist of about a hundred people, present a remarkable appearance. Their language is unintelligible, and their place of residence unknown. There is a Chinese of the name of Go-hou on board. He understands writing, and from him we learn that the ship is a *Nan-ban* ship (southern barbarians' ship). On the six-and-twentieth of the same month, the vessel is taken to the north-west side of the island to the harbour of Aka-oki, and Tokitaka, the commander of Tanega-sima commences a very severe examination, at which the Japanese Bonzo, Tsyu-sju-zu, by the aid of Chinese characters, acts as interpreter. On board the *Nan-ban* ship are two commanders, Mura-syukasyu and Krista Moota. They carry fire-arms with them, and first teach the Japanese the use of the fire-weapon and the preparation of fire-powder."

The Portuguese did not neglect so favourable a market for their merchandise. Soon after the news of this unknown country was spread abroad, other Portuguese vessels followed in the wake of the first. The Japanese received them in the most friendly manner, and a very lucrative trade sprang up. The Portuguese, however, were not left for any very considerable period in undisputed possession of the field. They were followed, somewhere about 1585, by the Dutch, and in 1613 by the English. Not content, however, with having free permission to pursue their own affairs in Japan, the representatives of these three nations could not bear the idea of suffering a rival, and, consequently, did all in their power, both by cunning and calumny, to ruin each other in the minds of the Japanese.

The Portuguese merchants had not traded long with Japan before their priests also found a favourable opportunity of visiting it. A young Japanese of noble birth and cultivated mind, named Angero, having been pursued for the crime of murder, fled from Japan on board of a Portuguese vessel. Some time afterwards he became a convert to the Christian church, under the name of Paulo de Santa Fé, and if he did not actually originate the enterprise, was, at all events, the leader and advocate of a mission to his native country, which was, in 1549, undertaken by Francis Xavier and a few other Jesuits.

Had these Jesuits never visited Japan there can be little doubt that the strict system of exclusion towards European nations, which has so long marked its policy, would never have been pursued, and that the merchants of England, as well as of all other nations, would at the present day have found a profitable market for their wares in the ancient empire of the *Mikados*.

From all the authorities that we have consulted on the subject, it appears very clear that it was not spiritual authority alone which the worthy fathers aimed at. The Japanese rulers were most tolerant in matters of religion, and offer an example of forbearance which might be imitated with great advantages by the princes of many countries calling themselves Christian at the present day. Every man who came to Japan was allowed to follow the religion that his conscience told him was the best. This is proved by the example of the first Englishman who ever visited the country, namely, William Adams, who passed there a large portion of his life. This worthy man, who enjoyed the favour of the *Ziogoon*, and all the great personages of the land—who possessed lands and other property—and who procured the privileges granted to the English traders—remained a member of his own church to the day of his death, without let or hindrance on the part of his hosts. Indeed, so great was the liberty of conscience allowed to every one, that when the native priests once besought the *Ziogoon*, Nobunanga, to expel the Jesuits from Japan, giving as a reason for their request that the latter were gaining so many proselytes to the new religion, the *Ziogoon* asked, "How many sects are there already in the country?" and on being informed that there were thirty-five, replied: "Very well, then; where there are thirty-five, thirty-six can well be tolerated; leave the strangers in peace."

But the disciples of Ignatius de Loyola—if we are to believe accounts worthy of credit, and we do believe them—were far

* *Nengo*, i. e. "year's name," is a title of honour by which the monarchs of eastern Asia designate various periods of their reigns.

from imitating the moderation of the Japanese. They were not contented with the mere exercise of their faith, with the power of building churches and celebrating the rites of their religion openly and in the face of day, but they would willingly have exterminated all those who professed any faith but their own. What they are at the present day they were then. As the child is father to the man, so was the Jesuit of the sixteenth century the same, sly, crafty, and designing personage he is now. The sect has, since the period of which we are writing, been expelled from almost every country in Europe; and the Japanese were merely the first to do what others have repeated. The Japanese sovereign saw the insidious influence that the reverend fathers were daily gaining in his empire. He was aware of their overbearing demeanour; he had heard of the pomp and luxury in which they lived; he knew that, puffed up with pride and arrogance, they mimicked the splendour of the clergy of priest-ridden Rome, and, while professing to be the lowly followers of Him who made his entry into Jerusalem upon the back of an ass, that they disdained any longer to touch the ground with their feet, and caused themselves to be carried about in litters. With all this before his eyes, the course that he pursued cannot be designated as either tyrannical or unjust. He ordered them to retire to Firando within twenty days, as a preparatory step to their quitting the empire altogether. So just was he, however, that he expressly excepted from his edict all merchants and traders who had taken no part in the disturbances occasioned by the Jesuits, and who were, therefore, allowed to remain, as before, unmolested.

The imperial commands were disregarded. The Jesuits were not to be so easily ejected. They were, too, probably aware that the Ziogoon was harsher in his words than in his deeds. Fresh disorders, in which the missionaries were implicated, broke out, and the offenders were visited with very severe punishment by the authorities. The Portuguese Viceroy of Goa sent to remonstrate with the Ziogoon on the ill-treatment of his countrymen, as did also the Governor of the Philippines, five years afterwards, in 1597. The Ziogoon did not refuse to see the envoy in either case; on the contrary, he received him with every favour, and condescended to justify his conduct with regard to the priests and their converts. He said that it was a strange and suspicious thing that whenever the Jesuits instilled their doctrines into the minds of their converts, the latter invariably showed themselves filled with sentiments of hatred and insubordination to the ruling powers of the state; that the priests of the new religion travelled about the country, followed by great quantities of disorderly people, and that they made no secret of their design of ultimately effecting the conquest of the empire.

Matters remained in this state until the death of Taico Sama. During the reign of his successor, who was far from being so mild and moderate a prince as Taico Sama had proved himself, the priests were again ordered to quit the country, and the establishments they had formed to be broken up. Instead of obeying the edict, the Jesuits, under a number of various disguises, spread themselves over the country. Their professed object was still to make converts to the faith of Rome. It seems a very remarkable fact, however, that wherever they can be traced, their presence was followed by the Christian converts breaking out in open rebellion. Ogocho Sama was not a prince to bear this with impunity, and, accordingly, under his orders, one of the most fearful persecutions ever known in any country was forthwith commenced against the Christian converts. Neither age nor sex was spared.

And was it not very natural that the Ziogoon should feel greatly exasperated at seeing his kingdom torn asunder by dissensions and civil broils, all arising from the machinations and intrigues of a number of designing foreign priests, who requited the hospitality shown them by exciting treason and contempt for those at whose hands they enjoyed that hospitality? Such a line of conduct was not calculated to render the foreigners beloved. As we have before said, the Dutch were exceedingly jealous of the other nations who participated with them in the

profits arising from the trade with Japan, and had, as we have likewise mentioned, endeavoured to undermine their credit by all kinds of calumny and falsehoods. At last, in the year 1637, they thought that the time was arrived for a master-stroke of policy. They produced a correspondence which they said had been carried on between certain parties in Japan and the Portuguese, inciting the latter, under pretence of espousing the cause of the native Christians, to send over a force for the conquest of the empire. The effects of this discovery were instantaneous and decisive. All Europeans, except the Dutch, were ordered to quit the country; a price was set upon the head of every Christian; the promulgation of the Christian religion was forbidden under the most dreadful penalties; and the Japanese themselves were prohibited from ever proceeding beyond the bounds of their native country. If they transgressed this edict, they became exiles for ever afterwards, never being allowed to return. It has been asserted, over and over again, that the correspondence produced by the Dutch, and to which we have referred, was forged. The Dutch deny this; and there is no direct evidence attainable by which we can with certainty determine which party speaks the truth. It is not impossible that the aid of the Portuguese may have been requested to enable the new sect to obtain the supreme power; but the character of the Dutch in those times was such as to justify us in believing the accusation brought against them. Diplomats are never very particular about the means they use to effect their ends; and if the assertion of a celebrated professor of the art, namely, Prince Talleyrand, that "language is given to man to disguise his thoughts," be true, we have good grounds for believing the exact contrary of what the Dutch say with regard to this affair.

Other writers assert that the priests and their proselytes, the native Christians, were persecuted by a certain Iyeyas who had usurped the *Ziogoonship*, and who determined to exterminate them, because they had supported his rival, the just claimant of the throne. Be this as it may, however, after the most atrocious cruelties had been perpetrated on the conquered party, an edict was issued, forbidding all Europeans, except the Dutch, to put foot upon the soil of Japan. But although the Dutch were allowed to remain, they must bitterly have repented the success of their scheme, if we are to look upon the letters which they produced as forgeries. When the commerce with Japan was open, they had rivals, it is true, in the English and Portuguese, but they were allowed to trade to whatever ports they chose; and to find a market for their commodities when and where they could, and far better would it have been for them, had they endeavoured to prove themselves superior to their rivals by enterprise and perseverance, instead of descending to the arts of low cunning and calumny. Honesty is always the best policy. Their trade with Japan is, at present, almost nominal. Indeed, it has been affirmed by some writers, that they must have some ulterior object in view, otherwise they would not have continued it so long, subject to all the indignities and inconveniences which they are now compelled to endure. They are not permitted to send more than two ships annually from Batavia, the value of the cargoes not amounting to more than about £70,000. The profits cannot be large, considering that the Dutch do not even enjoy the privilege of selling their merchandise themselves, but are under the necessity of disposing of it through the agency of Japanese traders, who fix what price they please. The price, too, is not paid in money, which the Dutch are strictly prohibited from having in their possession, but in whatever natural products of the country the purchasers may choose to give them. The members of the Dutch factory are strictly confined to one spot, namely, the island of Desima, in the bay of Nagasaki. This island was originally assigned to the Portuguese, but when the latter were expelled, it became the residence, or rather the prison-house, of their successful rivals, who cannot have been very greatly pleased at having been obliged to exchange the liberty of residing in whatever part of the country they liked, for the privilege of being cooped up in a wretched island only 690 feet in length, and 240 in breadth. Desima is entirely artificial, having been

raised from the bottom of the sea on purpose to accommodate—if we may be allowed to use this term of a place where there is so very little accommodation—the Portuguese traders. When the Ziooon, who ordered it to be formed, was asked of what shape he desired it; he unfolded the inevitable fan, which

For the present we shall content ourselves by stating that various attempts have been made, but all without success, to obtain the repeal of the law against foreigners; and the two Dutch ships, which annually anchor in Nagasaki Bay, are the only European vessels in whose favour its severity has ever



JAPANESE GENTLEMAN'S HOUSE.

all the Japanese, both men and women continually carry, and in the shape of a fan was it constructed accordingly, in obedience to his whim, as the Escorial was built in the form of a gridiron to gratify a freak of the sombre Philip II. In this narrow prison-house are the members of the Dutch factory obliged to

been in any way relaxed. What effect the appearance of the American expedition may have in opening to the world the ports of this strange people, we cannot pretend to say. We only trust that it may not render the Japanese rulers more suspicious and exclusive than ever. All depends, however,



JAPANESE GENTLEMAN'S HOUSE (ANOTHER VIEW).

linger out their existence; never being allowed to cross over to the mainland, save at stated periods, and furnished with a permission from the proper authority. Every time they leave the island, they are subjected to a most rigorous search. We shall, however, give in a following chapter a more detailed account of the forms and rules observed on such occasions.

on the manner in which the affair is conducted. If the American commander be a man of great talent, he may, perhaps, persuade them to relax somewhat of the stringency of the existing regulations; but, from all we know of the Japanese character, we should hardly say he will be successful, if he endeavours to force them to do so.

THE SCHOOL OF LIFE.—BY ANNA MARY HOWITT.

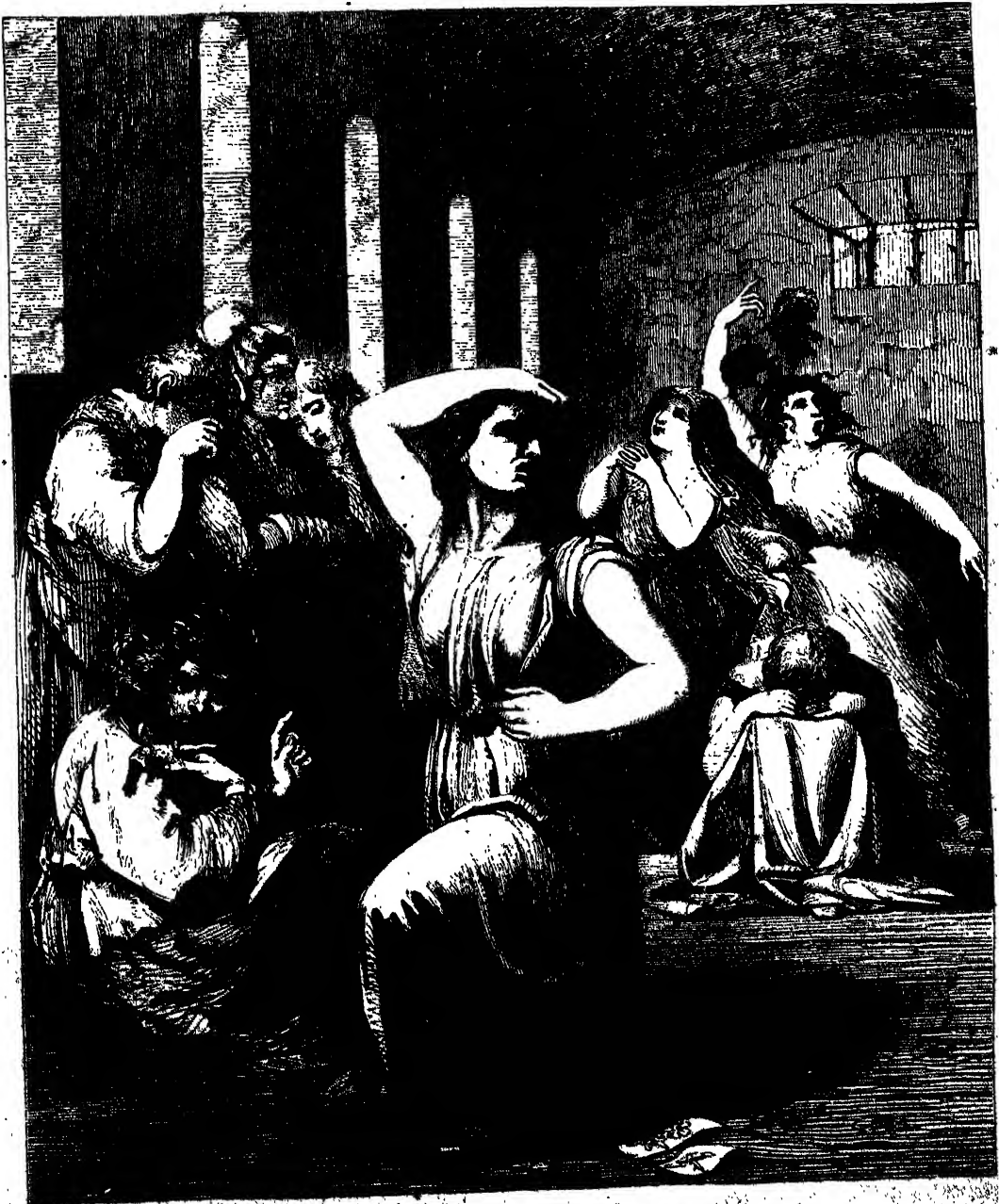
CHAPTER III.

Qui voudrait vivre, mon fils, s'il connaissait l'avenir ?—Bernadin de Saint Pierre.

Ausserordentlich schwärmerische Menschen, Genies and Narren sollten gar nicht heirathen, aber die erste Liebe kuserst heiss, just bis zum ersten Kusse treiben und dann auf und davon gehen — Warte mit dem Zorne, die Gründe Kommen.—Adalbert Stifter.

HONORIA was reining in her white pony, and commencing a quiet return towards the old mansion, when suddenly a strange

mind and an excellent seat on horseback. The hounds sprang towards the woman; Honoria's decisive tone of command,



URSULA MORDANT IN A LUNATIC ASYLUM.

woman emerged from a copse, and with wildly waving arms passed like some ancient Pythoness before the young girl. The white pony reared, and infallibly would have thrown his rider, had she not been possessed of maternal presence of

mind. In her clear, bell-like voice, instantly countermanding the fall back; or, it might be, they fell back shivering, toward her by a strange undaunted something in the woman, those even to the command of their mistress.

"Stand off, woman!" ejaculated Honoria, the blood with violence suffusing her transparent skin, "do you not see how you have stifled my pony?"

"Vengeance! vengeance!" shrieked the woman, heedless of Honoria's danger and her own, "my Leonard! my Leonard! my son—he has been foully murdered! gull! look here!" and the poor maniac held forth towards Honoria the little pictures and needle book. Honoria started by these awful words, cast her eyes upon the childish paintings, and her keen spirit appeared instantly to comprehend the condition of the unhappy being before her.

"That is said indeed, poor woman!" said she sorrowfully, whilst she sought to climb in her fiery little steed which still curvetted about in a manner perilous enough for Miss Merdiant. "We will try and help you," pursued Honoria, "I will ride off for help in my own time; she looked at her pony's rein, and fled like an arrow towards the house."

Soon Mr. Pierpoint and Honoria's tutor flowed by a secret night-lane, been observing the mad woman who was upon the spot where Honoria had left her. Mr. Pierpoint proffered his assistance and joined Mrs. Merdiant, in her frantic vehemence, mingling truth and miserable fancy, poured forth to him her distress of mind.

Mr. Pierpoint obtained significant information from her incoherent speeches for his purpose. He discovered that she was the sister of Michael Stambuloff, and to the house of this well-known merchant he forthwith conveyed her.

The morrow's ray dawn saw her removed from Stambuloff's house to an asylum in the outskirts of the town.

And there for the present in this house of woe, now twice the miserable mother. Nothing could induce her to part with the scraps of paper covered with Johnny Weatherley's childish paintings. She laid folded them in a purple handkerchief and carried them in her bosom, as if they were a treasure and jealousy, as if they were a treasure.

Her guardians, with a weak humanity, indulged her fanciful fancies by leaving her undisturbed in this painful seclusion. Her madness had now sunk into a lethargy, and she lay in a corner of her sleeping cell, or of the common ward with her head bowed in a willow-wood upon her knees—like one of those extraordinary figures described by that sad humanist William Blake—or flung upon the floor with her face to the dust, in the attitude of oriental worship, oblivious to the blood-curdling cries that rose around her from the mad souls torn by frantic misery, which now presented itself in awful and ghastly forms, in the eyes of the madmen, and in the eyes of the mad still, in laughter such as never would be met in a sane man. But there were also times when poor Ursula Mordant woke up from her lethargy, and then her face would flash with a wild gleam, and she would bleed her eyes with the tears of agony, echoing through the white mournful corridors and ascending up God.

But this cry of anguish never reached the world. Where was he? Let us seek after him.

One morning the scholars of Signor Lambelli assembled in the rotunda of his celebrated academy of painting in London, were addressed by their worthy master in the following little set speech:

"Gentlemen! to-day a pupil will enter this Temple of the Muses, for whom I must, gentlemen, request your especial courtesy. Art, my dear youthful friends, we all believe, sublimates the nine Muses. As Jove, we learn, descended from the skies, assuming grovelling shapes of beasts and birds to learn away the prize of beauty, so now in common life—as in the case which I am about to lay before you, gentlemen—we perceive how the highly-born—if I mistake not and the highly-endowed with genius, may stoop to perform the drudgery of slaves in order to gain admittance to the Temple of the Muses. Gentlemen, I bewilder you? In simple terms—resting upon the flowers of rhetoric—I will explain. A young gentleman last night besought admittance to me—his name, as given, is Leonard Hale—and, with a noble frankness,

declaring himself unpossessed of worldly wealth, but burning with an extinguishable ardour for the service of the Muses, he besought permission, upon any terms, to enter this Temple. He would, he declared, with eyes of pride, become a menial even, so that he might in the end attain to the rank of a disciple. I was pursued the kind-hearted, but pompous Lambelli, his voice becoming somewhat husky, his speech somewhat less florid "interested, gentlemen, in the youth; his manner bespoke an earnest, ardent love and ardour, his sketches, which he showed me, power. He would not receive his admission among you upon my terms but those of working out a return for my instruction. He will, gentlemen, henceforth perform the functions of that busy dog, Peter, and, gentlemen, my dear young friends, you will excuse yourselves in the reception of this gentleman" concluded Lambelli, honourably clearing his throat as if to drive away some lingering emotion.

The good signor's little address was received in a variety of ways: there were titterings and coughings, and there were also a few instances of noble and generous response to poor Leonard's action, which expressed themselves in murmurs of "By Jove though, there must be stuff in the chap!" "We must be up and doing old fellow, or this Phoenix of servants will sweep us out of the rotunda with the other rubbish!"

The door opened, Leonard entered, and mumblings and titterings ceased suddenly, although many glances, both bold and furtive, were cast upon him.

It was with no crowded or morbid air that he advanced, but with so proud a form that the good signor's suspicions regarding the youth's noble birth might readily have been excited by all present. A keen flash shone in his eyes as they rapidly glanced over the room prepared for study, with the bright striking broadly upon the rows of huge-headed chests and the antique which in calm dignity stood around the wall.

Then slowly turning to Signor Lambelli and the solemn sufficiency his usually placid face as he felt so many wondering, strange eyes riveted upon him, he said in a clear but low voice:

"Is there any duty, Sir, which I shall perform before commencing my drawing? You will perhaps have the goodness clearly to explain to me here, before these gentlemen, what my duties are. I wish to arrange all my work methodically, so that the one kind of labour shall not interfere with the other, in order that both you and I, Sir, may have satisfaction in each other."

Signor Lambelli, with a certain bustling excitement and in undisturbed deference then explained the mysteries of arranging upon the student's drawing boards, of arranging the room for models, and various other duties of the same kind which would devolve upon the youth,—

"The brooms," observed the kind-hearted signor, lowering his voice and drawing Leonard aside, "for him—him my dear young sir, you will pardon my using such homely terms for sweeping out the rotunda, and dust pans, and such trifling matters, I will order up here, and they shall be kept in this closet, so that—you understand me, my dear young sir—that with the menials of my household you shall have no occasion to come in contact. As you gracefully observed last evening, 'the hand is never defiled by an action, however lowly, which is performed in a noble spirit,' we know that—we know that. But now let us set to work upon the nobler work of course of course, in a noble spirit." And the good man drew forth an easel, and arranging an anatomical cast in an advantageous light, with love and earnestness set his new pupil to work.

"And, gentlemen," pursued he, turning round to the considerably-surprised groups of youths who were scattered through the room, "you will not be unreasonable in your demands upon Mr. Hale's time. I rely upon your honourable feelings, gentlemen."

It would be needless, step by step, to follow Leonard through the portion of his career. Let it suffice to say, that he battled onward through difficulties, and through what to many a less truly proud spirit would have been humiliations, inspired by a fervent love of art, inflamed with a vast ambition, spurred up to endure all things for the accomplishment of his then sole

purpose in life—the development of his latent genius, and thereby the attainment of triumphant artistic success, which should be the sign of his love to his mother—his revenge upon his uncle.

He had, in the first instance, to run the gauntlet with various mean spirits amongst Lambelli's pupils; but the nobler ones speedily arose as his champions, and in Lambelli himself he had ever a true and steadfast friend, who not alone imparted freely and proudly all the practical knowledge of art of which he was possessed to his singular pupil, but, with a gentle thought inquiring into the poor youth's circumstances, put work into his hands which enabled Leonard, by unceasing toil at night and in the early mornings, to earn sufficient for his slender wants. But this evident pride of Lambelli in his pupil only in another way produced thorns for Leonard—jealousy and envy of him spread among the other students; but silently, earnestly, at times moodily, Leonard wrought on, performing his two spheres of labour, the lower for the love of the higher, and that, too, with a conscientiousness which would have been incredible to Michael Stamboyse, had he known of it. But where a strong love rules how easy become all things! Speedily, however, did the time arrive for Leonard to pass on to a yet higher school than that of the Rotunda—to the school of the Royal Academy, where Lambelli longed to see him entered as a student; foreseeing that much credit to his teaching would accrue to him through Leonard, and also from an unselfish interest in the youth.

And neither were master nor scholar disappointed in their expectations: Leonard's success was signal; his zeal and skill a constant subject of discourse both among teachers and fellow-students, and the highest expectations were excited regarding his career. This phase of Leonard's life was truly typified in a bold figure which he had once sketched in charcoal upon the wall of Lambelli's school, and which for long years was carefully preserved there by Lambelli, and by later generations of students, as a relic of "that clever fellow, Hale." It was of a strong youthful warrior hewing his way through the world with a huge two-edged sword, his breast heaving, his youthful brows knit with a strong determination.

And thus Leonard hewed his way boldly forward, and in the struggle and emulation of the combat he could not hear the wailing voice of his poor mother echoing through the desolate corridors of her abode of misery.

"I shall write to my mother on the day of my triumph!" said Leonard in his heart. And for the sake of the great joy to his mother and himself of this triumph, he silenced with a strong will the agony of his love for her, which at times threatened to overwhelm him and his ambition.

Let us now return to our poor little artist, Johnny. Before a month had passed from the day on which he had encountered Mrs. Mordant in the wood above the Hellings, that long-yearned-for happiness had arrived—a visit from the Pierrpoints; and then a yet more marvellous bliss—his translation from the cottage of his good old grandmother to the studio of Isaac Strudwicke, of Nottingham, a portrait-painter of much provincial fame.

On a clear-skied, joyous May morning, the carriage of the Honourable Jaspar Pierrpoint stopped at the turn of the lane, near to Sally Wetherley's cottage, and the old dame herself, now pretty nearly recovered from her accident, might have been seen at the door of the cottage supported on a crutch, which nevertheless did not prevent her from attempting various curtsies in reply to Mr. Pierrpoint's words, as he conducted away Johnny, who, attired in bran new clothes, and with a very crimson countenance, was grasping his grandmother's hand. Then one might have seen how the good old woman hobbled down, as fast as she could, to her favourite point of observation in the little garden, where, standing among the young cabbage-plants, through a gap in the hedge, she watched, with tears of pride and affection gathering in her eyes, the carriage roll away, with Johnny seated in the middle.

And now commences, truly, a fresh chapter in the life of John Wetherley.

Often in after life did that first entrance into the temple of art recur to him and call forth smiles, but smiles mingled with a certain tenderness. John Wetherley's maturer judgment in later years declared the studio of worthy Isaac Strudwicke to have been but a dreary, barren temple. Great names, and much technicality and conventionality, certainly adorned the teaching and the life in the temple, and many a strictly correct and conventional picture of a gentleman standing before a crimson curtain, festooned between marble columns, the said gentleman holding in his hand an open letter, or leaning it gracefully upon a table scattered over with books and papers, did Johnny study; and as he progressed under the instruction of his worthy master, aid in the creation of.

Innumerable were the crimson Indian scarfs which he industriously dashed in for Isaac Strudwicke for the adornment of elderly ladies, both amiable and severe, who attired in brilliant black satin, were seated upon Grecian couches—innumerable the pale blue scarfs for the young ladies in white, who, with ringlets and pensive eyes, wandered through cinnamon-coloured groves, often bearing in their hands baskets of roses. Much labour also did blue coats, striped buff waistcoats, crimson curtains with ditto cords and tassels, and green table-cloths, and vellum-bound books, and massive ink-stands, afford him. But it was some time ere such delicacies of art were intrusted to the pencil of the novice.

Above all, in John Wetherley's memory bloomed two pictures of his life with Isaac Strudwicke—his presentation to his master, and the last day of his discipleship.

The carriage of the Honourable Jaspar Pierrpoint, upon the bright May morning already referred to, stopped abruptly at a house in the same street as that of Michael Stamboyse, and, like it, a house bearing the stamp of the reign of William and Mary. Johnny's heart beat faster and louder, and his breath came ever thicker and quicker, and his cheeks glowed ever hotter and redder, as he followed Mr. Pierrpoint, and the demure elderly woman-servant who ushered them up the well-carpeted staircase, and through a long gallery hung and carpeted with crimson baize, and adorned with copies after Rubens, Vandyke, and Rembrandt, made by Mr. Strudwicke when upon his continental tour. Now the door at the end of the gallery was opened, Johnny feeling as though certainly his loudly beating heart must burst his breast, and as though every one certainly must hear, as he did, a rush as of winds and waters—which was, after all, simply the circulation of his own excited blood.

The door opened, they entered, and he saw tall casels rising up around him, from which gleamed down the contented countenances of gentlemen and ladies; he saw light streaming in a blinding shower from the upper portion of a tall window at the end of the room, the lower portion of the window being mysteriously hung with a heavy green curtain. Everywhere he saw pictures, and books, and prints, and portfolios, and ghastly-looking casts of hands, arms, feet, and heads, standing about the floor or hanging upon the walls; he saw a hideous, huge doll bedizened up with a widow's cap and a crimson scarf; and he saw Isaac Strudwicke himself.

The good old gentleman had been inspired by one of the unusual flights of imagination which, upon two or three occasions of his long and indefatigable life, had visited him. He was painting a picture which, to employ his own words, he regarded as "idealised poetical portraiture." It was a picture of Niobe and her children; and in order to enjoy the full force of contrast, or maybe the picture originating in the fantastic contradiction inherent in human nature, he had chosen as the models for his poetical picture his newly-wedded wife, the matronly relict of Jeremiah Dale, formerly mayor of Sheffield, and her two little daughters, Phoebe and Emma. Besides, also, is it that Mrs. Strudwicke's poetical mind had imagined that of her "cherished spouse," for she was a lady with a vein of tender sentimentality running through her constitution; and now, rejecting in a second and belated moment, and in the possession of two remarkably beautiful and

little daughters, and poetically chose to have herself immortalised by the pencil of her husband, as the unhappy Nibbe, and Phoebe and Emma, clinging to her, in horror of Diana's arrows, as the last of her ten daughters.

Could Johnny have read the expression upon Mr. Pierrpoint's countenance when that gentleman's eyes encountered "the poetical portrait" in progress, and the group throned before Isaac Strudwicke, the lad would have read something there very dry and sarcastic. But Johnny was in no condition to read countenances or anything else; he was fairly bewildered—bewildered by the portly dame in classical drapery and whose plump arm, protruding from a flame-coloured tunic, was wound round the shaft of a broken column, against which her stout cheek reposed; he was bewildered by the two pretty little girls dressed in blue and pink gauze, who were amusing themselves, until commanded by their step-father to "pose," the one with eating queen's-cakes, the other with dressing her doll; he was bewildered by the vision of the painter himself, who was seated before his picture, palette and brushes in his hand, and attired in a green damask painting-gown. With the pair of round spectacles upon his nose, and with the powder he wore in his hair, altogether Isaac Strudwicke bore a certain resemblance to the well known portrait of Sir Joshua Reynolds—a resemblance, be it known, especially cherished by the worthy man himself.

Everything bewildered the country lad, and a strange sense of humility overwhelmed him, also a feeling akin to that which had made him in the wood above the Hellings bury his face, wet with bitter tears, among the bright spring blossoms. What a world of new knowledge was opening before him!—how should he ever learn to understand all the strange things about him! And as he heard Mr. Pierrpoint's clear aristocratic voice in easy converse with this strange gentleman talking about the picture—that wonderfully beautiful picture, as Johnny thought, of the fat lady in the queer yellow shawl, Johnny called it—he felt how rough his own voice was, how clumsy his tongue, as well as his feet and his hands—oh were he only back in the turnip-field or with his dear old granny; but then the thought—the intoxicating thought flashed through him—"but I'm come to learn how to make beautiful pictures such as these around me! and I can make them too, I feel sure, some day!" And Johnny's head was very erect when Strudwicke observed, "And so, my dear boy, you would like to be a painter?" And his voice was not at all thick and husky, when he replied, "Yes, indeed, that I should, sir!" for it was his soul which spoke, and gave clearness of utterance.

"Yes, yes, Mr. Strudwicke, as I before observed, I trust you will find that I have discovered a 'Giotto,'" remarked Mr. Pierrpoint, with a smiling look at the blushing boy, whose face once more had sunk upon his breast suffused with blushes.

"A Sir Joshua, a Sir Joshua, let us rather say, my dear sir," returned Mr. Strudwicke, again peering good-temperedly at poor Johnny through his round spectacle glasses.

"I need not repeat my wishes regarding my young protégé, Mr. Strudwicke," said Mr. Pierrpoint, taking his leave. "All affairs were satisfactorily arranged upon my last visit; and now good bye, Wetherley, and let us hear satisfactory accounts of your progress!"

Some five years have calmly flowed away since this first picture was impressed upon the memory of our friend. He is grown into the youth of eighteen, and the second picture, which in maturer years called forth both smiles and a certain tenderness in John Wetherley's heart, shows him reclining in a pleasant shadowy garden upon grass and among flowers at the feet of a young girl.

To his enraptured eyes all that ever poets sang of love and sweetness, of nymphs, of goddesses, of shepherdesses, of angels, is embodied in the form and face of this girl, around whose soft brown hair Johnny has placed a wreath of roses. How his fingers are thrilled with a delicious faintness as he places

which has wound itself around his heart—how he feels a sharp pang of half-sweet jealousy shiver through him as he looks at her little dimpled fingers pressing the dainty little needle which sparkles in the warm afternoon sun—and if those sweet violet eyes would but raise themselves only for a hair moment and gaze into his, and read there all the romantic devotion welling up into them from his throbbing, warm, intoxicated heart, would not that indeed and indeed be bliss! But they rest, those dove-like eyes, with the most provokingly bewitching demureness upon the delicate muslin which the little dimpled fingers are embroidering—and the sun-light flickers through the vine leaves upon the trellis-work covering the garden-house, at the foot of which this beloved goddess is embroidering,—and sharply penciled shadows fall upon her peach-like cheek from those long eye-lashes,—and roses of earth never wore such marvellous brilliancy as her red-lips, or breathed such perfume—and her white dress, catching the sun's rays, gleams with celestial radiance—and as Johnny lies dreaming before her, half supported by cushions, upon which he has enthroned his goddess, his soul dissolves into an ecstasy, then deepens into sadness, as he feels how in a few short hours he will have been borne away from her, his beloved idol.

London! London! fresh paths of study opening out before him! his debt of gratitude to the Pierrpoints! In this moment what were they? He had of late been seized with discontent at this eternal painting of sleek ladies and gentlemen wearing an eternal simper, and in his heart of hearts had scorned the skill of honest Isaac Strudwicke; and when thrills of intensest joy vibrated through his being at visions of gorgeous sun-set skies, of fresh dewy flowers unfurling their delicately-tinted chalice; of solemn and thickly-wooded landscapes, stretching away towards a vast horizon with ocean-like immensity—had not a new sense of artistic power been born within him, and had he not then burst the bonds which for years had bound him reverently to his good old master's teachings? And had not Miss Pierrpoint, as if divining this secret new-born aspiration, but a few weeks before, witnessing his flushed face and gleaming eyes, as he leant over a rare design by an old Italian master, which she had shown him, exclaimed, "Mr. Wetherley has staid long enough, too long, father, in Strudwicke's studio—he must have higher teaching—the true love of art is in him; we shall not after all be disappointed."

Yes, once more earnest, bracing words had been spoken by this cold, haughty Miss Pierrpoint, she whose beauty, decision, and harsh frankness throughout five years of unceasing thoughtfulness for him, their low-born protégé, had weighed upon him rather with pain than joy,—and once more in her he had recognised the angel who burst the dungeon gates for him, drawing him forth into the refulgence of day. His heart had bowed before her in gratitude, and for a space he had rejoiced over his approaching deliverance from the eternal delineation of vapid faces and forms.

But as his departure for London approached, John Wetherley had discovered how bands of a far more subtle bondage than those of Isaac Strudwicke's art had bound themselves stealthily around him. He believed that now, when it was too late to save himself from a great misery and mistake in life, the scales had fallen from his eyes, and he, in full consciousness of the calm and beautiful life he left behind smiling and beckoning to him from the shore, was plunging into an ocean of troubled waters, within whose depths lay fearful monsters awaiting his destruction. What at that moment to his soul were the pearls and the rare marvels he might discover within the ocean caverns, to the familiar joys of the meadow flowers upon the peaceful shores?

"After all," he repeated again and again to himself, "do not I believe Love to be nobler, more beautiful, than Art? Why, therefore, do I quit this beloved being? I have offended this good Mr. Strudwicke, her second father, by quitting him and his instruction at the very time when he has declared me, with noble generosity, to be his son and favourite pupil; even half-kissing, also, how, perhaps, in years to come, I might take up his palette and step into his vacant place as second

emulates of Sir Joshua!—and that good motherly Mrs. Strudwicke, too, am not I also bitterly ungrateful to her? and Phœbe? and—Emma?" And his restless thoughts touching upon this enchanting goddess, and his eyes resting with bewilderment upon her radiant face and dimpled hands, he was tossed from all anchorage of reason; and yet, duty to the stern Honoria and her father, all, all might have been lost, but for dire necessity.

Yes, John Wetherley, and now, with these thoughts teeming within thy brain, with thy lips seeking to utter words which should bear them glowing to the silly little heart of thy goddess, much gratitude dost thou owe, although thou couldst not then acknowledge it, to thy Nemesis, who approaches

kind the tender soles of her dear little shoes! The large and handsomely bound volume, in which *Il Penseroso* had been reading studiously all that cloudless June afternoon, was her common-place book, and into it she copied, as she informed inquirers, "All the most melancholy passages from the most melancholy poets." Apparently she had this afternoon been perusing the most melancholy of all her extracts, for her countenance wore a pensiveness more striking than even that depicted in Strudwicke's celebrated "Poetical Portrait" of herself and Emma, from which the two sisters had derived their cognomens of *Il Penseroso*, and *L'Allegro*. *Il Penseroso* clapped her volume to her breast with nun-like air, her small head sunk upon it, her eyes resting on the earth,



THE LOVERS IN THE GARDEN.

through the bowery garden in the guise of Phœbe Dale, the sister of thy divinity, or *Il Penseroso*, as she is called familiarly. "Tea awaits us within the honeysuckle bower," with melancholy air says *Il Penseroso*, closing a large book which she has been perusing, and smiling faintly at the romantic pair; and the glowing words rush back to John's heart; and, blessed interference of Nemesis, oh, John Wetherley, thou art rescued from bondage for life to an empty, pretty face, with, either for thyself miserable mental deterioration, or for thy idol of clay bitter misery and injustice!

Slowly, very slowly, the three walked towards the bower. John, silently and looking very pale, his eyes fixed upon the nearest tree, which yielded to the faint footsteps of his divi-

and thus she walked to the left hand of our unhappy lover—Emma danced along upon his right—now she had flitted off like a butterfly to gather a rose, now she had stuck it into John's button-hole, looking up into his face with such sweet smiles, that had not the melancholy figure been at his side—and Isaac Strudwicke and his worthy wife been seated beneath the bower in full view of the approaching trio—he must infallibly have seized upon that terribly beautiful little face, and pressed it to his heart instead of the rose. And then she chirped around him like a merry bird, and ever and anon sunshine fell upon her—and he was bewildered—distracted—Ah! poor Johnny, thou wast in a dilemma's dilemma! But kind irreversible fate was saving thee from the worst. Yes,

given thee for long months were cherished by thee as the most sacred relic of a saint; although in fantastic, heavenly dreams that divine face haunted thee nightly with a pertinacious madness for a long space; although with burning, passionate, and earnest heart, thou hadst implored from heaven the possession of her love through the long night of thy journey up to London, sitting upon the top of the coach, and gazing up into the calm sky, and towards the stern, indifferent stars—thou wast only learning one of the very earliest lessons in life's school—poor Johnny!—Heaven's wisdom in turning a deaf ear to many a mortal's prayer.

But spite of our friend's heart being tossed to and fro by the billows of love's ocean, and by the billows also of jealousy—for Mrs. Strudwicke, during the meal within the honey-suckle bower, with cold cruelty lacerated John's heart, intruding within its sensitive core the thorn of jealousy by lavishing, as she did, unbounded praise upon "that delightful Mr. Ellis Stamboyse, whose appreciation of her 'Strudwicke's genius was undisguised, and who having been so greatly struck by that lovely picture of her Strudwicke's, *Il Penseroso* and *L'Allegro*, was himself going to sit immediately,"—yes, spite of these tides of agitating love and jealousy, and of the self-condemnation also called forth by the cold and silent expression of good old Strudwicke's countenance, John Wetherley had much to arrange and think of this evening before his departure with the coach at nine o'clock.

He had to bid adieu to the kind but awe-inspiring Pierrpoints, now staying for a few days at their stately mansion in the town, Pierrpoint House, one of those handsome and dignified old houses belonging to old county families, of which Nottingham is—or was, perhaps more correctly speaking—very rich.

John, his senses in a feverish delirium, passed through the familiar streets, along which, bathed in the quiet golden light of evening, people moved gaily or loiteringly. Happy people, John thought, who to-morrow, and the next day, and the next after that, would wake up within the familiar town, and who would, lying down to rest or waking, breath the same air as his beloved! That stately, gloomy mansion of the Pierrpoints, divided from the street by its court-yard, where grew the tall poplars which shivered in the breeze of this balmy June evening, as though Pierrpoint atmosphere even to them were chilling; and where the formal grass-plats, divided at right-angles by hard straight gravel-walks, were yielding as softest velvet to any insanely erratic foot-step which should dare to cross them—and where the jessamine, festooning the rich iron-balustrade running up either hand of the stone steps leading to the tall portal of the mansion, gloamed forth in cold white stars from darkest lived leaves—all smote this night on John's burning breast, like ice upon a volcano.

The tall portal swinging back, whilst still the voice of the deep-toned bell vibrated through the air, and a grave, sable-clad servant replying to John's somewhat abashed inquiries, he was speedily ushered across the gleaming black and white marble floor of the hall—grim portraits of departed Pierrpoints and antlered heads frowning down upon him from the dark wainscoted walls.

And now he stood in the large dining-room. More generations of stately Pierrpoints gazed around upon him from the walls, also of dark, gleaming wainscot; and that extraordinarily beautiful, but bold-looking, Lady de Callis, whose face was Honoria's, and yet not Honoria's, looked forth from among the knots and festoons of carved flowers and fruits above the high mantel-piece. The slender, aristocratic, large blue-eyed boy, whose arm encircled her proud neck, seemed jealously to frown away all gazers upon his mother's strange, beautiful face, and that face seemed heartily to invite John's approach, then to repel him with a marvellous, enigmatical expression on her lips.

No sunlight was in the spacious room; and, though June, a fire burned upon the low, broad hearth beneath that heavily carved mantel-piece. But no fire-rays could warm up either the cold gleamings from the pictured faces from the polished

walls, from the polished Indian cabinets standing here and there, or from the polished oaken floor, which revealed itself where it ceased to be covered by thick and richly-tinted Turkey carpet.

Sunlight had also passed away from the square of stately garden which was seen through the broad plate-glass windows lying beyond a low terrace with stone balustrades crowned with balls. Sunlight streaked the cloudlets with rose and orange in the poorly sky which hung above the garden, but within it all was cold and dusky green; a chillness hung around the sun-dial that rose in the centre of the garden; it hung among the tall, dark cypresses, upon the thick tapestry of jessamine and ivy which clothed the high walls surrounding the garden, and crept over the soft velvety turf. A deep hush brooded over the whole place without, only rendered more perceptible by the chirp of noisy town sparrows,—within, by the loud ticking of an ancient time-piece all gold and enamel, and by the startling fall of cinders from the fire upon the polished steel hearth.

The remains of a rich dessert were standing upon a small table drawn up near to the fire-place. There were delicious hot-house fruits—heaped up in rich silver and china baskets, and rendered yet more lovely from being wreathed with leaves and flowers; and through the crystal sides of antiquely-formed decanters shone golden and ruddy wine. In that chair, with its ebony back and crimson-cushioned seat, must that cold, awful Mr. Pierrpoint have sat, and there at his feet, upon that crimson velvet ottoman, must Honoria have nestled up to her father's knee. Could even a daughter, John thought, cling to so cold, so awful a being as Mr. Pierrpoint? or could words so cold and keen as his ever soften into love, even to this daughter?

But John was not long allowed to ponder upon the frigid Honoria, or the glowing Emma—a much more dangerous theme,—for in a moment more the grave servant was conducting him into a smaller adjoining room, lined with books up to the ceiling. Seated beside the fire was Mr. Pierrpoint, sipping coffee out of a tiny cup of daintiest china. Honoria, attired in a grey silk—now silvery as a gleam of moonlight—now dusky as a rain-cloud—and with her marvellously beautiful hair gleaming in the light, as if her head were surrounded with a golden glory, stood before a little table with quaintly-carved legs, pouring out coffee from a massive silver coffee-pot for an elderly lady, dressed in black, who sat beside her.

But neither the most courteous reception from this group, nor warm coffee poured from this quaint coffee-pot, worthy to have been designed by Benvenuto Cellini, and presented in a Sevres cup by the fair hands of Honoria,—nor yet Mr. Pierrpoint's wise advice to John upon this, the new chapter in his art-life commencing for him,—could set the poor youth at ease, or thaw the ice within him;—no, not even Mr. Pierrpoint's parting gift of "*Gilpin's Forest Scenery*," nor yet, much more, the parting words and action of Honoria.

With a sudden glow, as of a reflected sunset upon her white brow and among her crisp golden hair,—"*Father*," said she, slightly turning towards Mr. Pierrpoint, "remember that our copy of *Albinus*, which Mr. Wetherley was so much interested in the other night, is to be lent to him, until he is rich enough to purchase one for himself. It is already packed; shall I order it to be carried to the coach-office?" and turning towards John with a certain swan-like action; as she drew up her noble figure—"Mr. Wetherley," she pursued, "my father imagines that Mr. Strudwicke has given you no anatomical instruction; now you must earnestly begin to study anatomy. Without such knowledge you can be no artist, and were I one, or wishing to become one, I would never rest until Science had yielded to me her strength, as Poetry should yield to me her beauty. Let '*thorough*' be your motto in art and in life. Old *Albinus* shall aid you. Neither books nor human beings have a right to waste their lives—both should ever be in useful activity; *Albinus* will be doing his duty more by accompanying you to London than by stopping to moulder in a rich binding upon our shelves. *You do your duty by him. But*

remember, he is only *ent*, not given. Take care of him, both because he is a loan and because he is an excellent work, worthy of respect from you. And now, Mr. Wetherley, good bye, we must not detain you!"

About an hour and a half later, the London coach rolling, along with Johnny and Albinus upon its top, was stopped by a little cart standing at the corner of a lane in the gathering twilight. An old voice cried out from the little cart, "Good bye, my dear lad—again, good bye! Samiuel brought me for

a last word. Bless thee, my lad!—and here's a nice pasty for thee, poor chap!" And then, a warm packet, wrapt up in a spotlessly clean blue and white checked handkerchief, was handed up to Johnny by the laughing guard. Away rolled the coach towards London, but the little cart stood in the dust until the last sound of this hurrying horses and wheels was heard. But neither Albinus, Honoria, nor the pasty, nor yet its giver occupied the thoughts of John, as he sped along towards London.

THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY.

We have met gentlemen in the south of Ireland who had never seen Killarney. They had visited the Lakes of Cumberland and of Scotland, had taken the grand tour of the continent, and had expatiated amidst the Alpine sublimities of Switzerland, but they were blind to the attractions of scenery in their native land, which for the exquisite combination and variety of its charms, is not surpassed in Europe. But that scenery was in *Ireland*, and it was a mark of high breeding among Irish gentlemen to despise everything Irish. But our good Queen, however, has graciously turned the tide of fashion in favour of that country. It is true she has not yet visited Killarney, or the Shannon, or the Blackwater, or Wicklow, or Roystrevor, or the Giant's Causeway, or Lough Erne, or the wild western coast, where stupendous cliffs roll back the proud impetuous billows of the Atlantic. But she has been to Cork, whither troops of tourists have followed in the train of majesty, and have then pushed into the country and revelled amidst the beauties and wild grandeur of the long-neglected scenery of Ireland.

Before visiting Killarney, we had met in the Highlands of Scotland gentlemen who were still under the excitement produced by Loch Lomond and the Trossachs, and who had been recently at the Cumberland Lakes; and, though Englishmen, they frankly acknowledged that Killarney, as a whole, surpassed them all in its magical effect on the mind of the beholder. We visited it under a promise to a fair lady to write a description of the scenery, but it so far surpassed expectation, and so intoxicated and bewildered the mind by its endless variety, that we gave up the task in despair.

Nor is this to be wondered at, when we find an eminent artist like Mr. Richard Colt Hoare writing in the following terms:—"What pencil can give an adequate idea of the supereminent beauties of the mountain and rockery scenery of Glenna and Cromaglan—can express the transient and fleeting effects of the clouds upon them, or have their transparent reflections in the waters beneath? What pencil can imitate the various tints of the numerous lichens, shrubs, and plants that deck the rocky boundaries of these lakes, or give a faithful representation of the fantastic forms that these rocks assume? In the name of my brother artists, I will answer, **None**. The powers of the pen will fail equally in description; for when I say that the mountains of Toonies, Glenna, and Tore are finely wooded down to the water's edge; that the river abounds with every variety that rocks, trees, and water can produce; that the eagle's nest towers up most majestically from its banks; that the surface of the Upper Lake is broken by numerous rocky islands and boldly indented shores; that it is backed by an almost endless range of the most picturesque mountains; that the rocks which bound the Lake of Mukross and the Lower Lake, have by continued beating of the waters assumed the most singular and fantastic forms, added to the most harmonious colouring, and that they are covered with *arbutus*, heath, and the greatest variety of plants imaginable—shall I convey any idea of this enchanting scenery? I answer, **No**. The collected beauties of this favoured spot are so great and varied, and superior to everything I have yet seen, either in *Italy*, *Switzerland*, or *England*, that they can neither be delineated nor described,—to be understood they must be seen. To the same effect is the language of Lady Chatterton, who

exclaims: "A region of enchantments—a hundred descriptions of it have been written, thousands of sketches of it have been made, but no description that I have read, or sketch that I have seen, made me familiar with Killarney. The Upper Lake and the Lower Lake, Mukross and Innisfallen, must be seen to be understood. It is the colouring the gleam of sunshine, the cloud, the tone, the effect—what, in short, cannot be conveyed with the pen without the cant of art, and is beyond the power of the pencil, that gives a magic to the scenery of Killarney." The graphic pen of Mrs. S. C. Hall thus sketches the general effect: "The charm of the Killarney Lakes, however, does not consist in the varied graces of the foliage, the number of green or rocky islands, the singularly fantastic character of the island rocks, the delicate elegance of the shores, the perpetual occurrence of bays; but in the wonderful variety produced by the combination of their attractions, which together give the scenery a character inconceivably fascinating, such as the pen and pencil are utterly incompetent to describe. The shadows from the mountains perpetually changing, produce a variety of which there can be no adequate conception, inasmuch that the very same spot will produce a different aspect twenty times within a day. Assuredly," she continues, "they far surpass in natural beauty aught that nature has supplied elsewhere in Great Britain; for with scarcely an exception the devoted worshippers of Loch Katrine, and the fervent admirers of the northern English lakes, have yielded the palm to those of Killarney."

Mr. and Mrs. Hall, in their "Week at Killarney," quote the following from Sir David Wilkie:—"I have more than once expressed my opinion, that the county of Kerry, so nobly indented with the bays of the Atlantic Ocean, and possessing a climate so favourable for vegetation, along with its mountains and inland waters, might without impropriety be pronounced, in point of scenery, *the finest portion of the British Islands*." When he visited the lakes in 1835, he said that for "beauty and grandeur" he had never seen them surpassed.

A century ago, Arthur Young, the celebrated traveller, summed up his impressions of Killarney thus:—"Upon the whole, Killarney, among the lakes that I have seen, can scarcely be said to have a rival; the extent of water in Lough Erne is much greater, the islands more numerous, and some scenes near Castle Caldwell of as great magnificence; the rocks at Keswick are more sublime, and other lakes may have mountains in which they are superior: but when we consider the prodigious woods of Killarney, the immensity of the mountains, the wondrous beauty of the promontory of Mukross, and the Isle of Innisfallen, the character of the islands, the singular circumstance of the *arbutus*, and the numerous echoes, it will appear upon the whole to be in reality superior to all comparison."

Mr. Inglis, who was no enthusiast, institutes a comparison between the English lakes and those of Killarney. After a particular description of the mountain scenery, he proceeds:—"Although the Lakes of Killarney are three in number, yet they are all contained in one mountain hollow; and certainly there is not within the same compass anything in England presenting the same concentration of charms. There is infinitely greater variety at Killarney. In form, and in the outline of its mountain boundaries, the Lower Lake of Killarney

is decidedly superior to Windermere; and although the head of Ulleswater presents a bolder outline than is anywhere to be found in Killarney, yet it is upon this outline alone that the reputation of Ulleswater depends. Elsewhere than at Patterdale the lake scenery is tame, and the same may be said of Windermere, which, towards its lower extremity, is almost devoid of attraction. On the contrary, throughout the whole chain of lakes, there is variety at Killarney; tameness is nowhere to be found; and I cannot think that the somewhat nearer approach to sublimity which is found at the head of Ulleswater, can weigh in the balance against the far greater variety in the picturesque and the beautiful which Killarney affords. It would be unfair to compare the Lakes of Killarney with Windermere, Keswick, and Ulleswater, for these are spread over a great extent of country, whereas the lakes of

former being 3,114 feet, and the latter 3,200 feet, above the level of the sea; and Mangerton, which is 2,766 feet. On this there is a small lake, called the "Devil's Punch Bowl," 2,206 feet high. The other mountains are, Torc, Purple Mountain, Toomies, Eagle's Nest. The echoes of these mountains are most extraordinary. A gun fired under the Eagle's Nest will reverberate from mountain to mountain like responsive peals of thunder, and a tune played upon a bugle will be distinctly repeated till the softening notes die away in the distance, as if prolonged by aerial voices. The vast tracts of indigenous wood, among which the *arbutus*, peculiar to this region, flourishes with marvellous luxuriance, serve as cover for wild deer; and when the hounds are in pursuit of these the clamour of echoes they awaken is most exciting.

Among these mountains wind the three lakes, studded with



LOWER LAKE OF KILLARNEY; SHOWING INNISFALLEN, THE ROCK OF O'DONAGHUE, AND ROSS CASTLE.

Killarney are all contained within a smaller circumference than Windermere. But even if such a comparison were to be admitted, Killarney would outvie the English lakes in one charm, in which they are essentially deficient—I mean the exuberance and variety of foliage which adorns both the banks and the islands of the Killarney Lakes. Such islands as Roneyne's Island, Dek Island, Dinish Island, and Innisfallen, covered with magnificent timber and gigantic evergreens, are nowhere to be found among the English lakes. I think it will be gathered from what I have said, that I award the palm to Killarney."

The mountains in which the lakes are embosomed form part of the lofty range which occupied nearly the whole peninsula formed by the deeply-penetrating basins of the lakes and Kenmare. Among these are McGillacaddy's Mountain, Carran Tual and Cahan, the highest in Ire-

no less than forty-two islands, which are masses of mingled rock and foliage, all being covered with the most beautiful and luxuriant wood, while four cascades add to the charms of the scenery. There was great destruction of timber in this region sixty years ago, but Killarney still presents the largest extent of natural forest now remaining in Ireland. For many minds these vast primeval woods have a most peculiar charm, and it is gratifying to find that they are now preserved by the Earl of Kenmare, Mr. Herbert, and others, who have added to them by fresh plantations of oak and fir.

Ross Castle, which is on Lord Kenmare's demesne, is in Irish history; and far more celebrated in the island has, however, almost been forgotten, and consisting of an abbey founded in the year 1000. Here the monks of Innisfallen were employed and preserved in the

abbey as amongst the most prized of the early historical memorials of Ireland. The original, the first portion of which

changing views are obtained, by the varied surface, and the alternation of the forest glades and thickets, of the Lower Lake,



UPPER LAKE OF KILLARNEY.

is written over 600 years, is now preserved in the Bodleian Library. "From the paths which meander along the diver-

its magnificent shores, and surrounding mountains. From its situation, variety, beauty of surface, its magnificent single



BAY OF GLENGARRIFF, NEAR THE ROAD TO BEERRHAVEN.

aided outlines of this interesting island," remarks Mr. Fraser in his valuable "Handbook," "the most lovely and ever-

trees and shrubs, this is one of the most interesting of the numerous objects which this region of wonder and beauty

affords; it is the most delightful of islands, and, like Ross, forms an adjunct to the demesne of the noble proprietor."

It is a glorious thing to ascend one of M'Gillacuddy's Reeks, or Mangerton. Never shall we forget the sensation we felt when, after climbing the mountain heights under a melting sun, and then piercing a cloud that hid it from the view, we reached the summit and emerged into sunlight again, looking far down upon the heavenward side of the same cloud which cast its shadows upon the lakes, but shone towards us in the most gorgeous colours. After a while, the magnificent panorama was dispersed like a dissolving view, revealing an unrivalled prospect—

"Sweet interchange

Of hill and valley, rivers, woods, and plains,
Now land, now sea, and shores with forests crown

The view from the mountain top is most enrapturing when the sun is setting—

"When many coloured evening
Lurks behind the purple woods and hills."

Then are seen to perfection all the wondrous varieties of light and shade and magical reflections:—

"The horizontal clouds,
With purple dyes, and fissures edged with gold
Streak the calm ether, while through the sparkling haze
The faint hills glimmer."

THE PAINTER OF PISA.

IN THREE PARTS. —PART THE FIRST.

THE chapel of the convent of St. Augustine at Pisa had lately been decorated and repaired, till it now rivalled in magnificence the splendours of the cathedral itself. In place of the simple rail, which had surrounded the great altar, there rose a costly screen around the sanctuary; pillars of variegated marbles, sculptured friezes instated with noble forms, graceful columns, solemn monuments laden with the pride of heraldry, silver lamps, and all that art and wealth could devise to subdue the mind and enthral the senses, was there lavished in full pomp and pomp.

It was mid-day. The chapel was deserted,—the air was yet heavy with perfumed incense, the last tones of the organ vibrated through the aisles, the echoing footfall of the latest loiterer had scarcely died in the distance,—then silence and solitude alone remained.

Yet one man was there. He was standing behind a pillar, occupied upon a fresco. His dress was of the humblest, and his work of the most unambitious description, yet there was a power in his face, and a dignity in his appearance that promised something higher than the sordid dabbler and ill-paid drudgery of the inferior workman; poverty, toil and discontent were written on that pale and thoughtful brow. He stopped frequently at his work, and seemed wrapt in gloomy thought—he resumed his pencil again and again with desperate resolution, and as often threw it down again with impatient scorn,—at last, as if overcome by his emotions, he descended hastily from the scaffolding, and paced rapidly the centre of the church. Then the agitation which possessed him appeared gradually to become quieted, his steps calmer, his brow clearer, and finally he sat down beside the reading desk, and laid his burning forehead upon the Bible which laid open before him. When he raised it the whole expression of his countenance had become changed, his cheeks glowed, his eyes seemed inspired with an unearthly brightness;—"Father!" he exclaimed, "I thank thee! Thou hast breathed Thy spirit into mine. Thou wilt aid me to portray Thy glory upon earth: the Bible in all its majesty, in all its power, shall be the subject of my labour; angels and demons in countless multitudes, heaven and earth, punishment and reward. Thy glory and the life eternal shall speak Thy praise from the canvas of Thy servant! I feel it—my hand will not fail me—the past shall be forgotten—poverty, neglect, fatigue shall not be remembered—envy and injustice shall touch my soul no more, in the brightness of the coming time!" A deep sigh near him roused Marcello from his golden dream, and, turning with alarm, he saw a brother of the con-

vent standing by his side. This old man, austere and venerable, was regarding the painter with a look full of compassionate benevolence. "My son," said he, "I have heard you, and you are suffering."

"More than I know how to tell you, father."

"And yet you have invoked the aid of God? you have faith?"

"Faith, but not hope, my father," said the painter, "and without hope life is a long and weary day—a sterile land—an accursed tree whose fruits are dust and ashes when we gather them!"

"Alas! my son, you are young," said the monk, kindly, "and but a few moments since you dreamt of a future full of divine glory and prosperity! Dream and hope again."

"You mistake me—I am no longer young. Time writes the age of man upon his heart. I have desired, and it has been denied unto me; I have tasted of anguish and bitterness; my soul is worn with hope, as the lute of the minstrel is worn with age, and whose strings at length give forth but harsh and broken sounds. I have dreamed of a work which shall immortalise my name, but have I courage to undertake all that I design? Oh that, like my father, I had remained an humble fisher, casting my nets upon the ocean for my daily bread! Father, while yet a child, there came a painter to my lowly home; that man recognized in the rude outlines which the fisher-boy had traced with charcoal on the walls the germs of natural genius, and offered to become my protector. I fell at his knees—I kissed the hem of his garment—I worshipped him as a divinity, and prayed, with all the eloquence of passion, for the permission of my father. It was granted; sublime was the concession of that poor fisherman; he deprived himself of the active arms that aided him in his employ, that mended his nets, and cultivated his scanty garden. He had but one son, and he loved him well enough to part with him. But ere I went, my master said to me, 'Boy, hast thou courage and constancy?—canst thou endure hunger and cold, and vow thy youth to a martyrdom without rest or reward?—canst thou venture all for the love of thy divine art and the future glory? The bread of the artist is watered with tears.' And I have found it so. He died, and from an artist I became an artisan. The world believed me not when I sought to justify my claims. All that I had done he I went forth with the name of my master. I was branded as an ignorant pretender, when I pointed out to them my share in his paintings. Obstacles surrounded, disappointments met me at every turn, and the flower of hope withered in my heart. Still I have faith—still I believe in glory, and believe that it may yet be mine!"

"Glory!" repeated the monk, in a tone of sorrowful pity; and, without combatting the fatal delusions of that word, pointed solemnly to a grave-stone on which the painter was standing, and which bore this inscription:—

"HIC JACET CARPERONI, PICTOR."

The characters were well nigh obliterated; soon they would be distinguishable no longer, and the spot would be forgotten. Marcello looked down upon them mechanically; but he was wrapt once more in his dream, and he comprehended them not.

PART THE SECOND.

Two years had passed away; the glorious luxuriance of an Italian summer clothed the earth with a gorgeous mantle of verdure and flowers. Pisa had all the appearance of a festival. Perfumes floated on the air; noble lords and ladies thronged the public walks; others, followed by their retainers, with falcons on their wrists, went forth to the chase; nobles and commoners, soldiers and peasantry, gave themselves up to pleasure and idleness. Every palace blazed with light in the calm evenings, and sounds of lute and serenade came wandering by on every gentle breath of air that stirred the orange blossoms in the moonlight.

The senate was assembled at the justice-hall to regulate the interests of the province, and all the wealth and hospitality of Pisa was employed to do honour to their visit.

During one of the sittings of the court, a letter was laid before them, written by a trembling hand, and signed Marcello. Its purport was as follows:—

"Illustrious Lords,—An humble and unknown painter, at the hour of his death, entreats your attention. For more than two years he has lived in solitude, alone with art and his own soul: he has sought to combat enmity and unjust criticism; and, in dying, he has no wish beyond the pardon of his God and the glory of his work. His hand, he believes, has not proved unfaithful to his thought; but, broken down with labour and sorrow, and the desire of fame, he feels that rest is near at hand. The prayer of the dying is sacred—deign, then, to send some members of the senate to judge his picture, and to declare if it be worthy of a space in the chapel of St. Augustine, to which he bequeaths it."

This strange missive became at once the subject of deep interest to all in the assembly. On the previous evening the artist was unknown, or, if known, despised; now he was revered and esteemed by all. Some of the senators who patronised the convent declared that they had observed the frescoes of Marcello, in which, despite many errors, they had recognised the hand of a master. These eulogiums produced a great effect upon the public mind. Within an hour the home of the artist was approached by a brilliant company, who descended from their equipages at the door, where they were met by a procession of monks, coming at the same moment to view the picture given to their convent. The friars passed in first, chanting a mournful hymn; the noble signors followed them in silence.

There was a poetic calm brooding over the death-chamber, which impressed the visitors with reverent awe. Stern busts, and silent forms of sculptured loveliness stood around; an ample drapery at the farthest extremity concealed the picture, and the daylight fell in rose and azure chequers through the stained glass of the lofty casement, and cast uncertain splendour on the bed where laid the dying painter, worn and wan, yet still with some appearance of life in the wildly brilliant eye and quivering lip. He strove to speak, but he could only point feebly to the curtain; then, supported by the aged monk in whom he had confided at the chapel, he raised himself on the couch, seized a cord beside his bed, and in a moment drew the drapery aside, and exposed the picture. One only word escaped from every lip: "Admirable!"

And admirable it was. In this narrow space of canvas the mind of the painter had assembled all ideas that are most noble and sublime in man. Religion was there; religion with all its heavenly aspirations and its heavenly glories. There he had represented in one part the heavens, in another the earth—here the dreadful judgment, there the eternal happiness. Now, upon an arid and stony soil, the solitaries occupied in the austere labours of their lives, one excavating a cell in the hard rock, another digging his grave, a third in meditation before a cross and a skull—all inspired with the double activity of the soul and body, where all around is silence and desolation. Angels with glorious wings hover over the Fathers of the desert, and seem to guard their

sanctity. Here is the Evil Genius presiding above the ruins of Pagan worship; and, in the empyrean heaven, above all, in the centre of Light and Peace, God himself was dimly shadowed forth, as if in a radiance whose beams enveloped him from the too daring gaze of mortal eyes. Above and around seraphic legions hovered, hymning praise in song. Such was the work before which the Pisan senate stood in breathless awe and wonder—such the triumph of the artist, to whom they turned with one accord, and cried, "Glory to thee, Marcello!"

The painter raised his head, and turned to them a countenance now paler than before; his lips trembled, his breath came quick and short—"Glory!" he murmured, and so died.

The next day Pisa was the scene of a solemn and touching event. Amid the deep clamour of the death-bells from every church around, an immense procession wound slowly towards the chapel of the Augustines. The whole city, rendered homage to a painter. In life they had denied him every merit; in death they deemed no honours and no funeral pomp too great to glorify a sublime labour and a saintly death. Arrived at the chapel, the picture was installed above the great altar, and the corpse deposited on a magnificent bier, surrounded with lighted tapers. Clouds of incense float into the vaulted roof; the solemn chant swells and falls; the organ's noble voice rolls round in rich resounding harmonies; all the wealthy and noble of the land kneel there in prayer, and the light vapours of the incense curling up around the altar-piece invest the painted legions with strange life. The Solitaires seem to have new meaning in their stern features; the

face of the dead, and the ineffable glory shines forth more ethereal and divine than before. On the morrow, Marcello is to receive the last sepulchral honours. Night clothed the city in its solemn mantle. Festivity for a brief space was suspended. The chapel, now empty and silent, was at length free from every curious visitor; by degrees the lights were extinguished, and, save the wax tapers around the bier, a profound darkness brooded in the aisles and galleries. Near the corpse a monk was watching. It was Friar Eusebius, the same who had two years before pointed to the gravestone over which Marcello's coffin rested: he had solicited this pious vigil, and, kneeling there, with his face buried in his hands, the good monk reflected bitterly upon the fate of the man whose thirst of fame had brought him misery and death, and of the homage which had been accorded only to his remains. While absorbed in these reflections a light sound, almost resembling a sigh, attracted his attention. He rose and looked around—no creature was visible. He was too wise to be influenced by any dread of supernatural agency, and so, reassured, knelt down again and commenced his fervent prayers for the soul's repose of the only man in whom he had taken an earthly interest. At length the old monk's words came indistinctly, his head drooped on his breast, he was asleep.

ART INDUSTRY—ORNAMENTATION.

It has been well said, that "the scope of the ornamentist should come as nearly to the aim of the artist as it is possible for the work of one man's hand to approach the conception of another's mind;" or, to put the phrase into somewhat simpler language, it is desirable that the working-hand and the artist-mind should be united in one person. Having recently made a few brief remarks on the subject of taste in works of art and manufacture, we may well be excused if we speak a little more in detail on its immediate manifestation—ornament.

Now, it must be conceded, that nearly all kinds of ornamentation is necessarily traditional;—from the acanthus-covered basket came the beautiful Corinthian capital, and from the bent branches of the peasant's hut proceeded the first notion of the Gothic arch. But the traditions of the past, good, bad, and indifferent, should not be allowed to influence either artists or manufacturers at the expense of truth and good taste. It unfortunately happens, however, that the indiscriminate use

of traditional ornament has led to the frequent abuse of beautiful forms: as when the sacred vessels used in the services of religion are imitated in utensils for domestic use, the funeral urns of the Greeks revived as drinking vessels, the columns of a temple turned into candlesticks, and sarcophagi into wine-coolers, while the decoration of ceilings are applied to carpets, and the carved friezes of Ionic churches made to ornament muslin curtains! all these errors arising from an indiscriminate use of ancient, though beautiful forms. The constant search after novelty, —says Mr. Radgrave in his Report on Design— is one of the sources of bad taste in modern ornamentation. The ornament of past ages was chiefly the offspring of handicraft labour; that of the present age is of the engine and the machine. This great difference in the mode of production causes a like difference in the results. In old times the artist was at once designer, ornamentist, and craftsman, and to him was indifferent the use of the pencil or the

THE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF ART.

brush, of the hammer, the chisel, or the punch; his hand and his mind wrought together, not only in the design, but in every stage of its completion, and thus there entered a portion of that mind into every minute detail, and into every stage of finish, and many a beautiful after-thought was embodied by the hand of the "cunning artificer," many a grace added to the work by his mastery and skill. He worked, not to produce a rigid

monotony, a tiresome sameness, unknown in the works of nature, and peculiar to these artificial works of man; the varying mind has no share in their production, and man himself becomes only the servant of the machine.

Moreover, the old ornamentist worked generally from feelings of piety, from love of his labour, or from the desire of fame, motives hardly known to the artist of this class in



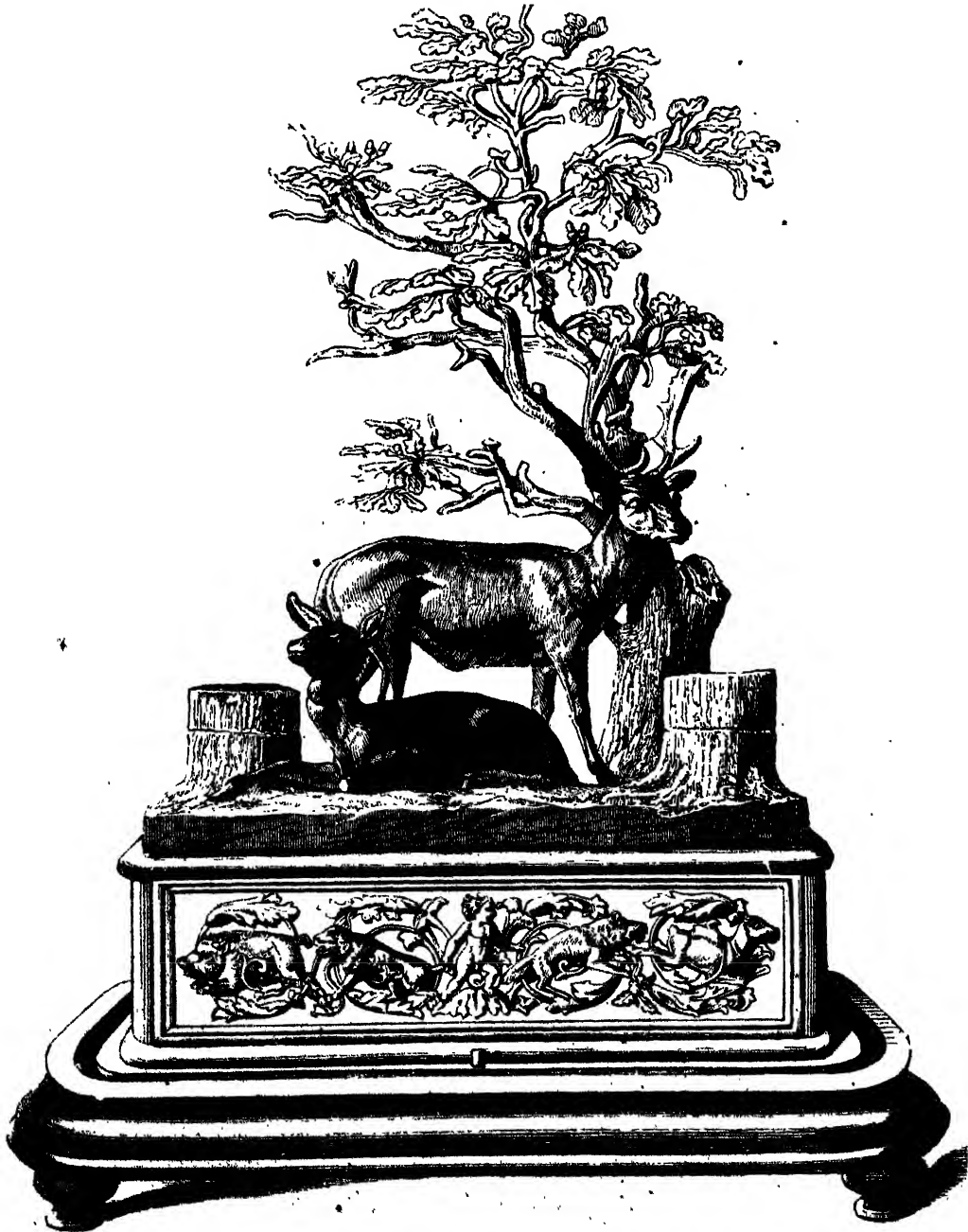
VASE IN PORCELAIN—FROM THE ROYAL MANUFACTORY AT MEISSEN.

sameness, but as Nature works:—she produces nothing exactly similar to its fellow, in every turn of every stage of growth, in every flower, and in every leaf, adding a changing grace, a differing beauty; so he varied his labours with every feeling of his overflowing mind. But this is not possible with the stamp, the mould, the press, and the die, the ornamental agents of our days; after the type or model is made, all the products are rigidly the same, whence arises a sickening

our days, at least in this country. Who seeks fame from the ephemera of a season? Who loves a labour that is so soon to pass away? Who cares for a work that is not to be the child of his own hand, but to be produced in thousands by the aid of machinery? The toil of him of old times was spent upon the thing itself, and not upon a mere model for it: the chalice, the cup, the lock and key, the reliquary, were to be without repetition and without rivals: he sought to give them their

Highest excellence, and labouring from one of the feelings we have described, threw his whole soul into his work, so that it became a thing for future ages to look upon and to prize. Not that handicraft or art-workmanship is utterly excluded from our manufactures; it is only partially so, making more painfully evident how greatly ornamental art has suffered from its new union with machinery. Wherever ornament is wholly

forms, and thus to satisfy the larger market for the multitude, who desire quantity rather than quality, and value a thing the more, the more it is ornamented. This state of modern manufacture, whereby ornament is multiplied without limit from a given model, by the machine or the mould, ought at least to awaken in the manufacturer a sense of the importance of the first design. One would think that what was to be



CENTRE-PIECE IN SILVER—WAGNER AND SON, BERLIN.

effected by machinery, it is certainly the most degraded in style and execution; and the best workmanship and the best taste are to be found in those manufactures and fabrics where the handicraft is entirely or partially the means of producing the ornament, as in china and glass, in works in the precious metals, carving, &c. This partly arises from the facilities which machinery gives to the manufacturer, enabling him to produce the article and overloaded as cheaply as the simple

produced by thousands and tens of thousands should at least be a work of beauty, and no pains be spared to ensure its excellence.

We have here introduced two designs illustrative of the good taste which seeks to embody natural forms and artistic treatment in the production of articles of every day use. The originals are to be seen, we understand, in the Irish Industrial Exhibition.

POPULAR ERRORS, PREJUDICES, AND SUPERSTITIONS.

ERRORS IN CONNEXION WITH MEDICINE.

UNDER the head of errors relative to medicine we cannot omit noticing those various books on medicine for popular use which, it has been well remarked, are written by mediocrity for the use of ignorance. We feel called upon to put our readers on their guard against these works. If the science of medicine is so complicated that many people cannot help believing that even those who have devoted years to the study of it, know but little about it after all, what possible good can be expected from the perusal of those books which profess to teach medicine as they would teach domestic cookery, by a series of recipes. Were these books written even by men of real talent, which, by-the-by, is a rare case, they could only in any case give very incomplete, and consequently dangerous, information to the generality of readers. In this case truly "a little learning is a dangerous thing."

PREVENTIVE MEDICINE.

It is a very common and erroneous practice for persons to undergo medical treatment while in a state of health, to guard against sickness which may come. Some persons take purgative medicines, which, by irritating the intestinal tube, increase the secretion of the mucosities which cover it, and, by ulcerating the digestive tube by the use of this unnecessary and injurious course of medicine, they produce in the body various noxious matters, upon the discharge of which they congratulate themselves, when in reality these matters would never have existed but for the physicking undergone. Other persons, preferring bleeding as a preventive against coming sickness, by this means deprive themselves unnecessarily of strength, and, if they are advanced in years, render themselves liable to dropsy. All, in a word, by this mistaken practice, contract a habit which it is equally dangerous to continue or to suppress. It is time enough to think of medicine when attacked by illness. The only safe and unfailing preventive medicine consists of abstemious and regular living, and temperate habits.

It is not unfrequently believed that a coin or a piece of copper if swallowed is poisonous. This is not the case. The moisture of the stomach does not convert copper into verdigris. Neither is powdered glass poisonous, as it is said to be. Numerous experiments have proved that glass reduced to a very fine powder has no hurtful qualities; it is capable of irritating the stomach which is empty; and if the pieces of glass are of any considerable size, they are liable to get stuck in the sides of the stomach, and cause first an acute pain, and afterwards more serious results; still, as we said before, the belief that powdered glass is poisonous is an error. We mention this, because cases have been known in which people have been, but now, suspected by their ignorant neighbours of poisoning others by means of glass-powder. Having spoken of a false poison, let us say a few words about a false antidote. It is generally supposed that milk is an excellent antidote against all kinds of poison; but we would not advise any one to trust to it, if they have taken any poison more dangerous than glass-powder. Milk, it is true, has been, and may be usefully, employed as an emollient; but before all things, a person having swallowed poison must be made to vomit, to free the stomach of the venomous substance; if there be no more efficacious emetic immediately at hand, the best method of producing vomiting is to tickle the throat with a feather. These remarks, however, will no doubt be more for the benefit of dogs and other animals than of mankind, for when a human being is poisoned, a doctor is always immediately sent for. Still, until the doctor arrives, the method we have mentioned should at once be resorted to. But the unfortunate dumb animals have no other doctor than their masters; and many a valuable dog, which has been accidentally poisoned, has been saved by the belief entertained by his master in the efficacy of

milk as an antidote. And this belief still exists, although the animals to whom it has been given have constantly died, whereas they might have been saved by the timely use of an emetic.

SCURVY, KING'S EVIL, DYSENTERY.

It is a fact now established in medical science, that scurvy is not contagious; and, if it sometimes attacks a whole crew, it is because all the sailors are equally exposed to the effects of fatigue, damp, bad food, and bad water, which are the real causes of scurvy; for it is an error to attribute this disease to the sea-air and the use of salted provisions. Scurvy is found as much on land as upon the sea, in hospitals, prisons, camps, wherever there exist the causes we have just pointed out. King's evil is not contagious any more than scurvy. If we see several cases of it in the same family, it is because it is almost always the result of a hereditary defect. As for the mode of treatment, it is the same for scorbutic and scrofulous patients—pure food and drink, and bracing air; and not, as is too often supposed, under a groundless fear of inflammation, a weakening diet, and even issues applied to a body already covered with wounds. There is another disease which is supposed to be contagious, with no greater degree of truth than the two preceding ones. We allude to dysentery. The causes producing this are often the same as those inducing scurvy—bad food, excessive fatigue, and the dampness of night. Soldiers, who are much subject to this complaint, almost invariably resort to brandy or other stimulants for a remedy. This is a most hazardous proceeding, it being entirely a matter of chance which way they may be affected by it. If the relaxation of the bowels proceeds from weakness, they may be benefited by it; but if it is real dysentery, the result of the treatment will be the mortification of the stomach, and the consequent death of the patient. Surgeons are appointed in every regiment, and to their aid recourse should always be had.

SOMNAMBULISM.

It is not our intention here to enter into the question of mesmerism. All we would do, is to point out an error very commonly believed in. It is, that sleep-walkers are endowed with some superhuman faculty, by means of which they are enabled to walk, without danger of falling, along the steepest roofs or the narrowest parapets. The fact is, that they do indeed possess the confidence which springs from an ignorance of danger, and being free from giddiness and vertigo, they have thus less chance of falling than if they could see their peril; but if their senses do not lead them astray, neither do they guide them; therefore, it not undrequently happens that the somnambulist walks right over the end of his path out into space, and falls.

SPITTING.

This filthy habit is no less injurious than it is offensive. In the normal state, the saliva, which is a fluid prepared by the glands which surround the jaws, is carried involuntarily into the stomach by the act of swallowing, and in regard to abundance it does not exceed the quantity necessary for the action which the food has to undergo before it is converted into blood; so that there is seldom any excretion of saliva. There are, however, some persons with whom the saliva is so abundantly secreted that it becomes a necessity for them to get rid of a portion of it. These, however, are an exception. Certain habits, also excite the secretion of saliva, such as

* The supposed efficacy of the touch of a reigning monarch to cure this disease—from which it has derived its name of king's evil—we have not alluded to, for happily this absurd superstition is exploded. This practice was prevalent in England for many centuries, and a regular office for the ceremony was contained in the "Book of Common Prayer." The last English sovereign who "touched for the evil" was Queen Anne. Dr. Johnson said he had an indistinct recollection of having been touched by that monarch. Since her death, the prayers appointed for the ceremony have been silently allowed to drop out of the Prayer-book.

chewing tobacco or other irritating substances and smoking. Very often the excessive secretion is only a result of habits of this description. Now a very prevalent error amongst people who are ignorant of medicine is to suppose that the matters, which are spit out whilst smoking, existed in the throat before the smoking commenced—and thus we hear of persons taking a pipe for the sake of “clearing their throat.” They suppose, in a word, that the act of smoking, which is the most active cause of the formation of this saliva, has no other result than that of getting rid of it. The fact cannot be too strongly insisted upon, that the over-abundant excretion of the saliva is attended with injurious results, and, in consequence, that the substances which provoke this excretion are bad. By continually exciting the salivary glands, the habit of smoking or chewing tobacco occasions a useless secretion beyond that which goes on during the time of mastication, and, in consequence, a loss of saliva, which we repeat cannot be without injurious results. This habit, also, in time renders the salivary glands less susceptible of the stimulating action of the food, which, to be properly digested, must undergo the action of the saliva.

Of all the prejudices by which human nature suffers, there is scarcely any one which is more extensively injurious, more firmly rooted, or more dangerous than the use of stays. Spite of all that has been said and written upon the subject, women will wear these supposed helps to beauty with an infatuation that can only be likened to that which makes the Chinese ladies cripple themselves for life in order to have fashionable feet. We all are ready to abuse and ridicule the absurdity of this latter practice, and yet it may well be questioned, whether it be not better even to lose the use of the feet, than to suffer the serious derangements of the most important vital organs which are brought about by wearing tight stays.

Everybody knows that the natural shape of a woman's chest is conical, the smallest part being uppermost and the base lowest. Now the effect of stays is exactly to reverse this figure, compressing the base of the cone, the part which nature requires to be the largest, and thereby impairing (!) nature's handiwork. The effect of this is, that the prime organs of the body are compressed and deranged, the part, which ought to occupy this restricted space being forced upwards into the chest, or downward into the abdomen. In the former case, the organs thus displaced crowd upon and interfere with the proper action of the liver, the spleen, and the stomach, pushing the diaphragm towards the chest. On the other hand, the parts which are forced downwards compress the no less important organs situated in the lower part of the body. The result of the compression of these different organs is, that all the functions of the body are seriously interfered with. Respiration is impeded by the pressure of the short ribs and the driving back of the diaphragm upon the lungs; the circulation of the blood is deranged, both by the restricted respiration, and by the compression of the heart and the great vessels. The blood is then retained in too great quantities in the vessels of the chest, the head, and other parts; and the result of this is, an overflow of blood; which, according to individual temperament, occasions palpitations, oppression, phthisis, vertigo, and even true apoplexy, hysterical affections, &c. &c. It is, however, especially to young girls that the use of stays is pernicious. It frequently happens, that with a view to rendering the figure beautiful (!) their body is entirely deformed, the growth impeded or fettered, and the seeds sown of those diseases to which must be attributed so many premature deaths. The effect of stays upon young girls is to prevent the development of the osseous framework of the chest, and the free exercise of the viscera enclosed within it. The lungs and heart are impeded in their action, and from this fact result pectoral irritations, which seriously affect the health, and frequently even cause death. The compression of the body, independently of the effects we have just pointed out, is very frequently the most active cause of spinal distortion, by compressing the muscles of the trunk, and consequently

preventing their development; the result is, that these muscles have not then sufficient strength to hold up the spine in its natural vertical position. Many other evils connected with the use of stays might be pointed out, but surely we have said enough. And yet, we fear, it will be in vain. Would that women could be convinced that the most natural is ever the most beautiful; then, perhaps, would the compressed waist of the Englishwoman be looked upon in the same light as the crippled foot of the Chinese—not as a physical good sacrificed to beauty, but as, in itself, an absolute deformity.

VACCINATION.

Although a hacknied subject, it is impossible to omit vaccination in an article upon popular prejudices. How many times must it be repeated to certain obstinately ignorant minds that vaccination introduces no unhealthy germ into the human system; and that, if any diseases other than the small-pox make their appearance after vaccination, it is ridiculous to charge vaccination with them; for it is incontestably proved that it produces no evil effects of any sort, nor makes us in any manner pay for the inestimable service it renders in freeing us from the abominable scourge of humanity which either kills or disfigures for life.

An ancient historian has informed us, that Hannibal, wishing to cross the Alps, dissolved them by means of vinegar. This is too absurd to look upon in a serious light, and yet there are some readers, even in the present day, who are inclined to admit the fact. If, however, vinegar is not capable of dissolving the Alpine peaks, it is at any rate quite capable of destroying the strongest stomach, and of opening the way to the hostile armies of disease and death. Warning to ladies, who drink vinegar to make themselves thin and fashionably shaped!

WHITLOW.

As this species of inflammation is one to which the poorer classes, who only consult a doctor at the last extremity, are most exposed, and as it may be attended with very serious results, we invite their earnest attention to this article. We would impress upon them that they should not wait for a whitlow to come to a head before opening it. The pus once formed, it is useless to apply laxatives to the part affected; the dense and close structure of the fingers not allowing sufficient space for the inflammatory swelling, this swelling extends to the palm of the hand, then to the arm, and afterwards to the arm-pit, and causes enormous suppurations, which may bring on mortification and death. If the evil does not attain this alarming extent, it is at least to be feared that when the pus is formed and the skin broken, the tendons of the fingers in the bottom of the abscess may be gradually destroyed, and the part remain for the future rigid and immovable. As soon, therefore, as the inflammation takes place, it should be rendered harmless by opening the swollen finger. Only blood will flow out, but this means will prevent suppuration, and, in consequence, will prevent the evil effects of it pointed out above.

WOUNDS FROM A SHARP INSTRUMENT.

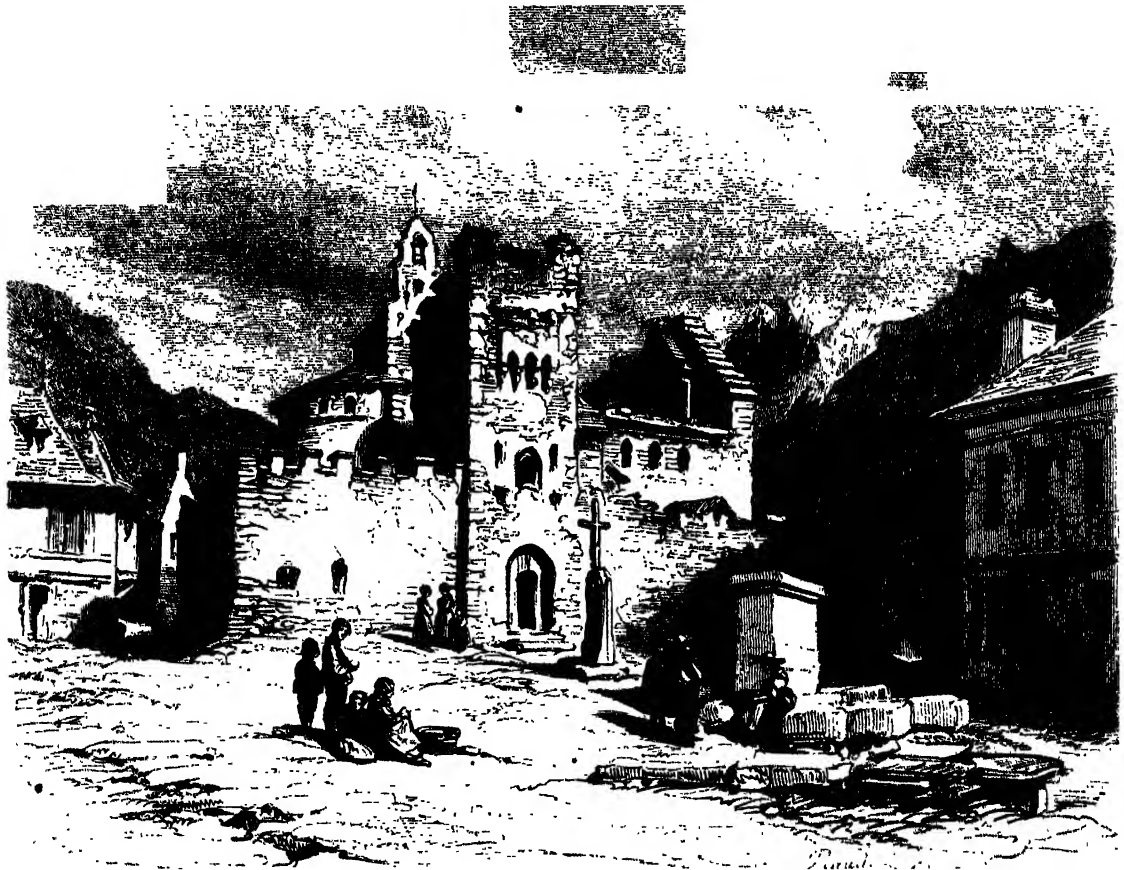
Every wound has a tendency to heal itself. Like the spear of Achilles, which healed the wounds it caused, any instrument or weapon cutting or piercing into the flesh produces, by the very fact of penetrating it, a sufficient action of nature to form a cicatrice either immediately or by the intervention of suppuration. Therefore, when a wound is newly made and still bleeds, and the sides are not too much inflamed, beware of using any kind of balsam, which, rendering suppuration inevitable, prevents the sides of the wound from re-uniting. The use of such balsams is a popular error, and farmers, when a nail has entered a horse's foot, pour into the wound an irritating liquid, which causes the foot to swell, and changes an insignificant hurt into a very serious malady.

CHURCH OF THE KNIGHTS TEMPLARS.

DOTTED about here and there in the world, are evidences, various and unique, of the religious feeling of the past. And particularly observable is the fact, that what we call the middle ages of the world was a church-building and good-work-consecrating period. Between the eleventh and sixteenth centuries were built most of those venerable village edifices, ivy-crowned and grey, which are to be found in almost every town and village in Europe. To the first mentioned period the Church of the Templars at Luz is ascribed. It is now a mere ruin, or at best but an ill-kept building—half church half fortress, such as the military orders of ecclesiastics were in the habit of erecting in troublous times to defend the frontiers of France against the encroachments of the Moors. The time was, however, when to the duties of the priest the Templars in the church of Luz added the sterner offices of

skirmishes, and a belief that through a single doorway, now walled up, the proscribed race of the Cagots were alone allowed to enter the edifice, where they occupied a space apart from the rest of the congregation. The Knights of the Temple spread themselves all over civilised Europe, and their deeds of prowess in the Holy Land are the themes of many a song and romance trolled forth even now by the simple peasantry.

Luz, the village in which the church was planted by the Templars, is poor and thinly inhabited; but it is surrounded by a highly cultivated and delightful district of France, in the South Pyrenees, near the town of Barrege. The only manufacture of importance carried on in the district is that of the crape or gauzy material for ladies' wear called, after the name of the district, *barege*. The little river Gave pursues its



CHURCH OF THE KNIGHTS TEMPLARS, AT LUZ, IN THE FRENCH PYRENEES.

the warrior, and thus the edifice, even now, partakes rather more of the nature of a fortress than of a church. Situated in the centre of the village of Luz, on the confines of the French Pyrenees, it was doubtless a place both of refuge and defence in the days when the swarthy Moors, having already overrun and taken possession of the peninsula of Spain, began to look with eager eyes upon the smiling fields of France that lay just beyond the mountains.

A relic of the past, the Church of the Templars is a highly interesting building, both with regard to its architecture and its associations. The former is of that mixed character common to the period—pointed windows, turreted walls, a square projecting tower, carved doorways, and so forth—and known to the scientific as the Romanesque; the latter consists of numerous historical and traditional stories of battles and

meandering course through the village, and it is said that tourists commonly find a good day's fishing in its waters.

Behind the village, on a high grassy knoll, are the ruins of an ancient hermitage, from which a pleasant view of the valley on either side may be obtained. About half a mile from Luz is the little town of St. Sauveur, containing the most celebrated and best frequented baths in the Pyrenees. The name of St. Sauveur is said to have been derived from an inscription set up over the medicinal spring which supplies the baths. "Vos haurietis aquas de fontibus Salvatoris." The legend is ascribed to a bishop of Tarbes, but the period when it was set up is not known.

Behind the towns of Luz and St. Sauveur is situated one of the highest hills of the Pyrenees, the *Pic de Barrege*, the summit of which is 6,117 feet above the level of the sea.

WORKS OF THE GREAT MASTERS.



DAVID TENIERS THE YOUNGER.

'To contain all the pictures I have painted, it would be necessary to have a gallery two leagues long,' Teniers used to observe.

'*Qu'on entre tous ces mayots!*' exclaimed Louis XIV., on perceiving at Versailles some *Bamboozle*, by Teniers.

Two leagues of grotesque figures!—'tis an entire nation; and yet there they are; the whole Flemish people, upon that



canvas. There they are smoking, throwing dice, and drinking beer. See them chatting within the taverns or at the door-

ways; see them dancing in the open air. Grotesque figures, quoth the king of gentlemen;—grotesque certainly in one point of view: dress one of them out, if you can, in the silken doublet of a great lord! It would be as impossible as to put a peasant's smockfrock on the aristocracy of Vandyck. The people at the public-house, or in the full swing of their fairs, the pipe and the pot, the cask and the clarionet, these are what David Teniers has represented, and all touched, by his pencil, are admirable; and yet how singular the subjects must appear to those who are acquainted with the life of this intellectual, opulent, and famous painter. Teniers lived in grand style. His château, between Antwerp and Mechlin, known as the Château of the Three Towers, had not only Three Towers, but pieces of water upon which floated swans and wherries, feudal avenues,* a bridge over a moat, a hillock for an observatory; and for a landscape the plain dotted with villages. It was, in sooth, an abode of so much pretension as to have filled the proprietor's breast with such honest pride, that he has embalmed it in his pictures upwards of twenty times, depicting it by turns in full front, three-quarter view, profile, in the foreground, in the distance; everywhere, in short, without omitting a single weathercock. Teniers at length even twisted his castle into a signature. That at home he led a life of elegance and ease, we may judge from one of his pictures, in which he is represented surrounded by his family, figuring in a satin vest, embroidered ruff, the majestic perwig and cavalier boots of the day, with his moustache curling

* See the *Catalogue raisonné* of M. de Julienne's pictures, by Pierre Rémy, 1788. Dutch School.

upward in the newest fashion. He holds a double-bass between his legs, upon which he is accompanying his son, who stands behind him with his mouth open, singing as doubtless was becoming in a young country gentleman. Madame Teniers, blooming in all her fresh and Flemish beauty, in a dress of Mechlin lace, holds the music-book, and a page is preparing to pour out a glass of cordial. A monkey perched on a piece of furniture, and the majordomo motionless in the doorway of the saloon, constitute to all appearance a highly gratified audience.

Such was the domestic establishment of Teniers. Thither flocked from all parts, attracted by the fame of the painter, and retained by the brilliant hospitality of the proprietor, the loftiest dignitaries of the age, whose names are for us at this day stars in the night of time. Amongst others, Don John of Austria, governor of the Low Countries, the same who carried off from Naples the daughter of Riberia, thereby causing the death of the Spanish painter through agonising grief. Don John, it is said, attempted, under the eye of Teniers, to paint the Flemish rustics, but found them still more rebellious to his pencil than to his sword. The Archduke Leopold, who had the honour of first bestowing on Teniers that courtly patronage he subsequently so universally enjoyed, saw his example followed by the Bishop of Ghent and by all the nobility who loved the arts. Christina, of Sweden, who had drawn Descartes to her court, was herself desirous of belonging to the court of David Teniers, and sent him her portrait with a gold chain. Finally, the King of Spain, Philip IV., the friend of Velasquez, caused a gallery to be constructed in the Escorial, specially designed for the *kermesses* of Teniers,—as if, after having lost his Flemish people, he at least wished to possess them in pictures. Teniers thus led a lordly life, with princes for pupils, kings for flatterers, and nevertheless, strange to say, his pictures represented nothing but peasants, and through the people alone he succeeded. If such a taste for exhibitions of the familiar life of the lower orders was singular in a painter, who was so courtly in his own person, it was still more singular and surprising in his royal patrons; for all those dancers, smokers, and gamblers of Teniers, what were they but those illustrious "*gueux*" of the Seven United Provinces who waged so fierce a war against the Spaniards? They were the *beggars of the woods*, the *beggars of the fens*, and the *beggars of the towns*, as they were called at that time; and the feeling that made them so joyous, that made them toss their glasses so high in their drinking, their feet so high in the dance, may not, after all, have been inspired by another pitcher of malt, but by the elation of victory. And young Teniers himself, commanding the admiration of the kings of Europe, is he not in a manner the William of Orange of his art? Both one and the other triumphed through the aid of the *beggars*.

David Teniers was born in 1610, the year in which Henry IV. of France was murdered. His father, David Teniers the elder, was a painter before him, the friend of Elzheimer and of Rubens. The first plaything of the child was a pencil, and like Blaise Pascal, his French contemporary, he daubed with precocious lines the walls of his paternal mansion. His native city was Antwerp, the cradle of Rubens, of Vandyck, of Jordaens, of Gaspard de Crayer, and of Porbus—the country of colour. David Teniers the younger was to enjoy the destiny of becoming greater than his father—a fate rare indeed amongst the sons of celebrated men.

In the early years of the seventeenth century, the Teniers family were far from being lords. Old Teniers, who then painted rustic figures, led pretty much the same life as his models. Tradition represents him as going with his son to market to sell his pictures, which were packed on the back of a donkey. The painter, his son, and his ass, went thus from Antwerp to Brussels, offering their merchandise for sale, and more than once they had the mortification of finding no purchasers. Probably the taste for painting small figures and popular scenes was imbibed by young Teniers from his daily studies in this humble species of commerce even more than from the example set by his father; great compositions,

poetry, thought, and style, are rarely to be acquired at market. The donkey brought home the capital productions, and was only relieved of the inferior commodities. Thus Teniers was all his life addicted to traffic, for he wished his mode of existence to be as rich as his palette, and as easy as his talent, and we shall see that in this line of ambition he succeeded quite as well as in any other. He is, in painting, the creator of that extempore labour which bestows on all hands châteaux and footmen, satin vests, fine chests of carved wood, lustres of polished copper, and noble sideboards loaded with brilliant plate of gold.

One day, Teniers, then about fifteen years old, was painting in his father's studio, when Rubens unexpectedly entered. Everything was confusion at the sudden appearance of the great painter, and the young man trembled, not with fear but with enthusiasm. Rubens stopped before the easel of the student, and fixed upon the picture just commenced that eye which could frame a composition at a glance; then, taking the pencil of young Teniers, and instructing him at once with hand and voice, he gave him in a few moments a lesson and a picture. Would not that be a subject to paint? Teniers the student, Rubens the master, and the traditions of genius thus verbally transmitted. No doubt great artists convey their experiences to each other from age to age; thus serving as professors by the transfusion of thought, and though the tomb may separate, still their works connect them; but when a living lesson is imparted, this visible transmission is an additional emotion for posterity. We love these greetings in the past, amongst those who are to meet again in the future.

Enthusiastic imitation of the works of great masters is almost always the first form of inspiration visible in youth. To recognise the talent of others is the first intimation of that which the student may himself possess; but in the youthful labours of Teniers, imitation offers this peculiarity, that it is in truth originality. A copy made by Teniers is not a copy, but another specimen by the master. He does not, for instance, imitate Titian, or Paul Veronese, or Rubens, he renews them; and it certainly is not to Teniers that we can apply the remarks of the Chevalier de Jaucourt: "Counterfeit painters more easily imitate those works which do not require much invention, than those which display the whole imagination of the artist. Painters of *pasticcios*† cannot counterfeit either the composition, the colouring, or the expression of the great masters. The hand of another may be imitated, but not his genius." "The power of his pencil was incredible; he knew how to adapt it to a variety of eminent artists, whose touch and colouring were exceedingly different; and yet he gave to his imitations so strong a character of originality, as to leave it doubtful whether they were not really painted by the very artists whose manner of thinking, composing, and pencilling they were only an imitation, or what the Italians call *pasticcios*."‡

Teniers had the power of appropriating everything. His assimilation did not stop at the manner of handling the pencil, of laying on the colours, or of putting in the touches; so deeply did he enter into the mind of the painter, so profoundly did he imbibe his temper, that he reproduced at will the grave firmness of Titian, the fiery richness of Rubens, the luxury of

* Vide old "Encyclopédie," article *Pastiche*.

† The Italians apply this word, which signifies a *pie*, to a description of pictures which are neither entirely originals nor copies, and which are sometimes made up of different parts, taken from other paintings, as a *pie* is composed of various kinds of meat. This appellation is likewise extended to such productions as are entirely the invention of the artist, but in which he has imitated the style of another master, in composition, design, and colouring. These imitations are usually confined to simple and limited compositions, and are seldom successful except in ordinary subjects. It would be necessary for an artist to draw like Raphael to be able to counterfeit his design. He must possess his mind, before he can imitate his expression, and be endowed with his genius, before he can equal the grandeur of his composition.

‡ Pilkington's "Dictionary of Painters."

his fresh carnations, the air of his heads, and the apparent motion remarkable in his compositions. To such a degree is this the case, that Teniers, this child of the city of Antwerp, may be regarded as the representative of the national spirit of imitation,—he a Fleming so excelling in counterfeiting Flemings as to deceive all Belgium. Rubens especially, who did not expect to make so faithful a pupil, was astonished at this unforeseen competition which thus translated him, as it were, in his own language; and truly the deception is most complete. Bryan relates "that he was present at the sale of one of the principal collections at Brussels, in which was a picture of Mary Magdalene kneeling in a grot, the figure as large as life, which had been regarded for many years by the most experienced judges as an admirable production of Rubens; some difference of opinion arising, the picture was taken out of the frame, when the name of 'David Teniers, jun.', with the date, was discovered at the bottom of the picture, which had been concealed by the border of the frame."* The cabinet of the Archduke Leopold was full of these original copies. Triest, Bishop of Ghent, the Queen of Sweden, and the King of Spain commissioned Teniers to paint several for them; and some amateurs, amusing to relate, in their delighted surprise, even manifested a preference for them over their originals. Is he not doubly fortunate who possesses a Rubens and a Teniers in one and the same picture?

It is to David the younger that we owe the celebrated collection of the Archduke Leopold, which was published for the first time in 1685, by Abraham Teniers, David's brother, who was a printseller at Antwerp. This publication having first appeared in separate plates, Abraham's successor made a volume of them, which he published under the title of "Theatre of the Paintings of David Teniers," with a preface, which in some copies was in French, in others in Spanish, and in the greater number in Latin. The pictures of the Archduke having been subsequently removed to Vienna, an engraving, which represented a perspective view of these pictures arranged in the imperial gallery, was added to the subsequent editions. But in the last reprint that was published of it, in 1775, and which is known under the title of "The Grand Cabinet of Pictures of the Archduke Leopold William, painted by the Italian masters, and drawn by David Teniers," the editors made a mistake in naming David Teniers the elder instead of David Teniers the younger. The learned Heineken has noticed this error in his precious work.†

David Teniers treated nature with as much familiarity as he did the great masters. He counterfeited her also, and stole from her, not only her outward forms, but her secrets,—not only her accidents, but her spirit, with a mechanical facility and power of adaptation of no ordinary kind. "It was not, however, to his imitative faculties that Teniers was indebted for his greatest celebrity. He was a constant and faithful observer of nature, and in his favourite subjects, representing village festivals and merry-makings, Flemish fairs and *herminettes*, gipsies and incantations, he has displayed a characteristic originality, and a *naïveté* of expression, in which he is unrivalled. That he might have an opportunity of studying from life the rustic character of the peasantry, their rural sports and rejoicings, their quarrels and their combats, he established himself in a retired situation in the village of Perck, between Antwerp and Mechlin, where he could mingle with their pastimes, and observe with a painter's eye their character under the impulse of the various passions; and it is surprising that he has been able to give such an admirable variety to representations which in their nature appear confined and uniform."‡

A story is told of Teniers, that he arrived one day at the village of Oysel, with his pencils and box of colours, return-

ing doubtless from some sketching tour in the country. He was hungry, but without money; entering a tavern, however, he breakfasted with perfect confidence. When the bill was presented for payment, he took up his brushes, and in a very little time he transferred from the street to a canvas a beggarman who was quietly playing on the bagpipe, little dreaming that he was about to become a *chef-d'œuvre*. Lord Falston, an English nobleman, who was also breakfasting near Teniers, probably with not so good an appetite, though his pockets were full of guineas, approached the young Fleming, and seemed greatly surprised to see a meal thus provided for in painter's coin. At sight of the beggarman, who on the canvas no longer claimed pity, but admiration, the rich amateur gave the young artist the ulms of enthusiasm in pieces of gold, and hastened to carry off the copy, whilst Teniers, in his turn, gave a breakfast to the original, and paid the astonished innkeeper munificently for both repasts.

This adventure of paying for a breakfast with a picture, repeated every day in various forms, must have constituted the whole life of Teniers. When his fame had increased, he made a luxury of it, and every picture paid for the whim of the day. Young, brilliant, and admired, certain of having his pencil always dipped in golden colour, Teniers the younger purchased the Château of the Three Towers, to entertain the princes his friends, and began to expend in hospitality the daily produce of his imagination. Two of his pictures, which only resemble each other by their talent, may perfectly represent the history of Teniers, his life of luxury, and his life of toil, the one supported by the other. The first of these represents the "Prodigal Son," not that of the Evangelist, but the "Prodigal Son" of the seventeenth century; that is to say, dressed as a gentleman of fashion, his hair falling in curls upon his lace collar, a waving plume upon his hat, and his heels decorated with spurs. His hat, his short mantle, and his sword and shoulder-belt are deposited on a seat. The scene is near the door of a tavern, in the open air, the sky is bright and the landscape serene. A table, surrounded by footmen and served by a page, indicates the luxury of the joyous feast, whilst in the foreground, upon the sand, two crystal flagons, full of liqueurs of golden hue, sparkle and are kept cool in a large copper basin artistically wrought. The Prodigal Son is seated between two ladies in silken dresses, fair, smiling, and formed for love; his hand clasping that of one fair dame. Her rival is seated on the opposite side of the table, and though her back is turned towards us, her beauty is still evident. We fancy she must have a clear fresh complexion and great sweetness of expression, judging only by the grace, the roundness, and the fairness of the neck, and also by that faint tint at the nape, which marks the commencement of the hair. Pleasures abound, as it does in all Teniers's pictures, but on this occasion it is the gaiety of elegance and high life, in which delicate beauty mingles. As to the gentleman who does the honours of the feast, if it be not Teniers himself, it is perhaps his brilliant friend, that other prodigal son of glory, Don John of Austria.

Such is the expenditure. Let us now look at the receipts. In a gloomy cabinet is seen an alchemist bending over his mysterious work. The furnaces are lit, the retorts extend along the walls their cabalistic forms, the Gothic scrolls of science are unrolled, and the symbolical owl dozes in his corner. What is the learned doctor under his furred cap in search of? Gold, gold, and the "great secret." Pluck from this seeker of transmutation, from this wrinkled old man, bearded and bleary-eyed, his spectacles, take off his cap, and see if it is not Teniers the younger transmuting his colours into gold. Happy alchemist, whose alembic is a palette, whose "great secret" is a master-piece, and whose laboratory lies in the verdant plains of Flanders!

This, in fact, was his life—prodigality and toil; the two trays of a balance which did not always maintain a just equilibrium; and thus it was, that by these daily efforts of invention, he imperceptibly accomplished those two leagues of pictures, which have wearied no one, not even their author. We can now understand why a great number of these pictures have been called by amateurs the *after-dinner pieces* of Teniers,

* Bryan's "Dictionary of Painters and Engravers."

† The Latin title was "Davidis Teniers Antuerpionensis Pictoria, etc. Theatrum Picturatum, 1680. Antwerp apud Henricum Ametens," in folio.

‡ Bryan's "Dictionary of Painters and Engravers."

a name which at once explains the time they cost him and the motive for which they were painted. The *after-dinner pieces* of Teniers are therefore the "quart d'heure" of Rabelais. Drinking-songs and joyous scenes at dessert constitute the subjects of these small easel pictures, which cost the painter so little trouble, and now sell at such high prices. To be properly judged of, they should be looked at on rising from table; then is the time for seeing them in their proper light.

"Show me a pipe," said Greuze, "and I will tell you if it belongs to one of Teniers's figures." What character! what delicacy of observation does not this imply in a painter! Thus to individualise everything, to fix his name on the minutest details, to be recognised in a pipe! Teniers, so clever in imitating his predecessors and friends, in purloining their peculiarities, the airs of their heads, their handling, their touch, their mind, himself possesses a personality so decided that his manner cannot be confounded with that of any other! Yes, this adroit robber is, when he chooses, the most secure

stupid character as the crowds of bores in his pictures of a different class, and thus appear to carry with them a sort of ironical commentary on their own existence. Such pictures occur in many places. In the Schleissheim gallery there is one of a witch, who appears to be in the act of completing some magic spell. She kneels before a lamp, and ties up the throat of a little monster like a fish; wild goblins of the most fantastic forms have collected themselves round her, but at the horrid threats of the witch scamper away in grotesque hurry."*

How many painters of the Low Countries have devoted themselves to *bambocciate*!† The two Van Ostades, Brauwer, Cornelius Bega, and many others, have made their names famous with the same subjects, and almost with the same personages that served as models for Teniers. But amongst so many masters, we can immediately distinguish a drinker, a smoker, or a beer-shop by Teniers. And these are at once easily known by the nature of the sentiment of *gaiety* alone



THE PRODIGAL SON.

and confident of proprietors. Just now he was the Proteus of painting: gliding into all studios, seizing upon all pencils, one after another, and even, if need be, that illustrious and redoubtable pencil of Titian's which an emperor had condescended to pick up; in his pictures he rivalled the Venetian colourists, he gave a satin texture to his flesh-tints with the brush of a Rubens; he was by turns Dutch or Spanish, German or Fleming; and yet when intrenched in his public house he is perfect master of all around him; not an artist shall design a jug, touch the light of a pipe-stem, but shall be immediately told, "This is not by David Teniers; I do not recognise in that his touch, at once so light, so intelligent, and so decided." No, in the whole history of painting amongst the moderns, we shall not find a painter of *pasticcios* so original, an imitator so completely unimitable.

"The fantastic tendency of Teniers has produced some very amusing scenes of 'diablerie' which claim the more observation, since all his strange hobgoblins have the same clumsy,

which the painter has infused into them. David Teniers the younger is beyond everything a laughing philosopher, an arch observer, a painter full of mind, and in the most magnificent of his *after-dinner pieces*, we have a glimpse at the bottom of some intentional touch of familiar irony. Introduce into the same smoking-room, for instance, Adrian Ostade, Teniers, and Brauwer. None of them will view it with the same eyes, or under the same colours. Nor will they see the same faces. Adrian Brauwer will wait to study physiognomy for the moment of battle. He will take up his pencils when the

* Kugler's "Handbook of the History of Painting."

† The Italians call by this name subjects representing fairs, grottoes, and village feasts. This appellation appears to have originated in the admiration excited at Rome by the works of Peter van Laer, a Dutch painter, who treated those subjects with great success, and who was nicknamed *Tamboccio*, on account of the extraordinary deformity of his body.

drinkers, heated with liquor, seize upon the pitchers, the benches, the chairs, and the brooms, to fling them at each other's heads. Adrian van Ostade will be struck by some artless position, by the quietude of a smoker, or by his silence. He will paint him peaceful, serious, meditative, taciturn, and in the fulness of his ugliness; whilst Teniers at the first glance will seize on the jovial side, the bantering smile; he will select the moment when his actors begin to chat on the prowess and adventures of the burgomaster of their locality. Here they are playing at tric-trac at a round table covered with a rug. The hostess makes one of the party, throws out a broad jest to excite laughter, and willingly allows herself to be taken round the waist, whilst the husband is scoring on a board the beer that he is serving. In another place they are toasting a village bride. Her father is cutting slices of ham, while the bridegroom is smiling with a silly air without observing that his friends are kissing the plump and rosy cheeks of his young wife. Five or six peasants

the gait of the peasant, the farmer of Perck does not dance like the cit of Mechlin, and the village pedant has a fashion peculiar to himself in the lighting of his pipe, the holding of his cards, in pouring out his faro,* and in drinking it. Should you chance to recognise the "Village Festival" in the shop window of a dealer in old engravings, stop for a moment to study the expression of the old players at bowls. You will find in it a mind, a keenness of observation, a feeling for the burlesque, to which nothing is perhaps superior in this style. A king who is setting his crown on the hazard of a die, a lover who risks the loss of an adored mistress, a miser who is on the point of adventuring his treasure, are not more attentive, more fidgety, more anxious, nor on sharper thorns, or more burning coals, than this crafty bowler at the moment that he launches the long-poised bowl from his cunning hands. As it rolls along he will not suffer any one to speak to him, or rather to speak to his bowl, for he maintains that the breathing of a single hostile word might turn aside or arrest its course;



THE DRUNKEN PHILOSOPHER.

form the wedding party; one raises his glass, another cries out a toast, then they laugh, but above all they drink. Every body is satisfied; Teniers is delighted, for none of the details of the scene have escaped him, not an expression of the countenance, however fleeting it might be, has evaded his pencil or deceived his eye.

Touch and expression are the two great qualities in which Teniers the younger shines. The more grotesque the expression, the more pleased he is to work it out, and the better able he is to depict it. In this respect he is the Scarron of painting, and it may be said that he has equalled the inexhaustible imagination of the author of *Ragotin*. If Teniers's figures resemble so closely the hero of the "Roman comique," if they are stooping, bent, crooked, cut out with a bill-hook as it were, what truth of expression does he not give them to make up for it! If they are ill-formed by nature, how well they are designed upon canvas! What truth in the *ensemble*, what delicacy in the tints! With Teniers the tavern waiter has not

— but for his own part he follows it with look and gesture, encourages it with his voice, scolds it if it deviates, caresses it with a few praises charily bestowed, until, avoiding the direction it was nearly receiving from the collision of a pebble, it reaches its destination, after having borne the cross-fire of a hundred eyes which had been levelled at it.

To express with so much nature and so much art these simple scenes, these pleasures of veteran pensioners, of gray-beard villagers in Sunday finery, was to the younger Teniers only one out of a hundred methods of evincing his talent. Sometimes he indulges in dignity, and elevates himself to the noblest expression. A picture of his was much admired at the sale of the pictures which belonged to Cardinal Fesch, at Rome, a "Crowning of Thorns," in which Jesus, half divested of his raiment, is represented within a military guard-house. He is seated on a stone, and bound with cords. "His long

* A description of Flemish beer.

hair falls in disorder upon his shoulders, his head sinking upon his breast, slightly inclines to the right, and his looks cast down towards the earth, express, like every feature of his face, a deep and resigned sorrow. All the patience of an insulted God, all the courageous tenderness of a man, breathe in that fine countenance profoundly impressed with a mysterious melancholy in which the suffering soul is all poured out." Thus speaks of this picture of Teniers an appreciator whose word may be taken on the subject.* The pliability, however, which Teniers the younger has evinced in this, and which he had already displayed in his *pasticcios*, does not prevent him from having a character which is perfectly his own, and which is easily recognised, not only by the shape of one of his pipes, according to Greuze, but in the generally inartificial composition of his subjects, and amongst amateurs by his touch.

The touch of Teniers is very remarkable, and it is perhaps of all his qualities the most characteristic. His delicate, transparent, and agreeable colouring, and his silvery tones, would alone be no doubt sufficient to distinguish him from other painters; but in addition to those excellences, his handling is so free, so light, and so easy, that it is by it that he is principally known. His manner, moreover, appears so natural that we can scarcely suppose at first sight that there is any other mode of painting than his. The common and academical method, which consists in rubbing in the shadows and laying on the lights with a solid *impasto*, is nowhere practised so simply, so clearly, and with less trouble than in the pictures of Teniers, which constitute true models of manipulation. Endowed with a sure judgment and a delicate feeling, David Teniers knew always, while preserving his individuality of method, how to so vary his touch according to the objects he represented as to give them solidity and reality when painting objects of still life, and the actual appearance of vitality when painting animated beings. His touch is therefore intelligent in the highest degree; and if we find it so firm and applied with so much decision and so free a hand, it is because he had reflected deeply, and that his pencil was guided not by routine, but by an exquisite feeling of form, of colour, and of the picturesque. He knows that the ivory of a clarinet ought not to be touched like the glaze of a stoneware pot; that the polish of a cuirass or the reflections from kitchen utensils ought not to be treated like a pimpled nose on the expansive visage of a country fiddler.

But there is a still more important peculiarity to remark in Teniers, which is his feeling for aerial perspective. His eye was so true, that by the effect alone of the gradation or strength of his tints, of the softening or the firmness of his touch, calculated with rare precision, he made objects advance or retire; thus avoiding the necessity for a recurrence to those expedients, those decided sacrifices, those cutting contrasts of light and shade, which no true artist need employ unless, like Ribera, he reduces his artifices to such a system as to wear the aspect of genius itself. To throw back, for instance, a figure dressed in a gaudy colour, or to introduce a red drapery into his background, Teniers has no occasion to deaden it with a cloudy grey; it is enough for him to give a proper tint to this red,—that is, to mingle with it a just proportion of that general air tone which learned connoisseurs call the vanishing tint.†

But even in the absence of colour and of touch, and only looking at Teniers through the medium of Lebas's engravings, in which he is so delicately reproduced, this painter still continues one of the most expressive and intellectual of his own school and of many others. Doubtless if we could stand before the pictures of Teniers, as Louis XIV. did, surrounded by a brilliant court, with their love for and habits of grandeur,

the effect produced would be infallibly disastrous. The hero who offered his arm to the haughty Athenais de Montespan, or who might hold the hand of the Duchess de la Vallière, could not take a lively interest in the representation of scenes so grossly trivial, and the term "*magots*" would be the instinctive cry of ideality startled by reality. A governor of the Low Countries alone could comprehend the most frequent episodes of Teniers's paintings. When we are occupied with our artist, we must not forget that we are wandering between Mechlin and Antwerp alone, and that from thence to the Parthenon there are some twelve or fifteen hundred leagues, and these leagues of Brabant too! We must therefore close the sacred gates of the beau-ideal, and enter with a good grace the alehouse of Teniers, where, instead of the intoxication of nectar, we must content ourselves with that of strong beer, and for want of poetry put up with reality.

"The subjects which Teniers executed with the greatest pleasure and the most complete success, are scenes of peasant life. There is nothing pastoral in his conception of such scenes; he even exaggerates and borders on caricature, but he exhibits at the same time great power of humour, and knows well how to stamp on his characters, even when occupied in the most commonplace employments, an expression of peculiar seriousness and importance, and thus he frequently introduces the happiest contrast. But he does not always keep up this feeling of humour; in several pictures, particularly those of great feasts, we seem to meet with a certain coldness of observation on the part of the artist, and a deliberate selection of common situations, which combine to produce a mannered character and convey the impression of studied and conscious attention to mere outward effect. In these pictures it appears to have been the main object of the artist to exhibit his brilliant technical skill and his power of imitating accessories (such as old casks, pots, baskets, and different utensils), together with his bold and effective touch, his juicy, transparent *chiaro-oscuro*, and others qualities of the same kind."

What clouds of smoke! The pipe in every mouth, the cards in every hand, pots and pans shining against the wall, a housewife who makes the frying-pan hiss and sputter upon a bright fire which attracts the most greedy and gluttonous—such is the interior. But who are these men in the foreground? Sailors perhaps, just arrived from the East Indies. One of them is playing the ten of spades; another with his elbows raised, is drinking at pleasure from a pitcher; a third is hanging up at a window-shutter a caricature of the village schoolmaster, sketched with charcoal on a dirty sheet of paper; another is kissing the female servant of the tavern, without observing that the hostess has opened a window, looking from the steps outside into the tap-room, doubtless to watch with a jealous eye, and a scowling brow, the stolen kisses of the kitchen wench; but no, it was to furnish Teniers with a ray of light for which he had occasion in the angle of his picture.

It is remarked by Dr. Waagen that one of the works which shows Teniers as the greatest man in his line, is contained in the collection of His Grace the Duke of Bedford at Woburn Abbey. It represents a species of *pic-nic*. "In the foreground are seen the preparations for a rural festival. Four enormous kettles, six casks, and a quantity of provisions, are spread on the ground. The very numerous guests have already seated themselves in many picturesque groups, which extend to the background of the landscape, and are taking their morning beverage. In the whole there is extraordinary cheerfulness and freshness; the ordonnance manifests the consummate skill of the artist. Notwithstanding the variety and warmth of the several local tints, the whole is executed in a very delicate and harmonious silvery tone, and with a perfection of the aerial perspective in the gradations, a brightness and spirit in the touch, which are not common even with Teniers himself. The date, 1646, proves that it is of the best time of the master."†

* This picture, which would appear to be one of the capital works of Teniers, is minutely described by M. George, in his excellent *Catalogue raisonné* of the gallery of Cardinal Fesch. Rome, 1844.

† This also is the expression made use of by the learned M. Paillot, in his *Traité complet de la Peinture*, 10 vols. 8vo. with plates. Paris. 1823.

* Kugler's "*Handbook of the History of Painting*."

† "*Works of Art and Artists in England*," by G. T. Waagen.

Teniers had not only, in common with Molière, his contemporary, the title of gentleman of the bedchamber of a prince, he had also that comic imagination which irresistibly seizes on men and manners to transmit them living to the laughter of posterity. Gaiety never abandons either the author or his creations, but it is a true gaiety, internal, profound, and communicative. In the great village feast of Rubens, in the Louvre, his figures get drunk with passion, and embrace with fury; in those of Teniers they laugh, they drink, they dance, with an ease and freedom most perfectly natural. The gaiety of this painter is, however, always mingled with railery and archness. If he paints a quack, who hawks his rascals about the streets, if he represents a tooth-drawer advising his victim to ease with gin the dreadful pain he suffers from a grinder, which he assures his patient is to be extracted without pain, it is clear that the expression of his pencil will be that of caustic good-nature; but there is nothing even to heroism that Teniers does not seize upon its trivial side.

Here, for instance, is a picture bearing the title of "Military Preparations." What may we suppose that Teniers has introduced into it? A cavalier saddling his horse? No, that is the manner in which Wouvermans would have treated it. A nobleman seizing his helmet? That would have been the affair of Vandyck. Teniers, with a few strokes of his pencil, has painted an old woman dusting clothes. Dust is, in his eyes, the beginning and end of all human glory.

Gipsies telling fortunes in the fields and laughing at the credulity of their dupes; alchemists bending over their furnaces, and ridiculous in their "divine" science; apes dressed like gentlemen, with sword by side, and hat on head, standing before their master, like the grandees of Spain in the presence of the king, thus parodying human vanity; sorcerers preparing their cauldrons by moonlight; cats with open books before them reading music, and mimicking the gravity of virtuosos; these were the favourite subjects of Teniers: these were the scenes in which he embodied his caustic imagination; this was his comedy of life. Teniers, you will say, has also treated religious subjects? True; but in Catholic martyrology Saint Anthony has monopolised all his preference. What a happy opportunity for the painter's frolicsome fancy! Around this fervent hermit, absorbed in ecstacy, clinging to the ardours of mysticism, to spread the most irresistible distractions in order to disturb his attention and endanger his salvation, the most grotesque monsters, the most horned of nightmares, beasts that cannot be looked at without screaming; what a temptation for Teniers himself? And how often has he not renewed his onslaughts on the gravity of the saint. Kneeling in his grotto, the wrinkled and hoary recluse fervently clasps his hands, and fixes his eyes despairingly upon the books which sustain and save. Around him spring into life and swarm animals of the most unearthly anatomy. Flocking from every part, they climb the rocks by the shortest cuts. Those that cannot get in, poke through the fissures of the grotto the most incredible profiles, which sufficiently indicate their evil intentions. Owls with spectacles stand beside the sacred books, and read them with no less attention than the saint himself. Bats pinned against the sides of the cave in all directions leer down upon the hapless Christian, whilst pterodactyles and other impossible beasts, invented simultaneously by the fancy of Teniers and the imagination of Callot, before they had been reconstructed by the genius of Cuvier, are dragging behind at the robe of St. Anthony. Who would believe it? In the midst of this carnival the saint preserves his lenten visage, grimly illumined by that suppressed grin Teniers cannot help putting upon it.

The favourite "Temptation of Saint Anthony" was often painted by Teniers; the best of them all is in the Berlin Museum. The poor saint kneels full of anxiety before his stone altar, the corners of which are just shooting out into heads of monstrous beasts; besides him stands a devil in the shape of a Brabant beauty holding a goblet of wine; all kinds of imps, some in the shape of goats, others like apes or fishes, are twitching at his garments; others again form a circle round the picture, and appear to make the most horrible

uproar by singing, screaming, or croaking! One blows a clarionet, which he has stuck into the hole for the nose in his skull. In the air above all is wild tumult. There are two knights who ride on fishes, and tilt with one another; one is a bird cased in an earthen mug for a coat of armour, and with a candlestick with a burning light stuck in it on his head instead of a helmet. He pierces the other combatant with a long hop-pole through the neck, and this knight, who resembles a dried-up frog, seems to set up a fearful scream, whilst he tosses his arms aloft. All kinds of reptiles are flying and creeping about. It would be difficult to match the mad conceits and the wild genius of this picture. In some of these works the humour of the artist breaks out with equal success, but in another form. Of this class there are some masterly specimens in the Schleissheim gallery, in which apes perform concerts, or sit at table dressed in all sorts of finery, and regale themselves with tobacco and beer.*

The Museum of Bordeaux possesses a fine picture by Teniers, and very rare for its unaccustomed vigour of effect. So lively an opposition of light and shade is remarkable in a painter who was in the habit, as Gersaint says, of producing his lights upon a light background.† This picture, which we reproduce here, bears the name of "The Incantation," but is it not rather some humorous new reading of "Saint Anthony?" It seems to us that we see some alehouse lout, with an otter-skin cap and a drunkard's nose, who has placed himself by stealth in the chair of the hermit, having at his feet the sacred books, and before him, on the table, the indispensable death's-head. On seeing himself surrounded by those cowed, winged, and inflamed monsters, who apparently mistake him for the cannibal, he laughs in his sleeve at the advances which the messengers of Satan are making to him, as if he did not already belong to them!

"The great secret of Teniers," very justly says M. Paillot de Montabert, in his "Treatise on Painting," "is his great knowledge of, and feeling for, perspective. This he possessed thoroughly, and applied it not only to his forms and lines, but to his tones, his tints, and his touch.‡ With this command of execution, the most indispensable in painting, Teniers understood the art of combining chiaro-oscuro, and, much better still in my opinion, the arts of blending his tints. Teniers's effects are never confused; they are simple, light, and airy. None of that haze which is only the resource of certain ignorant painters; none of that general darkness in the midst of which sparkles an acute point of light. His great art is to conceal art, to keep his secret. At the first glance, you observe no artifice; it seems as if any one might compose, dispose, and elucidate quite as well as he does, his system is so natural; but if we reflect for a time, we discover, in spite of his adroit good-nature, all the causes, all the calculations, all the artifices. Always sure of the result, or rather familiar with the principle of the unity of lights and shades, familiar also with the powers of opposition, able to interpose softness by half-luminous objects, or firmness by striking contrasts, sometimes he playfully paints a man dressed in white upon a white sky, sometimes he puts grey upon grey, and red upon red; nothing embarrasses him, and he amuses himself, so to speak, by diversifying his combinations."

"Teniers had a lively invention and ready execution; his pencil is free and delicate; the touching of his trees is light and firm; his skies are admirable, and, although not much varied, are clear and brilliant; and the expression of his figures, whether mirthful or grave, in anger or good humour, is uncommonly striking. His pictures are generally clear in all their parts, with a beautiful transparency; and he had the art of relieving his lights by the disposition of others, without employing deep shadows, which yet produced the intended

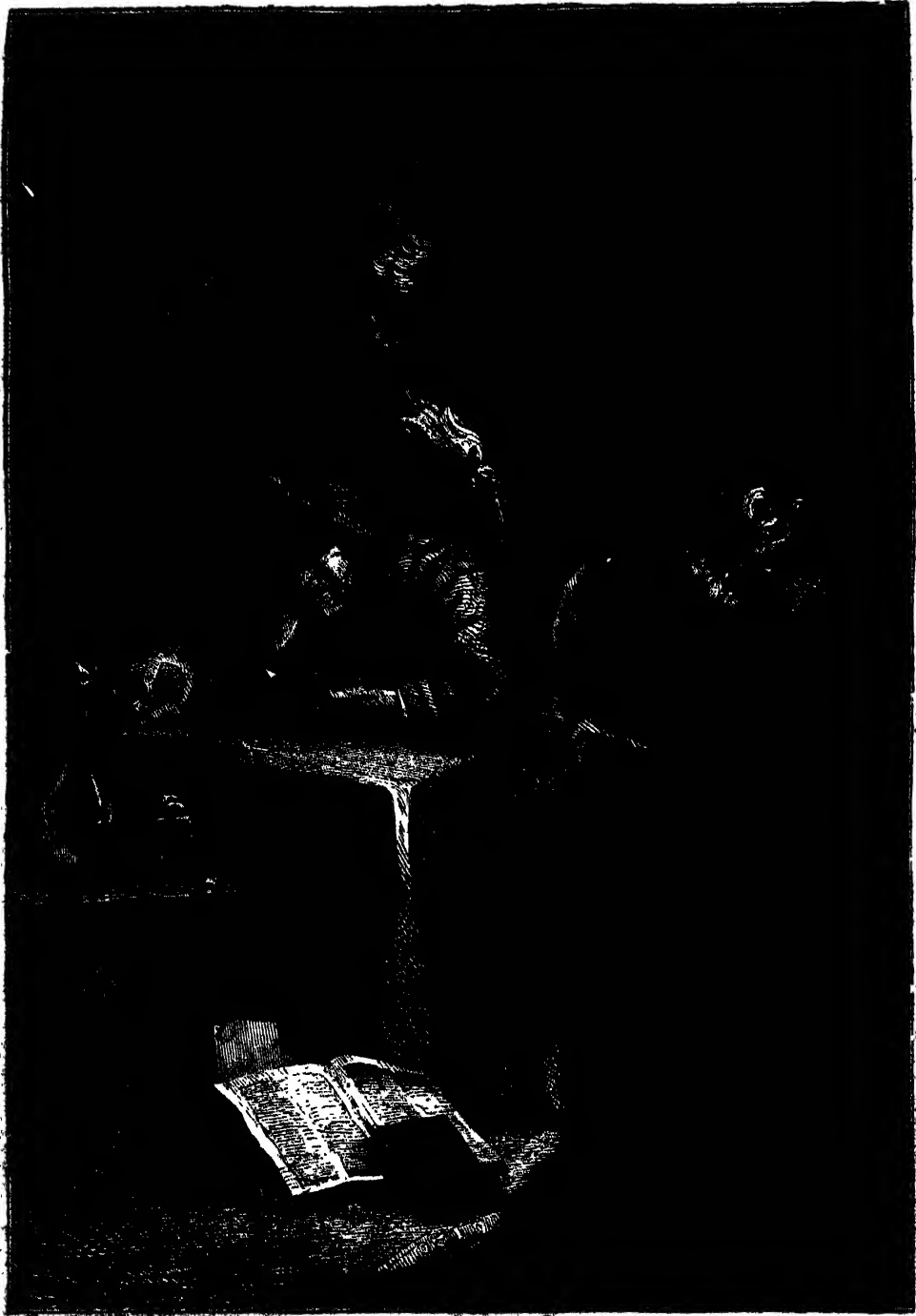
* Kugler's "Handbook of the History of Painting."

† Gersaint. "Catalogue de M. Quentin de Lorangère." Paris, 1767.

‡ "Traité complet de la Peinture," par M. Paillot de Montabert. Paris, 1825.

effect very happily. This practice he is supposed to have derived from Rubens, who remarked that strong oppositions were not always necessary to produce effect in a picture; which observation that great artist knew to be just, from his studying the colouring and tints of Titian."*

and in this way:—He had painted a picture of Hymen for a gentleman who was about to be married. In this work Hymen, full of roguery, as usual with the painter, seemed charming when seen at a distance, but morose when closely viewed. The Archduke Leopold had purchased this picture, and



THE INCANTATION.

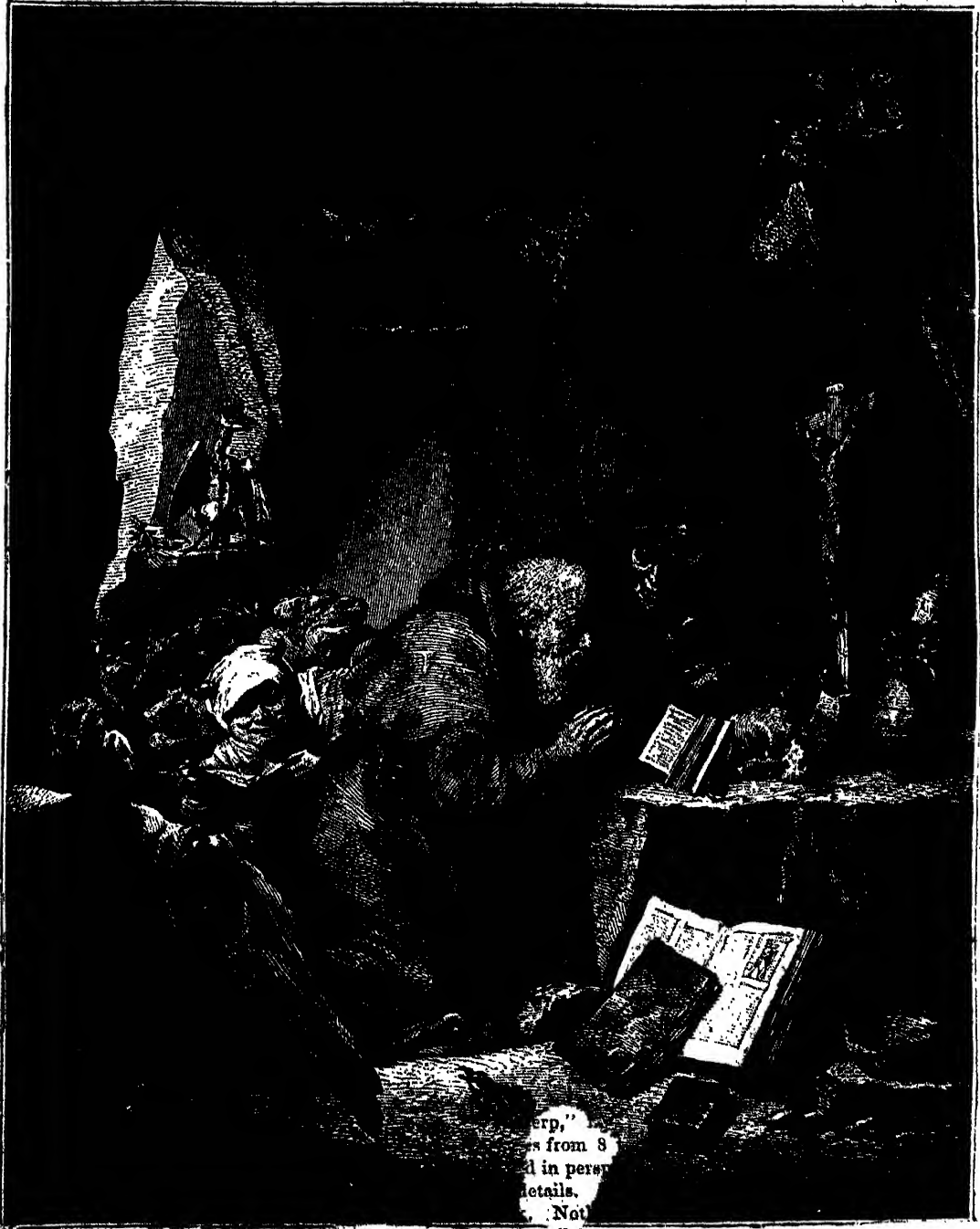
It is desirable to know the opinion of Teniers, this practical philosopher, on the subject of marriage, and which in reality he followed of those two counsels proffered in turn by Panurge to his joyous friend Pantagruel. Teniers was twice married,

had placed it at the end of his gallery upon a sort of platform. To ascend this platform it was necessary to pass a very slippery step, on this side of which was the charming point of view, but as soon as the step was passed, the charms all vanished. Now, there was a young lady at Antwerp, Anna Breughel, daughter of the celebrated painter John Breughel,

* Pilkington's "Dictionary of Painters."

surnamed Velvet Breughel:* when Teniers began to think that he could not thus continue single all his life, Anne Breughel was a minor, and had no less than three guardians, Cornelius Schut, Van Balen, and Rubens. Anne Breughel must have been an enchanting young lady and a precious treasure, if we may judge from these three illustrious painters

Leopold, and was shown the painting of Teniers, the latter asked the young lady if she would *pass the step*. She laughed: the matter was referred to the guardians; and they thought proper to unite the beauty of their ward with the talent of their rival. And thus it was that Teniers became the husband of Anne Breughel.†



THE TEMPTATION OF ST. ANTHONY.

whom the worthy magistrate had given her for guardians. One day when she paid a visit to the gallery of the Archduke

† The name of Velvet Breughel was given him on account of his being generally clothed in velvet, an expensive habit at that time. Some authorities deem it more likely that he was called *Breughel de Velours*, from being an eminent flower-painter.

It may be seen with reference to Teniers, how rare good

* M. Arsène Houssaye has written on the subject of Teniers some fluent and charming pages, which in their nature are historical, though they border on romance by their fanciful development. — "*Histoire de la Peinture Flamande et Hollandaise*," Paris, 1845, Vol. ii.

works on painting really are. Assuredly if there was any artist who might lay claim to a just appreciation by the clearness of his style, the decided character of his subjects and of their physiognomy, or rather by the truth of his expression, it was David Teniers the younger. Nevertheless, we may search through books on art, and especially historical works, and we shall not find a page of interest on a painter who had given interest to so many models. D'Argenville has scarcely devoted six lines to Teniers the younger in the biography of his father. Felibien does not say a word about him, not even in the edition published in 1706, sixteen years after the death of Teniers. De Piles, who has spoken so handsomely of Rubens, has bestowed upon Teniers only three or four insignificant lines.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, in his "Journey to Flanders and Holland in the year 1781," says, "The works of David Teniers, jun., are worthy the closest attention of a painter, who desires to excel in the mechanical knowledge of his art. His manner of touching, or what we call handling, has perhaps never been equalled: there is in his pictures that exact mixture of softness and sharpness which is difficult to execute."

In his "Observations on some Great Painters," Taillasson has ably drawn, in a few strokes, this portrait of Teniers the younger. "Teniers," says he, "paints the *morceau* of his presents as well as their *physique*. Their passions, in fact, should not have the same physiognomy as those of other men. In his pictures we hear them reason, discuss and talk politics. When he paints them playing at cards, with what justice and vigour he has seized on the expression proper to this description of gamblers! He knows how to distinguish the different conditions of the inhabitants of the country, and from the beggarman to the great man of the parish all the social grades are clearly marked. The tones of his colour are true and rich, vigorous and silvery; his compositions are always harmonious without the affectation of sacrificing anything. In his interiors, and in his open-air scenes, the light and shade seem to be so easily felt that we might almost deem the painter had not thought of them. Teniers's talent is especially characterised by a rapid and spiritual touch which playfully sheds on every part light, colour, life, and expression. His works, full of truth, appear to have been dashed off in a moment; nothing seems to be constrained, nothing servilely copied, all seems to be created." However, if a just appreciation is rarely to be found in books, tradition has made amends by preserving it amongst amateurs. Teniers, of all those painters whose pictures go through the ordeal of sales, is one of those in most esteem with true connoisseurs, but he is also one of those whom the half-learned have the pretension to know the best from having heard him cited at every turn, from having seen him figure at the theatre in vaudevilles, and in short from having seen a hundred imitations of him by Ashoven, Zorg, and others.

Mrs. Jameson, in her "Handbook to the Public Galleries of Art in and near London," thus characterises Teniers:—"In considering the works of Teniers, we are struck by an apparent contrast between the character of the man and the class of subjects he treated, and between the subjects themselves and the manner in which he treated them. Teniers was an accomplished gentleman, a chosen companion of princes, in his manners, dress, and personal appearance; yet his predilection was for the humorous and grotesque of common life, the merrymakings and courtships of the interior of surgeon's shops and guard-rooms. These he represented them with the utmost truth and spirit as regards character and expression, he touched with such an exquisite and felicitous pencil, so light, so airy, so silvery delicate, that the vulgarity of the subject is redeemed by the consummate elegance of the execution, and the *miel* everywhere displayed in the conception as well as the treatment. He had, however, three different manners. At first he began by imitating Brauwer (whose boor-subjects were then much in fashion), and painted forcibly in rather a brownish tone; this he softened into a golden tone, and at length adopted that sparkling transparent touch and cooler tone by which his best pictures are

distinguished. This delicacy of colouring sometimes, in his later pictures, verged on coldness and flatness, particularly in his landscapes; but the finest of these are wonderful for their airy brilliance. * * * The Queen's private gallery, and the collection of Lord Ashburton, contain the finest specimens of his talent I have seen in England."

Teniers had one very remarkable talent rather essential to an artist's prosperity—that of selling his pictures. An anecdote which, if true, has perhaps inspired La Fontaine with his fable of the cat, which counterfeited death to catch the mice the better, would prove that the seventeenth century was in no respect behind our own. The paintings of Teniers, we have said, were eagerly sought for; but a period occurred when the supply was greater than the demand. They already occupied two leagues in Europe, but expenses increased more rapidly even than the produce of his labours. Alarm appeared in the Châteaun of the Three Towers. How to maintain the luxury and the generous hospitality to which the painter and his illustrious friends were accustomed, was now the question. To produce more, to produce incessantly, to gather up with rapid pencil all the peasants who pass, or who dance, all the smokers who drink, all the drinkers who smoke, and put them upon canvas, would be to lower their value and to glut the market. Teniers seeks a remedy, and sees no salvation but in death, which is a wind up to admiration. He dies accordingly! The sorrowful news is spread; this spiritual painter will paint no more, happy are they who possess any of his pictures. He has, however, left a few which are masterpieces. Every one runs to get them; gold pours in and the market rises. Meanwhile, secluded within his dwelling, pencil in hand, and a smile on his lips, the painter labours on at his posthumous works. People purchase, and are astonished at the supply, till at length Teniers comes to life, and the joy is universal, even amongst the amateurs, upon whom the contribution was levied. The living were fleeced by the dead.

"The dates on some of his best pictures are from 1643 to 1653, though there are many fine ones painted during the same period, and others ten years later that are not dated. Indeed, there are no dates between 1653 and 1665, when he was in his full vigour. The last that have been discovered are 1678-9; these are one or two small pictures not more than nine inches by eight. It is not likely that he studied under Brauwer, who was his senior by only two years, though he imitated that master's style in some of his pictures; nor is there any proof that he practised in the school of Rubens, though, no doubt, he profited by observing his principles of colouring and general arrangement. His outset was not so very flattering; for it is said that he had the mortification of seeing the works of Tilborgh, who was his pupil, and others preferred to his; it was not until he was patronised by the Archduke Leopold William that he became distinguished. With regard to his imitations of Italian masters, or what is termed *pastels*, there is now very little danger of passing them but for what they are; some are very clever, and the best resemble Paul Veronese, or the Bassans, in little. His attempts at Rubens are failures; the monkey is always discoverable. The number of authentic pictures by him, of which there are records, may be fairly reckoned at 1000, and of spurious at least 500 more. Smith's "Catalogue raisonné of the Works of the Dutch and Flemish Masters" (vol. iii. and supplement), contains descriptions of 900, all of which may be considered as genuine. Add to these about 100 in the galleries at Schleissheim and Munich, sixty-five mentioned by Cumberland as being in the royal collection at Madrid, and nineteen spoken of by Descamps, and we have a total of 1,089, from which a few errors and repetitions may be excepted. Perhaps there are many more in existence of which there is yet no written account; if so, the enormous value his pictures now bear will be sure to bring them to light. Some of his pictures are of large dimensions; one at Schleissheim is 18 feet 6 inches by 10 feet, and contains 1,138 figures, those in the foreground being about 12 inches high; others also abound with figures, such as the 'Fair at Ghent,' No. 103. of Supplement, 340; a

'Village Fête,' No. 104, 93; No. 137 of Vol. III., another 'Village Festival,' contains 150; and numerous others might be quoted. Many of his pictures have been sold in public sales at sums varying from 300 to 1,500 guineas, and some in royal and public collections have been estimated at 2,000 and upwards. It is certain that he etched, but so did his father; the difficulty is in distinguishing their several works in this way, and, as far as regards the merits of the etchings, it is of no importance. A French engraver, G. De Vivier, etched some imitations, after pictures by Teniers, and marked them with the monogram used by that artist, though he has in other instances attributed the subjects to Anton. Van Heuvel, a scholar of Gaspar de Crayer; others are the acknowledged work of Coryn Boel. They who are curious in the matter may see a collection in the British Museum. The best authorities concur in placing his death in 1690, at the age of eighty.*

After some years of happiness, Teniers lost Anne Breughel, and sold the Château of the Three Towers. This manor, which he had made illustrious, was purchased by John de Frene, a councillor of the parliament of Brabant. But Teniers had a prospect of recovering it, by marrying the daughter of the new proprietor. One of Teniers's sons entered the church, and has left us some writings on the life and death of his father,—the joyous painter of smoking-rooms and village feasts, of apes in doublets and storks in spectacles, monks under temptation and alchemists at the *great work*, who died this time in good earnest at the age of eighty.

The recital which the clerical Teniers has left of the death of his father is altogether inglorious and fantastic. It would seem that the octogenarian painter died in the midst of visions, thus commencing as it were in this world a dream from which he only awoke in the other; but some have narrated in a more lively manner the death of our country-gentleman and philosopher. At the moment he had finished the portrait of a lawyer, he felt himself dying, and in allusion to the ivory black that is used in painting, he exclaimed, "I have burned my last tooth to paint my attorney!"

There is scarcely a gallery or a cabinet that does not contain some pictures by Teniers, and a collection without them would be justly deemed incomplete.

Independent of his beautiful *kermesses* and his animated village weddings, Teniers has treated with wonderful spirit and warmth of imagination interiors of *cabarets*, smoking-rooms, rustic subjects, alchemists, *diableries*, apish subjects, battles, animals, subjects of profane and sacred history, landscapes, and still life; in all of these he has displayed that lightness of execution and that delicate and spiritual touch which has never been surpassed.

The best engravers of all countries have outvied each other in reproducing the compositions of Teniers. We shall mention Hollar, L. Surugue, T. Galle, P. Pontius, Philip Lebas, Tardieu, T. Major, an excellent engraver but little known, F. Baas, P. Chenu, J. Beauvarlet, F. Van Steen, Muller, Coryn-Boel, Van Bruggen, Alliamet, Avelino, Lépicic, Moitte, de La Barthe, Laurent, Truchy, N. Lemire, Daullé, Lovassor, Canot, Baron, Chedel, Schwab, F. Boëce, Conché, Boutrois, Gattenberg, Niquet, &c. &c.

Not one of them, however, has entered into the spirit of the painter like the celebrated Lebas, whose prints after Teniers are more than a hundred, and who has infused into them the delicacy and the silvery tone of the pictures of the celebrated master.

David Teniers himself etched several pieces, and he has left some black and pencil sketches, treated, like his pictures, with great delicacy and spirit.

In every country imbued with the love of painting we find pictures by Teniers the younger. Out of the proverbial "two leagues" we can do little more than enumerate some of the more striking ones in the public galleries of Europe.

The Imperial Gallery, in the Belvedere Palace at Vienna, contains not less than nineteen compositions of this master collected in the 6th room. Amongst these are comprised—

"A Peasant's Marriage," signed and dated 1648. "Abraham and Isaac on the Mount." "A young Girl cleaning Kitchen Utensils." "The Sausage-maker." "A Village Fête;" figures of the painter and his family. "Interior of the Picture Gallery of the Archduke Leopold William at Brussels," of which Teniers was keeper. The pictures here represented are for the most part now in the Belvedere. It was this picture, in which he imitated the particular style of the most distinguished masters of the Italian as well as of the Flemish school to such perfection, that obtained for him the name of the Proteus of painting. "Shooting at the Popinjay" in the Place du Sablon, Brussels, 1652, Teniers himself in the foreground. "A Kermess," &c. &c.

The ancient and celebrated Dusseldorf gallery only contained one picture by Teniers "A Village Festival."

The Pinakothek of Munich is very rich in compositions of this master, all of which are deserving of especial praise. We can only mention "An Italian Fair," "Monkeys smoking," a very witty and amusing picture. "A Guard-room, Boors Merry-making." "A Country Wedding." "Boors Smoking and playing at Cards." "Boors Quarrelling." "Monkeys engaged in Cooking, some of them are masked." "A Concert of Cats and Monkeys." The collection is only deficient in a "Temptation of Saint Anthony."

The Royal Gallery of Dresden possesses twenty-three paintings by Teniers, amongst which— "The Backgammon Party." "Flemish Kermess." "Boors playing at Cards." "An Old Woman to whom appear fantastical beings." "Saint Peter delivered from Prison." "A Guard-room." "Two Landscapes." "A Chemist." "Temptation of Saint Anthony." "Drinkers playing at Dice." "Boors Dancing." "Another Temptation of Saint Anthony." "An Old Dentist who has just drawn a Tooth." "A mountainous Landscape." In one of the two "Temptations of Saint Anthony," it is almost incredible, observes M. Viardot, that the animated egg should be wanting. This is the only instance, adds the amateur, to his knowledge, that Teniers has omitted his pleasant conceit.

The Royal Museum at Berlin has only four David Teniers's, none of which are very striking; the most noticeable are "An Alchemist" and a "Temptation of Saint Anthony," large, beautiful, and important amongst a hundred others.

In the Imperial Gallery, in the Palace of the Hermitage at St. Petersburg, amongst the forty-seven pictures forming the contingent of Teniers, are found every description of subject which he has treated; landscapes, *cabarets*, smoking-rooms, *kermesses*, guard-rooms, temptations of Saint Anthony, interiors, grotesque scenes, musicians, alchemists, fishermen, drunkards, smokers, and apes; and amidst the small pictures which Teniers finished in an evening, and which have preserved the name of "After-dinner pictures," are seen some striking works, conspicuous among which are two "Village Festivals," formerly in the collection of Voyer d'Argenson; a very fine "Guard-room;" an "Interior of a Kitchen," full of game, fish, and vegetables; "The View of his House," in the village of Perck, between Antwerp and Mechlin; but Malmison has given up to the Hermitage a matchless and priceless work; this is a great picture painted in 1643 for the fraternity of Crossbow-men, and which is called the "Sharpshooters of Antwerp," in which there are not less than forty-five small figures from 8 to 10 inches each. The arrangement of this crowd in perspective is marvellous, as is the rendering of all the details. Descamps justly describes it as Teniers's finest work. Nothing more striking or more perfect has issued from the pencil of this fertile master.

The Royal Museum at Madrid contains not less than seventy-six pictures by Teniers. A detailed enumeration of these would offer no interest; but we deem it useful to mention those which from their excellence or the nature of their subjects, are out of the ordinary way.

In both these respects we must first cite "A Picture Gallery visited by Gentlemen." In signing this picture, Teniers wrote, after his name, "Pintor de la camara" (instead of "camare") of His Serene Highness. The following is the explanation of this subject and the Spanish device—The

* Bryan's "Dictionary of Painters and Engravers."

Archduke Albert, governor of the Netherlands, for Spain, had commissioned our painter to compose for him, not the cabinet of an amateur, but a princely gallery. When he had completed this delicate mission to the satisfaction of his patron, Teniers conceived the idea of perpetuating its recollection by a picture. In it are seen the Archduke accompanied by some gentlemen entering the gallery, where Teniers, who has also represented himself, presents to him designs spread out on a table. Along the walls are ranged pictures of his choice, faithfully copied and reduced to microscopic proportions, but in which, nevertheless, besides the subject, the touch of each master is very clearly distinguished.

We may further mention among the fancies of Teniers, an excellent animal painting, which would have excited the envy of Paul Potter, and "The King drinks," a charming representation of a scene at table of a frank and communicative joyousness.

The Museum of the Louvre contains fourteen pictures by Teniers, all of fine quality, and some of them capital works. Amongst these we may enumerate a "Temptation of Saint Anthony," a picture of admirable execution and delicacy of touch. "The Prodigal Son at table with courtezans." "The Seven Works of Mercy." "A Village Wedding." "The Interior of a Smoking-room." "The Knife-grinder;" and "A Heron Chase."

Numerous as are the specimens of our great master scattered through the private collections of England, our public collections are but scantily stored with them.

The National Gallery contains but three of his works. "The Misers" (or "Money-changers"), described by Mrs. Jameson to be "in point of execution, one of the most remarkable pictures of this versatile, lively, and most accomplished painter," "A Music Party," and its companion picture, "Dutch Boors regaling."

Dulwich Gallery is better provided, containing twenty-one of Teniers's works:—"A Winter Scene." "A Small Landscape with a Magdalen." "A Small Landscape with a Hermit." "An Innkeeper standing at his door." "A small Landscape." "Interior of a Guard-room." "A Cottage in a small Landscape." "A Village on Fire." "A Sow and Pigs, a Peasant standing by." "A Man seated opening Mussels." "An old Man." The companion, "An old Woman." "A Cottage with Figures." "A Landscape." "Brickmakers at work." "A Winter Scene." "A large Landscape." "A Landscape, with the Château of Teniers in the distance." "Head of an old Man." "Head of an old Woman." "A Landscape, with Gipsies." "The Chaff-cutter."

At Hampton Court there are three pictures by the younger Teniers: "Judith and Holofernes," a small copy after Paul Veronese; "Inside of a Farm-house;" and "St. Francis with a Skull" after an Italian picture.

At Windsor Castle there are four specimens of our great artist; viz.—"A Rocky Landscape with Figures." "A Virgin and Child," a small copy after Titian. "A Holy Family," likewise a small copy after Titian; and the "Interior of a Grange or Barn."

Notwithstanding the innumerable quantity of Teniers's works, the prices of his pictures have equalled those of the choicest productions.

In 1744, at the sale of M. de Lorangère made by Ger-saint, several pictures by Teniers were put up.

"A Kitchen Subject," says the catalogue, was knocked down for £2 10s.; "A Smoking-room," for £5 10s.; "A Landscape," very fine, for £16. "The Studio of Teniers," adorned with several pictures, fetched as much as £13 3s. A year after, at the sale of the Chevalier La Roque, "A Smoking-room" only realised £4; and another picture of the same subject was driven up to £17 6s.; a beautiful "Landscape," engraved by Lebas, under the title of "The Rainbow," was knocked down at £8.

In 1767, at the celebrated sale of M. de Julienne, matters went differently: "A Village Dance" went up to £245; "A Village Wedding" fetched £300; "A Landscape with

Figures," was sold for £84; "The Château of Teniers," which some years previous had been sold for £9 5s., now realised £37 10s.; "The Terrestrial Paradise" was sold for £33 5s.; "The Interior of a Kitchen" for £26 5s.; and "Card Players," containing fourteen figures, for £83. This upward movement was maintained. In 1770, at the sale of M. de la Live de Verrue, was sold for £283; "A Chemist in his Laboratory," engraved by Lebas, fetched £145. At the sale of l'Empereur, in 1773, "A Flemish Fête," also from the collection of Madame de Verrue, was knocked down at £417; "A Flemish Tavern," at £335; and "A Marine Subject," engraved by Lebas, at £106.

At the sale of the Marquis de Brunoy, in 1776, "A Flemish Fête," engraved by Lebas, under the title of "The Environs of Antwerp," was sold for £250; two other pictures representing "Flemish Fêtes," likewise engraved by Lebas, under the title of "Flemish Concord, and the Day after the Wedding," reached the price of £458. At the sale of the Prince de Conty, in 1777, "The Seven Works of Mercy," the fine picture now in the Museum of the Louvre, and which had successively adorned the galleries of M. de Gaignat, and the Duke de Choiseul, was knocked down at £438. At the sale of M. Blondel de Gagny, in 1776, the magnificent composition of "The Prodigal Son," which now adorns the Museum of the Louvre, and of which every one knows the admirable engraving executed by Levas, was sold for £1,210. "A Village Fête," with upwards of fifty figures, realised £458; another picture, engraved by Lebas, under the title of "The Fishermen," fetched £200. "The Jealous Wife," engraved by the same, £48. "The View of Flanders," engraved by the same, £100. We must pass over several of the pictures of Teniers disposed of at this sale, of which there were not less than thirty-one.

In 1777, at the sale of M. Randon de Boisset, we find again ten pictures of Teniers, nearly all important ones, brought to the hammer. "A Farm-yard" fetched £402; "A Ham Breakfast" (in front is seen a table laid out, on which is a ham, around which are four figures, of which there are in all twenty-six in the picture) was sold for £835.

At the sale of M. de Choiseul-Praslin, in 1793, the pictures of Teniers, to the number of thirteen, realised tolerably high prices. "A Kermess," engraved by Philip Lebas, was knocked down at £1,220. This composition comprised four hundred figures, forming various groups of various attitudes. "The Small Flemish Tavern," a picture likewise engraved, was sold for £292 at the sale of Vincent Doujeux, in 1791, at which there were not less than nineteen pictures by Teniers; "The Five Senses," which had been knocked down at the sale of the Count Dubarry, in 1744, for £42 10s., went at this sale for £158. In 1802, at the sale of Robit, a picture of the highest merit, known to the curious under the title of "A Ham Breakfast," a capital composition of twenty-six figures, which had formed part of the collections of Randon de Boisset and l'Empereur, and previous to that of the collection of the Prince of Rupembre, was knocked down for £750; that which is called "The Fair of Ghent" realised the sum of £530; the other, "A Flemish Fête," fetched £188; "A Landscape," £230; and finally, "The Interior of a Smoking-room," £180.

At the sale of Lapérière, in April, 1817, at which four pictures by Teniers were put up, "A Village Fête" was sold for £298; and "An Interior of a Smoking-room" (two men playing at cards on a plank placed upon a cask, near them three spectators looking on; further, near a chimney, two peasants, one of whom is asleep) was sold for £271. At the sale of M. Robert de Saint-Victor, which comprised not less than thirty-one pictures by Teniers, "The Rainbow," engraved by Lebas, was sold for £122; "The Farm," engraved by the same, £116.

At the second sale of M. Lapérière, a "Temptation of St. Anthony," on copper, was sold for £365; "The Four Seasons," represented in four pictures, were driven up to £1,250; an "Interior of a Guard-room," on copper, reached

£540. At the sale of the Chevalier Erard, in 1832, there were twelve pictures by Teniers; "The Prodigal Son," on panel, fetched £712; "The Four Seasons," of the sale of M. de Lapérière, were withdrawn at £1,000.

£1,020 to M. Demidoff, who, for fourteen pictures which he purchased at this sale, expended the sum of £9,880. "The Man with the White Shirt" passed into the hands of Mr. Hope for the sum of £750; "The Rural Concert,"



THE JEALOUS WIFE.

At the sale of the Duke de Berry, in 1837, there were five of the choicest pictures of Teniers; "A Ham Breakfast," which, as we have seen at previous sales, had respectively realised the sums of £835 and £750, was knocked down for

engraved by Lebas, fetched £262; "A Kermesse," which at the sale of Robit had been sold for £325, at this sale went for £328.

M. de Las Marismas possessed a fine picture by Teniers,

representing "A Guard-room," which, at the sale of his gallery in 1843, was sold for £638.

We will close this long list with the sale of the extensive collection of Cardinal Fesch, which took place in Rome in 1845, and in which, out of the four pictures by Teniers, only one was worthy of arresting the attention of amateurs; this was a large religious composition, "The Crowning of Thorns," which was knocked down to the Prince of Canino for 4,500 scudi, somewhat more than £1,000.

D. Teniers has signed nearly all his pictures by the following marks, which were likewise those of his father:—

DAVID TENIERS. F.

A 1644

D. TENIERS.

THE PAINTER OF PISA.

PART THE THIRD.

THE night advanced, the old man slumbered profoundly; a second sigh echoed in the dim silence of the church. The coffin stirred—there was a movement within—can it be he who raises himself with a labouring effort as if chained down by a magnetic influence? Yes, he lives—he breathes—he feels! It is Marcello himself—a living corpse issuing from the tomb! For an instant he hesitated—he shuddered: the immensity of the church, and, by a fleeting comparison, the immensity of life weighed heavily upon him. He wished to extricate himself from the bier, but he wanted courage: at this fearful moment of resurrection, when he might, by a slight effort, free himself from the canopy of burial, he experienced so much difficulty in the passage from death to life, that a horrible foretaste of the transition from life to death seemed presented to his imagination.

"O God!" he murmured, "must I live?"

Unbroken silence laid on the monuments and columns—darkness and midnight chained all things in a solemn harmony—his courage returned, he raised himself softly, and extinguished all the lights but one which he retained in his hand.

Then he went towards his picture, his beloved picture, and gazed upon it in that high and holy station which he had dreamed and hoped for. Bewildered, weeping, joyful, yet sad, Marcello cast himself upon his knees, and prayed aloud in a voice broken with emotion.

"Merciful Father! an ardent desire of glory led me to employ deceit—led me to strive for pity when I deserved it not—led me to feign death, and mock Thine awful summons. Pardon, O Lord, pardon! I go to other lands, where, perhaps, I may never hear even the echo of my fame! I go to live a stranger and a pilgrim, to expiate my sin, and end my days in thanksgiving for all Thy mercies!"

Day dawned faintly at the windows—Marcello turned towards the door. The monk slept on. The picture was hidden in darkness—the morning came on apace, and with it would arrive the busy throng, the funeral rites, the priests and senators. He paused no longer, but unlocked the door. The morning air blew freshly on his brow; he wrapped himself closely in his mantle, and fled hastily away.

Still day crept slowly over the skies; the grey dawn came over the picture, and dimly revealed the angels and the evil spirits. The coffin was empty, and the monk slept on.

In a dark and meanly furnished room, in an obscure quarter of Amsterdam, an engraver was bending over his solitary work. A single lamp, by whose light he laboured, cast its rays upon his haggard countenance, his grizzled beard, his thin and trembling fingers, his attenuated form, his neglected dress, and the plate upon which he was employed with minute and laborious industry. It was a cold and wintry night. A thick fog pervaded the damp and narrow streets of the unwholesome

city, and penetrating through door and window, hung a murky canopy around the ceiling of the fireless room, and filled it with damp and darkness. The engraver shuddered, coughed a hollow echoing cough, and then strove to warm his frozen fingers in the breast of his doublet.

"Cold!" he muttered, "cold and dreary, as my heart! Oh, Pisa! oh, my sunny Italy! why did thy sun depart from thee? But the punishment of fraud has fallen upon him. Penury and sorrow cling to him to the last! Famous and unknown, honoured and neglected, revered and withal toiling and despised, he lives an exile in the dark land and chill servitude of the stranger. Lives, and is yet dead to thee and to his glory!"

Marcello rose abruptly and approached the casement. The faint beams of the oil-lamps in the street below struggled feebly through the dense atmosphere; not a star was to be seen in the black sky; not a footfall rung upon the pavement. Sounds of distant mirth came at intervals from the shipping in the neighbouring canal, and the great bell of the cathedral, with slow and solemn tongue, boomed forth its deep summons to the evening prayers. The Italian shuddered again, glanced round his cheerless apartment, drew his hat over his brows, extinguished his lamp, and descended rapidly into the street.

In a few moments he had entered the cathedral, and was crouching on a low seat in a dark corner near the stove. The worship there was not that of his native land, but he was nevertheless a frequent visitor in the Protestant temple. The curious and elaborate carvings in stone and wood, the stained heraldic windows, the bannered walls, the superb screen of Corinthian brass, the majestic monuments, and the wondrous organ with its almost human voices, had a charm and a consolation for the unhappy painter, and inspired him with devotional awe. Soon the church became filled, the sonorous tones of the minister reverberated through the fretted roof; the simple psalmody of the Calvinistic service filled Marcello's soul with a glad hope; he listened no longer to the preacher, preaching in a foreign tongue; he pictured an angel-vision in his soul, and heart sweet angel-voices mingling with the deep music of the hymn.

"I will do it," he murmured to himself, while the large tears rolled down his cheeks, "I will do it. Another vast and holy painting shall crown the glory of my name. With it I will return to thee, O Pisa!—with it I will claim a renewal of those honours which thou didst render to my corpse—with it reveal the truth, and return, a living glory, to thy maternal bosom. Remorse and concealment have embittered my days: fame unenjoyed is fame no longer. I have no pleasure and no pride in laurels showered on my tomb. What is posthumous reputation to daily privation? If, in the stranger's land, I hear the distant rumour of my great triumph, I have no share in the splendour which is mine own, and no joy in its possession. Better that I had remained unknown, than have the weight of sin and sorrow for ever on my heart. I will return, and return with new claims upon the love and gratitude of my native land!"

He returned to his solitary lodging. The false dream once more controlled his being—once more he seized the palette and the brush—once more he devoted nights and days to a work which should surpass all former and all future glory. But the painter himself was not the same: penury and privation had done their utmost on his frame. His arm was weak, his eye dimmed with the minute labours of the graver, his hair was tinged with grey, his figure prematurely bowed and wasted. Even climate was against him: he no longer painted beneath the glorious sky of his native Italy; he was inspired no longer with the sublime enthusiasm of youth; his soul alone remained the same. But ambition is not all-sufficient: the picture, alas! betrays the physical debility of its creator; it wants the energy of genius, and it is impressed only with the fevered exaggeration of his brain.

* The organ of this cathedral has a row of pipes which represent a chorus of human voices. At the period of this tale it was the finest instrument in the world.

But Marcello knew not the change. The picture was completed, and with it he departed for Pisa.

His first care, on entering the city, was to inquire of a passer-by if the memory of Marcello was yet respected in the country. He was told, in reply, that his name was the glory of the province; that, so holy had been his life, that his body had been carried to heaven by angels on the night that it rested in the church; that the Pope had canonised him as a saint, in honour of the miracle; and that pilgrims from all quarters of Italy came daily to kneel before the shrine of the great picture.

"But supposing that he never died—that he lives? He may, perhaps, yet return to those who deplore his loss!"

The man smiled, shrugged his shoulders, and passed on.

The senate were seated in the justice-hall, when a stranger craved a hearing for a few moments on a matter of the highest import. It was granted; and Marcello, way-worn and travel-stained, appeared, trembling, before that powerful tribune which had consecrated his name, and from whom he now came to demand honour for his person. He leaned feebly against a column, and began:—

"My lords,—Once you beheld and honoured an artist named Marcello. He was humble, and you gave him greatness; he was unknown, and you made him famous. But he never tasted the delight of that fame; for, knowing the words of the Evangelist, that 'a prophet is not without honour, save in his own country,' he feigned to die, and, by drinking a soporific, deceived you with the appearance of death. He was borne in triumph with his picture before him, and left in the church by night. . . . With that night the painter departed, no man knew whither. Alas! his heart never departed—he returns living from the sepulchre—he is before you—do you not remember him?—it is I!"

And, casting his mantle on the ground, the painter raised his head and bared his brow.

There was but one cry:—"Down with the impostor! the impious impostor!" The senators, in their holy indignation, rose altogether; the crowd which thronged the court pressed forward, mocking and reviling; the halberdiers advanced to take the blasphemer of the new saint into custody. At length, when the tumult was somewhat hushed, one of the judges demanded of him on what title he grounded his pretensions.

"On a painting," said Marcello eagerly—"on a painting which is worthy of the artist's name, and of a station beside the other, in the chapel of St. Augustine."

This reply awoke a storm of exclamations. The senators descended, and approached the stranger, crying derisively,—
"Where is this *chef-d'œuvre*? Produce it!"

"Willingly, but my canvas is rolled for travelling."

"Unroll it."

"Where, my lords?"

"On this very spot."

Marcello was forced to obey, and, with the aid of some standers-by, fixed his picture against a pillar.

Meanwhile the populace of Pisa, attracted by the quick report of some great implety, came pouring in, and the senate crowded round the column. A smile of contemptuous indignation curled every patriotic lip as they beheld this feeble and unworthy production of the painter's genius, and turned away, repeating the fatal word, "Impostor!" "Impostor!" echoed the crowd—the fickle crowd—so easily swayed to celebrate a victory or revenge a defeat. Angry faces glared upon Marcello from every side, oaths and rude laughter assailed his ears, menacing hands approached his picture and himself. He felt the gathering storm. Calm, pale, and motionless—with fixed brow and folded arms—he waited for its coming with the stony courage of despair.

The mass swayed from side to side. "Down with him!" "Down with the traitor!" "Impostor!" "Blasphemer!" "Down with him!" A hundred hands seized upon the picture—a picture no longer! Its fragments strew the floor, are trodden on by savage feet, and scattered to the winds!

The furious populace, not yet satisfied with the ravage of their hands, would have extended their vengeance to its

author: pitiless faces press round him, mocking eyes glare into his—he will perish, and perish miserably;—when, suddenly, an aged monk steps forth and interposes his sacred person and the uplifted cross between the multitude and their intended victim.

The crowd fell back—the painter was saved!

That night beheld the wanderer and the monk in earnest converse within the convent chapel, where the great work looked down in glory from the altar.

Eusebius had just emerged, with his penitent, from the confessional, and was pointing once more to the grave-stone, whose inscription, worn by the passing footsteps of a few short years, was now wholly illegible.

"My son," said he, "behold the fame of the painter! he labours, he dies, he is forgotten."

"But his work," said Marcello, earnestly—"his work lives after him!"

"Yes," replied the monk; "his soul is immortal, and returns to the God who gave it, and the child of his soul is immortal upon earth. The name of the artist may pass away, but his Thought—his pure and Divine Thought—can never pass away. Such is the true fame for which the soul should aspire. Its work is a seed of lasting beauty, which bursts forth and blooms long after the hands which sowed it have returned to dust. It blooms and bears fruit in the hearts of the pure and the just; it breathes the love of art and imagination into the young; it is reproduced perpetually in the stone of the sculptor, on the canvas of the painter, in the glowing song of the poet. Artist, dream no more of the gross harvest of pride and pleasure upon earth; live only in the eternity of the future. MAN dies, and is forgotten: but THE BEAUTIFUL survives him, and is immortal!"

On the following day the Convent of the Augustines received into its bosom a new brother. He was a silent and a gloomy man—solitary in the midst of society—sad and drooping among his brethren. Day by day, year by year, he languished and consumed with inward grief; and, after a brief interval of pain and weakness, they found him, one morning, lying at the foot of the great altar, cold and lifeless—his glazed and fixed eyes turned, even in death, towards the picture on which they had rested to the last.

THE DONKEY RACE.

WHAT an exciting scene is that which our engraving represents! By voice and gesture the rustic jockeys are urging on their donkeys—donkeys which seem to take as much interest in the sport as the youngsters on their backs. Surely the foremost one will win by something more than "a neck;" his rider snaps his fingers in anticipated triumph, and while the rival waves his bonnet in the air, and pats the neck of his almost exhausted animal, it is clear at a glance that victory is not for him. There is a crowd of people watching the race ready to shout a welcome to the winner, and to bestow on the successful candidate the promised reward.

What a struggle for victory! what painstaking for a triumph! it seems a matter of small importance who wins the race, but there is the same panting for success, the same strenuous exertion in the lads, as we notice in the higher and loftier struggle of life. In the same spirit men engaged of old in the Olympic games; to win applause gladiators fought within the Colosseum of proud Rome; the poet sings, the painter paints, the soldier faces danger and death. A palm of victory in the distance is the object ever kept in view, a goal starred and luminous to be attained. And the same spirit which animates and governs the world astir, is seen here in the donkey race.

Gainsborough, whose biography at some future period we intend presenting to our readers, has pictured a truly English scene, and has done so in his own inimitable style. Nature was his teacher, the woods were his academy, and he was an apt disciple, an ardent lover of art, a keen observer of all that

surrounded him, and an accurate copyist of his models. His models came not from the antique; they were found in villages, and fields, and poor men's homes. His excellence was his own, the result of his own particular observation. Whatever he undertook he executed in a manner peculiar to himself; and whatever might be the object of his study, whether

diately from the objects. He even framed a kind of model of landscapes on his table, composed of broken stones, dried herbs, and pieces of looking-glass, which he magnified and improved into rocks, trees, and water; all exhibiting the solicitude and extreme activity that he had about everything relative to his heart, so that he wished to have everything



DONKEY RACE. FROM A PAINTING BY GAINSBOROUGH.

the form of a woodcutter, a peasant child, or a girl attending pigs, he did not attempt to raise the subject, nor did he lose any of that natural grace which was so eminently characteristic of his designs. If, in his excursions, he found a character that he liked, and whose attendance was to be obtained, he ordered him to his house; and from the fields he also brought into his painting-room stumps of trees, weeds, and animals of various kinds, and drew them, not from memory, but imme-

embodied, as it were, and distinctly before him, neglecting nothing that could contribute to keep his faculties alive.*

He was ardently devoted to his pursuits; this feeling he cherished even to his dying day. Art and artists occupied his thoughts, and the last words he uttered were characteristic of this love:—"We are all going to heaven, and Vandyck is of the party."

* Pilkington.



GENERAL POST OFFICE, LONDON, AT SIX O'CLOCK, P.M.

THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE.

A REMINISCENCE OF TWO VISITS.

Two days in the month of March, in this year of grace, 1858, have been red-letter days with us. On the evening of the 9th being the fortunate possessors of an order addressed to the "Inspector on Duty," we paid our first visit to the Post-office, and on the morning of the 15th, at about ten minutes past five, while the lamps were yet alight in the streets, and the raw gusty breath of winter was abroad in the town, we found ourselves—in both cases the writer and a literary friend—at the door of the Inland-office, opposite Goldsmith's-hall, armed with written authority to inspect the various processes going on inside.*

Now it must be understood that a personal inspection of the interior of a government office is no small matter—a favour not to be had for the mere asking, even by the "gentlemen of the press;" and that admission to the Post-office is accorded very sparingly even to the "upper ten thousand,"—five persons in one evening being the greatest number admitted. Our appreciation, therefore, of the favour will be readily understood. Everybody in London knows the appearance of the General Post-office in St. Martin's-le-Grand—a large building, divided into two halves by a wide public way, on either side of which are great slits and windows for the receipt of letters and newspapers, and at the south-east corner an office in connexion with the electric telegraph. The southern half of the building is devoted to the business of the London District Letters, and the northern to the "Inland Office," whence, in spite of its name, all foreign and colonial letters are received and despatched. Well, on the evening of Wednesday, the said 9th of March, we formed part of that "general public" inside the portico, whom Serjeant Activo and Police-constable Z 80 were vainly endeavouring to keep "moving on" through the building. But we didn't "move on," for we, together with some hundred other inquisitive people, had come expressly to witness the scene that is nightly enacted at about ten minutes before the Post-office clock strikes six.

A strange sight. As the hour of six draws near, men and boys, with great bags of newspapers upon their shoulders, come quickly in, and, passing onward to the wide open windows, deposit their bags upon the sill, whence they are taken by the men inside, and their contents are speedily shaken into a basket and carried into the interior of the office. Then for a minute or two there is a lull. A boy with a newspaper passes lazily to the window; then, perhaps, a well-dressed person or two go forward to the window for general post letters; then a man with a large bag of newspapers on his shoulders, and another boy and another man, and so on. Five minutes to six, and the excitement really becomes intense: cab and light chaise-carts come driving wildly up, out of which hot, bustling men and boys drag huge bundles and bags of newspapers, which they bear rapidly onwards to the windows and thrust bodily in. In a minute or two the crush of newsmen and boys becomes excessive, and the crowd about the windows get as excited as its better-dressed counterpart used to do at the pit doors of the Opera-house on a Jenny Lind night, only in rather a different way. Adventurous individuals, braving the crush and scorning the trouble, shoulder their way towards the windows, and deposit their loads of newspapers. The stream of coming and departing newsmen gets thicker and thicker, and the *mêlée* becomes more and more noisy and outrageous. Young men, and old men, and boys with bright laughing faces, fling single papers boldly through the window, as though they were aiming at the officials inside the windows, who, you may be certain, have their hands full. Bags of newspapers are received, and the bags turned out and thrown back empty to their possessors, with a celerity quite astonishing; and the stream of newspapers continues without pause or lull. A moment more, and the long hand of the clock is on the first figure of the twelve; another, and the first stroke of the hammer falls upon

the bell. As the sound booms through the building, the excitement reaches its height. Rush, push, drive, hurry on—there's yet a second's space. In go the full bags, and out come the empty ones: a shower of single papers obstructs the sight for a moment, and the post-office officials are up to their knees in news—*Times*, *Chronicles*, *Daily News*, *Advertisers*, *Posts*, and *Heralds*, with specimens of all the weeklies—literally overwhelmed in a deluge of news. Out booms the clock—one, two, three, four, five, six! and down go the remorseless windows with a crash, and shut out half a score of bags and parcels just arrived.

In another five minutes, the bearers of the news, having wiped the perspiration off their faces, have departed; the public quickly disperse; Serjeant Activo and Policeman Z 80 shake themselves into their ordinary self-possessed, authoritative manner, and the place assumes its usual quiet, do-little-or-nothing aspect.

We now proceed about our proper business—the writer and literary friend aforesaid—our visit to the Inland Department of the General Post-office. So we inquire of one of the gentlemen with the gold-banded hats, where we shall present our credentials, and we are forthwith conducted to the back of the building, and introduced into an apartment—part office, part warehouse—with a little glass box in one corner. We address its occupant, and deliver to him our letter of introduction from Rowland Hill. Being politely received by the gentleman in the glass box, we take a seat while he goes into the office to deliver our credentials to the inspector on duty—who must by no means be confounded with an inspector of police, however. While we wait in the outer office, our conversation turns naturally on the scene we had just left, and on postal communication generally, when the literary friend observes that the idea of the penny post was not altogether original, there having been a private speculation for the delivery of penny letters in London established nearly two hundred years ago, in fact in 1680, by one Robert Murray, an exciseman, and William Dockwra, a custom-house searcher.

The relation of this fact leads, naturally too, to other conversation on the subject, which though not carried on in the little glass box in the outer office, may be repeated in substance in this place, as relevant to the matter in hand.

It appears, then, that previous to the year 1685 there was no regular Post-office in Great Britain, the carrying of letters before that period having been the speculation of private persons. About 1663, however, the government of Charles I. discovered a new source of revenue in the carriage of letters to and from London and the provinces; and one Thomas Withering, the first postmaster-general, had a receiving-house in Sherborne-lane—a narrow turning leading from Lombard-street to the river, and now the continuation of Abchurch-lane—where he initiated the system by which letters are now conveyed from London to all parts of the world. Of course, the mail of that day was rather a "slow coach;" but the merchants were not quite such "fast men" as they are now, and thus the government arrangements were thought quite improvements on what had gone before. In an account of London, written by Delaune five years later, the fact that a letter might be written to, and an answer obtained from, a place three hundred miles distant, in the short space of five days was considered amazing! For many years a single receiving-house was sufficient for all London—court, city, and suburbs; and only one really good channel of intelligence existed in all England—that from Dover and the adjacent towns to London, whence letters were received daily, to be despatched once a week to the other parts of the three kingdoms!

To trace the gradual rise of the great establishment called the Post-office would be a work of no small trouble, for no regular history of the system has as yet been attempted. It

was soon found, however, that one office or receiving-house was quite inadequate to the wants of London, a city growing daily in commercial and political importance; and, in 1680, a penny post was set on foot by the individual above named. The speculation succeeded immediately; "it being," says Roger North, "put in complete order, and used to the satisfaction of the public for a considerable time." The projectors, however, quarrelled—as all projectors and speculators seem to have a great aptness for doing—each setting up a post of his own; till the Duke of York, afterwards James II., to whom the revenues of the regular Post-office had been assigned, seized on the private speculation, and carried it on for his own benefit and advantage. Dockwra would not submit himself to the court, we are told, "but insisted on his right to the last; otherwise, it was thought he might have secured to himself a good office by being commissioner for life to manage that revenue." He was, however, appointed comptroller, but was dismissed from the office for alleged mismanagement, in 1698. Receiving-houses multiplied rapidly; and the London Penny Post continued in operation till 1801, when it was advanced to twopence,—the carriage of letters beyond London being extremely dear,—till January 10th, 1810, when the uniform penny rate of Mr. Rowland Hill was finally adopted, with what success we shall presently see. Dockwra was the first to stamp letters with the hour at which they left the office. The idea so widely disseminated was originated in the house of Dockwra, in Lime-street, Fenchurch-street, in which house he died, September 25th, 1716, being nearly a hundred years of age.

In the reign of King William III., the Post-office first began to be made a really national concern, and regular receiving-houses were appointed in London and the principal provincial towns; though as recently as 1836 there was only one office for letters in Piccadilly, and only two in the large district of Stepney. In 1784, Mr. Palmer originated the system of mail coaches, by which a great impetus was given to postal communication; and at the present time the Post-office system is universal all over the three kingdoms—no village, however insignificant, being without its receiving-house.

The present building, which stands on the site of the collegiate church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, was built between the years 1825 and 1829, from the designs of Sir Robert Smirke. When completed it was thought spacious enough for the public service for at least a century; but the business of the Post-office has already outgrown its splendid home; the money-order department has been for some time past conducted in a separate building on the opposite side of the street, and plans are under consideration for enlarging the present chief-office. The entire business of postal communication for London and the provinces is conducted by a Post-master-general, two secretaries, an assistant secretary, a receiver-general, and a whole army of clerks, sorters, letter-carriers, &c.

It must not be supposed that we had time to make this long digression in the little glass office; for we had not sat there above two minutes before its occupant returned, and ushered us into the presence of the gentleman denominated the inspector on duty for the night. We take off our hats "in honour of the Queen," and in another instant find ourselves in a well-lighted apartment about as large as the great room at Exeter Hall, and in the midst of a scene of operations, the meaning of which we have yet to learn.

We can compare the scene before us to nothing better than a great bee-hive, in which we two are the only drones.

From end to end of this great room are ranged rows of tables, divided in the centre by an upright board; and at these are standing, side by side like soldiers on duty, scores upon scores of individuals engaged in the several occupations of stamping, sorting, counting, and dividing the letters just arrived. We are rather late, or we should have witnessed the arrival of some thousand sheepskin bags, the products of the several metropolitan and district collections. As it is, we are conducted by our polite friend, the inspector on duty, to

the top of the room, where on a great round table are piled apparently countless heaps of letters. Letters of all sizes, and shapes, and appearances, directed to all parts of the world, far and near—Kensington and Kamtschatka, Newington and Nepal, the pestiferous courts and alleys of St. Giles's no less than to the splendid saloons of Paris and Berlin. These heaps of letters have all been received at the windows in the great hall within the last two hours. Standing round the table are some dozen officers, some in red coats and some in their own unofficial garments, engaged in the important business of facing; that is, bringing all the letters with their directions upwards into a condition fit for the next process. It is easy to distinguish the character of the various epistles from their outside appearances. There are the large, blue-paper, oblong, plainly-directed, and thickly-wafered letters from the government offices, bearing on their faces, some of them, the printed words, *On Her Majesty's Service*; the square, massive-looking missives from lawyers to clients and country attorneys; the ordinary enveloped letters of business from merchants and traders; the delicate cream-laid and wire-woven correspondence of the well-to-do; and the rough, cheap letters of the poor and ignorant, with here and there a specimen sealed with a thumb and covered with grease. Oh, what a heap of original writing from unknown authors! what secrets of business, and pleasure, and friendship, and love! what kind promises and cruel threatenings! what hopes, and fears, and heart-burnings, and nobilities, and littlenesses, are concealed within these fragile covers!

It must not be supposed that while we have been philosophising business has been standing still. Not a bit of it, as a rather fast young friend of ours would observe: on the contrary, it has been going on all the more quickly. At each of the little pigeon-hole departments of the butter-shop-looking counters, busy hands are plying the especial trade of the hour. Next the facing-table is a man stamping the letters with a block which shows the place and the hour at which they were received. Beside him is another, whose business is to separate the stamped from the unpaid letters—a very small proportion of which latter pass through the London post since the last regulation, which renders it compulsory that letters shall either be stamped or unpaid altogether. Then at an opposite table is an assistant going through the process of obliterating the queen's heads on the letters. The rapidity with which



this obliteration is performed—dab, dab, dab, thump, thump, thump, taking ink from a pad beside him—is quite astonishing. And as he obliterates he counts. Separating the letters, with a push of his stamp, into fifties, he makes a mark on a sheet of paper beside him, and the heads of the office are thus enabled to get at the number of stamped letters which pass through the Post-office by simply counting these marks. Thus on the evening we were present the number of letters which passed through the chief office on the inland side—the other side of the building being devoted exclusively to the London district, which comprises a circle of twelve miles round St. Paul's—were

Stamped letters	174,440
Paid do.	4,024
Unpaid do.	5,239
Letters from public offices	8,534

Making a total of 192,237;

while the number of newspapers was—a very small number compared with the Friday nights, for instance, when the weekly newspapers are published for the country—52,000.

On the night preceding our second visit, March 14, there were 266,945 letters and 105,000 newspapers sent by post. On the Friday nights there are generally about 100,000 extra newspapers. Of course, many London letters pass through the inland office by mistake; but the latter department includes all letters sent into the country, the colonies, and to foreign parts. In the process of stamping and obliterating, the quick eye of the official detects in an instant any letters which are insufficiently stamped. These are taken to another officer, who weighs them, and marks on them the deficiency of postage to be paid by the receiver—in all cases double the rate for stamped epistles.

In the little diagram in the previous page, we have first the queen's-head postage label obliterated, next the stamp on the face of the letter which shows the day and hour of its departure from the office, and then a specimen of the obliterating stamps. Each office and town whence letters are forwarded to their destinations without coming to London—as Edinburgh, Dublin, Liverpool, &c.,—is furnished with an obliterator of its own; and by that and other means it can always be discovered where and when a letter was posted, received, and finally sent from the office.

The next process is the sorting. Each department of each officer's table is divided into a number of pigeon-holes, with a special place for the main lines of roads, and a further division for the blind letters, of which more hereafter. After being roughly sorted according to the lines of the several railways, the letters are again divided into towns and districts, and again subdivided into bye-roads and villages. It may be noticed here that the business of the officials who accompany the railroad post-office is to receive the letters from the several stations they pass through, and either to sort them into the towns on their onward way, or to drop them into a bag for London, whence they are despatched in the ordinary course. An ingenious apparatus is brought into action during the process. The bags are exchanged by means of a joint lever projecting from the side of the post-office carriage, on which the bag to be left at the station is suspended, and which, on arriving at its destination, is caught in a net; while that to be sent forward by the train is caught in a similar net attached to the train.

Under the conduct of a polite official, we are next introduced to the superintendent of the foreign office. Here a superior set of officers are employed—young men of education and respectability; though every person employed, from the red-coated postman to the heads of the department, are necessarily acquainted with the entire routine pursued. Here we were inducted into the mysteries of French and German, Spanish and Austrian, Asiatic and colonial, correspondence, with their different modes of payment and repayment for the inland postage through the several countries. And here, for the first time, we examined the portrait of Louis Napoleon, Emperor of the French, on a postage label. Instead of being made the "ugly fellow" he was pronounced to be by the Parisian workman, his face looks rather handsome than otherwise, and essentially French. Most of the continental states have adopted the use of the postage label; and even Spain, the last country to succumb to an innovation, has a queen's head for her letters; though, by the way, only about one per cent. of the postage is so prepaid. In the foreign office all the letters are weighed, a ledger account being kept with each country in the currency common to each. This is a most troublesome and tedious duty, and it struck us that if a universal system of decimal coinage were adopted,—or even if all foreign letters were prepaid in the country in which they are posted, and the accounts were simply kept weight for weight,—the business of the Post-office would be greatly simplified. The recent determination of the government to reduce the postage between England and her numerous colonies to sixpence strikes us as one of the greatest reforms of modern times. We have all of us some relation or friend in India, America, or Australia, with whom we like to correspond occasionally, and certainly the fact that we shall soon be enabled to send a letter 16,000 miles or so, for only an

answer in a few months, for "the small sum of one shilling," is a highly important one. Though the committee and members of the International Postage Association seem to think that anything less than ocean penny postage will not meet the requirements of the age, and inquire, reasonably enough, why a pound of letters should cost more in carriage than a pound of gold or a pound of silk, including the insurance on each article,—we see no cause to complain of the concession promised, feeling certain that the sixpenny rate must eventually be reduced to a penny one.

While in this office we were favoured with a sight of an actual letter sent by our gracious Queen to her mother, the Duchesse of K... It was in a large envelope of cream-laid paper, addressed in a good, bold, lady's hand, and stamped with a queen's head like any ordinary missive. The Royal Family, the cabinet ministers, and some other great persons, have their letters forwarded daily in special letter-bags.

But it is time that we should look to the newspaper department. We saw how the newspapers arrived in shoals at the end of the outer hall, where, at the same time, clerks busy receiving foreign letters through half windows visible sides, like scenes in a pantomime, and where public are dropping letters through slits in wooden partitions, fast though they could get near enough,—those same clerks have been busy meanwhile—whole packets of the news of the day—up a practicable lift, worked by machinery to the roof above, there to be sorted into district roads, &c., just as the letters have been in the room below. We step up the moving platform and ascend too. A momentary glimpse of the busy scene as it appears below is curious. Every inch of space at the table is occupied by a constant, rough busy, crowd; and as we pass upward by the ascending and descending platform, we cannot help thinking that when folks complain of the remissness of Post-office officials they do so without much thought of the care and trouble taken for the public benefit.

We step off this novel staircase, which is simply an endless chain fitted with a series of wooden platforms, and a new sight presents itself. Like a caputient below, the newspaper room is partitioned off into departments, with the names of certain great divisions, such as Edinburgh, Dublin, Manchester, Liverpool, &c., painted on the walls, and, like it, has several narrow sorting tables running from end to end. From an apparently inextricable confusion,—masses of news upon counters and upon the floor, news in all shapes and sizes, news contained in the *Daily Telegraph* and in the little circular of the Society of Arts, news for all appetites and all ages, fresh and stale, good, bad, and indifferent,—order is eventually to arise. Nearly 100 tons of newspapers—100 tons of politics, religious controversy, crimes, railway accidents, police reports, shipwrecks, murders, births, marriages, and deaths,—to say nothing of the advertisements; in fact all the news of the time in almost every shape in which the English language can shape it,—pass up and down the lift every week—to be thence transmitted to the remotest corners of the civilised globe.

Description fails—as penny-a-liners say when reporting a fire—when we attempt to deal with all the curiosities of this most busy of public offices *en masse*. In its details, however, the arrangements are simple enough, and as admirable as simple. For instance, we often hear complaints of newspapers not reaching their destination, and sometimes an irascible "Pater Familias" writes to the *Times* to say that the Post-office keeps back his copy of that famous journal for its own private reading. If, however, he were to witness the extreme care which is taken by the officials to forward each paper to its proper owner, he would not be disposed to complain quite so readily. The wrappers of newspapers will get off sometimes in spite of the most careful fastening, and newsvendors have been known, sometimes, to sell the papers instead of posting them. In the latter case there is, of course, no remedy, as far as the Post-office is concerned; in the former, however, everything is done that care, intelligence, and a desire to act fairly and honestly can effect. If a newspaper comes out of its cover, a rightly occurring, by the way—the cover is

brought to a gentleman, whose duty it is to enter the fact in a book and send a paper to the person indicated, and with the newspaper an intimation to this effect:—

Several Newspapers having escaped from their Covers in the Newspaper Office this Evening from the imperfect manner in which they were inclosed in them, they have been replaced as correctly as possible; but as the accompanying Paper may not be the one originally intended for you, I beg to explain, that the inconvenience you may be subjected to, has not been occasioned by this Department.

W. L. MABERLY, Secretary.

General Post-Office.

It is estimated that upwards of 80,000,000 stamps are issued yearly to the newspapers, and that at least 70,000,000 pass through the post. It must be recollected, however, that while many of the morning newspapers are made up into parcels and sent into the country by the early trains,—the post not being quick enough for them,—thousands of others pass and repass through the office many times; a fact which will account for the small excess of newspapers printed over those sent by post.

There is a peculiarity about this room which is quite a triumph of architectural skill. When the lofty apartment below was built, the addition of a story over was not anticipated. Business increased rapidly, and consequently more room was wanted; so it was determined to erect an apartment

Or of such an one as that depicted in the next page (fig. 2), which is addressed to "John Thorsell, near the Gashouse, in the County of Cheshire," or the *fac-simile* beneath it (fig. 3). To say nothing of such a very plain direction as

Mr. Taft

Nutfort Caecer

by which the writer meant—Knutsford, Cheshire. The two next specimens are evidently by one hand, and that a German's:—

M Konrad Laubach

Masici

Brade Band in

Dambretschwelsch

A little improvement is observable in the next letter addressed to Mr. Laubach, Master of the Parade Band, though the way of spelling Tunbridge Wells is certainly peculiar:—

Au Conrad Laubach

Royal Parade Band

Dampridgewelt

Kent

Miss or Mrs. Eliza Clark, staying at the Saxon Hotel,

Medial
Institution
Saxton Hotel
Tunbridge Wells
by Washell Dent

FIG. 1.

over the inland letter office. But how to accomplish the work without interfering with the over-busy folk below; how carry on the affairs of the office while the roof was off and the place was filled with bricklayers, and scaffold poles and carpenters, and dust and noise and dire confusion? It was a knotty problem, and many anxious hours were spent by the architect, surveyor, and builders ere it was solved. But it was solved at last, and satisfactorily too; for, finding they could not build another room over the roof of the lower one without injury to the public service, they resolved at last to suspend it. And so, by means of iron girders raised from the earth, and embracing the outer walls, the upper room is actually hung over the lower one.

As the time for making up the bags for the country draws near, we descend the practicable lift,—like the vampires in a pastime—and again make our appearance in the rooms below. We are reminded that we have not yet visited the blind clerk, so we forthwith make his acquaintance. The business of this gentleman is to decipher those badly directed letters which carelessness and ignorance send through the Post-office. We find the blind clerk a gentleman with all his senses perfect, as will be evident when we see that he can decipher such an address as that of the Duke of Wellington's, which is a *fac-simile* of a direction in the undoubted autograph of the Iron warrior (fig. 1).

St. Leonard-on-Sea, is thus addressed, in a by-no-means bad hand:—

elixa clark

saxton hotel

saint lnord

hon so

The next is curious, being a compound of English, Dutch, and some unknown language; but no tongue or style of writing, or outlandish place, is of any consequence to our friend the blind clerk, who, while we are looking over two or three curious addresses, is busily engaged in adding such matter to the letters before him as will render them intelligible to the less practised eye of the postman. For this purpose he has before him a small library of "Directories," "Guides," and such like books:—

Willem Lakern a malroos

oan boord op het Cook ship

de Schelde Ka P. Pendase

near Z. Wax sie in de

brilsons Kansal

Who but the blind clerk would be able to discover that this letter was addressed to William Lakern, mate on board the good ship "Scheld," Capt. Pendase, near Bremen, in the

The two following will complete the list; we selected them from about a couple of dozen, the whole of which the gentleman of the blind letters had traced from actual letters, which had come before him at different times—

to lackey Igo of Sambige
Post office England
Shishere (Cheshire)
to be forwarded to
Francis Keaney

in Town;” or when a young lady in America addresses “Thomas Smith in the town of England,” it can hardly be expected that the letter will reach the person intended.

While we have been amusing ourselves in the Blind Room, the business in the various large rooms beyond has gradually been drawing to a close, and is now going on at a rate perfectly furious. The letter-bags are presently made up, sealed and sent off; and in another half-hour, the place recently overwhelmed with letters and newspapers, is quite clear; the

*Ask Butler in the
Coles for John
Thorsell the
Year the gassouse
in the Country of
Cester - hour*

FIG. 2.

The lower one we leave our readers to translate for themselves; it is a complete exercise for ingenuity:—

Shu fauhe Taphe
Warkit ill
Wise Coruse

Wile of Witk

Sometimes letters come without any address at all, and sometimes without fastenings. The adhesive wafers and envelopes of the stationers have been found a constant source of trouble. Occasionally, nay, almost every day,

thumping, and stamping, and sorting, is all over, and by half-past eight the offices are deserted, and the clerks gone home—except such as stay for the night post, who are presently reading books and newspapers, or indulging in a kind of leisure quite at variance with their former occupation. So we wish our polite conductor good night, and go home too, highly pleased with all we have seen and heard.

We may, however, observe in this place that the processes peculiar to the London district post, carried on in the southern half of the building, differ in no material respect from those

*To Be delivered to Mr
O'Brien in Ban-clon
County Cork Ireland
for Denis Maherry
also add to Be
for warded to
Jerry Murphy*

FIG. 3.

letters containing money are sent to the post so badly directed, that they cannot be forwarded, and in the Dead-Letter office thousands of pounds are annually discovered, most of which are eventually, though with infinite trouble, returned to their writers. More than £40,000 in Bills of Exchange were lying in the Dead-Letter office in 1847; many of the bills being apparently the result of advertisements addressed “To Gentlemen in the Country.” Ignorance, idleness, and simplicity find plenty of work for the eyes and hands of the blind clerk. Of course, when a son in the country writes—“To his Father

we have attempted to describe. The same order, regularity, and business-like arrangements are common to both. Each department is committed to the care of experienced gentlemen, acting under the immediate direction of the two able secretaries, Colonel Maberly and Roland Hill, to the latter of whom we owe most of the modern improvements in postal communication.

But we have not seen or heard quite enough; so on the next Tuesday morning we rise from a restless, dreamy sort of sleep, in which we have been going up and down in the move-

able room, and have been sorting all sorts of letters to all sorts of places, and find ourselves in the star-lit streets by four in the morning. An hour's walk through the deserted town—our footsteps on the flagstones awakening the echoes far and wide, and the advent of a market-cart or the appearance of a policeman being quite an event—brings us again to the Inland Office. By the dim light of the grey morning, we see great bags brought into the front office from the mail-omnibuses outside. The correspondence of the United Kingdom and America—for the mail from the United States had arrived at Southampton only yesterday—is being carried on men's backs, and thrown bodily down upon the floor, and checked off by a clerk in waiting, and taken into inner offices, there to be opened and sorted and sent off everywhere—a process which is going on day after day, and week after week, and month after month, and year after year, continually—the number of letters and newspapers increasing beyond all hope or calculation.

We step inside, and are again politely received by the inspector on duty—not the same gentleman as before—and stand beside the “opener,” and watch him as he receives bag after bag, and cuts the seals and fastenings with a sharp knife, and empties each one of its contents, turning it completely inside out—for a fine is enforced for every letter left in the bag; and we perceive that his first duty is to seek for the postmaster's letter of advice, which accompanies the registered and money letters; and we see how—this process going on in various parts of the crowded room—the letters and newspapers are again stamped, weighed, sorted, and finally taken by the letter-carriers to a gallery up stairs to be sub-sorted into walks, to suit their own convenience. We perceive that the parcels containing post-office orders are laid aside by themselves, and that the registered letters are taken at once to a glass-enclosed office at the other side of the room. We follow the latter. Here in various large parcels are sums of money from country bankers, amounting in the whole to an almost fabulous total. What a temptation to hardy-worked and poorly-paid postmen must it be to have constantly passing through their hands letters containing bank-notes and valuables, we observed. “Yes,” said our conductor, “we have certainly frequent examples of men yielding to such temptations; and they are almost always found out.” We had noticed a sort of architectural ornament high up against the wall, something like the front window of an Elizabethan mansion, and we now learnt for the first time an invisible pair of eyes were constantly looking down upon the busy scene below, ready to detect the slightest indication of dishonesty; and that various other points of observation were distributed about the building, quite unknown to the main body of the men. It is a painful thing to think that there should be such frequent lapses; but when we come to consider how many thousands of persons are employed in the various post-offices in the United Kingdom, our wonder is, not that there should be so many instances of want of principle, but that there should be so few.

On again entering the Foreign Department, we were inducted into the mysteries of the American Mail Service. We then saw, for the first time, how the parcels of letters and newspapers arrived in this country. From almost every State in the Union, but most from New York and Boston, come fortnightly parcels of letters. They are neatly and strongly made up in yellowish-brown paper, and are each accompanied by a sort of invoice, showing the proportions of postage chargeable to each country. The India-rubber mail—so called from its arrival in various large bags made of India-rubber cloth—had arrived the night before at Southampton. In the *Times* of the previous day—thanks to the persevering activity of its agents—the public were made acquainted with the principal news from America, and in about three or four hours hence, the multitude of letters comprising the mail would be in the hands of their several owners. The mail had come in an American vessel, and most of the letters were pre-paid—Brother Jonathan giving by far the best half of the postage, of including the ocean carriage. Here again, we were struck with the necessity of a further reform; for if the punts were kept simply weight for weight, instead of money

for money, much very troublesome book-keeping would be saved on both sides the Atlantic. But,—“There's a good time coming, Boys!”

After spending some three hours in the building, during which the morning mails had been made up and sent away, and in which we had witnessed some of the curious facts that are constantly coming before the officials, and in which we had seen specimens of the curious things which people send in letters—garments of various descriptions, gloves, boots, samples of tea, sugar, and various seeds, being the most common,—we again took our leave, and went home to breakfast. But not before we had had put into our hand a certain parliamentary return, from which we became acquainted with many interesting statistical facts relating to postal communication.

From this we learn, that in the last year previous to the reduction of the rate of postage the total number of letters delivered was 75,907,572, besides 6,563,024 franks; the next year, 1840, the penny rate came into operation, and the number increased immediately to 168,768,844. By the new regulation, all franks and free letters were abolished, except for those letters especially sent from the government offices. The use of franks had become an abuse of so alarming and increasing a nature, that Mr Rowland Hill's suggestion for their abolition was at once acceded to. But while the number of letters had increased more than 130 per cent., the net revenue had fallen in the first complete year from more than a million and a half to less than half a million. But both the number of letters and the gross revenue have gone on increasing—the former to 379,500,000 in 1852, and the latter to £2,422,168 4s. 1½d. for the same year—nearly £100,000 more than the gross revenue of 1839. But, while the money received has increased thus satisfactorily, the cost management has increased in like proportion. In 1839 was £356,768 3s. 6½d.; in 1852 it amounted to £1,394,163 12s. 8½d. In each case there is included, under the head of “cost management,” £10,307 10s. for pensions and gratuities, which sum forms no part of the disbursements on account of the service of the Post-office. The increased accommodation to the public, consequent on the extension of the railway system, has of course been attended with such expense the total payments to railways of late years having averaged nearly £300,000.

From another return ordered by the House of Commons, of the salaries, wages and allowances of the Post-office department for the eleven years, some interesting facts may be derived. Here are a few:—In 1835, the number of persons employed in the Metropolitan branch of the General Post-office was 1750, at salaries amounting in the whole to £113,052 13s. 4d.; in 1851 the number of *employees* had increased to 3,248, and the expenses to £283,360 15s. 5d. During the entire period the Post-Master-General has received a salary of £2,500 per annum.

Meanwhile, the Money-order office, which is year by year increasing in public importance and estimation, has risen from small beginnings, being originally only a private speculation of a few clerks in the office, to be at the present day quite an institution of the country. From January, 1839, to the same date in 1840, there were granted 188,616 money-orders, amounting to £311,727 9s. 1d.; from the 1st of January, 1851, to Dec. 31, of the same year, 4,657,443 orders were issued, representing £8,876,243 8s. 11d., the expenses of management being £69,992. This large sum of money is sent in orders which average less than two pounds each.

In fact, so great is the order, and so exact the arrangement of this immense establishment, that its extension seems a natural consequence; and the only wonder is, that with a system so perfect as that of the Money-order office, and a plan so secure as that of the registration of letters—every person through whose hands the registered letter passes giving a receipt for its delivery—there should be found folks so obstinate, or so ignorant, as to entrust coin to the tender mercies of strangers in no better guise than a paper envelope!

With this reflection, which is an important one, considering the temptations which money letters put in the way of the letter-sorters and carriers, we close our paper.

THE KING OF OUDE'S DINNER PARTY.

We had the satisfaction of waiting from half-past seven, the time appointed, to half-past eight, before the king sent to say he was ready—perhaps in revenge for our keeping him waiting in the morning. What we expected to have been a great bore, however, turned out one of the gayest and most amusing festivals I ever was at. We went as in the morning; and the procession with lighted torches, glittering arms, and prancing horses, through the illuminated streets; the arrival at the Durbar in a court crowded with people, and literally blazing with light from thousands of lamps; the dinner itself, with its accessories of jewelled orientals, evening-dressed ladies, officers in uniform, music and glitter; the fire-works, and illuminated courtyard with playing fountains, altogether made a scene such as I never saw before, and probably never shall see again. It was more like the last scene in the "Island of Jewels" than anything else that I can think of. The *fête* was in honour of the marriage of the king's youngest son, a boy of four or five years of age, to a daughter or niece of the prime minister; and the little imp of a bridegroom was brought out splendidly dressed, to be exhibited to the company. The dinner was given in the Durbar-room of the old palace, the red-hot verandah-like place we visited on the first day, and, thanks to the open sides of the building, and the coolness of the night air, the temperature was very agreeable. The king, his brother, and sons, received us near the head of the stairs, and we at once proceeded to the business of the evening. We were not seated, however, without some struggle for places, and I found myself between Grosvenor and, perhaps, the most intelligent-looking native present, who proved to be the king's brother-in-law. Another interesting neighbour was a roast guinea-fowl; off which I made my dinner. The table was laid as nearly European fashion as their acquaintance with our manners and customs would allow, and there was no lack of wine, if one only knew how to ask for it. The king was about the most gorgeous, and yet nearly the most absurd individual I ever saw. All the effect of his magnificent robes and jewels was injured, not to say spoilt, by the ridiculous addition of a 42nd Highlander's bonnet and plumes, which he wore with an air as if he really thought he had "done it now." Besides the usual black feathers, he had added a bird of paradise plume to one side of it, the whole effect being supremely ridiculous. In other respects, with his yellow and gold dress, and blue velvet mantle powdered with gold fleurs-de-lis, his splendid jewelled chains, and his gold embroidered slippers, he was the most gorgeously "got up" individual I ever saw. The chains he wore, three or four in number, were something like the collars of different orders of knighthood, but one mass of pearls or other precious stones. Besides these, he had a string of jewels of immense size hanging about his elbows, an attendant walking close behind him on each side to hold them, for fear they should break off. In fact, as he stood, I should think he would have been cheap at £100,000.

* * At his Majesty's particular request, the Resident gave the Queen's health, followed also, at his request, by three cheers, uncommonly well given by, of course, the English part of the company; the bands playing "God save the Queen" (only they began not exactly at the same time). I think the staid orientals were rather astonished at the row we made, and the king was pleased at having nearly the same noise made when we drank his health afterwards. That done, we all adjourned to a balcony overlooking the entrance-court beyond the throne-room. * * Arm-chairs had been placed for us, and the king was no sooner seated than the fireworks, which had been placed in the court, were let off. Fire-balloons by dozens, rockets by hundreds, elephants with fiery tails on a kind of merry-go-round, fish whirling, serpents hissing, fiery fountains playing, and men with their stomachs full of squibs—it was like the last scene in a grand Burlesque. * * A grand bouquet of rockets finished the exhibition and the entertainment, and we all retired, receiving the usual tinsel salutes, but avoiding the scent ceremony.—*Captain Barton's Tour in India.*

THE VILLAGE DOCTOR.

A WONDERFULLY wise man is the village doctor! One of the most important men in the village, exciting in all a due admiration for his book-learning and medical skill. He has a cure for all the ills that flesh is heir to, he understands all the symptoms of a patient by a glance, he appears to comprehend intuitively where the pain is chiefly felt, and seems to be no less intimately acquainted with the very remedy that will make the sick man sound. There is healing in his very presence. A shake of the head is enough to produce despair, a nod awakens hope and comfort; there never was so wise a man as the country doctor. This is at least the opinion of the villagers. It may be, the faculty would by no means be impressed with his sagacity, for, if some people speak true, he has passed no examination, studied in no regular and orthodox fashion, but acted as his own instructor, and dubbed himself a doctor. But what of that? good sense and skillful practice may sometimes exist apart from regular practitioners, and the country people have more faith in old Dr. Goodman than in all the College of Physicians, and more respect for his simple remedies than for the whole *matéria medica*.

There he sits with a calm, sagacious, honest countenance, his grey hair rather long and wavy, telling, as it were, of his free handsome youth,—spectacles on nose. He wears no suit of sable, but is very much at his ease in shirt sleeves, open waistcoat, drab shorts, and grey worsted stockings; in one hand a snuff-box, from which he has just removed a pinch; and withal has so pleasant a look that one feels inclined to trust him.

The room in which he sits is his laboratory. It serves, indeed, for other purposes, for "parlour, and kitchen, and hall," but bears the dignified title of study. A very room of wizardry it is to simple country folk—a mysterious apartment, the stronghold of all wisdom, a sanctum sanctorum that one must enter cautiously. From a cord suspended across the ceiling hang simples of various kinds—herbs gathered from all quarters; on a shelf are ranged bottles and jars of healing mixtures, ready to do battle with disease. On the floor stands a pestle and mortar; and on the window-seat are a pair of scales and an open book, and above them, more ominous than all the rest, more to be revered than herbs and potions, a human skull. Doubtless, the doctor is a learned man—it gives a scientific air to the place, which makes our faith in him the stronger.

But a human skull is a terrible object, something that produces an indescribable dread, especially to the peasant girl in the background of the picture, who, with her hand to her chin and a strange solemnity on her face, eyes the eyeless remnant of humanity with a glance of timidity and suspicion. The peasant girl has accompanied her mother and young brother to the domicile of the wise doctor, for the boy grows feverish and restless, and has filled his mother's heart with fear. How solemn she looks, as the boy sits on her lap and she details the symptoms of his complaint; how she multiplies every particular of his disorder!

"He does not appear so bad, poor little ducky!" she says, and at every term of endearment draws him closer to her; "but he is very ill. He very often weeps, dear treasure! he seems to lose his appetite, and cannot relish our simple fare; we have obtained for him little dainties, but he appears so listless, dear heart! that I am quite afraid. I think he requires more sleep. He will never play with his two sisters; he will suffer none but his mother to touch him, pretty lamb; and never seems happy."

"Is he your youngest child?" asks the doctor.

"He is, sir, the last of all; pretty poppet!"

"Are your other children girls?"

"They are, sir; alas! this is the only boy. The girls are well enough. This youngest one who is with me, aids me to carry her brother about; it is for him we feel so much—no appetite, no sleep, no cheerfulness. Alas we would give her all for him!"

"And you really think that he is suffering severely?"

"We do, indeed, doctor, his hands are hot, and his mouth parched, and he has no energy, poor little lamb!"

"And," says the doctor solemnly, "there is no remedy but one."

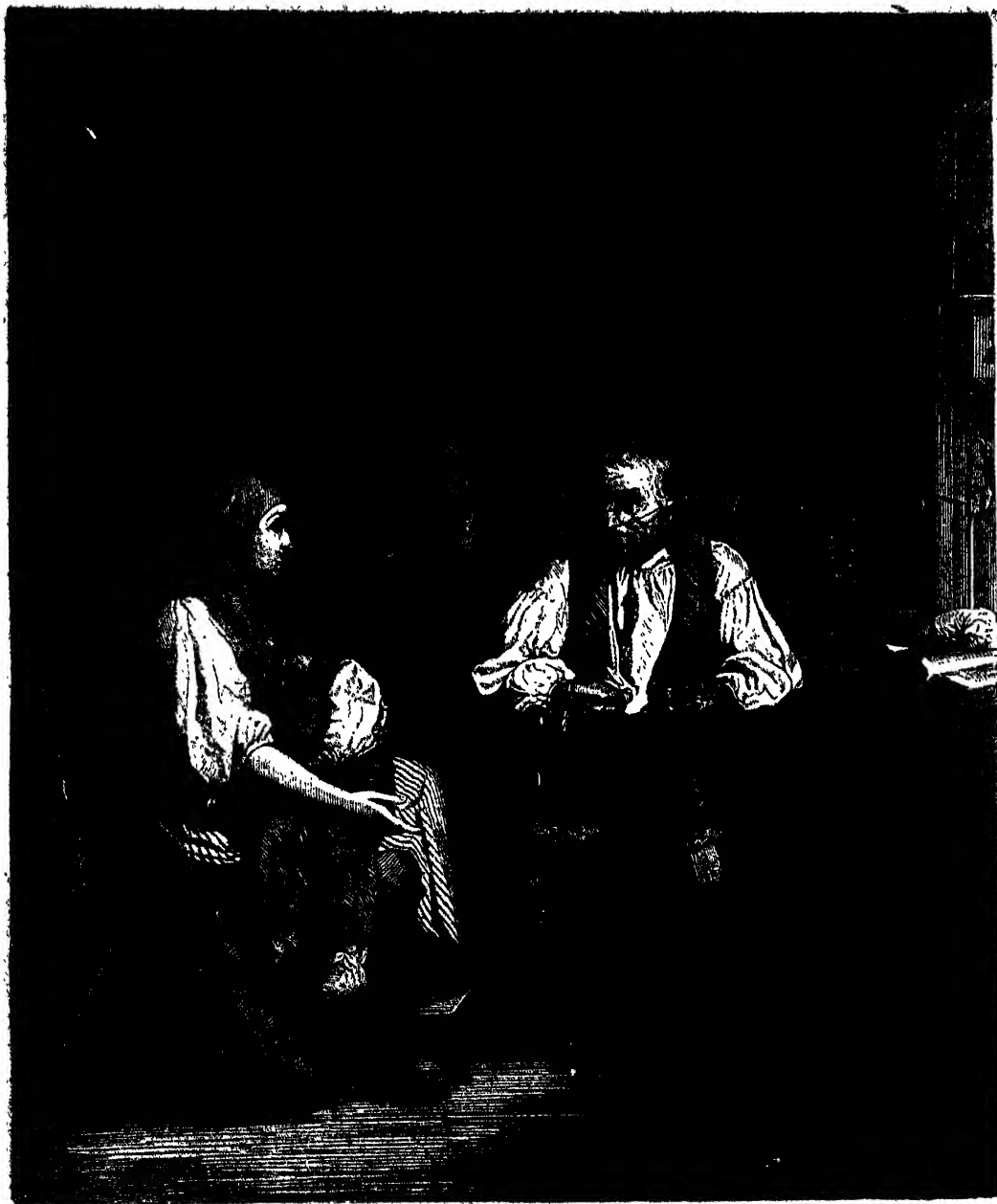
"Ah! what is that, doctor?"

"Nothing! Submit him to the same discipline as your other children; do not pamper his appetite, and so spoil his taste and his digestion; do not humour his tempers, and so

they nearly always grow up to be selfish men. The malady of the child is plain enough: he has eaten at all hours, and spent three parts of the day at table."

"But, doctor, he can eat nothing; we are obliged to give him spices, and sauces, and cream, and sweet-stuff, something to tempt his listless 'appetite.'"

"Woman," says the doctor, "the boys wants air and exercise. Nature will make a cure of him if nature be per-



THE VILLAGE DOCTOR.—DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED BY THE BROTHERS GIRARDET.

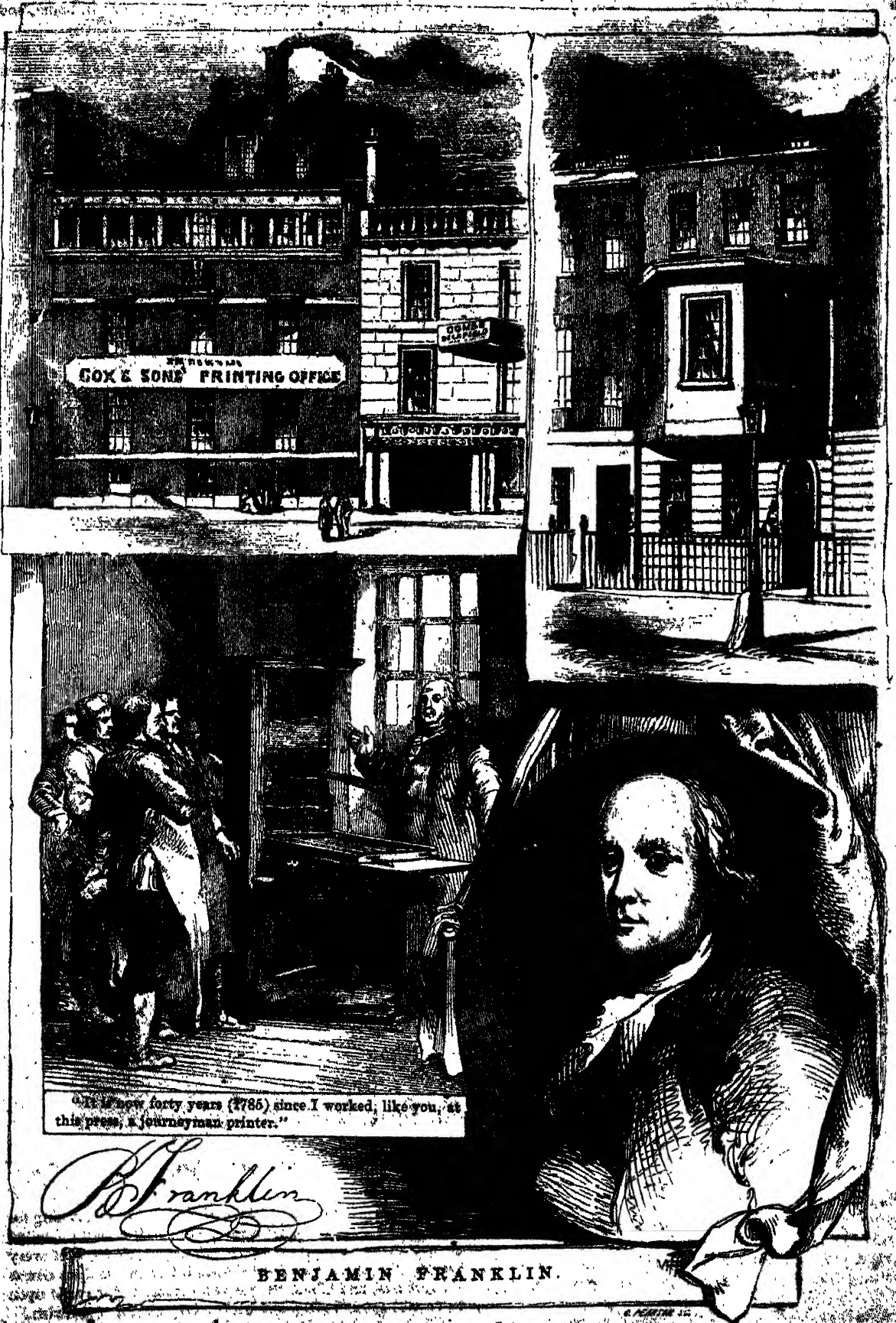
ruin his character and blight his prospects and your own. Let him go out into the fields and take care of the sheep, let him share with the rest at table; what others can eat, he can eat too, a small piece of meat, a good supply of bread and potatoes, and nothing but clear water to drink, will make a man of him."

"But he is so delicate," says the anxious mother, "and so young. Really, is it possible that this can be good for him? He is so very, very dear to us."

"I like not these over-protected Benjamins," says the doctor,

mitted to have her own way. Medicine can do nothing for him. Let him rough it with the other children of the family; do not shelter him from every wind that blows, as if every breath of heaven were loaded with infection; let him fare as the rest fare, and labour as the rest labour, and, depend upon it, he will eat and sleep and be as merry as you could wish."

Admirably the artist has depicted the scene. Every detail is carefully preserved, and there is that life-like character in all the figures, and that careful attention to general effect, that makes the pencil tell the incident better than the pen.



THE PRINTING OFFICE OF MESSRS. COX & SONS, 15, N. CHANCERY LANE, LONDON, E.C. 4.

THE HOUSE IN WHICH FRANKLIN RESIDED WHEN ADDED TO THE PENNSYLVANIA, NO. 7, CHANCERY LANE, LONDON, E.C. 4.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

FRANKLIN was one of the ablest of the able men whom the the American republic numbers amongst her fathers and founders, and like most of them, he was a "self-made" man, as these are generally designated who have been the architects of their own fortunes. If he had been a mere politician of great talent and eloquence, like Patrick Henry, the half-lawyer, half-farmer, who drove his own cow to the market, and then made the senate house resound with his denunciations of British tyranny, he would have been entitled to a large share of the attention of every student of history for the influence he exerted in the councils of the United States in the most perilous days of their existence. But he was something more than statesman, politician, or patriot. He was a man of singular energy and perseverance, possessed of far-sightedness, and clearness of judgment which in an eastern country would have classed him among the sages; a philosopher of great accuracy, great penetration, and wonderful originality, and, above and beyond all these, a man of such sterling worth and stainless purity of character, that none of his enemies, even in the heat of a furious and unnatural conflict, ever could allege aught against him that he had need to be ashamed of. He possessed in himself such wonderful versatility of genius, and the story of his life presents such a wonderful variety of incident, men, and places, that no one, no matter what may be his position or employment, can ever read it without being improved by it.

He was the scion of one of those old English families of yeomanry, which were once so numerous. His ancestors occupied a farm of some thirty acres of freehold in Northamptonshire, time out of memory, probably before Duke William landed at Hastings, when a Saxon name was a title of honour. Finding the land insufficient for their support, the kin of the estate invariably eked out a livelihood by following the trade of a blacksmith in his native village. When the doctrines of the Reformation found their way into England, the Franklins were amongst the earliest to embrace them, and faithfully adhered to them through all the terrors of Mary's reign; and when, in the time of Charles II., many hundreds of the church clergy bore a noble testimony to true liberty, by abandoning the church of England, the Franklins were amongst the first to join the ranks of the despised and persecuted sectaries who preferred the conventicles to the parish church. But the conventicles were at that period a special abomination in the eyes of the government. Nay, it was the opinion of many learned and pious individuals, that if itinerant preachers continued to discourse upon matters pertaining to religion without proper and legal authorisation, it would cause the overthrow of the constitution of this kingdom in church and state, as by law established. The measures that were taken to prevent so terrible a catastrophe were certainly not such as anybody would in this day attempt to defend; but they had the effect of driving vast numbers of the really sincere and devout men of England across the Atlantic, to seek in trackless woods and on unknown shores the liberty of speech and action which England had denied them; and, more wonderful still, in the very heart of persecution and oppression, they sowed the seeds of a power that 100 years afterwards was to teach Britain, by the arm of flesh, the lessons of toleration which she should have ever been the first to respect and the last to forget. Amongst the exiles was Benjamin Franklin's father, Josias, who with his wife and three children settled in New England about the year 1682. After his arrival, four other children were borne him by the same wife. On her death he married another, by whom he had ten, making in all seventeen; and of the sons Benjamin was the youngest. He was originally intended for the ministry, for no better reason than that at an early age he had learned to read with remarkable facility. The property of the father fortunately saved his son from settling upon an unsuitable vocation. He could not afford to

he determined to make him a soap-boiler and tallow-chandler, which occupation he himself had followed since his arrival in the colonies. Ben, however, did not by any means relish the change, when at ten years of age he was taken from school, and employed in filling moulds, cutting wicks, and going of messages, and there sprung up within him that inclination for a sea life which always haunts the minds of young gentlemen of tender years when they are not going on to their liking at home. Luckily, however, he managed to continue on peaceable terms with the soap and candles for two whole years, without offering his services to any of the New England sea-captains; but at the end of that period, his discontent rose to such a height, that his father began to fear that he really would take an abrupt leave, and enter himself as a cabin-boy in some sea-going vessel, as one of his elder brothers had already done. The worthy man then determined to discover his bent, and if possible to gratify it. He took him to see handicraftsmen of all trades at work, but nothing still seemed to have such attractions for Ben as books, and it was determined he should be a printer, it being believed, and rightly, that what he loved so much he would like to make. His brother had already started in Boston as a printer, and to him he was apprenticed. His taste for literature first showed itself in poetry, or perhaps we should rather say in versifying; and his brother, who appears to have invariably "had an eye to business," upon discovering this, employed him to write two ballads upon some events of recent occurrence, and then sent him about the streets to sell them. They had a prodigious run, which was highly gratifying to the author's vanity. From this time the taste for reading sprung up in him with extraordinary rapidity. He read a great many of the old English classics, but still possessed no facility in writing prose, until an odd volume of the "Spectator" fell into his hands, and so charmed was he with the style, that he forthwith determined to imitate it, and for this purpose practiced writing out the substance of what he read, and afterwards comparing it with the original. He thus gradually acquired greater fluency in composition; and perceiving where his own faults lay, was enabled to correct them. After some further desultory efforts of this sort, he at length had an opportunity of coming before the public in some essays, which he sent in anonymously to a newspaper his brother started, in 1720 or 1721, entitled the *New England Courant*. This was the second newspaper that had ever appeared in America.

"Some of his friends," says Franklin "I remember, would have dissuaded him from this undertaking as a thing not likely to succeed, a single newspaper being, in their opinion, sufficient for all America. At present, however, in 1771, there are no less than twenty-five." What would he have said, could he have foreseen the prodigious degree of expansion to which the American newspaper press would have attained in 1863! This paper very soon fell under the censure of the assembly; Franklin's brother was imprisoned, and on his liberation was ordered to desist from publishing the *New England Courant*, and in order to evade the prohibition, it was determined that it should be carried on in Benjamin's name, and for this purpose his indentures were cancelled. He and his brother, however, could not agree. The latter was too fond of asserting the *droit d'aînése*, and his dictatorial manner was intolerable to Benjamin, who at this period appears to have had no small opinion of himself. Their disputes were frequently brought before their father; he seems to have laboured to reconcile them with laudable solicitude, but the breach was too wide to be healed; and, in addition to this, Benjamin had resolved upon seeking his fortune through the world. He secretly took his departure, and reached Philadelphia with a Dutch dollar in his pocket, in his working dress,—his best clothes having gone by sea,—covered with dirt, and spent the first few hours after his arrival in eating a loaf and walking up and down the street. He soon got employment as a compositor, and attracted

the notice of the governor—a boasting, lying, deceitful man—who offered to set him up in business in Philadelphia, and persuaded him to set out for England to purchase types and a press, promising at the same time to give him letters that would make everything very pleasant and agreeable on the other side of the water. Franklin, believed him, and set sail, but without having anything of the oft-promised letters, which were always on the point of being sent on board, but never came. He crossed the Atlantic in the foolish, fond belief that they were in the mail-bag, and that when it was opened in England they would assuredly make their appearance. On his arrival, the captain handed him two or three, which looked very like introductions; but on presenting one of them to the individual to whom it was addressed, it was found to be from a roguish attorney, and he ran a narrow risk of being kicked for his pains, and found himself in England, without a friend, except a young man named Ralph, with his own love of literature, but without his steadiness or application.

Franklin, immediately on his arrival in London, found employment with a printer named Palmer, in Bartholemew-close. While here, a pamphlet he published, entitled a "Dissertation upon Liberty and Necessity, Pain and Pleasure," was the means of introducing him to the notice of a considerable number of literary men in the coffee-houses. His friend Ralph, however, was not equally successful. He appears to have been one of those unfortunates with whom nothing ever seems to succeed. Everything he undertook failed; and he continued to live upon loans from Franklin, until their common admiration of a young milliner caused a final breach between them, to Franklin's great joy, who now began to think of saving some money. He, therefore, entered another printing-office, Watts's, near Lincoln's-inn-fields; and while here, was the means of inducing his fellow-pressmen to abandon beer-drinking, in which many of them indulged to excess. He remained about eighteen months in London at this time, and, having accumulated a small sum, set sail once more for Philadelphia, where he arrived in October, 1726.

He now became a clerk to a Mr. Denham, a gentleman whom he met in England, and who was about to open a store in Philadelphia. In 1727, Denham died, and Franklin once more returned to his old occupation, by becoming manager of the business of a printer named Keimer, who had employed him before his departure for England. Keimer was dirty, knavish, and an insolent, vulgar brawler, who thought that the fact of his employing a man gave him the privilege of being insolent. It may be readily believed that Franklin and he did not long agree. He left him, and, in partnership with one of his fellow-workmen, started an establishment of his own. His companion, however, was idle and a drunkard, and soon left the business altogether in Franklin's hands. By unwearied industry, it was made to thrive and flourish: people passing in the street saw him at work after eleven at night, and long before most others had left their beds in the morning; and to show that he was not above his business, he wheeled home his paper in a barrow along the streets after he had obtained it from the stationer. He now started a paper, which soon obtained a large circulation for its ability and accuracy; and his reputation for diligence getting abroad, he obtained the printing of the public documents, and of the paper-money which was then beginning to be issued in America. In addition to this, he got into some of the most *spirituelle* society in Philadelphia, by joining a club for the discussion of scientific and literary questions. He was now out of debt, and doing well in the world, and thought it time to look around for a wife. His offers in various quarters were rejected, because a printer's business was not considered money-making. At last he returned to his first love, a young lady to whom he had been engaged previous to his departure for England; but, having ceased to correspond with her, she presumed that he had given up all intention of marrying her, which was really the case, and her parents then persuaded her to marry a worthless scamp, who had, as it afterwards appeared, another

wife living in England, and who soon abandoned her. Franklin and she got married; and they lived together, and prospered and were happy for many years.

Franklin was now a man of mark in Philadelphia, and in the year 1731 started a project for the establishment of a public library. Fifty persons subscribed forty shillings each, and agreed to pay ten shillings annually. As their number increased, the company was incorporated, in 1742, under the name of the "Library Company of Philadelphia." Similar institutions have since spread through all parts of the United States, and have done immense good in the advancement of knowledge and education. In 1732, Franklin commenced the publication of "Poor Richard's Almanack," famous for its maxims inculcating industry and frugality. In 1736, he entered upon his political career as clerk to the General Assembly of Pennsylvania, and was at last elected representative for Philadelphia; and in 1737 was appointed Postmaster of the State. His advance in public estimation was now rapid, and was consummated by his famous discoveries in electricity.

An account of several electrical experiments which had been made by some philosophers on the continent was sent to the Philadelphia Library Company in 1715, and Franklin immediately upon reading it engaged in a course of experiments himself, and communicated the results in a series of letters to his friend Collinson, the first of which is dated March 28th, 1717. In these he shows the power of points in drawing and throwing off the electrical matter, which had hitherto escaped the notice of electricians. He also made the grand discovery of a *plus* and a *minus*, or of a *positive* and *negative* state of electricity. Shortly afterwards, Franklin, from his principles of the plus and minus state, explained in a satisfactory manner the phenomena of the Leyden jar, which had previously so much perplexed philosophers. He showed clearly that the bottle when charged contained no more electricity than before, but that as much was taken from one side of it as was thrown upon the other; and that to discharge it nothing was necessary but to produce a communication between the two sides, by which the equilibrium would be restored, and that then no signs of electricity would remain. He afterwards demonstrated, by experiments, that the electricity did not reside in the coating, as had been supposed, but in the pores of the glass itself. In the year 1749, he first suggested his idea of explaining the phenomena of thunder-gusts, and of the Aurora Borealis, upon electrical principles. He pointed out many particulars in which lightning and electricity agree, and in the same year conceived the bold idea of attempting to

"—— grasp the lightning's pinion,
And draw down its ray
From the star'd domain."

His desire to be practically useful to his fellow-men here strikingly displayed itself. Admitting the identity of electricity and lightning, which, before his time nobody had been disposed to do, he suggested the idea of securing ships, houses, churches, &c., against the effects of thunder-storms, by the erection of long, pointed rods, which should ascend some feet above the most elevated part, and descend some feet into the ground or water. As points he knew to have great power in attracting and repelling electricity, he concluded that these rods would either repel the thunder-clouds, or drain off their electricity and carry it into the earth.

In the summer of 1752 he determined to test his theory by experiment. There was no tower in Philadelphia high enough for the erection of a rod; so he determined to try a kite. He made one of two cross sticks, and covered it with silk, and to the upright stick affixed an iron point. The string was of hemp except the lower end, which was silk. Accompanied by his son, to whom alone he had communicated his project for fear of ridicule, he went out on a common when there was an appearance of a thunder-gust. He raised the kite, saw a thunder-cloud pass over, and awaited the result with intense anxiety. At last he saw the loose fibres of the string move towards an erect position, and in presenting his knuckles to a key which was suspended at

the end of it, received a strong spark, and he found himself a thorough savan, with as good a title to fame as any man of his age.

The account of his discovery having spread abroad, letters and congratulations poured in upon him from all quarters. Learned men in all parts of Europe were anxious to correspond with him; learned societies conferred on him admission to their number. His letters were translated into most European languages, and into Latin.

The remainder of his time, until the commencement of the disputes between England and the colonies, was spent partly in philosophic investigation and partly in the political affairs of the States. He was invariably the foremost man in the furtherance of all schemes for the development of the resources of the country, the advancement of education, and the improvement of the condition of the people.

The defence of her colonies was a great expense to Great Britain. The most effectual mode of lessening this was, to put arms into the hands of the inhabitants, and to teach them their use. But England wished not that the Americans should become acquainted with their own strength. The least appearance of a military spirit was therefore to be guarded against; and, although a war then raged, the act of organising a militia was disapproved of by the ministry. The regiments which had been formed under it were disbanded, and the defence of the province entrusted to regular troops.

The disputes between the proprietaries and the people continued in full force, although a war was raging on the frontiers. Not even the sense of danger was sufficient to reconcile, for ever so short a time, their jarring interests. The assembly still insisted upon the justice of taxing the proprietary estates, but the governors constantly refused their assent to this measure, without which no bill could pass into a law. Enraged at the obstinacy, and what they conceived to be the unjust proceedings of their opponents, the assembly at length determined to apply to the mother country for relief. A petition was addressed to the king in council, stating the inconveniences under which the inhabitants laboured, from the attention of the proprietaries to their private interests, to the neglect of the general welfare of the community, and praying for redress. Franklin was appointed to present this address, as agent for the province of Pennsylvania, and departed from America in June, 1767. In conformity to the instructions which he had received from the legislature, he held a conference with the proprietaries who then resided in England, and endeavoured to prevail upon them to give up the long-contested point. Finding that they would hearken to no terms of accommodation, he laid his petition before the council. During this time Governor Denny assented to a law imposing a tax, in which no discrimination was made in favour of the estates of the Penn family. They, alarmed at this intelligence and Franklin's exertions, used their utmost endeavours to prevent the royal sanction being given to this law, which they represented as highly iniquitous, designed to throw the burden of supporting government upon them, and calculated to produce the most ruinous consequences to them and their posterity. The cause was amply discussed before the privy council. The Penns found here some strenuous advocates; nor were there wanting some who warmly espoused the side of the people. After some time spent in debate, a proposal was made, that Franklin should solemnly engage that the assessment of the tax should be so made, as that the proprietary estates should pay no more than a due proportion. This he agreed to perform, the Penn family withdrew their opposition, and tranquillity was once more restored to the province.

The mode in which this dispute was terminated is a striking proof of the high opinion entertained of Franklin's integrity and honesty, even by those who considered him as an enemy to their views. Nor was their confidence ill-founded. The assessment was made upon the strictest and the proprietary estates bore only a fair share of the expenses of supporting government.

remained at the court of Great Britain, as agent for the province of Pennsylvania. The extensive knowledge which he possessed of the situation of the colonies, and the regard which he always manifested for their interests, occasioned his appointment to the same office by the colonies of Massachusetts, Maryland, and Georgia. His conduct, in this situation, was such as rendered him still more dear to his countrymen.

He had now an opportunity of indulging in the society of those friends whom his merits had procured him while at a distance. The regard which they had entertained for him was rather increased by a personal acquaintance. The opposition which had been made to his discoveries in philosophy gradually ceased, and the rewards of literary merit were abundantly conferred upon him. The Royal Society of London, which had at first refused his performances admission into its transactions, now thought it an honour to rank him amongst its fellows. Other societies of Europe were equally ambitious of calling him a member. The university of St. Andrew, in Scotland, conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Laws. Its example was followed by the universities of Edinburgh and Oxford. His correspondence was sought for by the most eminent philosophers of Europe. His letters to these abound with true science, delivered in the most simple, unadorned manner.

During this visit he lodged in the house in Craven-street, Strand, represented in our engraving.

The discontents of the colonies increasing, Franklin was again appointed provincial agent, and sent to England. In 1776, he paid a visit to Holland and Germany, and in the following year to France, where he received the greatest marks of attention from the men of science, and was presented to the King Louis XV. When the petition of the Massachusetts Assembly was brought before the English Privy Council, Franklin attended as agent for the assembly, and received very rough treatment from Wedderburn, the attorney-general, a man of narrow mind and violent temper. All his efforts were insufficient to induce the ministry to change the measures, and he returned to America in 1775, just after the commencement of hostilities. He was sent to Paris, in 1776, to conclude the treaty by which the unfortunate Louis XVI. recognised the independence of the colonies; and was one of the American commissioners at the general treaty of peace in Paris, which followed the surrender of Cornwallis's army. He had in the interval been a member of Congress, and during the whole of that unfortunate struggle was distinguished by his energy, prudence, and patriotism, though he never allowed his political engagements to interfere with the prosecution of his scientific studies. It will for ever redound to his honour, that his last public act, in 1789, when bowed down by age and infirmity, was the presentation of a petition to the House of Representatives of the United States, on the 12th of February, 1789, praying them to abolish the slave-trade. He died on the 17th of April, 1790, after a long and useful life of eighty-four years and three months.

The following epitaph on himself was written by him many years previous to his death:—

THE BODY

OF

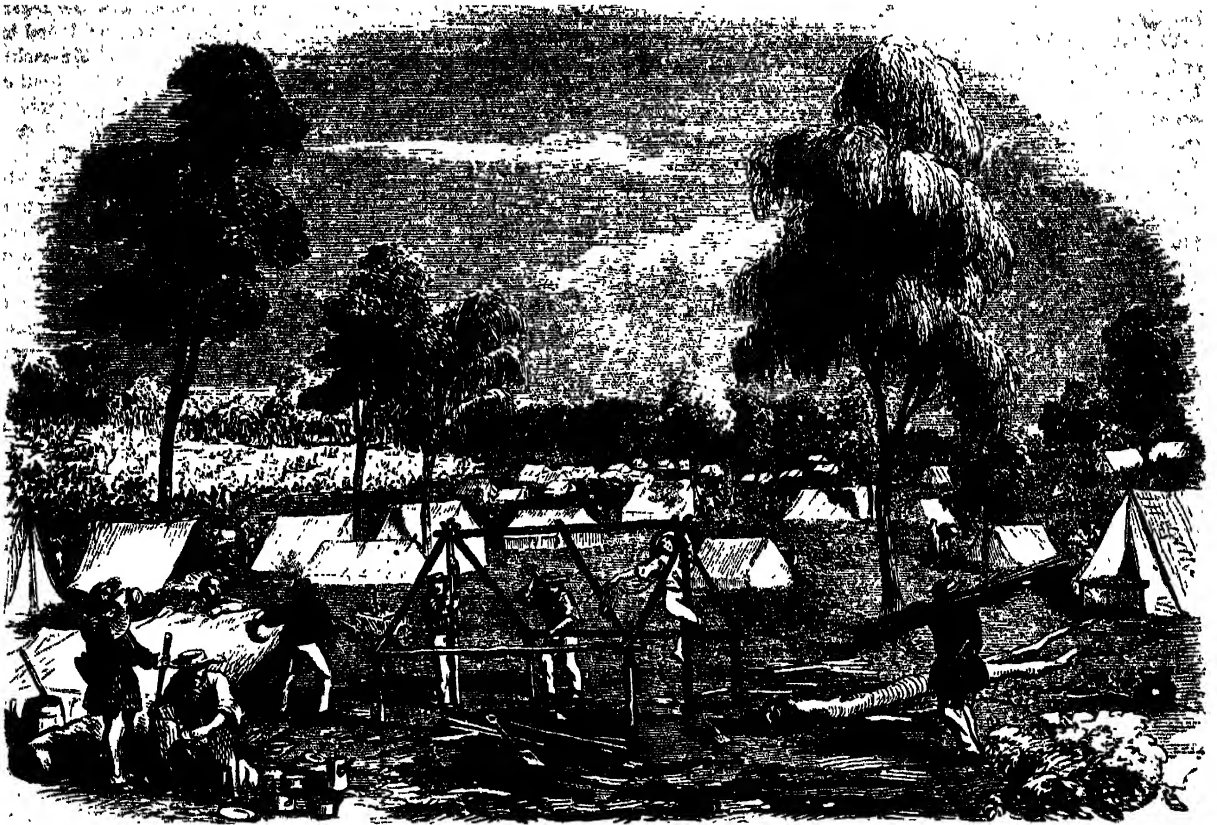
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN,

PRINTER,

(like the cover of an old book,
its contents worn out,
and script of its lettering and gilding
lies here, food for the worms;
yet the work itself shall not be lost,
for it will (as he believed) appear once more
in a new
and more beautiful edition,
corrected and amended
by

THE AUTHOR.

THE AUSTRALIAN DIGGINGS.



GOLDEN POINT, MOUNT ALEXANDER.



CHIEF COMMISSIONER'S TENT AND OFFICERS' QUARTERS, MOUNT ALEXANDER.

MOUNT ALEXANDER.

THE eyes of the whole world—and especially those of the poor and needy—have been for some months past turned in the direction of the golden lands of Australia and California. Emigration to both places, therefore, and especially to the former, has been proceeding at a never-before-reached rate from the old countries of Europe. In England the exodus—for that is the modern term for emigration—is beginning to attract the attention of the rulers of the land, and to produce an effect upon trade and commerce. The demand for workers is beginning to exceed the supply; and we are glad of it. To say nothing of the strikes for higher wages which have taken place among various grades of mechanics, and the extra work which is thrown on the hands of all connected with the shipping and provision trades, we have noticed a pleasing evidence lately of an advance in a direction we had scarcely expected. On the dead walls in the suburbs, on the shop shutters of chancery-closed houses in the back streets of the city, in the windows of the bakers, next the play bill, and hung on hooks in butchers' shops like choice joints of meat, we have noticed a blue and red-printed placard, bearing this legend:—"GOOD WAGES, CONSTANT WORK, AND PROMPT ATTENTION." Now, as we do not belong to that large class of people who appear to have no other object in life than to go-shuffling about London streets, and gazing on road-paviors, gas-pipe layers, and play-bills, we should scarcely have noticed this announcement in our ordinary perambulations. The terms of the bill, however, being somewhat unusual, we are tempted to pause a little and read it through. And then we find that this kind invitation—"Good wages, constant work, and prompt attention,"—is addressed especially to needlewomen, who are further requested to call on Messrs. So-and-so, of Houndsditch, where any number of them can be profitably employed in the preparation and completion of "youths' and gentlemen's shirts of the best description." And more than this, the needlewomen aforesaid are urgently invited to "come immediately, and bring a pattern." By the last phrase is meant a specimen of the worker's ability in the shape of the linen front bar, and wristbands of a long-cloth shirt; but does not the term "prompt attention" betray a story of previous neglect and insolence, such as only poor sempstresses could put up with? And so, reading the bill from beginning to end, we arrive at the comfortable conclusion that the emigration mania has reached the right sort of folk at last; and in our walk onwards we picture to ourselves the plain needle-woman transformed from a poor, thin, slip-slop wisp of a creature in a bare garret, to a stout happy-looking housewife in a block farm-house in Australia, with laughing children trooping about her knees.

In the spring of 1851, when all the world was at the Exhibition at Hyde-park, the news reached England that a second El Dorado had been discovered on the side of the island of Australia, opposite to where the disastrous colony of Swan River was founded. People in comfortable circumstances pooh-pooh'd at the idea; and folks who should know something of geography persisted that the thing was likely enough,—till the fact was certified by the arrival of some of the actual gold, which was forthwith exhibited in a glass case at the Crystal Palace, to the wonder and admiration of thousands.

It appears to us, when we hear and read of Australia and the gold found in such abundance there, that too little attention is usually paid to the fact that the precious metals have been, at some or other period of the world's history, discovered in nearly all parts of the world. The Egyptians and the Hebrews evidently possessed it in abundance; Darius of Persia, and Croesus of Lydia, drew tribute of gold and silver from their subjects. The ancients obtained it from Africa, just as we do now,—from the mines of Nubia and Ethiopia, probably; the indomitable Romans crossed the Pyrenees and penetrated Spain, and braved the seas and conquered Britain in their search for gold; the Austrians and the Russians of old times dug deep down into the mines of Sweden and Norway, and Hungary and Siberia, and blasted

rocks, and turned aside the courses of rivers, so that they might get rich all at once. In the fifteenth century, Columbus discovered the "golden Americas;" and in the sixteenth, Pizarro conquered Peru, and Cortez overcame the great Montezuma of Mexico, and the Spaniards got drunk and debased, and finally ruined themselves, with the riches found so plentifully in the New World.

And, coming nearer to our own times, we know that the Dutch, in the last century, fitted out an expedition to California for the special purpose of discovering gold. They went, and found none, though they traversed the valley of the Sacramento through and through, and looked with eager eyes upon the "everlasting rocks of quartz," since discovered to be so rich in virgin gold; and so they came back, and reported it "a barren and desolate land." Accident, we are told, produced the great Australian and Californian discoveries; but only unthinking men call those discoveries accidents. By the inscrutable will of an over-ruling Providence, it has been ordained, in many and varying periods of history, that men should vacate the crowded cities of civilisation and commerce to colonise the wilderness. It was needful that some powerful motive should impel the masses. In nearly all cases the real or supposed discovery of gold has supplied the stimulus. When the design was fulfilled, and the land was full of inhabitants, the gold insensibly shrunk away, and people employed themselves in other ways. How blinder than moles we are!

About the close of the year 1849, the gentleman to whom we are indebted for the graphic sketches we here introduce visited Australia. At that time the colonists were comparatively poor, and no hint of the gold discoveries had been given. Occasionally, bushrangers or escaped convicts brought a weighty lump of the precious metal into the towns, where they sold it cheaply and with a suspicious air; and the purchasers directly concluding that it must have been the produce of some robbery—perhaps murder—in the bush, were therefore unwilling to ask questions, and quieted their consciences with the knowledge of having made a tolerably good bargain. As long ago as 1844, Sir Roderick Murchison, in his address to the Geographical Society, had predicted the presence of gold in Australia. Science, and not accident, led the professor to conclude that the great eastern mountain chain of Australia was highly auriferous, from its geographical correspondence with the gold-fields in the Ural Mountains; and a Mr. Smith, of the Berrima iron-works in Australia, having read the account of Sir Roderick's opinion in an English newspaper, was induced to search for gold in his neighbourhood. He did search, and was partially successful. He brought the gold to the colonial authorities, and offered to make the place of its discovery known for a reward of £500; but the governor, either disbelieving the report, or fearful of encouraging a gold fever, declined to grant his request; and so it remained for Mr. Hargreaves, who visited Australia in the early part of 1851, with the prestige of Californian experience, to re-make the discovery, and get the government reward.

The first discovery of Australian gold was made at a place called Summer Hill Creek and Lewis Ponds River, small streams which run from the northern flank of the Conchales to the Macquarrie river. The gold was found in the accumulated sand and gravel, especially on the inside and bends of the brooks, or at the junction of the water-courses, where the one stream would be checked by the flow of the other. And in this way is nearly all the surface gold discovered in Australia and elsewhere. At first, coarse, granular gold was found, a certain proof that the parent vein was not far off—existing, probably, in the quartz veins traversing the rocks of the Conchales. Soon after gold was found in other localities, sometimes in the shape of tolerably large nuggets or lumps, sometimes in fine thin scales, and at others as dust, collected from the auriferous earth by repeated washings.

At the present moment, gold mining is carried on along the whole course of the Murray and Darling rivers, and their several tributaries, embracing the entire tract of country from Morton Bay to the city of Adelaide; and late accounts speak

with confidence of gold having been found also in New Zealand and Van Dieman's Land.

Mount Alexander and its neighbourhood appears to have been the earliest and, upon the whole, the most satisfactory of the gold diggings. It is situated within about forty miles from Melbourne and Geelong. The whole district consists of quartz-bearing rocks, and is highly auriferous. Now, although the quartz is, doubtless, the native matrix of the gold, we have not heard of any actual veins of the precious metal having been discovered. It is generally found lying loose in the sand and gravel, and at others buried deep in the clay which forms the substratum of the soil. Mr. Gibbon, writing to the *Melbourne Argus*, says, that gold is usually found imbedded in the blue clay near the surface on the brow of the hill; but that it is sometimes necessary to dig twenty feet before arriving at it. And Mr. Latrobe, governor of the colony of Victoria, describes the borings as carried through—

1. Red ferruginous earth and gravel.
2. Streaked, yellowish, and red clay.
3. Quartz gravels of moderate size.
4. Large quartz pebbles and boulders, masses of ironstone set in very compact clay, hard to work.
5. Blue and white clay, in which are small portions of gold.
6. Pipe clay, in which gold is almost certain to be found.

Now, as this rich pipe clay occasionally lies thirty feet below the surface, the labour required to reach it will easily be comprehended—fitted, indeed, for railway excavators, brick-makers, well-borers, agricultural labourers, and for few else!

In the first of our engravings, we have a view of the gold field at Golden Point, Mount Alexander. Writing on the spot, the gentleman, who has furnished us with the drawings, which were made at the close of 1852, says, "It is a busy scene indeed. In the distance is the hill called Golden Point, so famed in the early history of Mount Alexander. Crowds of diggers [not very well defined in the engraving] are employed at this spot. Some are digging, some are wheeling barrows filled with the auriferous earth; while others—and those a very large number—are carrying the earth on their backs to the stream, which is concealed by the trees on its banks. Here the soil is washed and cradled, and whatever gold it possesses carefully extracted. In the foreground, some diggers, just arrived, are engaged in fixing their tents."

"Many of the tents are occupied as stores and provision shops, and similar establishments are scattered throughout the various diggings. From the proprietors of these stores supplies of every kind can be purchased—of course, with an advance—at Melbourne prices. Nevertheless, the erection of these stores are a great convenience to the diggers; for were it not for the foresight and business arrangements of the storekeepers, much privation would, doubtless, have been experienced. The additional charges are, generally speaking, moderate enough, except in cases of great scarcity; and even then it is only some few articles which are charged at exorbitantly high prices. In the depth of the last winter, it was feared that many of the stores would be closed from the difficulty of conveying heavy provisions over the bad roads."

Since the above was written, however, the roads to Mount Alexander have, we understand, been considerably improved. In the locality of Golden Point large quantities of gold have been found. So long as water remains in the creek gold rewards the searchers, but when the summer heats dry up the supply, then the digger's labour is almost thrown away. The gold here is generally found in dust and scales, but occasionally large nuggets are discovered, which well reward the lucky finder. It was in this neighbourhood that a twenty pound weight nugget was found in 1852. The Prince of Nuggets, however,—that picked up by Dr. Ker in 1851, which weighed upwards of a hundred weight—was found at what are now the Ballarat Diggings. It is described as a block of highly auriferous quartz, found lying among a lot of other loose blocks, evidently derived from a broad quartz vein running up the hill behind the river. "Such a mass," says Professor Forbes, in describing the geology of Australia, "could hardly be transported far from its original site by any current of water."

Our object being rather to give an idea of the present appearance of the "diggings," than to attempt anything like a continuous narrative of the gold discovery,—an object not yet accomplished, by the way, in any one of the published accounts,—we proceed to "follow our leader," the artist.

The next scene is a perfect contrast to the former one, and might be taken, without any very violent stretch of the imagination, for part of the experimental camp at Woolwich or Windsor, where British soldiers play at sieges, and so forth, every now and then. There is an air of quiet about it which speaks pretty distinctly of official residence, even in the diggings; and except for two or three days of the month, "this serene air tolerably well preserved. The tent to the left is the keen office—a most important one, therefore, to intending gold diggers. The large tent on the other side of the flag-staff is used as a store for gold while waiting for the escort; and it is well known to the miners from all quarters as the Bank of England is to the London merchant. Other tents are used as sleeping-places, &c."

Since the sketch was taken, many changes have occurred, both in the numbers of persons in the colony—every day bringing its ship-load or two—and in the official management of the police of the gold districts. Many wooden buildings have since been erected in various parts of the diggings for the accommodation of the soldiery and officials, and a much more regular plan of business has been adopted. More than this, additional police are distributed over the diggings, and a much improved state of morality exists. When our artist was here, there were few police, and even the greater part of them were stationed at the chief commissioner's quarters; and a general feeling of insecurity was the inevitable result. Robberies, riots, and murders were of common occurrence, and scenes of the most abominable description were continually taking place. All that, however, belongs to the past history of the gold-seekers. At this moment life and property may be considered almost as safe as in an English village or an American backwood. The home government having taken energetic measures in the appointment of additional magistrates, and in the enrolment of large bodies of pensionary police at salaries good enough to secure their best services even in the diggings, the aspect of affairs have so far changed for the better, that "the diggers proceed about their work, and go in and out of their tents and huts, with a feelings of as much security as in a well-ordered town."

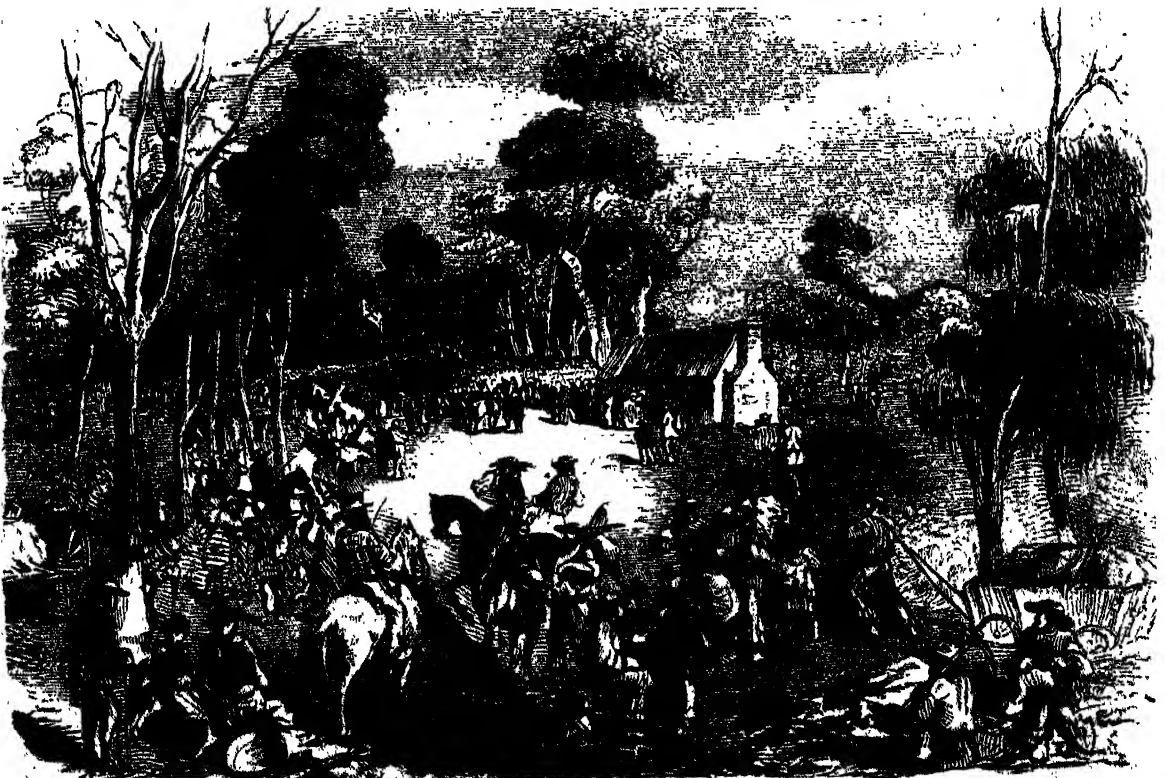
By this time, likewise, decent roads have been made in the different diggings, and society, even there, is beginning to assume an orderly and respectable aspect. "Our only wants," says a successful miner, writing home to his mother and sisters, "are wives and children. Why don't you come out?"

By the winter of 1852, the number of diggers in Australia had increased so considerably as to produce some alarm in the minds of the colonial government; and it was rashly proposed to impose an export duty on gold, and, to double the license fee. No sooner, however, had the news come to the ears of the miners—for state secrets will leak out, even from the best regulated councils—than they took alarm, and a "monster meeting" was called for the purpose of remonstrating with the government. The great interest attached by all parties to the demonstration induced our artist to attend. It took place at Mount Alexander on the 15th of December last, and the results were consequent on it. The first, and all-important one, was the withdrawal of the proposed government measure; and the last, the production of the graphic sketch before us. Here we get a glimpse of the sort of folks comprised in that various and motley congregation of men called "diggers." Settlers, sailors, tradesmen, even the "Manilla man" and his boy, and the "old hand," sitting on the stump in the foreground of the picture, are each bold types of their class. Perhaps in no other spot in her Majesty's dominions could such a variously-dressed assembly be gathered together—a sort of open-air masquerade, in which the characters were costumed in anything but ball-room style. Of the meeting itself it is sufficient to say, that the object of the numerous speakers was fully attained—the government



WHIRLEY'S GULLEY, THE SPOT WHERE THE GOLD WAS FIRST DISCOVERED; FOREST CREEK RANGES, MOUNT ALEXANDER.

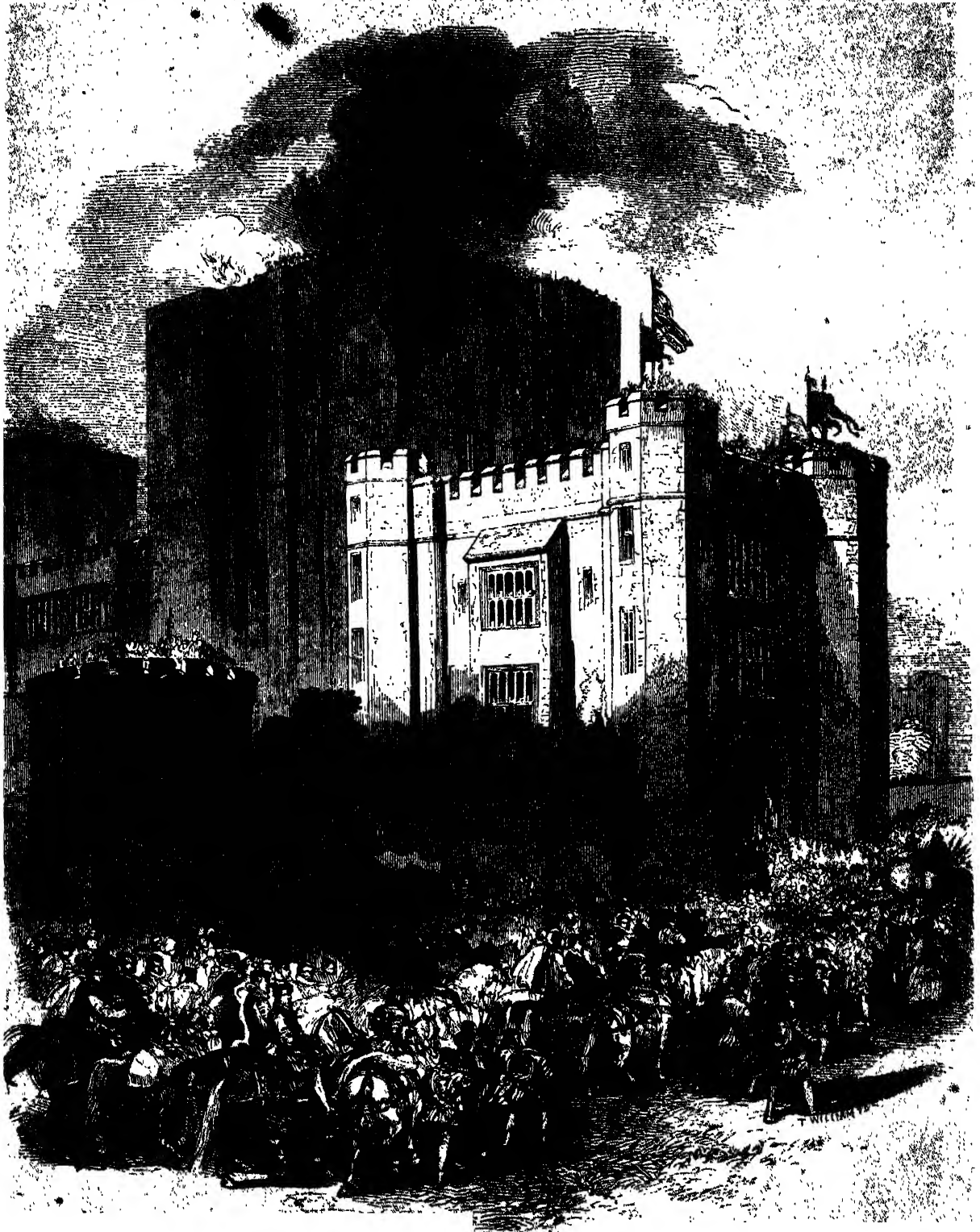
was impressed with their earnestness, the license fee was *not* doubled, and the thousands of diggers departed in peace. for it was here that the gold on Mount Alexander was first discovered. At this moment there are upwards of 60,000



GREAT MEETING OF GOLD DIGGERS AT MOUNT ALEXANDER, DEC. 15, 1852.

Whirley's Gulley, the other scene depicted by the artist is interesting, both in itself and on account of its associations. persons at this spot. But what more we have to say on the subject of the diggings we must reserve for another opportunity.

THE ENTRANCE OF QUEEN ELIZABETH INTO KENILWORTH CASTLE



THE ENTRANCE OF QUEEN ELIZABETH, ATTENDED BY A CAVALCADE OF KNIGHTS AND SOLDIERS, INTO KENILWORTH CASTLE, ON THE 9TH OF JULY, 1570. DESIGNED AND DRAWN BY JOHN GILBERT.

Reading now-a-days of any one of Elizabeth's courtly progresses seems like turning back to a page of old romance. The story appears to belong to fiction rather than to fact, and history figures in masquerade. Pageantry and splendour,

music and knightly prowess, royal whim and noisy popularity, wasteful prodigality and glittering show, banquets and revelry devoid of real mirth, and courtly phraseology deficient of sincerity, seem to have surrounded

the virgin queen from her accession to the throne of her father to her final departure on that dread journey, which all, even queens, must take.

The festivities at Kenilworth Castle, in Warwickshire, on the occasion of Elizabeth's visit in 1575, have been celebrated in both poetry and prose. Gascoigne has immortalized the occurrence in his well-known and oft-quoted "Princely Pleasures of Kenilworth," and Sir Walter Scott has embodied the scenes of the festival in one of his most popular and delightful novels. Indeed, in the latter work may be found the best and most faithful description of the famous castle, as it existed in the sixteenth century, and the most picturesque and stirring, if not altogether the most veracious account of the Queen's visit to her favourite Leicester, at a period "when the sudden death of the first countess seemed to open to the ambition of the earl the opportunity of sharing the crown of his sovereign."

No period of history—not English alone, but European,—is fuller of important events than the sixteenth century. It was what philosophers call a transition period. To the civilization of the ancients had succeeded an age of semi-barbarism, in which religion and learning were the property of a comparative few, and superstition and ignorance brooded over the minds of the multitude. But to a night of darkness succeeded a morning of enlightenment and inquiry. At the very close of the fifteenth century, the new world was discovered, and ere fifty years had elapsed, Martin Luther had commenced that struggle for religious liberty which was fraught with such momentous consequences to the world. Before a hundred years had passed away, the most celebrated of our female sovereigns had made the name of England powerful among the nations, and Shakspeare, the most famous of English poets, had lived to sing her praises. Indeed, in whatever aspect we regard the long reign of Elizabeth, we have cause for congratulation; for, from that period Englishmen are apt to date the rise of real liberty in Europe.

What wonder, then, that authors and artists love to illustrate the events of this important time? All the elements of the picturesque and the romantic, the spirit-stirring and the absorbing, are to be found embodied in it; and the pen and the pencil only need to give them form and substance to enlist the sympathies of the world. Draw back the curtain of time but a little way, and what a prospect opens to the view! Around the cradle of the fair young princess Elizabeth are grouped the wit and wisdom of the age,—Bacon, and Sidney, and Shakspeare, and Harrington, and Spencer, and Raleigh, and Cecil, and Leicester,—and we follow with eagerness that little procession through the streets of the quiet village of Greenwich, as it winds forward from the palace to the neighbouring church of Grey Friars, where the young child is christened. We recall the romantic circumstances of her birth and the vicissitudes of her childhood—her mother's execution, and her own strange association with the persons whom she had most to fear and dislike; her scholarship, wonderful indeed for court ladies at that time; her sorrows and imprisonments and varied fortunes, till we find her at last receiving a deputation at Hatfield from her sister Mary's council, who come to offer her the crown. "Domino factum est istud, et est mirabile in oculis nostris!" (It is the Lord's doing, it is marvellous in our eyes!) exclaims the princess; "God save the Queen," responds the deputation, and from that moment Elizabeth is recognised by the people of England as their lawful sovereign.

How important was the mission, and how distinguished was the part enacted by this

"Fair vestal, throned by the west,"

we all know. History and song alike record the triumphs of her long and peaceful reign. Never before had so entirely popular and beloved a monarch sat upon the English throne. Everywhere she went—through the narrow streets of old London's city, or in those right royal progresses to different parts of her kingdom—she was attended by troops of loving people. Lords, knights, and ladies, with magnificence and courtly pageantry, waited on her footsteps, and in almost

numberless records we are told of the prowess of her court, and the splendour of the processions prepared to do her honour.

Who does not—looking at the admirable and spirited sketch of Mr. Gilbert—recall the circumstances of the Queen's visit to the fine old castle of Kenilworth, as recorded by the "Wizard of the North." Around the ruins of that princely castle—erected by Geoffry de Clinton for Henry II., and the scene of so many historical dramas—at one time garrisoned against rebels, at another turned into a royal prison; now a place of meeting for the parliament of Henry III., and again the theatre of knightly pageantry and glittering festivity, in the days of Dudley, Earl of Leicester, the Queen's favourite, on whom his sovereign had bestowed it—around the ruins of those massive walls, desolated in the civil wars of the seventeenth century, floats an air of romantic interest such as belongs to no other edifice in all the land.

We take Sir Walter Scott's most admirable description of the royal entry into Kenilworth: "It was on the twilight of a summer night (9th of July, 1575), the sun having for some time set, and all were in anxious expectation of the Queen's immediate approach. The multitude had remained assembled for many hours, and their numbers were still rather on the increase. A profuse distribution of refreshments, together with roasted oxen, and barrels of ale set a-broach in different places of the road, had kept the populace in perfect love and loyalty towards the Queen and her favourite, which might have somewhat abated had fasting been added to watching. They passed away the time, therefore, with the usual popular amusements—whooing, hallooing, shrieking, and playing rude tricks upon each other, forming the chorus of discordant sounds usual on such occasions. These prevailed all through the crowded roads and fields, and especially beyond the gate of the Chase, where the greater number of the common sort were stationed; when, all of a sudden, a single rocket was seen to shoot into the atmosphere, and, at the instant, far heard over flood and field, the great bell of the Castle tolled.

"Immediately there was a pause of dead silence, succeeded by a deep hush of expectation, the united voices of many thousands, none of whom spoke above their breath; or, to use a singular expression, the whisper of an immense multitude.

"The guards, thickly stationed upon the road by which the Queen was to advance, caught up the acclamation, which ran like wildfire to the Castle, and announced to all within, that Queen Elizabeth had entered the Royal Chase of Kenilworth. The whole music of the Castle sounded at once, and a round of artillery, with a salvo of small arms, was discharged from the battlements; but the noise of drums and trumpets, and even of the cannon themselves, was but faintly heard amidst the roaring and reiterated welcomes of the multitude.

"As the noise began to abate, a broad glare of light was seen to appear from the gate of the Park, and, broadening and brightening as it came nearer, advanced along the open and fair avenue that led towards the Gallery-tower; and which, as we have already noticed, was lined on either hand by the retainers of the Earl of Leicester. The word was passed along the line, "The Queen! The Queen! Silence, and stand fast!" Onward came the cavalcade, illuminated by two hundred thick waxen torches, in the hands of as many horsemen, which cast a light like that of broad day all around the procession; but especially on the principal group, of which the Queen herself, arrayed in the most splendid manner, and blazing with jewels, formed the central figure. She was mounted on a milk-white horse, which she reined with peculiar grace and dignity; and in the whole of her stately and noble carriage, you saw the daughter of three hundred kings.

"The ladies of the court, who rode beside her Majesty, had taken especial care that their own external appearance should not be more glorious than their rank and the occasion altogether demanded, so that no inferior luminary might appear to approach the orbit of royalty. But their personal charms, and the magnificence by which, under every prudent restraint, they were necessarily distinguished, exhibited them, as the very flower of a realm so far famed for splendour and

beauty. The magnificence of the courtiers, free from such restraints as prudence imposed on the ladies, was yet more unbounded.

"Leicester, who glittered like a golden image with jewels and cloth of gold, rode on her Majesty's right hand as well in quality of her host as of her Master of the Horse. The black steed which he mounted had not a single white hair on his body, and was one of the most renowned chargers in Europe, having been purchased by the Earl at large expense for this royal occasion. As the noble animal chafed at the slow pace of the procession, and, arching his stately neck, champed on the silver bits which restrained him, the foam flew from his mouth, and specked his well-formed limbs as if with spots of snow. The rider well became the high place which he held, and the proud steed which he bestrode; for no man in England, or perhaps in Europe, was more perfect than Dudley in horsemanship, and all other exercises belonging to his quality. He was bareheaded, as were all the courtiers in the train; and the red torchlight shone upon his long curled tresses of dark hair, and on his noble features, to the beauty of which even the severest criticism could only object the lordly fault, as it may be termed, of a forehead somewhat too high. On that proud evening, those features were all the grateful solicitude of a subject, to show himself sensible of the high honour which the Queen was conferring on him, and all the pride and satisfaction which became so glorious a moment. Yet, though neither eye nor feature betrayed aught but feelings which suited the occasion, some of the Earl's personal attendants remarked that he was unusually pale, and they expressed to each other their fear that he was taking more fatigue than consisted with his health.

"The train, male and female, who attended immediately upon the Queen's person, were of course of the bravest and the fairest,—the highest born nobles and the wisest counsellors of that distinguished reign, to repeat whose names were but to weary the reader. Behind came a long crowd of knights and gentlemen, whose rank and birth, however distinguished, were thrown into shade, as their persons into the fear of a procession, whose front was of such august majesty.

"Amidst bursts of music, which, as if the work of enchantment, seemed now close at hand, now softened by distant space; now wailing so low and sweet as if that distance were gradually prolonged until only the last lingering strains could reach the ear, Queen Elizabeth crossed the Gallery-tower, and came upon the long bridge, which extended from thence to Mortimer's Tower, and which was already as light as day, so many torches had been fastened to the palisades on either side. Most of the nobles here alighted, and sent their horses to the neighbouring village of Kenilworth, following the Queen on foot, as did the gentlemen who had stood in array to receive her at the Gallery-tower."

"So passing to the inner court, her majesty, "that never rides but alone, there alighted from her palfrey," and was conveyed up to her chamber. At this instant all the clocks in the castle were stopped; and, by a delicate attention, the hands continued to point at the moment of her arrival, since no one was to take note of time during the royal sojourn at Kenilworth."

For eighteen days the princely pleasures of Kenilworth were kept up, during which time, we are told by Laneham, "her majesty, with her accustomed charity and mercy, cured nine persons of the painful disease called the 'King's Evil,' which the kings and queens of this realm, without other medicine, but only by touching and prayers, do cure!"

The castle itself, upon the improvement of which the Earl is said to have spent a sum equal to about half a million of our money, is thus described:—

"The outer wall of this splendid and gigantic structure enclosed seven acres, a part of which was occupied by extensive stables, and by a pleasure garden, with its trim arbours

and parterres, and the rest formed the large base-court, or outer yard, of the noble castle. The lordly structure itself, which rose near the centre of this spacious enclosure, was composed of a huge pile of magnificent castellated buildings, apparently of different ages, surrounding an inner court, and bearing in the names attached to each portion of the magnificent mass, and in the armorial bearings which were there blazoned, the emblems of mighty chiefs who had long passed away, and whose history, could Ambition have lent ear to it, might have read a lesson to the haughty favourite, who had now acquired and was augmenting the fair domain. A large and massive keep, which formed the citadel of the castle, was of uncertain though great antiquity. It bore the name of Caesar, perhaps from its resemblance to that in the Tower of London so called. Some antiquaries ascribe its foundation to the time of Kenelph, from whom the castle had its name, a Saxon King of Mercia, and others to an early era after the Norman Conquest. On the exterior walls frowned the scutcheon of the Clintons, by whom they were founded in the reign of Henry I., and of the yet more redoubted Simon de Montfort, by whom, during the Barons' wars, Kenilworth was long held out against Henry III. Here Mortimer, Earl of March, famous alike for his rise and his fall, had once gallily revelled in Kenilworth, while his dethroned sovereign, Edward II., languished in its dungeons. Old John of Gaunt, "time-honoured Lancaster," had widely extended the castle, erecting that noble and massive pile which yet bears the name of Lancaster's Buildings; and Leicester himself had outdone the former possessors, princely and powerful as they were, by erecting another immense structure, which now lies crushed under its own ruins, the monument of its owner's ambition. The external wall of this royal castle was, on the south and west sides, adorned and defended by a lake partly artificial, across which Leicester had constructed a stately bridge, that Elizabeth might enter the castle by a path hitherto untrodden, instead of the usual entrance to the northward, over which he had erected a gate-house, or barbican, which still exists, and is equal in extent, and superior in architecture, to the baronial castle of many a northern chief.

Beyond the lake lay an extensive chase, full of red deer, fallow deer, roes, and every species of game, and abounding with lofty trees, from amongst which the extended front and massive towers of the castle were seen to rise in majesty and beauty. We cannot but add, that of this lordly palace, where princes feasted and heroes fought, now in the bloody earnest of storm and siege, and now in the games of chivalry, where beauty dealt the prize which valour won, all is now desolate. The bed of the lake is but a rushy swamp; and the massive ruins of the castle only serve to show what their splendour once was; and to impress on the musing visitor the transitory value of human possessions, and the happiness of those who enjoy a humble lot in virtuous contentment.

Miss Strickland is at some pains to point out the discrepancies between romance and reality, in relation to the position of Leicester at the period of Elizabeth's visit to Kenilworth. Amy Robsart, the fair heroine of Scott, to whom Leicester had been publicly married at the court of Edward VI., had long been in the grave, and the Earl's path to a royal marriage was somewhat clearer than has been indicated by the novelist. "Yet Leicester was encumbered with a secret marriage, somewhat in the manner of the splendid fiction, but with a high-born lady of the court—Lady Douglas Howard, the daughter of William Lord Howard, the Queen's uncle." Leicester is supposed to have married in 1572, after being dismissed as a public suitor to the Queen. "The scandalous chronicles of the day declare that Leicester attempted the life of his second unfortunate wife by poison about the time of the Queen's visit to Kenilworth; and it is said that the words of the old nursery lullaby—

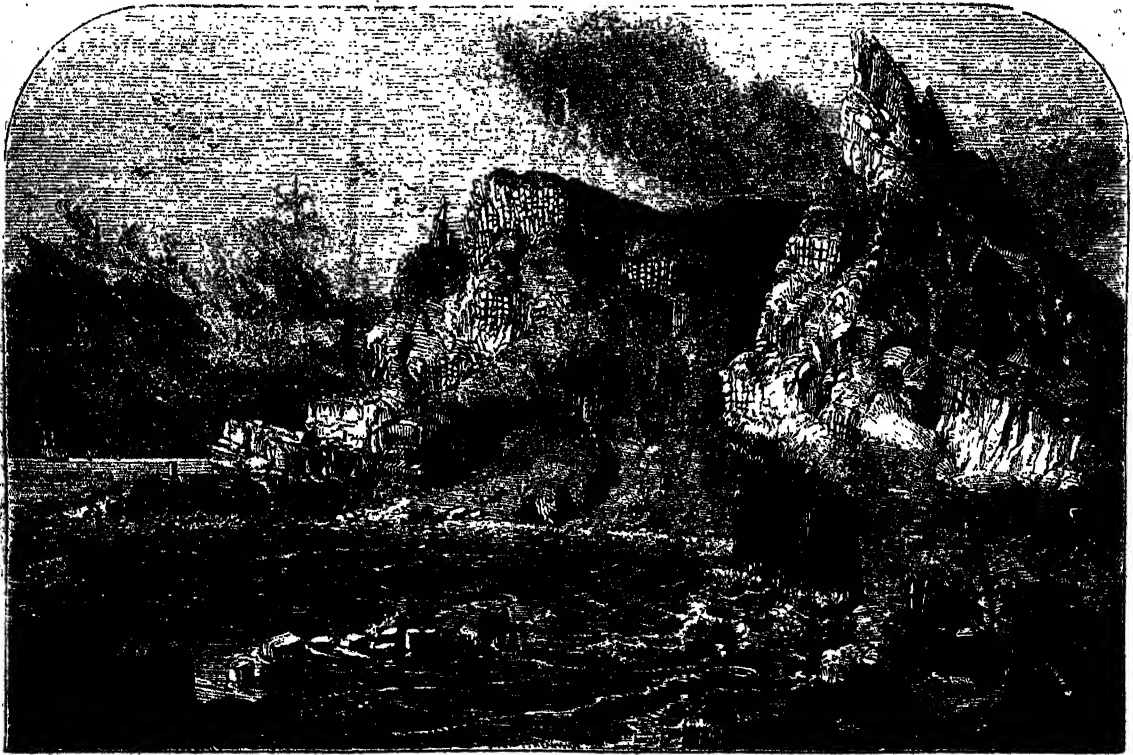
"Blow, my babe, lie still and slumber,
It grieves me so to see thee weep!"

were meant as the address of the forsaken Lady Leicester to her boy."

THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

"Dark o'er the foam-white waves,
The Giant's Pier the war of tempest-braves,
A far-projecting, firm, basaltic way,
Of clustering columns wedged in dense array;
With skill so like, yet so surpassing art,
With such design, so just in every part,
That reason pauses doubtful if it stand
The work of mortal or immortal hand."

No visitor to Ireland should neglect seeing the Giant's Causeway. If the romantic and lovely in scenery is to be covered on the wild coasts of Antrim and Donegal. Thus the north and the south of Ireland rival and counter-



GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.—THE CHIMNEY TOPS, WITH RIVER AND VALLEY HEADLAND.

be found in the neighbourhood of the Lakes of Killarney, certainly the grand and the sublime may be dis-

balance each other in point of interest and attraction. To an Englishman, possibly the north of Ireland may possess historical claims to his remembrance altogether apart from his feeling for the picturesque; for in this district of the sister island the truths of Christianity were first preached, and the struggles of the Commonwealth and the Revolution took place. But for memories such as these a man need scarcely go to Ireland. If he wishes to rake up the dust of the past, he can sit at home by his fireside and do it quietly. One never quarrels with books, and it is a pity really that things should ever be said in print that should make us quarrel with each other; and so, bearing this in mind, we, like sensible people, shut up the volume at the part which speaks of the troubles of Ireland, and open it again at a place devoted more particularly to a description of the spot we are about to visit—on paper. And a very pleasant thing it is, too, to sit at home and travel. No trouble at railroad stations, or on the rail itself; no dust, or noise, or disagreeable fellow-passengers; and, best of all, no expense. Let us set out at once.

We will suppose that we start from Belfast. Two routes offer themselves—the direct one by railway to Ballymena, and through the country by jaunting-car to Bushmills or Coleraine; and the more romantic road along the coast skirting the Lough of Belfast, and keeping the sea in sight nearly all the way. Through some of the best scenery in the north of



THE GIANT'S GATEWAY.



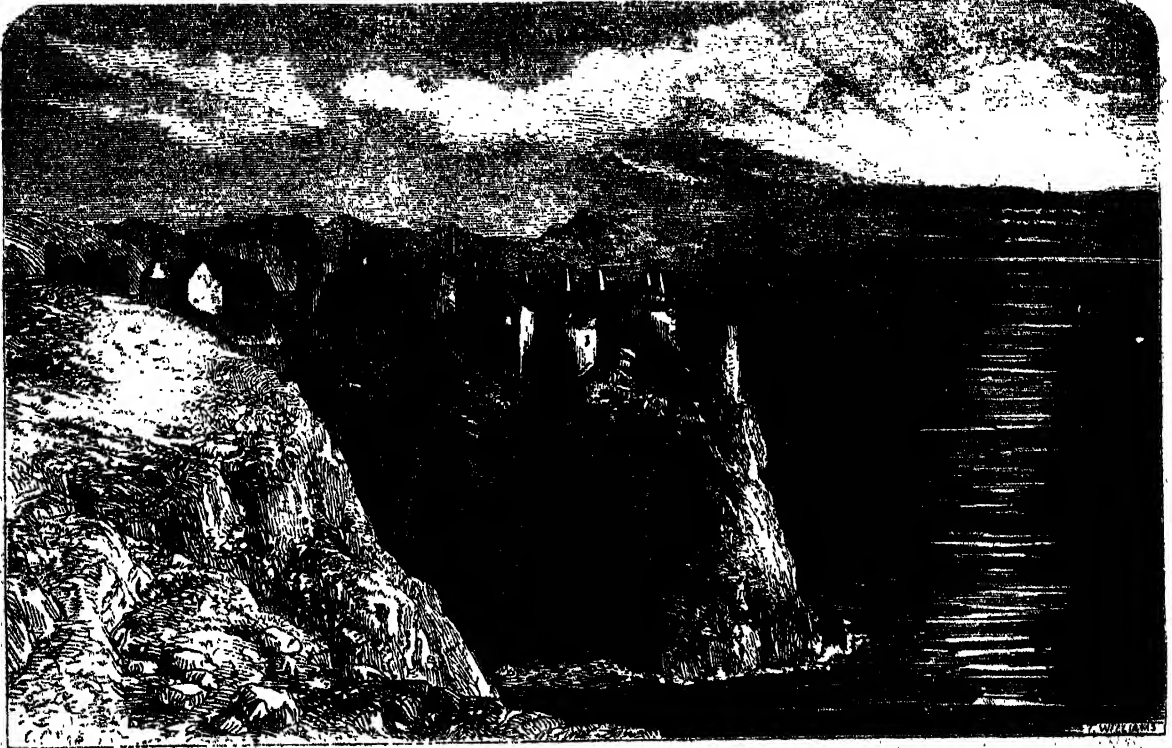
THE LANTERN.

Ireland, and over some of the roughest, hilliest, and boggiest roads as well, the enthusiastic tourist makes his way from Carrickfergus to Ballycastle. He need be under no apprehension, however, of not seeing any of the established sights, or of neglecting any of the notable historical spots of the neighbourhood, for almost every mile of the road from Belfast to the Causeway he will find to be literally alive with guides.

lingers for a few minutes about the ruins of the old church in the glen.

But it is not likely, that, with the Causeway within half-a-dozen miles' walk—or row, for the sea view is by far the best—any, the most enthusiastic, lover of legends will stop long to listen, even to Ossian—

"Sublimest, simplest bard of all."



DUNLUCE CASTLE, NEAR THE CAUSEWAY.

Thus the actual railroad-borne and guide-pestered visitor will—like our comfortable, stay-at-home friend—be introduced to many interesting and lovely "bits" of scenery, and become acquainted also with some curious "bits" of legends and

Instead of that, he takes a guide—who may be a very old man, or a young boy such as he standing by the Giant's Well—and goes forward at once. That is to say, after having discharged his car-driver and settled other little preliminaries as



SEA-GULL ISLAND.—GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

scraps of strange, wild, Ossian-like poetry. From Carron Point he will catch a glimpse of the Scotch mountains if it be a clear day; and whether it be clear or not, he will be pretty sure to hear the story of the great chieftain, Shane O'Neill, of the Red Hand, or, "Lath Dharig," as he is called in Irish, if he

to dress and so forth, for it is very cold about the rocks sometimes. Most persons are acquainted, by means of engravings and otherwise, with the general appearance of that gigantic mass of basaltic columns called the Giant's Causeway. The principal or grand causeway—the "Pleashin," as it is called—

consists of an irregular arrangement of columns of black rock, ranged side by side with such apparent skill and regularity as to seem the work of human hands rather than the effect of crystallisation—which they undoubtedly are. These remarkable specimens of nature's handiwork are of unequal height and breadth. They rise up from the strand to a height of about twenty feet, gradually receding to the water; though how far seaward this arrangement extends is very uncertain. This grand assemblage of basaltic pillars extends for a considerable distance along the shore; sometimes like a vast pile congregated together, as in the Grand Causeway; sometimes taking the shape of isolated masses of broken, dis-jointed rocks scattered along the beach; sometimes assuming the appearance of regular geological strata in the exposed face of the cliff, as in that remarkable natural curiosity, the "Giant's Organ;" and sometimes becoming part of the rugged mountainous coast itself, as in the headland known as the "Chimney Tops." But in whatever part of the coast these basaltic pillars appear, they have all two peculiarities—their almost uniform pentagonal figure, and the singular manner in which the separate pieces of each column are jointed together. In no cases do the columns seem to consist of single solid blocks, but are composed of a number of short lengths, one on the top of the other, like layers of masonry. But instead of possessing flat surfaces, the ends of each length are articulated one into the other like a ball and socket, in the same way as is observable in the vertebrae of some of the larger kinds of fishes—the one end of the joint having a cavity into which the convex end of the opposite exactly fits. The depth of this concavity or convexity is generally about three or four inches; and it is peculiar that the joint, instead of being conformable to the external angular figure of the block, is exactly round, and as large as the diameter of the column will admit; consequently, as the angles of these columns are in general very unequal, the circular edges of the joints are seldom coincident with more than two or three sides of the pentagon, and are from the edge of the circular part of the joint to the exterior sides and angles quite plain. The articulations of these joints are frequently inverted, in some of them the concavity being upwards, and in others the reverse. This occasions that variety and mixture of concavities and convexities on the tops of the columns which is observable throughout the platform of this Causeway without any discoverable design or regularity with respect to the number of either.

The length of these particular stones, from joint to joint, is various; seldom more than from eighteen inches to two feet; and, for the greater part, longer towards the bottom of the columns than nearer the top, the articulation of the joints being there somewhat deeper. The size, or diameter, of the columns is as different as their length and figure: in general they are from fifteen to twenty inches in diameter. Throughout the whole of this combination there are not many traces of uniformity or design, except in the form of the joint; nor are there traces of a finishing in any part, whether in the height, length, or breadth. If there be particular instances in which the columns above water have a smooth top, others near them, of an equal height, are more or less convex or concave, which shows them to have been joined to pieces that have been washed away, or by other means taken off. It cannot be doubted but that those parts which are constantly above water have gradually become more and more even, at the same time that the remaining surfaces of the joints must necessarily have been worn smoother by the constant action of the air, and by the friction in walking over them, than where the sea, at every tide, beats on the Causeway, continually removing some of the upper stones, and exposing fresh joints. As all the exterior columns, which have two or three sides exposed to view, preserve their diameters from top to bottom, it may be inferred that such is also the case with the interior columns, the tops of which alone are visible.

Notwithstanding the general dissimilitude of the columns, relatively to their figure and diameter, they are so arranged and combined at all the points, that a single person scarcely be

introduced between them, either at the sides or angles. It is most interesting to examine the close texture and nice insertion of the infinite variety of forms exhibited on the surface of this grand parade. From the great dissimilarity of the figures of the columns, the spectator would be led to believe the Causeway a work of human art, were it not, on the other hand, inconceivable that the genius or invention of man should construct and combine such an infinite number of columns, which should have a general apparent likeness, and still be so universally dissimilar in their figure, as that, on the minutest examination, not two in ten or twenty thousand should be found having their angles and sides equal among themselves, or those of one column to those of another. As there is an infinite variety in the configuration of the several parts, so are there not any traces of regularity or design in the outlines of this curious phenomenon: including the broken or detached pieces, of a similar structure, they are extremely scattered and confused. Whatever may have been their original state, they do not at present appear to have any connexion with the grand or principal Causeway, as to any supposable design or use in its first construction; and as little design can be inferred from the figure or position of the several constituent parts.

On the cliffs all round the coasts of Donegal and Antrim similar masses of columns are observable. The pillars called the Chimney Tops are among the most singular and remarkable phenomena belonging to the Causeway. They are three in number, the tallest standing upwards of forty feet from the face of the cliff. These rocks, according to Mr. S. C. Hall, were mistaken by the crew of a ship belonging to the Spanish Armada for the chimneys of Dunluce Castle, and were fired upon accordingly. The story goes, that the giants, in revenge for the insult, hung out lights from the cliffs, which so bewildered the ship's crew that they fouled among the breakers, and were lost on the coast. At any rate, there is a little bay here called Port-na-Spania.

The entrance to the Causeway through the Giant's Gateway is most imposing. Colonnades of perfectly-formed basaltic pillars rise up against the face of the cliff in apparently the greatest order; and near it is the Lady's Chair, so called from the fact that it is frequently made use of as a seat by the fair visitors to the Causeway. Whether it possesses any of the virtues ascribed to it we cannot say. Like the Giant's Well, the erection of this far-famed stone seat is partly the work of human hands. "The only person I observed on the Causeway when I descended," says Barrow, "was an old woman, sitting by the spring of fresh water, with a whiskey bottle and glasses to mix that national spirit with the pure spring, and render it more palatable to her customers. On returning from my ramble, however, I perceived a young lady in a riding habit, sitting down by the side of the fountain, waiting the return of some gentlemen who were examining the Causeway; the sight of whom, in this lonely spot, I am free to confess, drove all the pentagons and hexagons out of my head; and to escape from the chance of its being filled with something else, I was ungallant enough to take an abrupt departure."

The general effect of the Causeway on the mind of the visitor is one of awe and solemnity. "What shall I say of the Causeway?" inquires Lord John Manners. "There are three promontories running into the sea on a level with the waves, or nearly so, composed of upright blocks of stone, each, it may be, a yard in circumference, hexagonal, pentagonal, octagonal, and one or two nonagonal in shape; some of the cliffs, too, are fluted in this manner, with columns thirty feet high, resembling at a little distance the pipes of an organ. A very steep and narrow track took us from the Causeway to the summit of the cliffs—an ascent of about 300 feet, and a walk of a couple of miles along their edge to the Pleskinn Rock. It rained furiously, so that it was only now and then we could obtain a fair view of the dark creeks, and bold rocks, and strange formations of whinstone, which diversify this mysterious coast.

At short distances from the coast the sea is studded with

numerous small uninhabitable islands, and the coast itself is intersected with many deep and solemn-looking caves, which can only be explored by means of boats. A rock called "Sea-Gull Island," from the fact of those birds frequenting it in vast numbers, lies to the east of the Chimney Tops. This rock, probably, formed part of the mainland at some distant period of time. The view seaward is grand indeed.

In order to view the Causeway with effect, and to enjoy its varied aspects, the artists and the true lovers of nature will not be satisfied with one hasty view of it and its surrounding wonders. They will contrive to see it at sunrise, when the dawn first flings its kaleidoscopic tints on those myriad groups of columns:—also at sunset, when the red light of departing day, alternating with deep shadow, brings forth in beautiful relief the outlines of each pillared mass; and, loveliest of all, when the summer moonlight flings its mystic lustre over a scene surcharged with endless shapes of grandeur and sublimity. The Causeway, as a whole, cannot, as already intimated, be properly seen or enjoyed from the land. The tourist will have to embark in one of the many well-manned and servicable row-boats which are always in waiting either at the Causeway itself, or at the shore near the village of Ballinacoy.

We have, probably, almost exhausted the patience of our fireside traveller, or we might carry him with us over that tremendous basaltic rock the "Stacks," and show him the Fata Morgana in this romantic region. But our space warns us we must be brief.

About a couple of miles west from the Causeway is Dunluce Castle, "the grandest, romanticest, awfulest sea-king's castle in broad Europe. It stands on a great ledge of a cliff, separated from, rather than joined to, the mainland by the narrowest of natural bridges, and overhangs the sea—that dark, chilling, northern sea—so perpendicularly, that how the towers and wall on the sea-side were built I cannot divine: what numbers of masons and builders must have fallen into that gloomy sea before the last loophole was pierced! The landward scenery, in spite of good roads and modern improvements, is dreary enough now; what it must have been when those grim halls were first inhabited by Ulster chieftains, who can guess? There is no castle on the Rhine, or the Loire,

and wild outlook, in Europe. Built at the extreme edge of the cliff, the wonder seems that it has not long ago says Mr. Barrow, "could be more adapted to a scene in romance than the wild position of Dunluce Castle, perched as



The Giant's Well, and Causeway Guide.

been washed into the roaring ocean at its base. "Nothing," it is on the summit of a naked and lofty rock, surrounded by the sea, and cut off from the mainland, except by a narrow stratum of rock or wall, that serves as a foot-bridge over a deep gulf, through which the sea roars below with a fearful noise. Traditional stories, indeed, are not wanting of the abduction and imprisonment of beautiful virgins by some O'Neill or O'Cahan or M'Mahon, or some other *Mac* or *O*, which O'Hallaron says are affixes of dignity and meaning, by indicating the true Milesian breed, as is fully demonstrated by an old Latin pentameter—

"Per *Mac* atque *O* tu veros cognoscis *Hernos*.
His duobus deceptis, nullus *Hibernus* adest."

Which may be thus freely translated;—

By *Mac* and *O* you'll surely know
True Irishmen, they say;
But if they lack both *O* and *Mac*,
No Irishmen are they.

THE DYING POET.

OPEN the casement, give me light and air;
And let me gaze upon the day's decline—
Perchance it also may be that of mine.
Let me look out upon the mountains bare,
For I have trod their rugged sides; and now,
When death's cold damps are settling on my brow,
I would have my free spirit ramble there,
And take a loving and a last farewell!
'Twas there I struck the first notes of a spell,
Once joyous, tinged in after life with care—
A mournful type of life's disastrous dream,
That came upon me with a glorious gleam
Of hope—but died like the dim fading day,
That sees my broken spirit pass away.

Those dreams that I should die, like thee are faded;
For now thy glories rest upon the hills,
'Mid the refreshing dews that eve distills,
Shone gorgeous in thy setting. Mine is shaded
By the remembrance of the toil and strife
That met my very outset into life;
'Mid all my hopes and joys they lingered near,
And o'er my young heart's longings flapped their wings,
Like shadows dimmed my young imaginings,
And washed my cheeks with disappointment's tears.
Thy beams at morn may rest upon my brow,
And few will mourn my premature doom,
For ages yet fair Hope will tread thy way,
But death for ever chokes my career.

J. BARROW.



A Vender of Specimens.—The Highlandman's Bonnet, and the Chair in which the Giant sat while his Men built the Causeway.

or the Seine, or anywhere else that I know of, that can be compared with Dunluce for desolate awe-inspiring grandeur. The Causeway itself was quite tame and flat after Dunluce.

Every one who has seen this famous edifice acknowledges it to be the most remarkable building, as to situation

A PEEP AT COUNTRY COUSINS, AND HOW IT ENDED.

LETTER I.—MISS DORA HARCOURT TO CECIL HARCOURT, ESQ., OF GROSVENOR-SQUARE, LONDON.

Whitehaven, March 2, 1820.

MY DEAR FATHER,—I sit down to fulfil my promise of telling you all that has happened since we parted; and must begin by premising that we arrived safely at Milnthorpe, at which place we were met by my cousin Robert. I then took leave of Mr. Jennings, and mounted into an odd sort of vehicle they call a shandrey, which jolted terribly, and seemed to move very slowly after the rapid travelling we had hitherto enjoyed when posting with four horses. But very soon we entered upon such beautiful scenery that I rejoiced in our tardy speed, and could scarcely withdraw my attention from it sufficiently to answer the numerous formal questions which Robert and William thought it their duty to ask by way of showing me due attention. Indeed, they spoke so gravely, and appeared so frightened of me, I could hardly forbear laughing outright whenever they spoke; and they put such droll inquiries to me! Such as whether I went to a ball every night?—did I like the play, or opera, or Almack's the best?—did I think the Prince Regent handsome?—what were the newest fashions? And when I professed considerable ignorance on most of these weighty points, they coloured up, and seemed to think I was quizzing them. Presently I made some inquiry concerning the country through which we were passing, and then matters brightened, and Robert especially proved himself a most intelligent, agreeable companion. His descriptions of rustic sports and adventures quite charmed me, and by the time we arrived at Langdale Friars, which is the name of their farm, about two miles from Whitehaven, we had become very good friends. The shandrey presently turned into a stony picturesque avenue of elm trees, that were just budding into green shoots, and in whose upper branches were congregated a large bustling colony of rooks, whose caw, caw, so delighted my cockney senses, as to greatly amuse my cousins. On a small, neatly-kept terrace, which ran along the south side of the Friars, we perceived my aunt pacing leisurely, and we got out of our rough carriage in order to greet her properly. You must fancy a portly, handsome woman, decked in a rich, flowery-patterned silk gown, a wide muslin apron, with a huge bunch of keys depending from its strings, white-ribbed woollen stockings carefully drawn over well-shaped ancles, which were still further displayed by high wooden-heeled shoes adorned by massive silver buckles, and her steps supported by a long staff grasped in the middle, its height overtopping her peak-shaped silk bonnet edged with a curiously small lace veil. But what surprised me still more was to see her smoking a very long tobacco-pipe, which she only laid aside in order to salute me, which she did on both cheeks with such friendly hearty cordiality as to bring tears to my eyes. I found dinner had been long over, and my ride had made me so keen set, that I felt rather dismayed at the prospect of only a washy cup of tea to satisfy my cravings; but I need have had no fears on that head, for a most abundant meal was quickly spread, whose stores of muffins, kettle-cakes, preserves, ham, date pies, coffee, and various other dainties, would have furnished at least a dozen London tea-tables. One thing, however, I must mention more particularly; and this was a dish of buns, baked several days since, for Good Friday, and which, though well-tasted, I said seemed to me rather hard; but I found this remark quite offended my excellent uncle, who gravely assured me, that buns baked for that day never grow mouldy, and he maintained he had often seen them when fourteen months old in perfect preservation. I did not choose to laugh, for every one else seemed to agree with him, but it appeared to me very strange how they could all believe that the buns would not grow mouldy in time; besides which, my aunt told me very solemnly, when she went with me to show me my bedroom, that hot-cross-buns were well-known to be an infallible cure

for the hooping-cough. This morning a rosy, blue-eyed flaxen-haired damsel came to breakfast, whose frank, blythe expression, and arch, merry laugh, greatly took my fancy; but I don't know how it was, she did not appear to like me as much as I did her, which I the more regretted, since I soon perceived she was very intimate with my uncle's family. When the gentlemen were all gone out after the morning meal was concluded, Susannah Gawthorpe, the blue-eyed maiden, produced a large bag filled with remnants of various coloured ribbons, pieces of silk, and scraps of gay calicoes, and the dairy-maid at the same time brought in a basket of fresh eggs, and my aunt told me they were going to prepare the Paschal eggs for Easter. I thought it very amusing work, and she showed me how to make the prettiest marble-patterns by laying little heaps of different coloured dye-woods on pieces of calico, which were then wrapped round the eggs previous to their being boiled; but she would on no account permit me to unfold one of them until several hours had elapsed, and they had become perfectly cold. When the eggs were taken out of their casings, their beautiful and variegated appearance reminded me forcibly of your descriptions of early days, and how gaily, you said, the young people used to sally forth on Easter-Monday to play with and break their pretty eggs in the green meadows. This afternoon I went into the kitchen to inquire about the time the post went out, and hit my head a sharp rap against an old iron horse-shoe that was nailed on the door, which led to Sally's informing me, with many apologies, that it was placed there to prevent witches entering the house; for, as Sally sagely remarked, "No one knew when they might come, and it was best to be prepared." I shall grow superstitious myself if I remain here much longer; and before I quitted the kitchen the old woman gave me a bit of mountain ash, which she begged I would wear to charm away the effects of any evil eye I might chance to meet when abroad. Finding the cow-boy, who took the letters to Whitehaven, was to depart in a couple of hours, I was going to fold up this despatch, when my uncle popped his head in at the parlour-door, and asked me if I would like to see a fine blaze. I did not know what he meant, but ran after him, as he strode towards the village green, where we joined a silent group, composed of Robert and William, and Susannah Gawthorpe, who seemed to be waiting for something to take place. Some one soon called my uncle away, and he desired William to give me his arm, on which I saw the same glance of mingled dislike and suspicion flit over Susannah's bright face as had perplexed me before, but I had no time to ruminate on the subject just then. A loud shout at some little distance was quickly followed by the appearance of a troop of boys, preceded by a tall lad, who carried a huge bundle, much larger than himself, of unthrashed peas, which he deposited in the centre of the green. A moment's silence ensued, and then, I suppose, a lighted match was applied, for a great blaze arose, and the circle of rosy, animated faces, which watched the fire's progress, was in itself worth coming many miles to see. But the blaze hardly lasted sixty seconds, and then the little multitude went down on hands and knees and grubbed about for the charred and smoking peas, as if they were seeking for hidden treasures. Shouts of merriment testified their excessive enjoyment of this feast, which is known by the quaint term of "bousled-peas." With faces besmeared like chimney-sweepers, and many a ringing laugh, the crowd dispersed as soon as the last pea had been devoured, and I ran into the house to finish my letter. As you will be anxious to hear from me, I will not delay it another day; and have only time to beg you to believe me at all times your truly affectionate daughter,

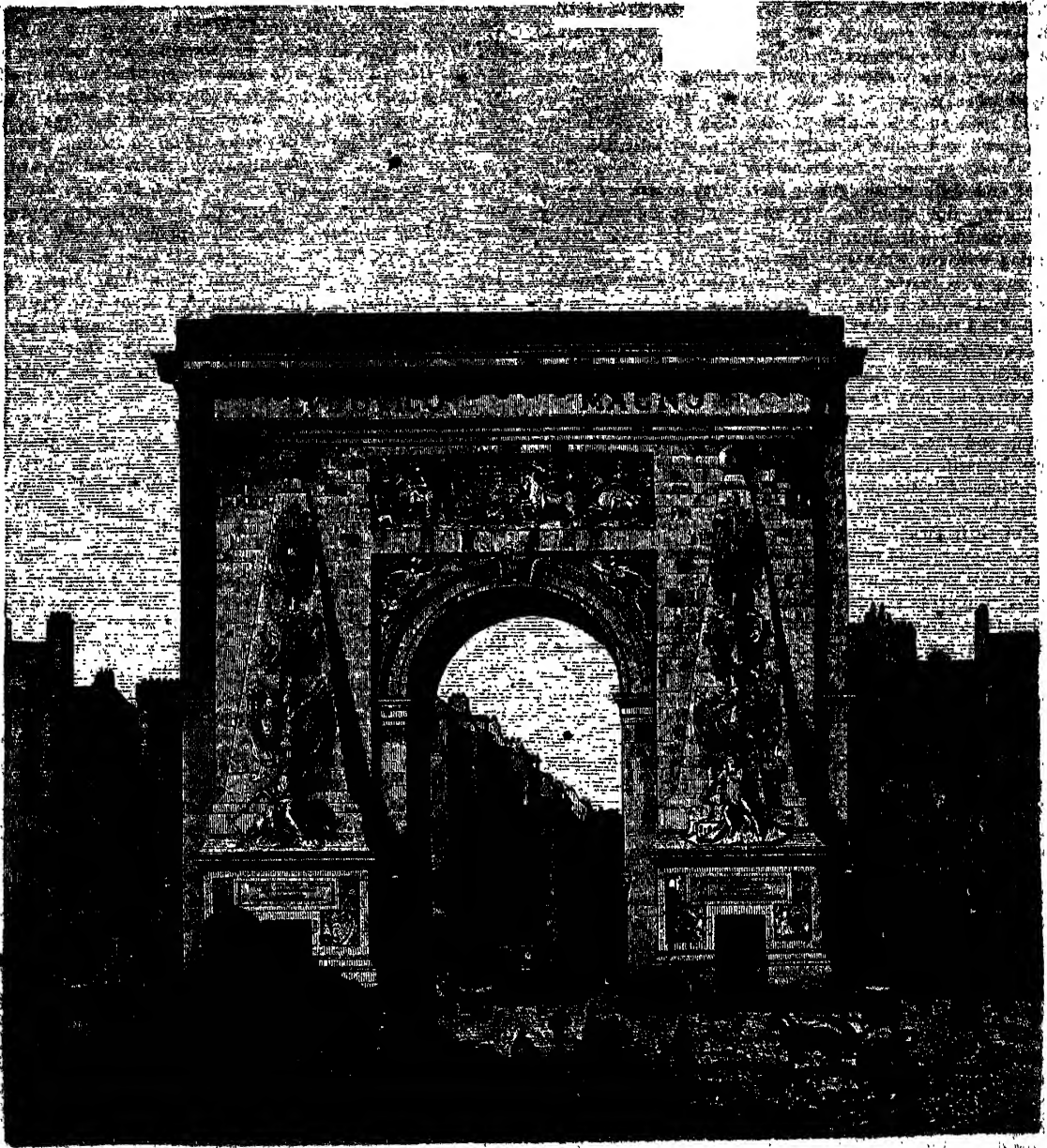
DEAR HARCOURT.

P. S.—Please to send me my sprigged white muslin, as I hear some talk going on of a rustic party, and I should not like my cousins to think I actually knew nothing of the fashions. Oh, dear papa, only think how curious it seems! It was new moon last night, and when my aunt first saw it she folded her arms and made a deep courtesy to it; so did Susannah, but I saw her smile in the act, while my aunt evidently regarded it as a sort of religious ceremony.

PORTE ST. DENIS.

In the days of Louis XIV., François Blondel, the architect, was at the height of his fame. He was employed in the construction of some of the noblest national monuments, and his name thus became associated with many of those buildings, which have since been rendered remarkable by the struggles, the battles, the triumphs, and defeats, which have from time

beautifully arranged, and harmonised well with the rest of the building. The architect knew that ornament must always be subsidiary to the grand effect of the whole, and that convenience must as much as possible be attended to in all public works. He had studied the antique—the column of Trajan, the obelisks of Egypt, the ruins of classic Rome—and



VIEW OF PORTE ST. DENIS, IN PARIS.

to have occurred in the good city of Paris. Among other public works, François Blondel began and finished the Porte St. Denis. This was, perhaps, his greatest work. At all events it was one on which he prided himself: in it he seemed to have out-blinded Blondel, and says, in his own account thereof, that it is the grandest work of the kind to be found in the whole world.

It is thirty-two feet high and proportionately wide, with an opening of twenty-four feet in the middle. This is very

he had the happy art of skilfully adapting all that was necessary calculated to improve the effect of his own design.

With this intention he placed two pyramids at the sides of the opening, so as to flank the arch; these he placed upon massive pedestals, resembling that of the column of Trajan, which, while they answered a very useful purpose as passages for foot-passengers, gave much grace and elegance to the pyramids. They were ornamented with various figures and devices, all emblematical of the glory of the great monarch.

The Porte St. Denis was intended to be a sort of sculptured history of that eventful time; a record of all the wonderful victories, chiefly on the ocean, of that most wonderful king. "But," says the architect, "the rapidity of the conquests of the sovereign in his Dutch campaign, and the famous passage of the Rhine, which occurred in the year in which the Porte St. Denis was commenced, obliged us to adopt other arrangements, and Messieurs the provosts made up their minds to decorate the arch after another fashion, following the king by land through his mightiest battles and most glorious victories. The noblest arch of triumph could not do honour sufficient to those noble triumphs." The entablature represents the passage of the Rhine, and the pyramids are covered with emblematic figures, after the manner of the medals which were struck, and the arches which were erected, to do honour to Augustus after his conquest of Egypt, and to Titus after the conquest of Judæa. Blondel describes every particular with amazing accuracy, and dilates with no ordinary satisfaction on the appropriateness of each device. The sculptures are indeed justly celebrated, and the whole of them possess great merit. They were executed by Girardon and Michael Anquier; the bas-reliefs which decorate the pedestals of the pyramids are in composition and in execution very remarkable. They were evidently designed, as the architect candidly owns, in imitation of the sculptures on the column of Trajan.

The Porte St. Denis has been the scene of many a fierce struggle. It was once the glory of kings, and showed on its beautiful frontage the triumph of the old regime, but since its architect has slept his last sleep, since Louis Quatorze and his marshals have passed away, since the Revolution has swept away the old regime, many sanguinary fights have happened at the Porte St. Denis, and it has attained another, and a far different description of celebrity than that which it was intended to possess, when sculptors carved in the stone-work—LUDWIG MASON.

THE MUSICIAN OF AUGSBURG.

There lived, at some former time, in the city of Augsburg, a musician whose name was Nieser. There was no kind of musical instrument that he could not fashion with his own hands, nor was there any upon which he could not perform indifferently well. He was also a composer; and, although none of his compositions are now extant, tradition informs us that his reputation in that, as well as in the other departments of the art, not only filled the city, but extended throughout the whole circle of Suabia. Other causes contributed to swell his fame: he possessed great wealth—acquired, it was sometimes whispered, not in the most creditable way; and the only inheritor of it was a daughter, whose beauty and innocence might well have been deemed dowry sufficient, without the prospective charms of her father's possessions. Esther was indeed almost as celebrated for the softness of her blue eyes, and the sweetness of her smile, and her many kind actions, as old Nieser was for his wealth, and the excellence of his styled instruments, and the paucity of his good deeds.

Now, in spite of the wealth of old Nieser, and the respect which it had obtained for him, and the musical celebrity which he enjoyed, one sore grievance pressed heavily upon him. Esther, his only child, the sole representative of a long line of musicians, could scarcely distinguish one tune from another; and it was a source of melancholy anticipation to Nieser, that he should leave behind him no heir to that talent which he held in almost equal estimation with his riches. But, as Esther grew up, he began to take consolation in thinking that, if he could not be the father, he might live to be the grandfater, of a race of musicians. No sooner, therefore, was she of a marriageable age, than he formed the singular resolution of bestowing her, with a dowry of two hundred thousand florins, upon whosoever should compose the best sonata, and perform the principal part in it. This determination he immediately published throughout the city, appointing a day for the competition; and he was heard to swear, with a grave

oath, that he would keep his promise, though the sonata should be composed by the demon, and played by the fiend's own fingers. Some say this was spoken jocularly; but it would have been better for old Nieser had he never spoken it at all; it is certain, however, that he was a wicked old man, and no respecter of religion.

No sooner was the determination of Nieser the musician known in Augsburg, than the whole city was in a ferment. Many who had never dared to raise their thoughts so high, now unexpectedly found themselves competitors for the hand of Esther; for independently of Esther's charms and Nieser's florins, professional reputation was at stake; and where this was wanting, vanity supplied its place. In short, there was not a musician in Augsburg who was not urged, for one motive or another, to enter the lists for the prize of beauty. Morning, noon, and night, the streets of Augsburg were filled with melodious discord. From every open window proceeded the sound of embryo sonatas; nor was any other subject spoken of throughout the city than the approaching competition and its probable issue. A musical fever infected all ranks: the favourite airs were caught, and repeated, and played, and sung, in every house in Augsburg; the sentinels at the gates hummed sonatas as they paced to and fro; the shopkeepers sat among their wares singing favourite movements; and customers as they entered took up the air, forgetful of their business, and sang dusts across the counter. It is even said that the priests murmured allegrettos as they left the confessional; and that two bars of a presto movement were found upon the back of one of the bishop's homilies.

But, amidst all this commotion, there was one who shared not in the general exultation. This was Franz Gortlingen, who, with little more musical talent than Esther, possessed one of the best hearts and handsomest persons in Suabia. Franz loved the daughter of the musician; and she on her part, would rather at any time have heard her own name, with some endearing word prefixed to it, whispered by Franz, than listened to the finest sonata that ever was composed between the Rhine and the Oder. Nieser's decree was therefore of sad import to both Esther and Franz.

It was now the day next to that upon which the event was to be decided, and Franz had taken no step towards the accomplishment of his wishes: and how was it possible that he should? He never composed a bar of music in his life: to play a simple air on the harpsicord exhausted all the talent he was master of. Late in the evening Franz walked out of his lodgings, and descended into the street. The shops were all shut, and the streets were entirely deserted; but lights were still visible in some of the open windows; and from these came sadly upon the ear of Gortlingen the sound of instruments in preparation for the event which was to deprive him of Esther. Sometimes he stopped and listened, and he could see the faces of the musicians lighted up with pleasure at the success of their endeavours, and in anticipation of their triumph.

Gortlingen walked on and on, until at length he found himself in a part of the city which, although he had lived in Augsburg all his life, he never recollected to have seen before. Behind him the sounds of music had all died away, before him was heard the low rush of the river, and mingled with it there came at times upon the ear faint tones of wondrous melody. One solitary and far distant glimmer showed that the reign of sleep was not yet universal; and Gortlingen conjectured, from the direction of the sound, that some anxious musician was still at his task, in preparation for the morrow. Gortlingen went onwards, and as he drew nearer to the light, such glorious bursts of harmony swelled upon the air, that all unskilled as he was in music, the tones had a spell in them which more and more awakened his curiosity as to who might be their author. Quickly and noiselessly he went forward until he reached the open window whence the sound proceeded. Within, an old man sat at a harpsichord, with a manuscript before him: his back was turned towards the window, but an antique and tattered mirror showed to Gortlingen the face and gestures of the musician.

It was a face of infinite mildness and benevolence; not such a countenance as Gortlingen remembered to have ever seen the likeness of before, but such as one might desire to see often again. The old man played with the most wondrous power; now and then he stopped, and made alterations in his manuscript, and as he tried the effect of them he showed his satisfaction by audible expressions, as if of thanksgiving, in some unknown tongue.

Gortlingen could at first scarcely contain his indignation at the supposition that this little old man should dare to enter the lists as one of Esther's suitors; for he could not doubt that he, like the others he had seen, was preparing for the competition; but as he looked and listened, gradually his anger was quelled in contemplating the strangely mild countenance of the musician, and his attention fixed by the beauty and uncommon character of the music; and at length, at the conclusion of a brilliant passage, the performer perceived that he had a sharer in his demonstrations of pleasure, for Gortlingen, in his unrestrained applause, quite drowned the gentler exclamations of the mild old man. Immediately the musician arose, and throwing open the door—"Good evening, Master Franz," said he; "sit down, and tell me how you like my sonata, and if you think it likely to win Nieser's daughter." There was something so benignant in the old man's expression, and so pleasing in his address, that Gortlingen felt no enmity, and he sat down and listened to the player. "You like the sonata, then?" said the old man, when he had concluded it.

"Alas!" replied Gortlingen—"would that I were able to compose such a one!"

"Hearken to me," said the old man: "Nieser swore a sinful oath, that he would bestow his daughter upon whomsoever might compose the best sonata, even although it were composed by the demon, and played by the fiend's own fingers." These words were not spoken unheard: they were borne on the night winds, and whispered through the forests, and sank on the ears of them who sat in the dim valley; and the demon laugh and shout broke loud upon the calm of midnight, and were answered from the lofty depths of a hundred hills; but the good heard also; and though they pitied not Nieser, they pitied Esther and Gortlingen. Take this roll; go to the hall of Nieser: a stranger will compete for the prize, and two others will seem to accompany him: the sonata which I have given to you is the same that he will play; but mine has a virtue of its own: watch an opportunity, and substitute mine for his! When the old man had concluded this extraordinary address, he took Gortlingen by the hand, and led him by some unknown ways to one of the gates of the city, and there left him.

As Gortlingen walked homewards, grasping the roll of paper, his mind was alternately occupied in reflections upon the strange manner in which he had become possessed of it, and in anticipation of the morrow's event. There was something in the expression of the old man that he could not mistrust, though he was unable to comprehend in what way he could be benefited by the substitution of one sonata for another, since he was not himself to be a competitor. With these perplexing thoughts he fell asleep, while all night long Esther's blue eyes were discoursing with him, and the tones of the old man's sonata were floating in the air.

At sunset next evening, Nieser's hall was thrown open to the competitors. As the hour approached, all the musicians of Augsburg were seen hurrying towards the house, with rolls of paper in their hands, and accompanied by others, carrying different musical instruments, while crowds were collected at Nieser's gate to see the competitors pass in. Gortlingen, when the hour arrived, taking his roll, soon found himself at Nieser's gate, where many who were standing knew him, and pitied him, because of the love he bore the musician's daughter; and they whispered one to another—"What does Franz Gortlingen with a roll in his hand; surely he means not to enter the lists with the musicians!" When Gortlingen entered the hall, he found it full of the competitors and anxious friends of Nieser, who had been invited to be pre-

sent. Nieser sat in his chair of judgment at the upper end of the room, and Esther by his side, like a victim arrayed for sacrifice. As Gortlingen made his way through the hall with his roll of music in his hand, a smile passed over the faces of the musicians, who all knew each other, and who also knew that he could scarcely execute a march, much less a sonata, even if he could compose one. Nieser, when he saw him, smiled from the same cause; but when Esther's eye met his, if she smiled at all, it was a faint and sorrowful smile of recognition, and soon gave place to the tear that stole down her cheek.

It was announced that the competitors should advance and enrol their names, and that the trial should then proceed by lot. The last that advanced was a stranger, for whom every one instinctively made way. No one had ever seen him before, or knew whence he came; and so forbidding was his countenance, so strange a leer was in his eye, that even Nieser whispered to his daughter, that he hoped his sonata might not prove the best.

"Let the trial begin," said Nieser:—"I swear I will bestow my daughter, who now sits by my side, with a dowry of 200,000 florins, upon whomsoever shall have composed the best sonata, and shall perform the principal part."—"And you will keep your oath!" said the stranger, advancing in front of Nieser.—"I will keep my oath," said the musician of Augsburg, "though the sonata should be composed by the demon, and played by the fiend's own fingers." There was a dead silence; a distant shout and faint laughter fell on the ear like an echo. The stranger alone smiled; every one else shuddered.

The first lot fell upon the stranger, who immediately took his place, and unrolled his sonata. Two others, whom no one had observed before, took their instruments in their hands and placed themselves beside him, all waiting the signal to begin. Every eye was fixed upon the performers. The sign was given; and as the three musicians raised their heads to glance at the music, it was perceived with horror that the three faces were alike. A universal shudder crept through the assembly; all was silent confusion; no one spoke or whispered to his neighbour, but each wrapped himself up in his cloak, and stole away; and soon there were none left excepting the three, who still continued the sonata, and Gortlingen, who had not forgotten the injunction of the old man. Old Nieser still sat in his chair; but he, too, had seen, and as he remembered his wicked oath, he trembled.

Gortlingen stood by the performers, and as they approached what he remembered to be the conclusion, he boldly substituted his for the sonata that lay before them. A dark scowl passed over the face of the three, and a distant wail fell upon the ear like an echo.

Some hours after midnight the benign old man was seen to lead Esther and Gortlingen out of the hall; but the sonata still proceeded. Years rolled on. Esther and Gortlingen were wedded, and in due course of time died; but the strange musicians still labour at their task, and old Nieser still sits in his judgment-chair, beating time to the sonata. When it ends—if it ever shall end—Esther will be far beyond the reach of the wicked vow made by the musician of Augsburg.

W A R.

Man's evil nature, that apology
Which kings who rule, and cowards who crouch, set up
For their unnumbered crimes, sheds not the blood
Which desolates the discord-wasted land
From kings, and priests, and statesmen, war arose,
Whose safety is man's deep unbettered woe,
Whose grandeur is debasement. Let the axe
Strike at the root, the poison tree will fall;
And where its venomous exhalations spread
Ruin, and death, and woe, where millions lie
Opening the serpent's fumes, and the
Hemlocky ambrosia in the purple blast,
A garden shall arise, in locusts
Serpents, and scorpions.

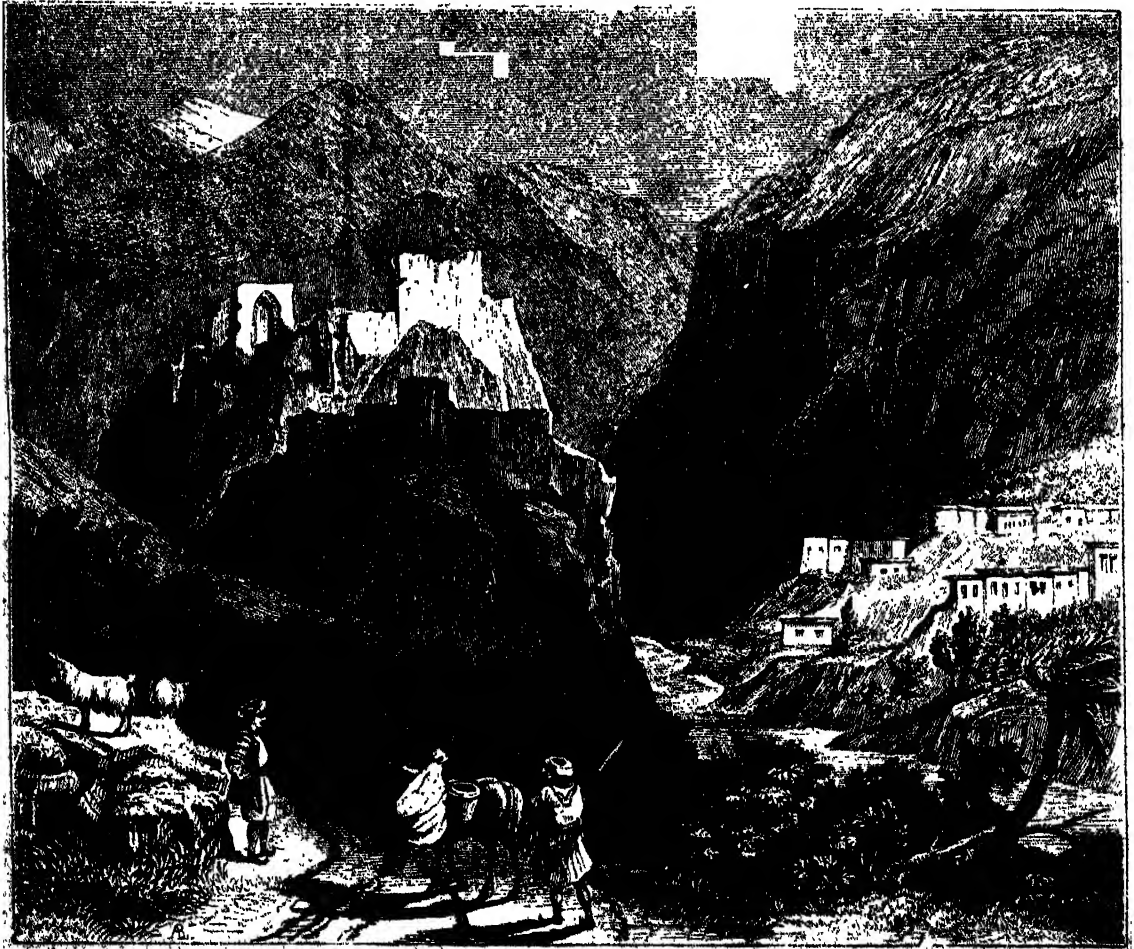
MOUNT AMANUS.

MOUNT AMANUS, which now bears the less euphonious appellation of *Alma Dug*, is one of a chain of mountains in Cilicia. It is a wild romantic spot, with lofty heights and impenetrable gorges—here giant hills, bleak, barren, and desolate, and here beautiful strips of verdure and cool refreshing waters. It resembles in its natural character the land of Syria, and sometimes is indeed called the Syria of Cilicia. The hills, the valleys, the herbage, the people, the sky of intensest blue, all recall the ideas we have formed of what the Holy Land must be; and those who have trodden the soil of Palestine acknowledge that this portion of Cilicia strongly reminds them of the land which flowed with milk and honey.

There are two great roads over the mountain, one of which leads to the sea-shore, where in the days of old the ports

other prodigious phenomena, and have bestowed upon the place a marvellous reputation for enchantment. Metals, and marbles of the most beautiful character, are still found in these mountains; but they are not one-half so beautiful, not one-half so rich and rare, as they appeared to the men of the old time. The people of the past lived in a world of wonders, for they understood but little of natural science, and to them everything was a mystery. Modern inquiry has made it apparent that the ancients knew but little of the geology or geography of Asia Minor.

The temperature of Mount Amanus is dry and sultry. Its solitudes are now rarely disturbed but by the passing of some caravan. Once it re-echoed to the tramp of conquering armies, but its glory has departed, and now but a few people



MOUNT AMANUS, IN CILICIA (ASIA MINOR). VIEW OF THE CHATEAU IN RUINS.

were situated to which Assyrian merchants came, and which were then considered the great marts of commerce and emporiums of the world.

The country is now covered with forest trees, and presents a strange, deserted aspect, and one may travel many a mile without meeting a single inhabitant. Yet the country once flourished; magnificent ruins still remain to tell of its ancient splendour. Xenophon speaks of Mount Amanus; Strabo dwells with infinite delight upon the picturesque beauties of that portion of Cilicia; and his contemporaries tell of wonderful things connected with the mountain. They mention an inflammable cavern, which seemed to them the very mouth of Hades, and yet was nothing more; perdition, than looked-up fire-damp; they mention petrified trees, and

of the poorer sort inhabit its rocky heights and mountain fastnesses. Thus the peopled city-arises where once the cry of the bitter alone disturbed the alluvial and wild flocks pasture where towered palaces pointed to the sky.

The scene which our engraving represents is one of the most picturesque in Amanus. The lofty hills arise on every side and stretch their summits to the sky, the mountain pass is fringed with herbage, and the miller is returning to his home. To the right are a few scattered houses, their white fronts catching the eye from afar, and in the centre are the ruins of an old chateau. There is something mournfully beautiful in the whole, for it seems to tell how the spirit of change is passing over all things; and how the world's glory and the world's triumphs give place to silence and desolation.

MONT BLANC.



Climbing a wall of ice.

On the morning of a lovely day in August, in the year 18— This is the usual way of beginning a romantic description. And this present writing, however, we are not permitted to incline to enter an Alpinist's villa. &c. &c.

to indulge in high-flown phrases, even about Mont Blanc. For Albert Smith and the other modern travellers treat the ascent of this great mountain as such a very ordinary affair—simply a matter of ropes, guides, good spirits, and determined perseverance—that for stay-at-home travellers to get up any sort of enthusiasm about the matter is rather ridiculous.

The mere fact, however, of a man not having seen a particular place is no reason whatever why he should not write a charming description of it. And, in truth, the not having seen Mont Blanc, for instance, would be rather an advantage to a writer than otherwise, as he could draw upon his imagination and poetic temperament without danger of encountering that shock to his feelings, that strange sense of disappointment, which almost invariably attends the first sight of any grand natural phenomenon. Not having witnessed the real dangers of the ascent, and being quite unconscious of the icy coldness which benumbs alike the senses and the imagination, he could rhapsodise at his ease about "everlasting clouds" and "mighty hills so shadowy and sublime;" and, looking at the Alps from the home point of view, it would be easy to indulge in a proper degree of enthusiasm concerning those

"—palaces of nature, whose vast walls
Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,
And enthroned eternity in icy halls
Of cold sublimity."

And more than this, being in no way liable to the slightest inconvenience by reason of any awkward avalanche overhead, or any yawning chasm at his feet, and being in no fear of speaking loud or laughing—

"Lest a word or breath
Bring down a winter's snow,"

he can take his own time in looking at the mighty scene; and using imagination's spectacles, need undergo no trouble in passing over the snow bridge at the "Grand Mulets," or even in climbing the great cone itself.

In the present instance, however, we are spared all trouble in the matter of reminiscence; for we have lying before us the second monthly part of one of the most complete and beautifully illustrated works ever devoted to the subjects of mountains and valleys.* In its pages are collected accounts of the most celebrated ascents of Mont Blanc—from that of Saussure in 1786, to the daring expedition of Albert Smith and his friends in 1861. In this splendid work the editor has been at considerable pains to bring together all the best information on the subject of the interesting countries traversed by the Alps. We, sitting at our ease, will accompany a party of adventurers up the sides of the famous mountain. We start from the Valley of Chamouni. The last human habitation which the traveller sees is the Chalet de la Para, about an hour and half's journey from the Village des Pelébins. At the north-eastern extremity of the valley there rises the lofty green passage of the Col de Balme; then come the red, craggy, thunder-smitten pinnacles of the Aiguilles Rouges; then, directly opposite, the long fir-woods, and bare broken summit of the Brévent, and turning a little round, the bold calcareous turrets of the Aiguille de Varennes, partly covered by a few masses of white cloud. Then come the green hills sloping the other end of the Valley of Chamouni.

Looking directly downwards, just under the feet, are seen the dark pine-woods at the base of the mountain, intersected by the white stony torrent that has burst for itself several channels to form the Arve. Then, farther on, numerous brown chalets, clustered irregularly among the parallelograms of yellow corn, green hemp, flax, or clover. A little farther appears the clustered village of Chamouni, and the slight tin-covered spire of the church. Turning the back on the village, and rising a little from the valley, there is a long line of tall, thick, dark-green pines, forming a most beautiful back-ground to the white icy pinnacles of the rugged Glacier des Bossons, which projects far down into the smiling valley beneath. Then,

higher up above, is the Aiguille du Goûté, and the huge bulk of the Dôme du Goûté, shining like polished silver in the morning sun; and still higher, and directly over head, the snowy pinnacles of the stupendous Aiguille du Midi; its base covered with ice, and lower down with moss, heath, juniper, rhododendrons, and other plants.

At the Chalet de la Para the vegetation diminishes, and, at length, the fir-trees disappear. Before this, provision is made for the evening meal, by wood being picked up, and sometimes chopped into a convenient size and shape. This fuel is then tied on to the knapsacks of the guides. "I was apprehensive," says Mr. Browne, "of some accident to men thus heavily laden, and presently, as we were scaling a most awkward block of ice, down went Favret, load and all, into the crevasse, and but for his long protruding faggots of wood, which stuck on either side of the crevasse, he would have gone to a great depth."

Should the adventurers proceed on mules thus far, they are dismissed as soon as a sort of stone tent is reached, which is formed on one side of a vast block, and on the other of a wall of uncemented pieces. The mouth is open, but within the visitor is tolerably snug, especially in the anticipation of the fatigue and discomfort about to be encountered. In this rude refuge the solitary goat-herd and part of his flock find occasional shelter from the biting blast, which, at such elevations, is frequently experienced, and from the still greater violence of the pelting storm.

Soon after leaving this spot, the course is continued by a narrow foot-way, or ledge, in the face of the cliff, in some places perpendicular, and in others overhanging the abysses below. This track, partly natural, is, in some places, improved by the people of the valley; and a tolerably accurate idea of it may be formed by imagining, that against a precipice of some hundred feet in height, a wall of two feet thick was built about half way up, and the path consists entirely of the space on the top of the wall, which is frequently so narrow as to compel the adventurers to advance sideways with their faces towards the rock, because the ordinary breadth of a man's shoulders would throw the balance of his person over the edge of the precipice.

The travellers have but commenced their journey. The Glacier des Bossons reached, their further progress seems stopped by a precipitous tower of ice. But this surmounted, by means of a staircase of notches cut by the hatchets of the guides, a chasm of uncertain depth has to be crossed, and the onward journey lies over ice ridges, slender arches suspended over dark abysses, and huge blocks of ice which appear mountains of themselves. The adventurous party, tied together with ropes, and preceded by careful guides, arrive at length by painful steps at the edge of the glacier. Snow mountains and ice hills, crevasses numerous and deep, solid walls of ice, and ugly fissures, bar their passage to the Grand Mulets. But even this is reached at last, and they prepare to spend the night on granite rocks 11,000 feet above the level of the sea.

The Grand Mulets consist of a narrow chain of rocks, which derive their name from a fancied resemblance of their aspect, as seen from the valley, to a team of mules; but all images fail to exhibit the awful contrast of their dark isolated range of pinnacles with the dazzling fields of ice and snow above, around, and beneath them.

Mont Blanc is still 3,000 feet above them. The view from this spot is, however, of no ordinary beauty and magnificence. The panorama, heightened by the deep azure of the sky, and the clearness of the atmosphere, embraces within its mighty grasp, mountains than which none are more sublime—masses of ice and snow of surpassing grandeur—valleys smiling with verdure, lit up, perhaps, by the rays of the sun;—Jeman, all placidity, appearing like a lake of molten silver;—and the blue hills of Jura, "far, far away." Mont Blanc, the most prominent feature of this august scene,—

* "The Alps, Switzerland, Savoy, and Lombardy." By the Rev. Charles Williams. In Monthly parts at One Shilling.

"High over the rest, displays superior state,
In grand pre-eminence supremely great."

Here they pass the night; and early in the morning the travellers recommence their toilsome and dangerous journey. Again are the awful ice-hills and treacherous snow-drifts to be dared; again dark chasms, which may not be looked into by nervous heads, are crossed with careful steps; again, fastened one to another, dangerous, ice-formed, slippery-looking bridges, are ventured on by the daring company; again are strength of character and determination put to the test, and the Grand Plateau is gained.

Above are the Rochers Rouges, or Red Rocks, at the foot of which lay the old route to the summit, prior to the ascent of Messrs Fellowes and Hawes in the year 1827. The really hazardous part of the journey commences here. Avalanches and *avalanches* are equally to be avoided. The Dernier Rochers, the highest visible rocks are above them; below appear a vast assemblage of white pyramids—Monte Rosa, the Col du Géant, and the snow-clad rocks reaching down to the Mer de Glace.

"Snow piled on snow; each mass appears
The gathered winter of a thousand years."

The travellers, drawing near the summit, experience the effect on the frame of so great an elevation. Some parts of their bodies become very dry, a livid colour and constriction of the skin begin to be observed, the thirst is intense, and can scarcely be allayed, even by continually eating sugar, French plums, and snow. In a narrow valley, sheltered from the wind, and exposed to the sun's direct rays,—the common focus, too, of rays reflected from vast surrounding walls of snow,—the heat is oppressive, and the face becomes scorched. A veil is, therefore, put on, and green spectacles are used, which are indispensable to obviate the glare from the sun.

Greater sufferings still follow; every two or three minutes they all sink down on the snow, absolutely breathless, and scarcely able to utter a word. In so rarified an atmosphere, they cannot hear one another speak, even at a short distance, without great exertion, and then the voice sounds thin and remote, like a bell in the half-exhausted receiver on the plate of an air pump. "I should no more have thought," says Mr. Auldjo, "of calling to a guide fifty yards from me, than a man on Bon Lomond would do to a friend on the opposite summit of the Cöbler." One of the guides has an hæmorrhage from an accidental blow, and the blood appears of an unusually dark colour. The lips of the party are quite blue, their faces extremely contracted and pale, and the eyes very much sunk, with a deep dark zone beneath the lower eyelids. Every moment, a longing look is cast towards the summit, and then, holding their heads low, they press onwards, some with overwhelming headache and various other pains, till the feeling of exhaustion becomes irresistible, and they sink again quite flat and still upon the snow.

Another effort, and success must be achieved. The Côte is yet above them. "I had the greatest difficulty," says Albert Smith, "in getting my wandering wits into order, but the risk called for the strongest mental effort, and with just sense enough to see that our success in scaling this awful precipice was entirely dependant upon 'pluck,' I got ready for the climb. The Mer de la Côte is some hundred feet high, and is an all but perpendicular iceberg. At one point you can reach it from the snow, but immediately after you begin to ascend it obliquely there is nothing below but a chasm in the ice, more frightful than anything yet passed. Of course every footstep had to be cut with the adze; and my blood ran colder still, as I saw the first guides creeping like flies upon its smooth glistering surface. The two Tairraz were in front of me, with the fore part of the rope, and François Cachat, I think, behind. For upwards of half an hour we kept on slowly mounting this iceberg, until we reached the foot of the last ascent,—the *colette*, as it is called,—the 'cap' of Mont Blanc. The danger was now over, but not the labour, for this dome of ice was difficult to mount. The axe was again in requisition, and everybody was so blown, in common parlance, that we had to stop every three or four minutes. My young companions kept bravely on, like fine fellows as they were, getting ahead even of some of the guides; but I

was perfectly done up. Honest Tairraz had no sinecure to pull me after him, for I was stumbling about as though completely intoxicated. I could not keep my eyes open, and planted my feet anywhere but in the right place. I know I was exceedingly cross. I have even a recollection of having scolded my 'team' because they did not go quicker; and I was excessively indignant when one of them dared to call my attention to Monte Rosa. At last one or two went in front, and thus somewhat quickened our progress. Gradually our speed increased, until I was scrambling almost on my hands and knees, and then, as I found myself on a level, it suddenly stopped. I looked round, and saw there was nothing higher. The batons were stuck in the snow, and the guides were grouped about, some lying down, and others standing in little parties. I was on the top of Mont Blanc!"

HOPE ON.

BY DOUGALL CHRISTIE.

If ever Fortune's sunny face
Hath smiled upon thee for a space,
But frowned when clouds began their race,
Look not back!

If ever Joy's soul-cheering smile
Hath lighted up thy fate awhile,
But gloomed at last with treacherous guile,
Look not back!

If ever Happiness' pure ray
Hath glinted on thy opening day,
But sorrow tinged thy noon with grey,
Look not back!

If ever dreams of well-won fame,
To weave a garland round thy name,
Should wake in woe but not in shame,
Look not back!

Oh! look not back with fruitless pain
Nor hug remembrance' torturing chain;
What's done is done, and must remain,
Thou look not back!

Stoop not to profitless despair,
But hope; the haggard cheek of care
May yet a smile of comfort wear,

Forward look!

Trust to the Fount of peace and power
To soothe the miseries of the hour;

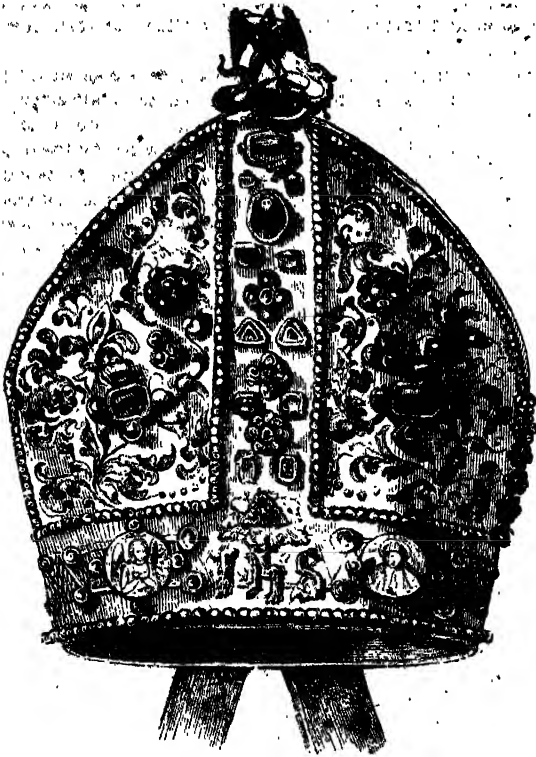
Man's help is but a withered flower—
Trust in God!

ANCIENT MITRE AND CHASUBLE.

THIS mitre, formerly preserved in the Museum of Reims, belonged, if report speak true, to the Cardinal of Lorraine, Charles of Guise, and was worn by him at the Council of Trent. In 1669, the value of the mitre was estimated at 45,000 livres, a sum equal to £2,500. The stones were mounted on silver cloth, covered with gold filagree; the highest point of the front of the mitre being formed by a figure of Saint Michael, the archangel, destroying the dragon. This was originally ornamented with seventeen small diamonds, valued at sixty crowns. A fine turquoise and two rubies, immediately under the image of the saint, were estimated at 400 livres. On the frontal band, the title of Jesus, in Gothic letters, was formed of diamonds. Two emeralds, engraved, one with an image of the Virgin, and the other with an image of the angel Gabriel, were also in this frontal band, which, besides, was decorated with rubies. Pearls, rubies, and emeralds, formed the edging to the mitre, and the exquisite filagree work was jewelled here and there with precious stones. The centre band of the mitre was peculiarly rich in jewels, and the pendants were formed of cloth of gold.

This beautiful mitre was hidden during the French Revolution, together with some other valuable property presented to Louis XIV. in a secret chamber in the Museum of Reims. There they were supposed to be perfectly secure; but when

all danger of robbery and violence was over, they were sought in vain. All inquiry was fruitless, and the circumstances of their abstraction still remain in mystery.



ANCIENT MITRE.

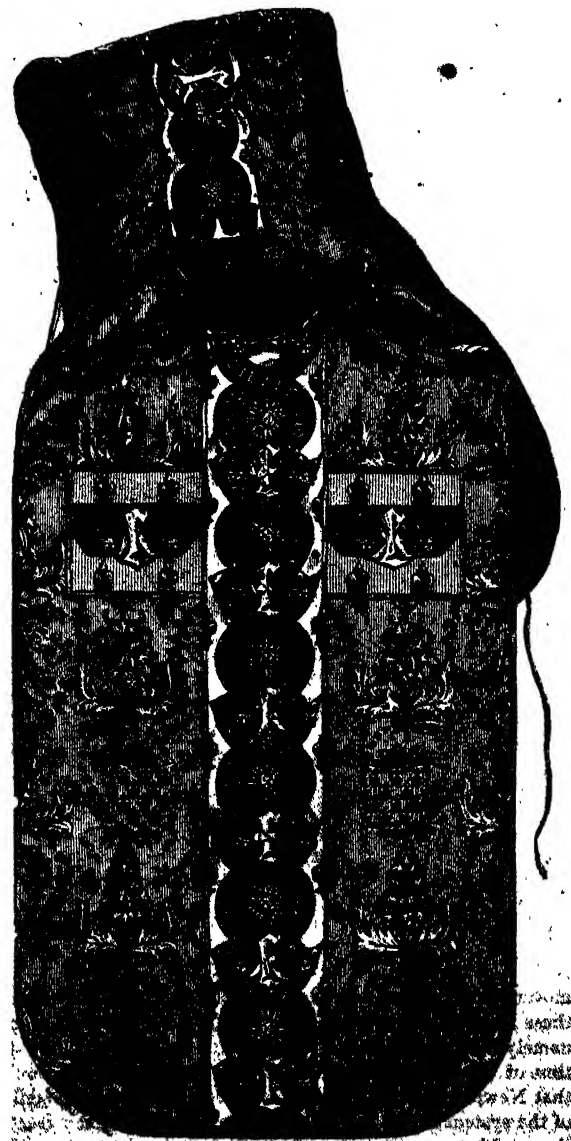
* A chasuble is that part of a Romish priest's habit worn over his surplice when he performs the service of the mass. Among the many curiosities to be found in the Castle of Carrouges, in the department of Orne, may be seen the curious chasuble represented in our engraving. It is one of those antiquities, formerly common in the chapels belonging to castles and the treasures of churches in France, but which, before the period of the Revolution, had, for the most part, fallen into a state of decay, in consequence of the carelessness of their possessors.

This chasuble differs little in shape from those of the present day. It is made of green brocaded silk, upon which, placed at right angles, are flowers beautifully worked in gold, and blue and white silk, bordered with red. The cross, of red silk with silver fleurs-de-lis, is much faded by time; ribbands of blue and violet velvet, upon which is written in Gothic characters the motto, *Dieu et mon droit*, are arranged so as to form six rings along the upright part of the cross; between each of these rings are two crowns, one royal, the other episcopal, placed side by side, and between these crowns may be observed a large L, sometimes joined to another letter which is too indistinct to be deciphered; these ornaments are richly embroidered in gold. In the centre of each ring is a sun, resplendent with gold and silver; it is in strong relief, on a blue and violet ground, disposed in such a manner as to alternate constantly with the blue and violet of the velvet ribbands. On the transverse piece of the cross are similar crowns and L's; below, placed between the flowers, of which we have before spoken, are two shields, gules, semé of fleurs-de-lis argent. The front of the chasuble is precisely similar to the back, except that the L's and the crowns are placed horizontally.

There have been many conjectures as to the origin of this curious vestment, which bears the motto belonging to the kings of England, *Dieu et mon droit*, as well as the shield armed with fleurs-de-lis, which would lead one to suppose

that it belonged to France. It is thought by some to have been presented by Louis XI. to the chapel of the Castle of Carrouges, when he visited that place in the year 1473. The room in which he slept, with the large mantle-piece and carved and gilded wainscot is still shown. But the Seveigneur family, who have long been in possession of the castle, do not credit this tradition respecting the chasuble, and believe that it was brought from the Castle of Tillières, which belonged to their ancestors.

This is not the only object of interest which the Castle of Carrouges affords to the antiquary; some valuable family portraits, many interesting remains of the antique decorations of the interior, some curious halberds, a beautiful cuirass which belonged to Jean Seveigneur, who was killed in the battle of Agincourt, in the year 1415, are all well worthy of his attention. The castle, like a carved frame, gives additional value to the treasures which it contains. It is composed of an enormous mass of buildings, in the form of a quadrangle, perforated with doors and windows of a variety of shapes and sizes, and covered with peaked, irregular roofs. This series of constructions, erected at various times during the 16th and



ANCIENT CHASUBLE.

With centuries, according to the caprices of the architect or proprietor, possesses neither elegance nor regularity, but is characterized by a massive and rugged grandeur.

LAPLACE.

PIERRE SIMON LAPLACE, was one of the most skilful geometers of modern times—one who, by the magnitude of the results which he obtained, has greatly contributed to demonstrate the powers of mathematical science in discovering the laws which rule the material world.

When scarcely twenty years of age, Laplace began his scientific career by writing a dissertation on the secular inequalities of the movements of the planets. Guided by the most learned analyses, he penetrated the intricacies of acceleration and retardation of velocity, variations of form, changes of distance and inclination, produced by the influence of universal attraction. He rendered the laws of these complicated

system, the smallness of their masses compared with that of the sun, the coincidence of their motions, the slight mutual inclinations of their orbits, and the smallness of their eccentricities.

It is true that, in his calculations, Laplace only admitted the existence of a single force, that of universal attraction or gravitation; however, observation, the touchstone of all theories, seemed to contradict him. In comparing the observations of the ancients with those of modern times, it is found that there has been a continual acceleration in the motions of the moon and of Jupiter, and a diminution, not less manifest, in those of Saturn. But to an acceleration of velocity



PIERRE SIMON LAPLACE, THE GEOMETRICIAN.

movements distinct, and demonstrated that, in the midst of these multifarious changes, one thing at least remained stable, namely, the major axis of each orbit; and consequently the time of the revolution of each planet;—thus were the doubts that Newton and Euler had entertained, regarding the stability of the system of the world, set aside; thus were the fears of those gloomy spirits, to whom the admirable order of the universe appeared but transient, at once dissipated. Laplace has proved, that, in the course of ages to come, there is no reason to fear that chaos will arise from the destruction of the present state of things. As to the cause upon which depends this beautiful and highly important result, it consists merely in the primitive disposition of the bodies which compose our

should correspond a diminution of distance from the sun; to a reduction of speed, an increase. It seemed then that some unknown cause, counteracting the laws of gravity, would one day upheave our world, Saturn and his mysterious attendants, that the moon would precipitate itself upon the earth; that Jupiter and his brilliant satellites would be absorbed into the mass of the sun.

But Laplace, by some new analytical methods, discovered the laws of these grand phenomena, proved their periodicity, assigned their limits, and arranged them satisfactorily in a class of common perturbations depending upon gravitation. It is then, mathematically demonstrated, that the solar system can only experience inconsiderable oscillations about a certain

mean state, that the momentary acceleration of the motion of a planet has been preceded, and will be followed, by a similar reduction of speed, without the order of the universe being deranged by these feeble variations.

These great discoveries are not the only ones which Laplace has made in the celestial mechanism. Thanks to his inquiries regarding the perturbations caused by the variations of distance from the moon to the sun, the mean distance from the sun to the earth may be found by observing the motions of our satellite; thanks to the investigations which he made concerning the influence which the depression of our globe may have upon the perturbations of the moon, it is now possible to calculate the mean value of this depression. To him we are also indebted for having demonstrated, in an indisputable manner, that the cooling to be sustained by our globe in the course of ages, can be by no means comparable to that rapid congelation with which the contemporaneous theory of Buffon threatened us. In comparing the observations made by Hipparchus, 2,000 years ago, with those of modern times, it is found that the moon's revolution round the earth is accomplished in precisely the same number of days and minutes now as then. Now, the movement of the moon is quite independent of the length of the day; this, on the contrary, depends essentially upon the thermometrical state of the earth, and the smallest diminution of temperature would have caused a very sensible difference in the length of the day, because it would have been accompanied by a contraction, a diminution of volume, and the rotation of the earth on its axis would have undergone a corresponding increase of velocity. Therefore, if the period of the moon's revolution, expressed in days, has not sensibly varied since the time of Hipparchus, the reason is, that the length of the day and the temperature of the globe remain unchanged. Let us allow for the possible errors of ancient times; let us suppose that the contraction, owing to the cooling of the earth, be the feeblest ever observed in any body, and we shall find that the temperature of our globe has not varied a hundredth part of a degree, from the time of Hipparchus to the present day; for had there been even a small diminution of temperature, the duration of the day would have diminished, which the observations of the ancients do not allow us to admit.

The theory of the tides, scarcely sketched out by Newton, was again left very imperfect after the labours of Maclaurin, Bernoulli, and others. It remained for Laplace to pursue

these observations, by a method analogous to that which he had employed to find the distance of the sun and the depression of the earth; he concluded, from observations of the tides made at Brest, that the mass of the moon is only the 64th part of that of the earth; then, to confirm the laws of the stability of the system of the world, he proved that the equilibrium of the ocean was, from its nature, essentially stable, the mean specific gravity of the earth being about five times that of water; had the contrary been the case, all the water, in the event of a disturbance either of the solid or fluid parts, would run to one side, leaving the land on the other. In the present state of things, the continent stands in no danger of being swallowed up by the ocean.

Laplace also made very important discoveries regarding the planets Jupiter and Saturn. His three great works are the "Exposition du Système du Monde," the "Mécanique Céleste," and the "Théorie Analytique des Probabilités."

Having only considered the genius and learning of this great astronomer, we have been unrestricted in our eulogiums. Unhappily, as a man, his character was not so high. His biographers agree in describing him as an accomplished courtier, greedy of honours and dignities; they picture him as being ridiculously reserved on the score of his birth,—as if the son of a poor husbandman, of the valley of Auge, was not more worthy of merit, had not acquired more glory, in becoming the author of the "Mécanique Céleste," than if fortune had smiled on him from his childhood!

He had no capacity for public affairs, in which he had a great desire to take an active part; we may judge of this from the six weeks during which he held the office of minister of the interior in the time of the consulate. Napoleon says of him, in his "Mémoires de Saint Helena":—"An eminent geometrician, Laplace; appeared to be an administrator of more than ordinary powers; from his first proceeding we found that we were mistaken. Laplace did not see any question in its true light; he was always seeking for subtleties, had only problematical ideas, and, in short, carried the spirit of *infinite quantities* into his administration."

Laplace was born at Beaumont-en-Auge, 23rd March, 1749, and died 6th March, 1827. On the restoration of the Bourbons he was made a peer, and preserved the empty dignity of a French marquis until his death. Amongst the last words which he uttered were these:—"The things which we know are few, those of which we are ignorant are unbounded."

THE ART OF TURNING.

TURNING is the art of giving a circular form to a variety of materials. It is employed in manufacturing articles of wood, bone, ivory, horn, marble, alabaster, stone, diamond, glass, steel, and all metals. It is an art of great antiquity, and vast importance in practical science. It includes many varieties requiring different arrangements of machinery, from the simple throwing-wheel of the potter to the complicated slide-lathe. There is great versatility in the mode of operation, but the principle is the same throughout. Thus, the material to be turned may be made to revolve round its own axis, and the cutting-tool applied to its surface so as to produce the requisite form as in the simple turning performed in the lathe commonly used by cabinet makers; or the article may be made to continue stationary while the cutting instrument revolves; or it may be made to move in some curve derived from circular motion, and the cutting-tool applied as before;—the action may be changed in a variety of ways, and all the motions may be more or less continued, but the simple mechanical operation still continues the same, and under the head "turnery" are comprehended all operations performed with the turning-lathe.

The art of turning is employed in almost every branch of manufacture; snuff-boxes, chess-men, children's toys, pens, and balls, oars, spinning-wheels, table legs, tools for embroidery, billiard balls, and a host of other things which we use, owe to the skill of the turner. When we are at

peace, he supplies all that can contribute to our comfort and convenience, in business, in pleasure, in scientific investigation; and when we are at war, he turns out pieces of artillery with a finish and perfection altogether unattainable by any other means. The cannon being cast solid, the outside cools first, with a close sound grain, and the porous or spongy parts of the metal are found in the centre. This is afterwards turned or bored out in an engine-lathe, which leaves the inner surface perfectly true, and the bore of an equal diameter.

There is no manufacturing operation so general as turning. It is used to fashion the rudest shapes, and also to bestow the highest polish. The lathe works with automatic precision. Without it the operative must labour at all parts of his work with care and trouble to produce a regular figure, and after all only partially succeed. The value and principle of the lathe has been summed up in a few words:—"for every point marked by the workman it produces a circle; and is a machine for moving the material to be wrought in such a manner that, being fixed opposite to the tool, any point in the circumference will act upon the whole circle in precisely the same way."

Turnery is not only a useful branch of art, but it is one of peculiar interest, and many have found it an agreeable relaxation. In our article we do not propose furnishing a complete history or description of the process; but as there are many who possess some taste for the mechanical arts to which we

general information may be acceptable, we intend indicating the most simple process of turnery, and presenting therewith engravings of the machinery employed, and of the most interesting and most useful results of the process.

The workshop in which a lathe is to be employed should be carefully selected. It should neither be exposed to the direct rays of the sun, nor yet so situated as to be affected by damp, and the lathe should be so placed that the light may fall from the left-hand side.

The most simple and primitive lathe is formed by two upright pieces, each having a conical iron or steel point fixed on the side opposite the other, the two points directly opposite one another. One of these uprights, called puppet heads, is stationary, the other moveable, so that it can be fixed at any

the work. This is called a rest, but can only be applied during the fall of the treadle, and thus a great loss of time is occasioned; and on this account the pole lathe is now but little used.

A slight modification of this principle is represented in fig. 1. The piece of wood (A), previously prepared, is placed between the points B B, which are fixed in the uprights; the puppets, C C, arranged according to the length of the piece of wood to be turned, and the whole is supported in the table, D D. A cord, E, is turned twice round the piece of wood, A, which cord is fixed underneath the frame-work to a treadle, F, and is attached above to the cat-gut string of a steel bow (G), perfectly flexible and securely fastened to a beam. As the wood is made to revolve, the tool (H) is applied, resting as before on a slight support, and thus the form of the article to be turned



FIG. 3.

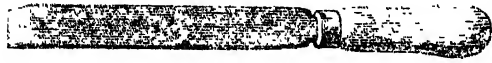


FIG. 4.

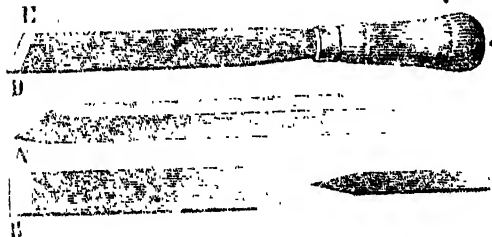


FIG. 5.

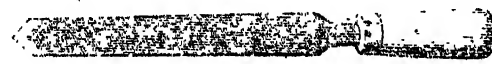


FIG. 6.



FIG. 7.

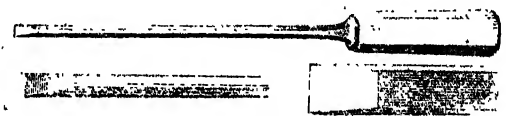


FIG. 8.



FIG. 9.

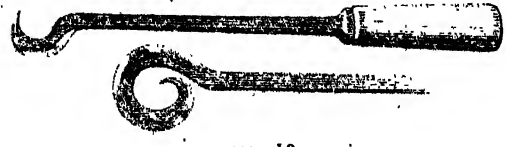


FIG. 10.



FIG. 11.



FIG. 12.

FIGS. 3 TO 12.—GOUGES AND CHISELS OF VARIOUS KINDS.

part of the bed, by a wedge beneath; the wood to be turned having been reduced to the desired length, the centre of one of its ends is pressed against the point of the fixed puppet; the point of the other puppet is then brought against the centre of the other end, and the puppet wedged firmly in its place; over the lathe, and at right angles to it, is a long flexible wooden pole or lath—whence the term *lathe*—one end fixed firmly overhead; the other, which must be just over the end of the work nearest to the left-hand puppet, has a cord or a cat-gut stretched to it, which passes once or twice round the work, and is fixed at the lower end to a treadle; the oppression of the treadle, and counteraction of the pole give an alternate rotary motion to the work. The workman rests the tool upon the top of a fixed piece between the two puppets, and close to

is modified according to the direction given by the hand of the workman. On page 373 is an enlarged view of the working part of this lathe; the reference figures being common to both.

Another description of foot lathe is represented (fig. 2). This is of excellent construction, and is adapted to all ordinary work. It is of cast-iron, but is mounted in much the same way as the other lathe. But whilst in the last mentioned case the material to be turned had to be supported at both ends in the puppet, the lathe now under consideration is adapted principally for the work which does not require such support, and is sustained on a single point, by an axle-tree of iron.

To the left of the turn-bench an apparatus is strongly fixed by two screws, on which the tools used in the operation are allowed to rest.

In giving the ordinary movement to the treadle, *a*, the large wheel *b* and the corresponding small wheel, *c*, are set in motion, the cord, *d*, passing over both wheels, and communicating to them a rotary movement, a movement which rapidly turns the iron axle, *e*, the end *f* of which is adapted to the purposes of the turner, and is called the nose. The nose is cut with a coarse screw to receive the instrument named the mandril, *g*, and the mandril receives upon it the article to be turned, *h*.

When the article which is to be turned, *i*, is long and flexible, it is fixed in a sort of rest at the point *x*, which is established in the same manner as the other.

The tools used in turning are very numerous, and of great

enlarged by other tools. Instruments indicated at *fig. 9*, are principally employed in wood-turning. The hooked tools are used for turning the interior of an orifice. *Figs. 11 and 12* are other specimens adapted for particular work.

For finishing the work, gravers of different sizes and shapes are used. The drills and tools are generally made so as to be used with a hook held upon the rest to the left hand. This allows much more freedom to the operator.

Chucks are employed for holding the work, and are of various descriptions; the three principal being the common chuck, the ring chuck, and the screw chuck.

The common chuck is very simple in its construction. It

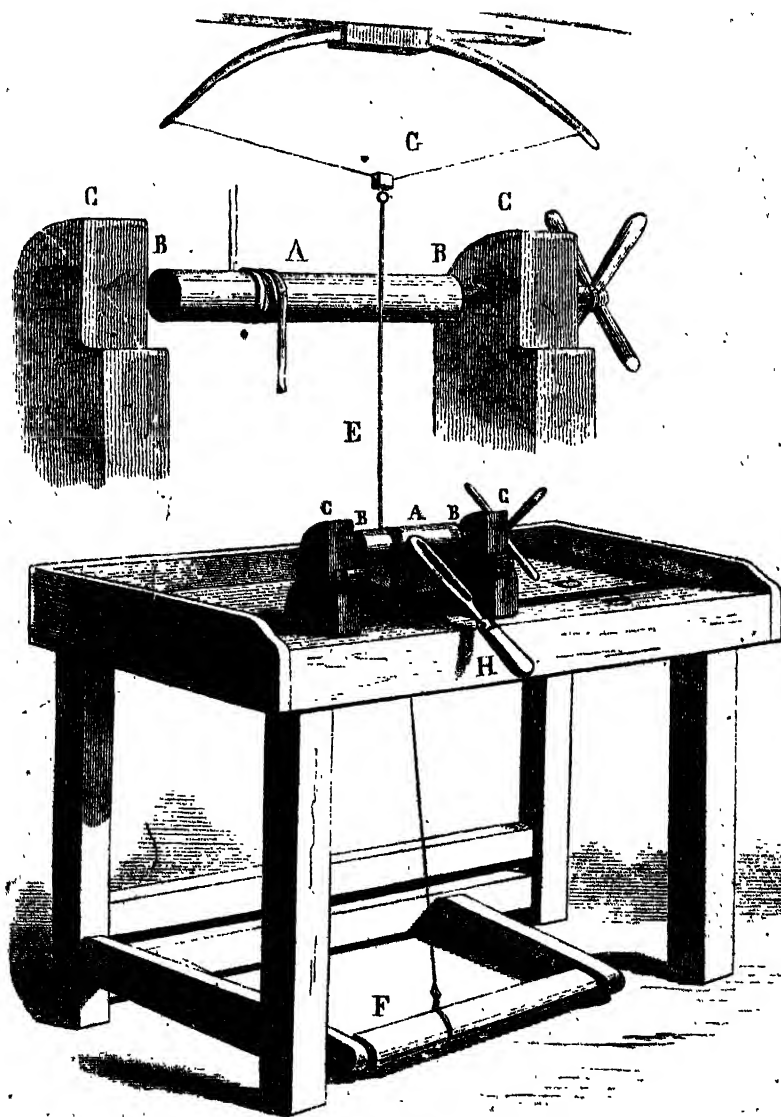


FIG. 1.—SIMPLEST FORM OF A LATHE.

variety. We can only mention a few of them, and those the most commonly in use. The principal and most indispensable are the following:—the gouge (*fig. 3*), which is used to rough out the work, and is chiefly employed in wood-turning; chisels (*fig. 4*) with a cutting edge and sharp point; chisels sharpened on both sides (*fig. 5*), so as to form two right angles with the sides *a* *b* of the tool; others are formed on an acute angle, *c*, and on an obtuse angle, *d*. Drills, and chisels, and gouges, are used of every conceivable shape, straight, oblique, double angular, curved, hollow, semi-circular—according to the form of the work (*figs. 6, 7*). The ripping chisel (*fig. 8*) is chiefly used to make the first opening, which is afterwards

is a small cylinder, two or three inches long, varying in thickness according to the size of the article to be turned. The interior is fitted for a screw, and while the end, *a*, is screwed to the nose of the lathe, the work is attached to the extremity marked *b*.

The ring chuck is four or five inches long. That part which is screwed to the lathe is the same as in the other chuck; but the other part is very much longer, is separated into four pieces, and diminishes in size toward the extremities, *a*. The work can thus easily be introduced, and is firmly held by a metal band, *b*, which presses down the sides of the chuck. This renders the operation of turning much more perfect and

easy than when the material is held by the common method. It is perfectly secure, and the work can be continued without any fear of accident by the looseness of the chuck.

The screw chuck is a circular plate of metal, with a boss at

Screw tools are important appendages to a lathe, and with the engineer are in constant use. They are filed up with several teeth exactly the shape of the spaces between the threads, and are applied in the following manner:—The piece

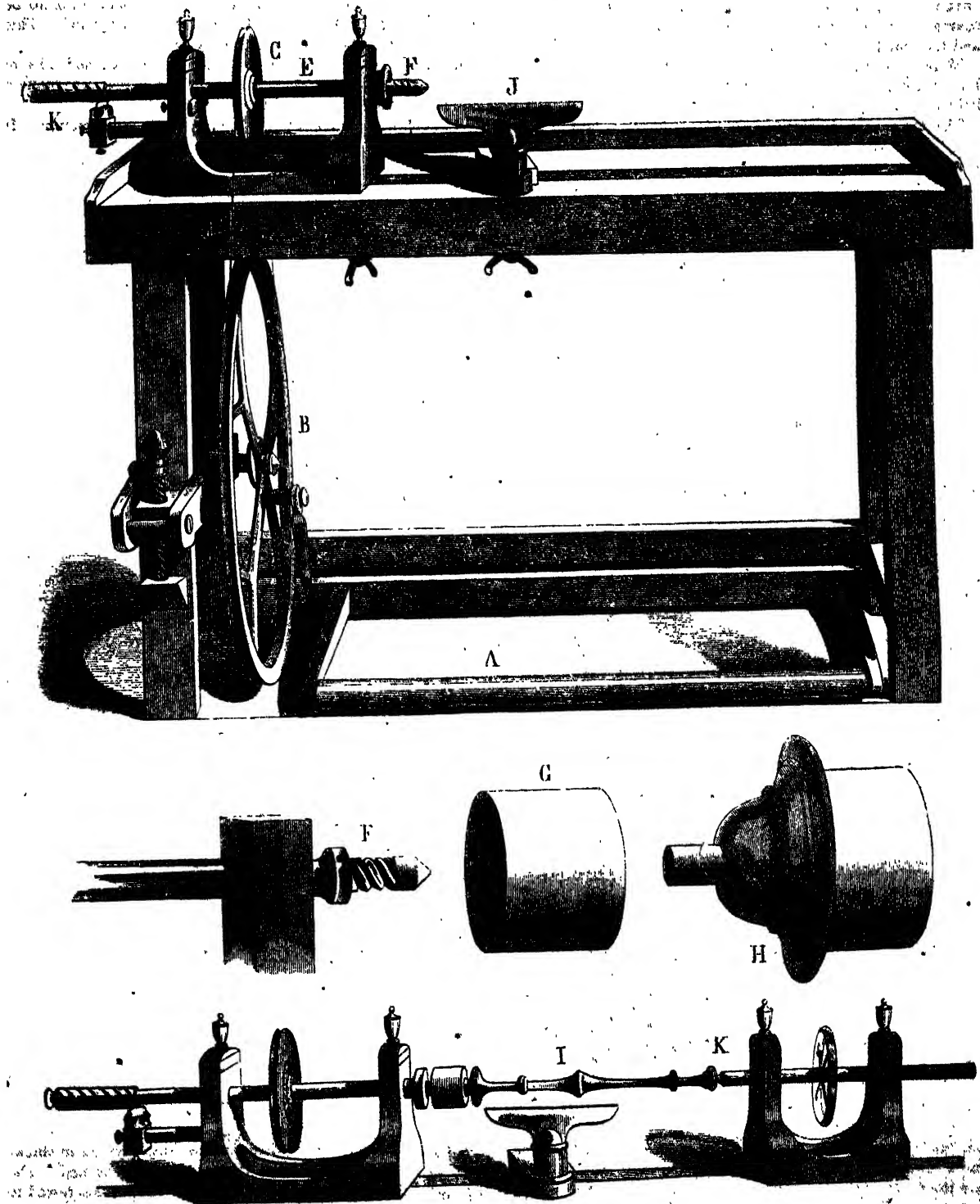


FIG. 2.—FOOT-LATHE.

the back tapped to screw upon the nose of the mandril. The face is turned quite true, and in the centre is a coarse conical screw to hold any large piece of wood to be turned; a hole being made in the centre of the work, it is screwed tight up against the face, and no further adjustment is required.

of metal having been turned to the proper size and shape, the workman holds the tool in his right hand upon the top of the rest; then, clasping the rest with his left hand, he places the thumb across the tool, and gives the point a slight motion towards the left as the work revolves; this operation the

repeats until a few threads are cut near the point; which serve as guides for the next, and so on till the screw is finished. This operation requires very great care. The tool must be firmly held, so as to prevent it getting out of the thread and spoiling the screw. But, though held firmly, the pressure must be light, especially when the screw is of any great length, or it will vary and become untrue. Screws are thus cut with

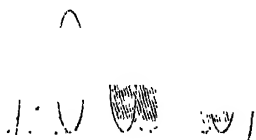


FIG. 13.—COMMON CHUCK.

extraordinary facility, but it requires a steady hand and considerable practice.

In the operation of turning a circular saw is very frequently used. This is especially the case with ivory turners. The saw is placed upon a spindle against a projecting collar, and held in its place by a washer and nut; the spindle is held between the mandril and front puppet, and over it is a small

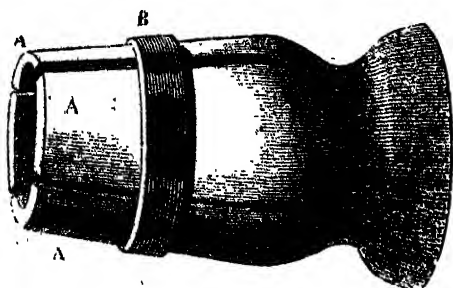


FIG. 14.—RING CHUCK.

table, with a slit to allow the upper part of the saw to pass through; this table is mounted upon a frame fitted to the bed of the lathe in the same manner as the rest, and can be raised or lowered according to the depth that the saw is wanted to cut.

But one of the most important adjuncts to a lathe is the slide rest. When the tool is held in the hand it is subject to

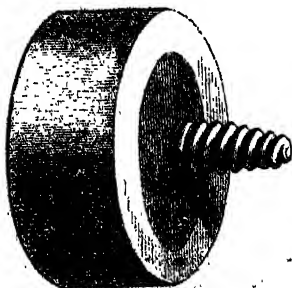


FIG. 15.—SCREW CHUCK.

any unsteadiness in the workman. To obviate this imperfection was a great desideratum: it was effected by the invention of the slide rest. The principle of the slide rest is, that the tool is fastened to a plate moved in the required direction by means of a screw, instead of being held in the hand.

We have thus briefly specified the tools employed in the process; in another paper we shall give some description of the process itself.

COURT FOOLS.

"So, by your circumstance, you call me fool."

Two Gentlemen of Verona.

In this paper the reader must not expect a biography of any of the aristocracy, either of ancient or modern times; we purpose devoting it entirely to the narration of some anecdotes connected with a class of persons known familiarly by the name of Court Jesters, or Court Fools—men who filled formerly a place at court, whether of sovereigns or of the chief nobility, as fully recognised as the steward of the household, the minstrel, or the chaplain.*

When the spirits grew dull, who like the court fool could brighten them up? The jingle of the bells attached to his motley garments; the flourish of his bauble—a short stick or trunchcon, with a fool's head carved on it, or sometimes that of a doll or a puppet; to this instrument was frequently annexed an inflated bladder, with which the fool belaboured those with whom he was inclined to make sport;—the shake of his ass's ears, and his numerous practical jokes, made even the grave gay, and prepared men of all moods to abandon themselves to the humours of the times.

Lodge, in his "Wit's Miserie," has painted the portrait of a court fool of the end of the sixteenth century:—"In person comely, in apparel courtly, but in behaviour a very ape and no man: his employment, it is asserted, was to coin bitter jests, and to sing profligate songs and ballads; give him a little wine in his head, he is continually flouting and making mouths: he laughs intemperately at every little occasion, and dances about the house, leaps over tables, outstrips men's heads, trips up his companion's heels, burns sack with a candle, and performs many other madcap and mischievous feats, in the course of which his morals, it is more than hinted, 'lose all quality of fastidiousness.'" Such was the darker and coarser side of the picture; but under much of the fool's folly and unbridled liberty of censure and mockery, would be often conveyed useful truths—home-thrusts—which durst only be uttered by all-licensed lips, and the utterance of which was, indeed, a part of the court fool's office, which required, of course, any thing but a fool to fill it successfully. And for that reason, Jacques says:—

"I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please; for so fools have;
And they that are most galled with my folly,
They most must laugh."†

We find that sometimes the fool was rewarded by kinder feelings in the master than their respective positions might seem to warrant. There were both affection and regret in the exclamation of the distracted Lear—

"And my poor fool is hanged!"

We read in "Robert Wace," of Golet, the fool who saved, by timely warning, the life of William, Duke of Normandy, afterwards the conqueror of England. So that, with truth we may assert that the destiny of this great and powerful country has been shaped by a fool. Perhaps this was not the only time.

Henry the First, on the day of his coronation, gave the abbey of Ely to Richard, the son of Gual Gilbert. The abbot, however, soon fell into disgrace at court. The principal reason of the king's displeasure was, that my lord abbot had turned out of the court "in a scornful manner," a jester of the king's, who, with the license of his office, had ventured to reprove his grace upon the pomp and state with which he was attended. The punishment of his fool was never forgiven by the angry and resentful monarch, who demanded of the abbot his crossier; and it was only by the apostolical authority of the Pope that Henry was induced to restore to him the church of Ely.

William Picolf was appointed King John's fool; and his majesty held his jokes and pleasantries in such high esteem.

* The court fool was a regular officer of the royal household from the Conquest to Charles II.

† As you like it.

tion, that he granted him an estate in the year 1200. The document, which is still in existence among the records in the Tower, is addressed by the king to William Picolf, and Geoffry, his son:—

"Know ye," it continues, "that we have given, and by the present charter have confirmed, to William Picolf, our fool, Fonte-ossaune, with all its appurtenances, to have, and to hold it, for himself, and his heirs, on condition of doing henceforward annually for ourself the service of fool, as long as he shall live, and after his decease, his heirs shall hold the same land from us, by the service of one pair of gilded spurs to be rendered annually."

This same Picolf and his son received other donations in land and men from King John.

The fool of the Count of Artois added considerably to the entertainment of the guests at the nuptials of Margaret, the fifth daughter of Eleanor, queen of Edward the First, for which he was rewarded by the king with a present of forty shillings—no contemptible sum in those days.

When that "poor, heavy, and wretched priest," Cardinal Wolsey, had lost the light of his king's countenance, he was ordered to leave his sumptuous palace at York-place, and confine himself to his house at Esher. For that purpose he proceeded to Putney in his barge; and as he was travelling by land from Putney to Esher, one of the royal chamberlains, Sir John Norris,—afterwards executed as one of the lovers of Anne Boleyn,—spurred after him, and overtaking him on the rise of a hill, presented him with a ring, which the king, who had taken it from his own royal finger, sent him, with a flattering message.

The cardinal, transported with joy at this gleam of returning good fortune, instantly dismounted from his mule, fell upon his knees in the mud, pulled off his cap, and thanked God for the happy intelligence. He told the chamberlain that his tidings were worth half a kingdom; but as he had nothing left except the clothes on his back, he could make him no suitable reward. He, however, gave Sir John a small gold chain, with a cross of gold enclosing a piece of the "veritable wood of the cross," which he continually wore round his neck next his skin.

"As for my sovereign," he added, "sorry am I that I have no worthy token to send him; but stay, here is my fool that rides beside me. I beseech thee, take him to court, and give him to his majesty. I assure you, sir, for any nobleman's pleasure, he is worth a thousand pounds."

This fool, however, whose name is said to have been Master Williams, otherwise called Patch, was so much attached to his old master, the cardinal, that he would not leave him until forcibly carried off by six stout yeomen; although he knew that he was to be transformed from disgrace and want to royalty and splendour. It is a pleasure to add that the king received him most gladly.

Sir Thomas More, after he had resigned the Great Seal, set about providing for his officers and servants; transferred his state barge—for the Thames was then the great highway of London—with its eight rowers, to his infamous successor, Audley, and his fool to the Lord Mayor of London for the time being.

Towards the close of the fifteenth century there lived at his splendid residence at Eaton-Neston, in Northamptonshire,—now called Eaton Hall,—a retired grocer of London, named Richard Fermor. He is recorded to have lived here in great splendour. But adhering steadily to the old religion throughout the changes of the latter years of Henry the Eighth, he became, with his Romanism and his wealth together, a tempting object of attack for the unscrupulous monarch and his myrmidons; and they at last found means to ruin him. He was arraigned in Westminster Hall; and found guilty of a premunire, and attainted; the effect of which was that he was deprived of everything he had possessed in the world, and that his wife and children, as well as himself, were thrust out of "house and hold."

The old merchant found refuge at the personage of Wapenham, near Towcester. The advowson had been in his own

gift, and the parson had been presented by himself. Here he remained throughout the rest of the reign of Henry, and also for some years after his successor came to the throne.

But there was another person besides the parson who retained a grateful remembrance of kindness received from Fermor in the days of his prosperity.

Among other members of his numerous household had been a jester, whose art and drollery had drawn many a smile from his free-hearted master, and probably been now and then rewarded by something more substantial than applause. The jester was a great artist in his vocation, and from the service of the opulent Northamptonshire esquire had, in course of time, won his way to that of King Henry himself, where, though his merry quips might be often the dread of the courtiers, they were not the less likely on that account to be the delight of his majesty. In short, he was no other than Will Somers, who, in some degree, united the characters of court fool, and favourite.

Somers having admission to the king at all times and at all places, and especially in Henry's last days, when he was often much depressed in spirits, as well as oppressed by bodily ailments—he had grown so enormously fat that he could not pass through an ordinary door, nor could he move about from room to room without the help of machinery, or of numerous attendants; besides having an inveterate ulcer in one of his legs—took a favourable opportunity for letting fall some words in regard to the hard fate of his old master which touched the royal conscience or heart, so that Henry forthwith gave orders for the restitution of all his property to the oppressed old man. That king's death, however, happened before anything could be done; and it was not till three or four years afterwards that Edward the Sixth or his government allowed his father's mandate to be carried into effect. But at last, in 1550, letters patent were issued restoring to Fermor all his lands that still remained in the possession of the crown; and even for various lordships and manors that had been alienated some compensation was made by the grant of others in the counties of Dorset, Somerset and Essex.

In a "Banquet of Jests," published in 1634, there is a pleasant story of Archee, who, having fooled many, was fooled himself. Coming up to a nobleman, upon New Year's-day, to bid him good-morrow, Archee received twenty pieces of gold; but covetously desiring more, he shook them in his hand, and said they were too light. The donor answered, "I prythee, Archee, let me see them again, for there is one amongst them I would be lothe to part with." Archee, expecting the sum to be increased, returned the pieces to his lordship, who coolly put them in his pocket, with this remark, "I once gave money into a fool's hand who had not the wit to keep it."

Archee continued to be employed after the demise of the modern Solomon; but he incurred the displeasure of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and was therefore disgraced, and banished the court by Charles the First. It came about in the following manner.

When news arrived from Scotland of the bad reception which the king's proclamation respecting the Book of Common Prayer had met with in that country, Archee happened to meet Laud, who was going to the council-table.

"Wha's feule, now? doth not your grace hear the news from Striveling about the Liturgy?"

This was too sore a point, even for the court fool to raise a laugh upon; and Laud laid a complaint against him before the council. The complaint was attended to, and the following order was issued the same day on which the offence had been committed:—

"At Whitehall, the 11th of March, 1637.—It is this day ordered by his Majesty, with the advice of the Board, Archibald Armstrong, the king's fool, for certain scandalous words of a high nature spoken by him against the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury his grace, and proved to be uttered by him by two witnesses, shall have his coat pulled over his head, and be discharged of the king's service and banished the court; for which the Lord Chamberlain of the king's household is prayed and required to give order to be executed."

ANCIENT SHIELD IN THE "ARMERIA REAL," AT MADRID.

The royal magazine of arms at Madrid was built from the designs of Gaspard de Vega, architect to Philip II. It is situated opposite one of the façades of the royal palace—a modern building erected upon the site of the ancient Alcazar. A selection of fine arms, brought from the fortress of Simanca according to some authors, from Valladolid according to others, served as a foundation for the *Armeria Real*, or Royal

The motto upon this shield, "*Seræ Spes Una Senectæ*," is an allusion to the merit attached by soldiers to shields and bucklers as a means of insuring and prolonging life. The shield itself is broad and ample. The animals, which occupy the centre of the shield, are symbolical of the victories won by Spain, or by the emperor, over Africa: the imperial and crowned swan is devouring the dragon or winged serpent.



ROYAL SHIELD IN THE ROYAL ARMOURY AT MADRID.

Armoury, which contains the finest, if not the most numerous, collection of the kind in Europe. The arms are ranged on either side of a long gallery, at the end of which is an armed statue of St. Ferdinand; in the centre are complete suits of armour, arranged in the same manner as those in the Tower of London. Some very valuable pieces were carried away during the civil disturbances; among these was the splendid shield represented in our engraving.

The historical scenes, in the upper and lower compartments of the shield, seem to be representations of the taking of Granada and of Tunis.

From the character and beauty of the workmanship of this shield, there is little doubt that it was a production of the sixteenth century, though the artist is unknown. It is supposed to have belonged to Charles V., who was a passionate admirer of rare and beautiful arms and armour.

CURIOUS CARVING BY ALBERT DURER.

VASARI, in his "Lives of the Painters," speaks of Albert Durer as "a diligent, industrious, *universal man*;" and his conception, and the wonderful union of boldness and correctness of design which they display. His *woodcuts* are considered



THE NAMING OF JOHN THE BAPTIST.—FROM A CARVING BY ALBERT DURER, IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

claim to the title of a "universal man" will be readily admitted by all who are acquainted with his productions. His paintings are admired for the lively and fertile imagination, the excellent masterpieces of the art. He was the first who excelled in etching. His portraits also were highly esteemed. Albert Durer, however, not only distinguished himself as a painter.

and an engraver on copper and wood, he also executed several pieces of sculpture with surprising delicacy and natural expression of character. An admirable specimen of his skill in this department of art is preserved in the Print-room of the British Museum, to which institution it was bequeathed by the late R. Payne Knight, Esq., who had purchased it at Brussels for 500 guineas, several years before. This exquisite piece, of sculpture measures seven inches and three-quarters in height, and five inches and a half in width. It is carved in *alto-relievo*, in hone-stone of a delicate cream colour, and is in one piece, with the exception of the dog and one or two books in the front. It bears date 1510. The subject is, "*The Naming of John the Baptist*," according to the narrative contained in the Gospel by Luke, chapter i. verses 59 to 64.

In the front, to the right, is an old man with a tablet, on which some Hebrew characters are inscribed. Further to the right, and immediately behind him, is another old man; and behind him a young man, said by some to be intended by the artist for a portrait of himself. Kneeling before the recording priest, is an aged nurse with the infant John in her arms. On the bed, Elizabeth, the mother of John, is seen lying; on the more distant side of which a female attendant is standing, and on the other an elderly man is seen resting on the edge of the bed. This latter figure is doubtless intended for Zacharias, the father of John, and as the sacred narrative informs us that he was struck dumb for a season, the artist has represented him in the act of making signs to Elizabeth with his fingers.

The figures in the foreground are executed in bold relief; and the character and expression of the heads have rarely been surpassed in any work of sculpture executed on the same scale. Albert Durer's monogram, with the date 1510, is inscribed on a small tablet at the foot of the bedstead.

This curious carving is in perfect condition, with the exception of the hands of Zacharias and Elizabeth, some of the fingers of which are broken off.

Those who are acquainted with the works of Albert Durer will perceive that our artists have copied his style of drawing and engraving very successfully.

A PEEP AT COUNTRY COUSINS, AND HOW IT ENDED.

LETTER II.

Whitehaven, April, 1820.

MY DEAR FATHER,—My last letter would say all that was necessary regarding family detail, so I will go on with my description of old customs, which you say you like so much to receive. Tom and Edward, the two younger boys, have lately been very full of an odd kind of barring-out, in which they have been engaged at the village school. This said affair has had a melancholy ending, as you will hear. The barring-out, it seems, is an annual spring-tide event, when all arrangements concerning the holidays and other matters are settled between the master and his scholars, yet it is considered a profound mystery, and the appointed day is only whispered to the initiated. When it arrived this year, the school-room was filled long before daylight, a good fire was lighted, and the door securely barricaded. Soon after daybreak, exclamations resounded of "He is coming, he is coming!" and with beating hearts (so Tom declares) the boys awaited the arrival of their dominie. He knocked at the door, then tried the latchet, but not a sound could be heard from within, and finally he looked in at the windows, confronting the boldest of the school, to whom he called out, "Boys, open the door! boys, I insist on your letting me in." But neither coaxing or threats availed him, and he left the place, to return in a few minutes with my uncle, because he was looked on as the principal parent in the village. All these preliminaries are styled "sham," and the chief fun consists in firing off salutes with a pistol, generally wheeled out of some reluctant father for the purpose. My uncle came up under a grand discharge, since, you must know, he had privately furnished each of his three boys with a pistol the previous evening, and a long speechifying succeeded, and then the master demanded

through the keyhole what was the cause of the insurrection; to which his riotous pupils replied, "Our old laws, sir," and my uncle made answer, "Very well, boys, let me see them." "Here they are, sir," was the glad response, and the protocol or manifesto of grievances was pushed through a chink in the door, and in a loud voice the dominie proceeded to read the document. I saw a copy of it afterwards, and its principal negotiations were, "that the scholars should neither be whipped nor set in a corner; that they should have three vacations, of two weeks each, at Easter, Christmas, and Midsummer, as well as two days' hunting, and two days' fishing." The master in my uncle's presence signed the paper; and in the safe custody of the latter it was then lodged for the ensuing twelve months. Of course, no lessons were attempted that day, and a general holiday was allowed, which gave rise to much merry-making, and this unfortunately ended in an accident which proved fatal to a brave little lad named Hugh Johnstone. We were told afterwards that the boy's clothes caught fire, when the scholars were engaged in the daring amusement of jumping over some burning tar-barrels, that my uncle had generously bestowed in order to make fine bonfires in honour of the barring-out. So employed, the child's woollen trousers had probably been ignited some time before he took any notice of them, and when he did, it was with great difficulty that the fire could be extinguished; and the surface of his body was so extensively burned, that, after thirty-eight hours of very sad suffering, the little lad expired. My aunt stayed with the boy the whole time; but before she came back we knew that life had departed by the tolling of the passing bell early last Thursday morning; and in the evening Susannah Gawthorpe came in to us weeping bitterly, for the lad was her own cousin. She asked me whether I would accompany her to Widow Johnstone's, assuring me my going would be regarded as a token of goodwill. Of course, I assented, but could not help saying, "I longed so greatly to take her to my heart and try to console her,—'Why is it you will not let me be your friend, when I like you so much?'" She replied, very sweetly, "Indeed, you are mistaken, since I liked you the first moment we met, and I know I have done wrong in appearing to avoid you." It is evident to me that some other cause than personal feeling towards myself has had to do with her peculiar manner; but we said no more on the subject just then, for our hearts were full of sad thoughts, and it was with mingled awe and reluctance that I thought of first looking upon the face of death. All dread was, however, superfluous; nothing could be more peaceful or more exquisitely beautiful than the young boy's quiet features. A little mirror over the chimney-piece, and several coloured prints; that hung round the room, I noticed were all covered by white cloths, and several young men and women sat round the body to secure its undisturbed repose until it should be laid in the grave. Even the widow seemed, to my surprise, really glad to see us; and, taking us into an inner room, perhaps experienced some relief in giving free vent to her sorrow in the presence of one who had loved her boy as Susannah had done. But she was soon wanted elsewhere, and we, in less than half an hour, took our leave, Susannah gladly accepting my invitation of her to sleep with me that night. A few words which fell from her when we were preparing for bed gave me, I thought, some insight into the feelings on her part that I had not hitherto suspected; but of these I must tell you another time. On the day before the funeral the clerk of the village church went round from house to house with a bell, which he rang in a peculiar toll, denoting the parish to which the deceased belonged. Every now and then he stopped, while his long funeral band, placed in his hat, floated on the breeze, as he made proclamation: "All friends and neighbours are desired to attend the burial of Hugh Johnstone, from Red Hope-hill to St. James's Church, to-morrow at three o'clock." This was the general invitation; but to the dwelling of those most nearly connected, and to the more influential persons in the neighbourhood, there was sent round a young girl wearing a large white calash, and carrying a tray under her arm, in

which were laid, neatly folded, packets of white paper containing gloves and bands. One set of these articles was left at my uncle's, and on Friday, about noon, the whole family went down to Widow Johnstone's, where preparations for the ceremony had been made on a large scale.

On each side of the door I noticed a small table, covered with snowy damask, and holding old-fashioned china vessels filled with sprigs of boxwood; and when the mournful procession filed out of the cottage, every one took a sprig, which they afterwards cast into the open grave. We had just left the house, when some one whispered, "The bees, the bees, has any one told them we're going?" I could not conceive what was meant, and Susannah, to whom the inquiry had been addressed, only said to me, "Wait for me one moment," and hastening back a few steps to the sunny wall, where stood the widow's chief wealth, a range of bee-hives, she spoke to them in a tone of singular mournfulness, her words barely audible, they were so interrupted by frequent sobs, as she said, "Toil on, pretty bees; toil on, for the widow's sake; but he who loved you best, little Hugh himself, is this day to be carried out a corpse from his mother's house." I learned afterwards that it was believed the bees would make no more honey if they were not informed when the deceased was going to be buried. On Susannah's rejoining me, and the procession moving on, she told me how every one was hoping

that the Armstrongs—two of the guests, and distant relations to the widow—would keep quiet until all was over, for they belonged to a family celebrated for laughing loud on all occasions. We certainly heard nothing but the sounds of suppressed weeping during our melancholy walk, or until the ceremony had been concluded. But I was rather startled, at the close of the service in the church, by the fat, rosy clerk shouting out, "All friends and neighbours to take tea at the house of the deceased!" and when my uncle's family and the widow returned to the cottage, which we reached somewhat in advance of the rest of the party, we assuredly did hear an indubitable roar of merriment approaching, which caused Robert to remark to me in a low tone, "The party will be here directly, for one may hear the Armstrongs laughing; it is, alas! no wonder—the people look upon a border burial as better fun than a Carlisle wedding." My uncle told me very riotous scenes generally took place at such times, and it was a great relief to Susannah, when she found that he and my aunt had very kindly persuaded the poor desolate widow to come to the Friars, where she passed the night, as soon as she should have bade her guests welcome. This has been rather a sad letter, but it is already too long; so I must hope my next will be more cheerful; and I remain, at all times,

Your affectionate daughter,

DORA HARCOURT.

HENRY THE GREAT, KING OF FRANCE AND NAVARRE.

In every country there are certain names which are sure to invoke enthusiasm whenever they are mentioned. In England we speak of "Good Queen Bess;" in America the mention of Washington at a public meeting is always hailed with applause; in Spain the days of Ferdinand and Isabella are considered as the "golden" ones. The deeds of William Tell, form the subject of many a stirring story for the simple dwellers of the Swiss valleys; and in France, from the Pyrenees to the Seine, the memory of Henry the Fourth is held in a kind of veneration, which we islanders scarcely understand. This sort of hero-worship is common to all ages and to all classes of minds—with the difference, however, that among the poor and uneducated the feeling is spontaneous and avowed, while with the rich and learned it is felt without being acknowledged, and spoken of only to be ridiculed; but it exists, nevertheless.

Few periods of French history are more interesting than that in which Henry the Fourth plays a part. Like his great contemporary Elizabeth, he is the most prominent historic figure of his time and country; and of his life and actions it may be said that where the historian has failed to illustrate either the one or the other, the poet, the novelist, and the painter have stepped in and gracefully filled up the canvas. Thus what Sir Walter Scott has done for the court and time of Elizabeth, Alexandre Dumas has accomplished for that of Henry the Fourth; and in the historical novels of both these writers we certainly get a clearer idea of the state of living in England and France in the sixteenth century than we can by possibility obtain from the writings of Hume or Rapin—mixed, it may be, with much that is objectionable, in a strictly historical point of view.

Henry IV. possessed all the qualities necessary to a hero. Brave, hardy, handsome, and of good address, it was not surprising that the French people should have hailed his accession to a throne which he claimed as a direct descendant of the heroic Hugh Capet. During the reign of Charles IX., and amidst the tumults which agitated France in the time of his successor, the weak and vacillating Henry III., the King of Navarre was faithful to the religion of the Huguenots; and though, to escape the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and to quiet the reproaches of the haughty Catherine de Medici, the mother of the king, he feigned to be reconciled to the state church, there is little doubt that he was a sincere adherent to the reformed religion.

The murder of Henry III., in 1589, by the monk Jacques

Clement, opened the way to the throne of France for Henry of Navarre. He had married Margaret of Valois, and had been named by the dying monarch as his successor; but the peaceable possession of power by the Bourbon was disputed by the adherents of the Guise.

"The king is dead!" was the announcement, as Henry III. fell back into the arms of his sister's husband: "Long live the king!" was the loud response; and the dynasty of France was transferred to the Bourbon.

But a rival disputed Henry's right to the throne, and only through blood he reached it at last. It would be tedious to follow the steps of the first Bourbon king too minutely, or we might tell how, after having defeated the factitious Charles X., he engaged, by the assistance of England, in wars with Spain and Austria, his popularity with the people increasing every day; how the Catholics tried many and various schemes to dethrone their Huguenot king; how, by the advice of the celebrated Sully, Henry called together the heads of the state church, and made profession of the faith; how Henry made triumphal progress through his kingdom, and won back rebellious provinces from the hands of his enemies, everywhere winning, too, the hearts of the people by his magnanimity and noble presence; how his coronation was celebrated with great pomp at Chartres; how he entered Paris as undisputed king; how, despite his generosity and great qualities, his life was many times attempted; how he issued the famous and world-known Edict of Nantes, which gave religious liberty to all persons freely; how his divorce from Margaret de Valois, and his marriage with Mary de Medici was sanctioned by the Pope; how the conspiracy of Biron was discovered and prevented from taking effect; and how Henry made treaties of alliance with the princes of England, Holland, and Germany, with the design of humbling the house of Austria.

Only the coronation of the queen remained to be performed ere Henry intended to join the army of the allies. But it was not to be. "Man proposes, but only God disposes." The queen was duly crowned, and Henry appointed her regent during his absence. This is the episode chosen by Rubens. Henry is presenting the golden orb, the emblem of sovereignty, to his queen; his son Lewis, then about thirteen years old, standing between them. At that moment it may be that he was meditating splendid and glorious projects for the advancement of his country, and the "pomp and circumstance" of war already filled his imagination. On the morning succeeding the queen's coronation, he wished to visit the arsenal, but the illness of

Sully made him postpone it. The next day he fell by the hand of the infamous Ravallac. Ordering his carriage, he set out, attended by a small number of gentlemen, and very few attendants; the curtains were drawn up, that he might

time to say, "I am wounded," before a second, more violent, pierced his heart: he sank back in the carriage, a corpse!

Thus perished, A.D. 1610, Henry the Great. No one ever ascended a throne under more unfavourable auspices; a dis-



HENRY IV. PARTING WITH HIS QUEEN, MARY DE MEDICIS, PREVIOUS TO HIS DEPARTURE FOR THE WARS.
FROM A PAINTING BY RUBENS.

witness the zeal of his subjects, in the various ornaments they had prepared. In a narrow street the coach was stopped by the accidental meeting of two carts: the attendants took a nearer way. As the king turned to read a letter to the Duke d'Espernon, he received a stroke from a knife; he had scarcely

united kingdom, discontented nobility, a clamorous and oppressed commonalty; his policy cemented the provinces, his valour humbled the nobles, his humanity relieved the commons; he restored plenty at home, and rendered his kingdom great and formidable abroad.

THE LEUCORYX ANTELOPE.

THE antelopes form a family of themselves, and stand at the head of the caprine tribe. They are distinguished from the goats by possessing spiral and lyrated horns, and frequenting open plains and barren wastes instead of rocks and mountains.

animals depicted in the engraving are a rather rare kind of antelope, frequenting the deserts of Nubia. A male and female specimen were purchased by the Zoological Society from the celebrated collection formed by the late Earl Derby



THE LEUCORYX ANTELOPE (ORYX LEUCORYX) OF NUBIA.

The larger species live in families, while the smaller kinds of antelopes are not unfrequently solitary in their habits. They possess extreme strength, agility, and swiftness; and though shy and wild in their natural state, are soon tamed when brought into communication with mankind. The

at Knowsley, and the kid was born in the gardens at Regent's Park.

The Leucoryx is a gracefully formed and gentle animal. It has a smooth coat of a light fawn colour, and displays none of those vicious propensities observable in some descriptions

of antelopes. It feeds upon all kinds of corn and several varieties of green herbage. Though naturalists now speak of the Antelopes as a distinct species, Cuvier considered them but as a variety of the goat tribe, of which the Ibex formed the connecting link. The Ibex is not unlike the Leucoryx in appearance, frequenting the mountainous ridges of Switzerland and Savoy in vast numbers.

In reference to the animal under consideration, it may be said to differ from the Ibex rather in external than in anatomical form. Each species would, probably, breed with the other; it is extremely difficult to say where the sheep ends and the goat begins, and no less so to declare what difference really exists between the Antelope and the Ibex.

The Abyssinian Ibex is somewhat more elevated on the legs than the Leucoryx, of a dirty, brownish, fawn colour, with a short beard, and lengthened hair under the throat down to the breast.

The Caucasian Ibex.—M. Guldénstadt first described this species, which he discovered in the northern part of the Caucasian mountains. In size and proportions, it resembles the Ibex of Europe, but is broader and shorter in the body; dark brown on the superior parts, and white on the inferior. The hair of this species is hard, more ashy in winter, and at the root interspersed with much grayish underwool. This species of Ibex is equal, if not superior, in strength and agility, to the Alpine, making immense bounds with the utmost confidence. Monardes relates that he saw an Ibex leap from the top of a tower, and falling on its horns, immediately spring up and move on, without having received the slightest injury. It resides in the Caucasian mountains, and is probably found in the highest mountains of eastern Persia.

The pygargus is another species distinguished from the former by the horns forming an acute angle in front, with the ribs less broad, assuming an undulating edge, and the posterior part rounded.

NATURAL FORMATION OF SOIL.

Nothing can be more truly beautiful in itself or more deeply interesting to a reflecting mind, than the process by which nature constantly produces an accession of soil, and an accumulation of vegetable matter to render it fertile. The process is varied so as to be exactly adapted to overcome the obstacles which the circumstances which each particular district present; but although the means employed are infinitely various, the final result is always the same. When the surface of a rock, for instance, becomes first exposed to the atmosphere, it is at once attacked by agents which operate mechanically and chemically. Light calls into activity the latent heat; the pores become, by that means, sufficiently enlarged to admit particles of moisture, which gradually abrade the surface and produce inequalities; upon these inequalities the seeds of lichens are deposited by the atmosphere; these forerunners of vegetation take root, and the fibres by which some sorts of these diminutive plants adhere to the rock, concoct a vegetable acid peculiarly adapted to corrode the substance with which it comes in contact, and increase the inequalities which heat and moisture had already formed. These diminutive plants decay and perish; when decomposed they form a vegetable bed suited to the production of larger plants; or when the surface of the rock happens to present clefts, or natural crevices, they fall into them; and there mingling with fine particles of sand, conveyed thither by the atmosphere, or crumbled by the action of the air from the internal surfaces of the crevices themselves, they form fertile mould. Nature having advanced thus far in her preparations, makes another forward step. She sows the soil which has been created by the decomposition of vegetable matter, with some of the more perfect plants, which it is now becomes capable of sustaining. These continue to be produced and decomposed until a soil has been prepared of sufficient depth and richness to bear plants of still higher quality and larger dimensions. The process of nature requires accelerated force as it advances toward its consum-

mation. When a sufficient depth of soil has been formed to produce ferns, for instance, these annually decay and die; their decomposed materials gradually form little conical heaps of vegetable mould round the spot on which each plant grew. When this has gone on for a period of sufficient length to spread these cones over a given surface, nature takes another stride: she sows furze, thorns, and briars, which thrive luxuriantly, and by annually shedding their leaves contribute, in the end, to add greatly to both the depth and fertility of the mould. This species constitutes, in truth, the means which nature principally uses in preparing a bed for the growth of the more valuable trees. It is well known that these are the plants which make their first appearance in fallows, or in woods which have been recently cut down. Into the centre of a tuft of brambles, is accidentally carried the seed of the majestic oak; meeting with a congenial soil, it soon vegetates: it is carefully and effectually cherished and protected by its prickly defence, against all injuries from the bite of the animals which roam over the waste. The larger trees having reached a height and size which render shelter unnecessary, destroy their early nurses and protectors, by robbing them of the light and air indispensable for their well-being. The thorny plants then retire to the outskirts of the forest, where, in the enjoyment of an abundant supply of light and sun, they continue gradually to extend the empire of their superiors, and make encroachments upon the plain, until the whole district becomes at length covered with magnificent trees. The roots of the larger trees penetrate the soil in all directions: they even find their way into the crevices of the rocks, filled, as these are already, by decomposed vegetable matter: here they swell and contract, as the heat and moisture increase or diminish. They act like true levers, until they gradually pulverize the earthy materials which they have been able to penetrate. While the roots are thus busy under ground, boring, undermining, cleaving and crumbling every thing that impedes their progress, the branches and leaves are equally indefatigable overhead. They arrest the volatile particles of vegetable food which floats in the atmosphere. Thus fed and sustained, each tree not only increases annually in size, but produces and deposits a crop of fruit and leaves. The fruit becomes the food of animals, or is carried into a spot where it can produce a new plant: the leaves fall around the tree, where they become gradually decomposed, and, in the lapse of ages, make a vast addition to the depth of vegetable mould; and whilst the decomposition of vegetables makes a gradual addition to the depth of the cultivatable soil, another cause, equally constant in operation, contributes to increase its fertility—the produce of the minutest plants serves to subsist myriads of insects: after a brief existence, these perish and decay, and their decomposed particles greatly fertilize the vegetable matter with which they happen to mingle. The period at length arrives when the timber having reached its highest measure of growth and perfection, may be cut down, in order that the husbandman may enter upon the inheritance prepared for him by the hand of the all-wise and all-beneficent Author of his existence. Such is the system, which they that have eyes to see may see. Plants which appear worthless in themselves—those lichens, mosses, heaths, ferns, furze, briars, and brooms, in which economists, forsooth! perceive only the symbols of eternal barrenness—are so many instruments employed by perfect Wisdom in fertilising new districts for the occupation of future generations of mankind:

“The course of Nature is the art of God”

The wastes of this country, as they have been managed for ages, have been partly taken out of the hands of Nature without having been wholly taken into the hands of man. The constant depasturing of cattle on wastes and commons counteracts the means which Nature makes use of in producing fertility, and, in consequence, greatly retards the period when the soil becomes sufficiently deep for agricultural purposes. There is not, perhaps, a healthy waste in England, which would not become a forest, were the peasantry restrained from setting their flocks upon it.

EUROPEAN MANNERS IN THE EAST.

At the time I was in India there were many, particularly among the younger branches of the army, who complained that they could not get into society at the presidency; but I cannot help thinking that the fault was, in some degree, their own. They were either too proud or too idle to seek it. Sullenly shutting themselves up in their barracks, or in obscure quarters in the Black Town, they expected that men accustomed to have court paid to them for their situations, or engaged in official business, would, or could, go out of their way to find them out. If at a ball, they would complain of the impossibility of procuring partners; but this they owed chiefly to their want of acquaintance; for I did not observe that the ladies—that is, the married ones—gave themselves greater airs in India than elsewhere. In fact, a *mère de famille*, from the scarcity of petticoats, thinks it becomes her to be as gay, if not gayer, than single ladies in England. With a miss it is quite different; for if her appearance be such as to render her desirable as a partner in a dance, she is also, for the same reason, considered by many as a desirable partner in a more important concern, and therefore not likely to be left at liberty to dance with a subaltern, even if she should feel disposed to accept that honour, which is not at all probable.

• Indeed, the matrimonial market in India is much the same as other markets for live stock, where the best possible price is obtained for the article. The first ball after the arrival of a fleet from Europe may be considered as a kind of fair day, where the new-comers of the softer sex are shown off, and where every family that has the advantage of possessing a fresh attraction, whether of its own, or consigned to it from the mother-country, takes care to appear. The rank or property of the suitor is the price offered for the article; and, in estimating this, the gradations from a member of council or general to an ensign or assistant-surgeon are as well understood and as clearly defined as the gradations of the currency from a sovereign to a farthing, or from a gold mohur to a doody; the civil and military branches of the service preserving the same relative value that is assigned to them in the tables of presidency published in the East India Directory. The system pursued in disposing of the fair objects is exactly the same as that used at the sales of king's stores in a dock-yard, where the auctioneer begins by putting the highest price on the article, and keeps lowering and lowering, till some bidder assents to the price, and bears off the goods. First, the young lady is instructed to set her cap at a civilian high in office, or at an officer high on the staff. If in the course of a few months there is no bidding at that price, then she condescends to cast a smile upon the second rank, and so on to the bottom. Should she possess any pretensions to beauty, she is soon snapped up; for the scarcity of the article prevents people from being very fastidious in their tastes. If of the true European white, she is almost sure to go off tolerably

well; but no mixture of the Asiatic will suit persons of any rank. Should the young lady continue on hand till the arrival of a fleet conveying a fresh supply of fair ones, she is, of course, thrown somewhat into the back-ground, and her chance of a good match considerably diminished; so it often happens, that females are thus compelled to accept offers which, at first starting, they would have rejected with disdain, and in some instances to take the very men whom they once treated with scorn. But she must be a hapless virgin indeed, and possessed of no ordinary detractions, who is compelled, as a *dernier resort*, to put up with an ensign of native infantry, by whom she may be borne off to spend the honeymoon in a hill-fort. How happy marriages in general prove among Europeans in India may hence be inferred.

In every society there will always be a certain number of low-minded persons, who pay no respect but to rank or riches. One family I recollect in particular at the presidency, which was so notorious in this respect, that a trick, which was played them by a captain of the navy whom they had offended, afforded considerable amusement, if not gratification, to the greater part of the settlement. Expecting to meet this family at the assembly-rooms, he brought his son, a young midshipman, ashore with him, and introduced him as the *Honourable Mr. So-and-so*. As he anticipated, the bait took, and a set was immediately made at this sprig of nobility by the party in question. The daughters monopolised him as a partner during the evening. His dancing was admired, his face pronounced truly patrician, his manners considered superior, and even his *gaucheries* set down as the *admirable ton*. They begged as a favour that the captain would allow him to stay on shore with them for a short time—they would take such care of him. To which the captain, after some demur, for "he was given into his special charge," consented. The next day middy is taken round to see the lions, and to be introduced to their most fashionable acquaintance. His cocked hat is rather the worse for a sea voyage, and his dirk is grown shabby; they stop at the European shops, and new ones are presented to him by the hands of the young ladies. A ball is given on purpose for him. In short, every possible attention is paid to the little *honourable*, whose noble parents will doubtless seek out the family on its return to England, to repay the obligation; and already had they begun to anticipate the pleasure which they should enjoy at the countess's fashionable parties, and the advantages they should derive from being introduced into the *beau monde* through the means of her ladyship. In fact, middy was in clover. To be obliged to part with their young friend at last was painful. It cost the fair members of the family some tears, and gained niddy some caresses, and, what was of more value, some substantial tokens of friendship; and fame went so far as to say that he carried away a lock of hair belonging to one of the young ladies. Nor did they part without mutual promises to renew the acquaintance in England.—*Twelve Years' Military Adventures.*

THE PRESIDENT'S HOUSE AT MONROVIA, THE CAPITAL OF LIBERIA.

Among the interesting and picturesque scenery on the western coast of Africa, few points present to the traveller greater attractions than the little city of Monrovia, the seat of government of the republic of Liberia, situated near the mouth of the Mesurado river, about four miles south-east of the entrance of the St. Paul's river into the ocean, immediately in the rear of Cape Mesurado, in lat. 6° 19' north. Located on an elevated site, commanding a fine view of the ocean to the west and south, and of the forest-clad hills and mountains of that luxuriant and beautiful country towards the north and east, and containing many comfortable-looking dwelling-houses, interspersed among tropical fruit-trees of almost every variety, it presents an appearance of comfort and refinement among the citizens, and strongly contrasts with the rude hamlets of the unskilled aborigines in the vicinity.

Less than a third of a century ago, the spot where now

stands this beautiful and flourishing little metropolis was covered with a dense forest, the solemn silence of which was disturbed only by wild animals, or occasionally by human beings apparently scarcely more civilised than their four-footed neighbours. But through the agency of the hardy pioneers of the great African colonisation enterprise, the forest-trees were felled, and temporary places of residence erected; which, from time to time, have been superseded by more elegant and substantial buildings, among which is the mansion-house of his excellency, Joseph J. Roberts, the President of the Republic—a two-story brick house, with the necessary back buildings, located near the centre of the town, immediately opposite the old government-house.

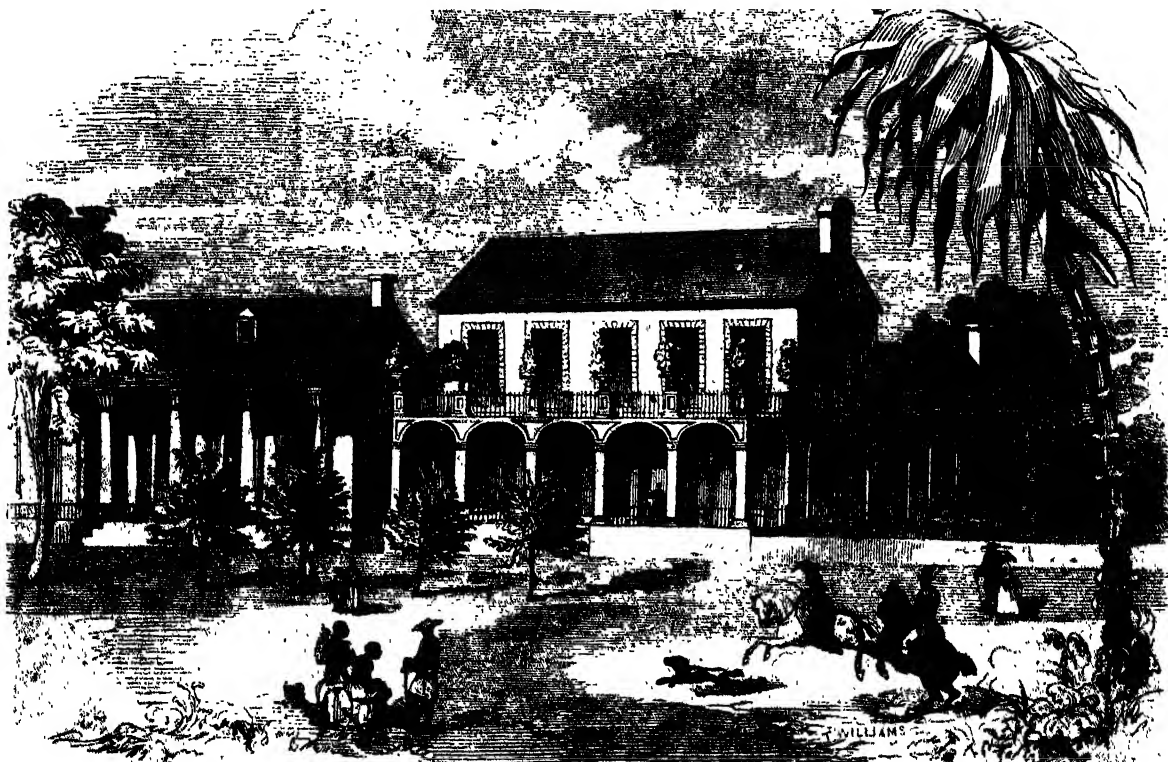
The dwellings of many of the citizens of Monrovia, as well as the presidential mansion, are not only comfortably but elegantly furnished; and some of the residents of this little trading com-

mercantile mart live in a style of ease and affluence which clearly demonstrates the fact that a residence in Africa is not necessarily associated with the privation of the good things of this life. Many of the houses are built of bricks manufactured in Liberia. The state house, and the three principal churches,—all commodious buildings—and most of the large warehouses, are built of stone. Attached to most of the dwelling-houses are gardens, some of which are handsomely adorned with trees, shrubs, and flowers, of great variety and beauty; among which may be seen the symmetrical orange and mango, the luxuriant guava, the graceful papaw, the broad-leaved plantain and banana, the beautiful cocoa-nut, the delicate and fragrant white-blossomed coffee, and many other useful and ornamental products of that land of perpetual spring,—the greater part of which for ages has remained in its native uncultivated state, the abode of ignorance and superstition, the hunting grounds of the untutored aborigines, or the battle-fields of contending belligerent tribes, saturating the soil with

but the birth-pangs of an hour of universal peace and brotherhood.

"I trust that the development of Africa is to be essentially a Christian one. If not a dominant and commanding race, they are, at least, an affectionate, magnanimous, and forgiving one. Having been called in the furnace of injustice and oppression, they have need to bind closer to their hearts that sublime doctrine of love and forgiveness, through which alone they are to conquer, which it is to be their mission to spread over the continent of Africa."

President Roberts is now about forty-four years old. He was born of free parents in the city of Petersburg, Virginia, where he resided until he emigrated, with his mother and brothers, to Liberia, in 1829. He has resided in Liberia about twenty-four years, during the last eleven of which he has presided over the destinies of that young nation—for six years in the capacity of governor of the "commonwealth," under the appointment of the American Colonization Society, and during the



RESIDENCE OF JOSEPH ROBERTS, PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC OF LIBERIA.

the blood of the slaughtered victims of superstition and cruelty.

But a brighter day has dawned on that land. The standard of Christianity has been planted on the margin of that vast continent. Institutions of learning have been established there. A young republic, composed entirely of persons of colour, has arisen upon that coast; and like a beacon it there stands, "self-poised and erect," casting its cheering light athwart the midnight gloom of that benighted land, and unfolding to the degraded sons and daughters of Africa the practicability of the maintenance by the coloured race of all the institutions of political and religious liberty, and of the highest civilization and intellectual advancement.

"To the Anglo-African race," says Mrs. Brown, "have been intrusted the destinies of this world, during the longest period of struggle and conflict. To this nation, to start, to struggle, to emerge, to advance, were well adapted. For the first time, the look for nothing are to arise. On its borders, and in its interior,

last five years in the capacity of president of the "republic," having been first elected by the people in 1847, re-elected in 1849, and again re-elected in 1851. In 1854, he visited Europe, and succeeded in obtaining a formal recognition of the sovereignty and independence of the republic of Liberia by both the British and French governments, with both of which he concluded important treaties of amity and commerce. From the officials of both these governments, as well as from many other distinguished and influential persons in these two countries, he received evidences of the highest consideration. During the last year he again visited Europe, and succeeded in effecting further arrangements highly important to the prosperity of Liberia. Under all circumstances in which he has been placed, he has shown himself to be a wise statesman, a judicious and skillful diplomatist, a learned and vigorous writer, and an uncompromising patriot. A true lover of his country and his race, and deserving an extraordinary and peculiarly qualified for the responsible duties of being

THE DEAD BRIDAL.

CHAPTER VI.

"Amongst many other things that doe famous this title, the mountebanks are not the least; for although there are mountebanks also in other cities of Italie, yet because there is a greater concourse of them in Venice than elsewhere, and that of the better sort and the most eloquent fellows; and also for that there is larger toleration of them here than in other cities, therefore they use to name a Venetian mountebank for the Coryphæus and principall mountebank of all Italie. I have observed marvellous strange matters done by some of these mountebanks; moreover, I have seen some of them doe such strange iugling trickes as would be almost incredible to be reported."—*Corya's Crudities*.



The sunny sun of a spring morning was shining down upon the waters that flowed around and through Venice—not as he shines upon us here in Britain on an April day, now blotched and blotted out from the face of heaven by a mass of clouds, now struggling through lighter vapours, now laughing them away with his brightness or mocking their tears with his smiles—no, but looking down through a cloudless sky, in which there was not one fleck of white to chequer the universal blue, and scarce a breeze to temper a warmth that would be to us at home as the heat of summer. The hour was, judging from the sun's elevation, midway between dawn and noon; and the gondolas were skimming to and fro along lagunes and canals, just as hackney-coaches in the days that are now gone by, and Hansoms and cabs at present, ply through our metropolis, only in a manner far more easy to the half-recumbent body, and more picturesque to the half-closed eyes. As one of these aquatic coaches sped along through the Canale Grande, close by the water's edge, it was encountered by a similar vehicle, which shot suddenly from under one of the low narrow bridges that span the smaller canals which everywhere open into the principal one, as the smaller arteries into the great ones. Accidents of this sort will even still sometimes happen in Venice now-a-days, notwithstanding the marvellous skill and dexterity of the gondoliers; and, of course, there is no reason why the cars and men of five hundred years ago should be exempt from a casualty which their modern successors cannot always avoid. The boatmen of the respective gondolas commenced forthwith to indulge in that species of vituperation which, in all times, seems to have been a favourite mode of warfare with the propellers of conveyances when impeded in their motion, from the days of Juvenal, who commemorates the "stantis convicia mandra," to those of our own days, when our cars have been edified with the maledictory slang in which London cabmen apostrophise each other's eyes when they meet and obstruct each other in a narrow thoroughfare. The gentleman, for such he was, who sat within the first-mentioned gondola started up and drew back the curtains, with the intention, very probably, of personally resenting the insolence of the other gondolier, in case he found that his fare was of a sex and constitution with whom he could quarrel; and, indeed, such results were not very uncommon amongst a people where the blood was as quick as the pride was sensitive. How the matter might have ended it would be difficult to say, nor indeed would it, as will appear, be very important to speculate, had it not so happened that at the same moment the occupant of the assailing gondola—for such we consider the one which came from the smaller canal was—also pulled aside the curtain which screened him, and they both were face to face. An exclamation of surprise was uttered at the same moment by each of the gentlemen.

"Jacques!" cried the one.

"Giulio!" cried the other.

The boatmen, seeing the friendly recognition with which their respective fares greeted each other, at once discontinued their wordy contest, and, by a tacit understanding, they brought their gondolas side by side, so that the two gentlemen were able to exchange a cordial grasp of the hand.

"Ben arrivato a Venezia, ben arrivato carissimo mio," cried our old acquaintance, Giulio Polani. "Per Bacco! you were about the last man I should have expected to see in our fair city."

"Pardieu!" replied the stranger in an accent that had something of the farther side of the Alps in it. "Pardieu, my dear Polani, it may be so, yet, nevertheless, here I am, and I assure you I count myself fortunate that almost the first respectable face I have seen since my arrival in your bella Venezia should be that of so good a friend. How times have changed!"

"Well, and whither are you going now, Jacques?"

"I am going where my dear friend Giulio has asked me to go, an hour or two at this ungodly time of day, and I have purpose to stay with him till the end of the month, as he has a good deal of business to transact, and I have no other friends in Venice."

attempt just now to kill your humble servant instead of his enemy, Time. Ma foi, I should not much like to make much acquaintance with the bottom of your canals; and as to the surface, we have been shooting this half hour through all sorts of dykes that look like over-grown sewers, and under little, low bridges that make one involuntarily take off his bonnet and bow his head in token of respect for such stupendous creations."

"Or out of regard for your own sigrette and feather, and your exquisite chevelure, Jacques," added Giulio, laughing. "But come, my friend, you shall put yourself under my guidance. Let your gondolier put round," said he, making a sign to the boatman; "I was just going to the Palazzo Polani, which is close at hand here, when those fellows knocked the heads of their boats together."

The men obeyed the signal, and both gondolas skimmed side by side along the water for a short distance, till they stopped beside a flight of marble steps that, rising from the water, led up to the portico of the Palazzo Polani. The two gentlemen left their gondolas, and ascending the steps passed into the mansion.

"Well, Taddeo," said the gondolier of Count Giulio to him who had rowed the stranger, "what hast thou got there, lad? Thou lookest as if thou wert bitten by a tarantola! Has the stranger, with all his bravery, given thee base coin or a paltry scellino?"

"Proprio il diavolo! no such thing, Christophero," replied the man addressed, who was intently regarding something in his hand. "The eccellenza is a true noble, a lord or a prince, or an emperor mayhap. Look you, 'tis a real yellow golden piece," and he held it up between his finger and thumb admiringly.

"A golden florin, by St. Nicholas!" cried the other. "Thou art in good luck to-day, Taddeo mio. But thou knowest one half of that is a 'buonmano,' and thou art bound to drink the health of his excellency. So come, lad, thou shalt take me with thee to aid in doing him honour. Besides, thou owest me something for running foul of me just now."

"Cospetto, no, Christophero; 'twas thine own fault entirely; thou knowest very well thou shouldst not have kept so close to the riva; 'tis against the ordinances. Faith, if I were to have thee up before the 'Signori alle acque,' I trow they would lay upon thee smartly in the shape of fine."

"Well, well," said the other, "whoever was in the wrong, thou hast got the best fare and I the most damage. See you how the side of your boat has bent the iron of my prow and well-nigh broken it in two; but I bear thee no malice, Taddeo."

"Nay, for the matter of that," said the other. "I will keep up no grudge either. So come along, compare, I care not if I stand a biechiere di vinello."

"Diavolo, what dost talk about—a biechiere di vinello! I tell thee, we cannot do less than drink a whole stado of the best wine, Liscio or Muscadine at the least, to the health of his excellency. So push away, Caro mio, no one keeps better wine than old Paolo, the taverner, near the church of San Nicolo."

While the boatmen were gliding amicably away through one of the lateral canals that led from the Canale Grande to the quarter of San Nicolo, the two gentlemen whom they had been rowing had passed through the pillared hall and up the marble staircase, and entered a stately apartment such as the Venetian nobles delighted to display for the reception of guests. The walls were covered with ancestral pictures, and the furniture was rich in gold and marble, and richly wrought tables, and costly ornaments of glass. Giulio now cordially embraced his friend, pressing him with his arms, and touching either cheek with his lips—a custom which at first strikes an Englishman as extravagant and ridiculous, but which, in time, he learns to feel is rather the way for the other amongst people whose language is so warm, and put under less restraint by custom than our own. "Welcome, welcome," said he, "I have no other friends in Venice but to my father's house. I have no other friends in Venice but to my father's house. I have no other friends in Venice but to my father's house."

the friend and benefactor of his son as his merits deserve; but count his house your own, and such poor cheer as it can afford in these times of war and necessity is heartily at your command."

"A thousand thanks, dear Giulio," said the other, warmly returning the pressure of his friend's hand. "But in truth thou dost rate too highly the trifling service that it was my good fortune to render thee in the gay capital of France. The loan of a few gold pieces happily enabled thee to avail thyself of the fortune of the dice, and to retrieve thyself. It was a pleasant sight to see thee take thy revenge upon the sharpers of Paris. But as thou must needs remember this matter, why thou shalt even repay the obligation tenfold by showing me some of the wonders of your celebrated city of Venice, whereof I have heard so much."

"Most willingly, my dear Jacques," said the young Venetian, "though I advertise thee that thou shalt see us now but to small advantage. The present war has drained the city of our gayest nobles, and thou wilt find Venice but a *triste* place just now. But tell me, to what favouring gale we are indebted to thy presence? When we parted in France, a visit to Italy was not in thy thoughts."

"In good faith, Giulio, I am, as thou knowest, but a rolling stone at best, gathering little moss, as the proverb hath it."

"Aye, Jacques, but gaining all the more polish."

"Well, it may be so," said the other. "But now, how wilt thou order our movements?"

"Why, Jacques, it is yet too early to see our clarissimos and ladies, so we shall even sally forth in the meantime to see whatever chance may throw in our way. Believe me, there are things in this our Venice that will amuse thee, if it be but for their strangeness."

"It is so reported," said Jacques, "and I long much to inspect them."

"Meanwhile," said Giulio, "your effects shall be brought from the Osteria, and then we shall return to doff our travelling attire, and prepare for visiting. I would willingly make you known to some of my fair countrywomen."

"That is what I most desire. I have always heard that your Venetian dames are not easily accessible to strangers, but that they are beautiful and charming; and in truth I count much on your friendship in affording me this pleasure."

"That will I gladly, and thou shalt confess that rumour has not overrated their loveliness. So look to your heart, Jacques."

The young man laughed with careless gaiety—"Oh, fear not for me, Giulio, I am well nigh proof against the spells of womankind."

"We shall see, we shall see," said the other; "be not over-boastful, my friend."

"Well, well, let us proceed. Thou shalt first pledge me, Jacques, in a cup of such wine as Venice affords."

So saying, Giulio summoned a servant, who speedily entered bearing a salver upon which were various refreshments and two large bottles of coloured glass, small in the neck, but swelling out into very goodly dimensions in the body, and which from their shape had obtained the name of *Ingistero*. When they were set down on the table, the host continued:—

"Here is wine of Cyprus, if thou wilt; or, what sayest thou to this other, which is from the grape of Southern Italy? We count the *Lagrima di Christo* the most delectable of all liquors."

"And with justice," said Jacques; "I have heard of a worthy French monk who was so affected with its delicious flavour, that he exclaimed, '*O Domine, Domine, cur non facerem magis de vinis tuis nostris*.'"

"The name of the good father was more to be commended than the story," remarked Giulio, with a smile; "but let it pass. We have still to our pleasant gambles."

"And so," said Jacques, pouring out the wine into a glass, and cautiously touching the rim of his boat's

in a *cortile*, which having traversed, they passed along various narrow streets or *calli*; and, crossing occasionally the small canals by means of steep bridges which were ascended by flights of steps on either side, at length they emerged into more open ground in the front of the church of *San Geminiano*, which forms the western limit of the *Piazza di San Marco*.

A little beyond the façade of the church, a dense crowd was collected, consisting principally of the lower classes, mechanics, sailors, and labourers, with here and there a merchant or a master of a bottega, the one arrested, it might be, in his passage through the great thoroughfare of Venice, the other attracted from his counter to witness the spectacle at which they were now looking. There were not wanting, too, troops of boys and an abundance of the women of that rank in life who scruple not to be abroad whenever their avocations require, and their large veils of black, white, and yellow, according to their age and condition of wife, maid, or widow, and their glancing necks and shoulders, which were but poorly concealed by such flimsy covering, gave variety and piquancy to the scene. The most casual observer could not fail to be struck with the fact that the heads of the women for the most part were on a level with those of the other sex, and indeed occasionally out-topped them. When one looked down, however, the mystery was solved, for each woman stood in a strange sort of wooden clogs, called *cioppini*, covered with leather of different colours, according to the caprice of the wearer, and varying in height from a few inches to half a foot. The concourse thus brought together were evidently intent upon some object that was in the Piazza, in the direction of Saint Mark's, and as the further progress of the two friends was somewhat impeded, they also turned their eyes in the same direction. Midway in the Piazza was a rude stage of boards, raised up some few feet from the ground upon benches or forms; and upon the stage appeared several persons, some of them with masks of a grotesque character, and all dressed in the tawdry bravery of players of those days. One was readily recognised by the gaudy colours of his hose and doublet, and the immense ruff beneath his chin, as the representative of the gallant or young lover; another, by his visard and antics, was unmistakably the fool or jack-pudding; while two or three women (an unusual thing except in Venice at this period) appeared in various dresses. But the principal of the troop was the *ciarlatano* or mountebank, who stood at one extremity of the stage near to a large chest, in which were deposited a strange variety of the most incongruous things imaginable. A flourish of music ensued, which, to speak truly, was more commendable for its noise and energy than for any harmony which was produced; indeed, harmony could not be reasonably expected from the musicians themselves, or the instruments upon which they performed, which were cornets, lutes, and hurdy-gurdys, or vielles as they were called. During this performance, the *ciarlatano* opened the chest and drew forth his various wares. There were unguents of divers kinds in bottles of various colours; waters and lotions of marvellous virtues; drugs of unheard of potency; elixirs, salves, cosmetics, songs, charms, and a multitude of other wonders which no tongue save his own could recount or describe. These, as he took them forth one by one, he held up to the gaze of the multitude, and when the first tempest of music was stilled, the *ciarlatano* raised himself to his full height, and extending both his hands, the fingers of which were covered with thick, silver rings, he held up a phial with an oily liquid in one hand, and flourished the other as he addressed the people.

Jacques said to his friend—"Stop a little, Giulio; I would gladly listen to one of your *ciarlatani*, who, I hear, are the most wonderful in the world."

The young men accordingly stood still, and had no difficulty in hearing the mountebank's oration.

"Eccomi, cittadini di Venezia, eccomi, Discolore Venetiani, medico, magico, astrologico, dentista, &c. &c. &c. Here am I, who can read the stars, cure all draw teeth, &c. &c. &c. without your paying as a trifle of money. Masters, listen to me, I draw teeth. Ah, yes, I can draw a tooth."

While the ciarlatano was uttering these disjointed comments upon the characters and destinies of the youths, mingled with the unintelligible jargon of that now exploded lore which pretended to assign to each of the planets and sodical signs a particular feature over which it was said to exercise a special influence,—the rabble listening the while in mute wonder,—the objects of his remarks, as if wrought on by an irresistible fascination, stood still; affected to some extent by the enthusiasm of the speaker. Now, however, they held on their way again, and had nearly effected their escape from the crowd, when the voice of the conjuror pursued them in deep and solemn accents:—

"Thou shalt seek a bride in her house, but thou shalt find the angel of death there before thee! She whom thou wouldst take to thy heart shall be ravished from thee for ever. Through the portals whence the bride should go forth in the morning to the altar, shall the corpse be borne at evening to the grave. So do the planets portend, and so do I declare."

The words of this prophecy, though it was doubtful to which of the young men they were addressed, arrested at once the step and the attention of Giulio, and made him turn pale with a mingled feeling of rage and horror. Half drawing his short rapier, which was concealed beneath his cloak, he was springing forward to administer a chastisement upon Bartolomeo that would, in all probability, have defied the efficacy of his wonderful styptic to heal, when Jacques, seeing at a glance all the danger of so rash a step—for the people observed the movement and shewed symptoms of taking part with Bartolomeo,—seized his friend by the arm, and hurried him forward towards the church of San Marco.

"Nay, Giulio," said Jacques, as they stood beneath the western portico of the chapel, "thou shouldst not heed the random words of that poor devil. If the stars are to declare the course of our lives, they must be conjured by some more potent influences than yonder quacksalver can command."

Giulio laughed, but made no reply, and so they passed between the columns of porphyry and verd-antique which support the arches of the façade, and passed into the interior of the building.

But, despite of his gay laugh, the mind of the young Vene-

tian was not altogether at ease. At the period of which we write, it will be borne in mind, men's intellects were but little emancipated from the trammels of gross superstition. A belief in the occult sciences was everywhere prevalent, and the most enlightened minds did not venture to discredit the marvels of witchcraft and demonology. Amongst other dark lore, astrology was then in high repute; and we cannot wonder at the universal credence it obtained in this age, when we recollect that two centuries later, Catherine de Medicis and Cardinal Mazarin regulated their conduct in every affair of moment by astrological predictions; that Dee gained influence over the strong mind of our own Elizabeth, and visited the courts of Poland and Bohemia; and, later still, Lilly gave public lectures in astrology, calculated nativities, received a golden chain from the warlike Charles Gustavus of Sweden, and was consulted by Charles the First of England. It could not, therefore, be expected that Giulio Polani should be above the prejudices or the superstitions of his age; and though his disposition did not lead him to shrink at physical danger, in the case of supernatural influences he was no more valiant than others. Thus a morbid sensibility of feeling, increased, no doubt, by the interview of the preceding evening with Bianca, and the revival of all his old affections, made him apply the words of the ciarlatano to himself and to her whom he already hoped would yet be his bride; and without acknowledging to himself that he believed thoroughly in the prophetic powers of Bartolomeo, yet neither did he feel the assurance that the prophecy, strange as it seemed, was nothing more than what his friend Jacques had pronounced it—the random words of a mere quacksalver.

For a time, despite of himself, he was moody and abstracted; but—not caring to let his friend see that he was really disturbed by what Jaques did not think worth a thought, though it might apply as well to the one as the other—he rallied his spirits, and by a strong effort shook off the uneasy feeling. Occupying himself in showing to the stranger the glories of a city of which every Venetian was justly proud, Giulio soon forgot the scene of the morning, and not a shadow lingered in his memory to mar the sunshine of his heart.

THE IRISH INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.

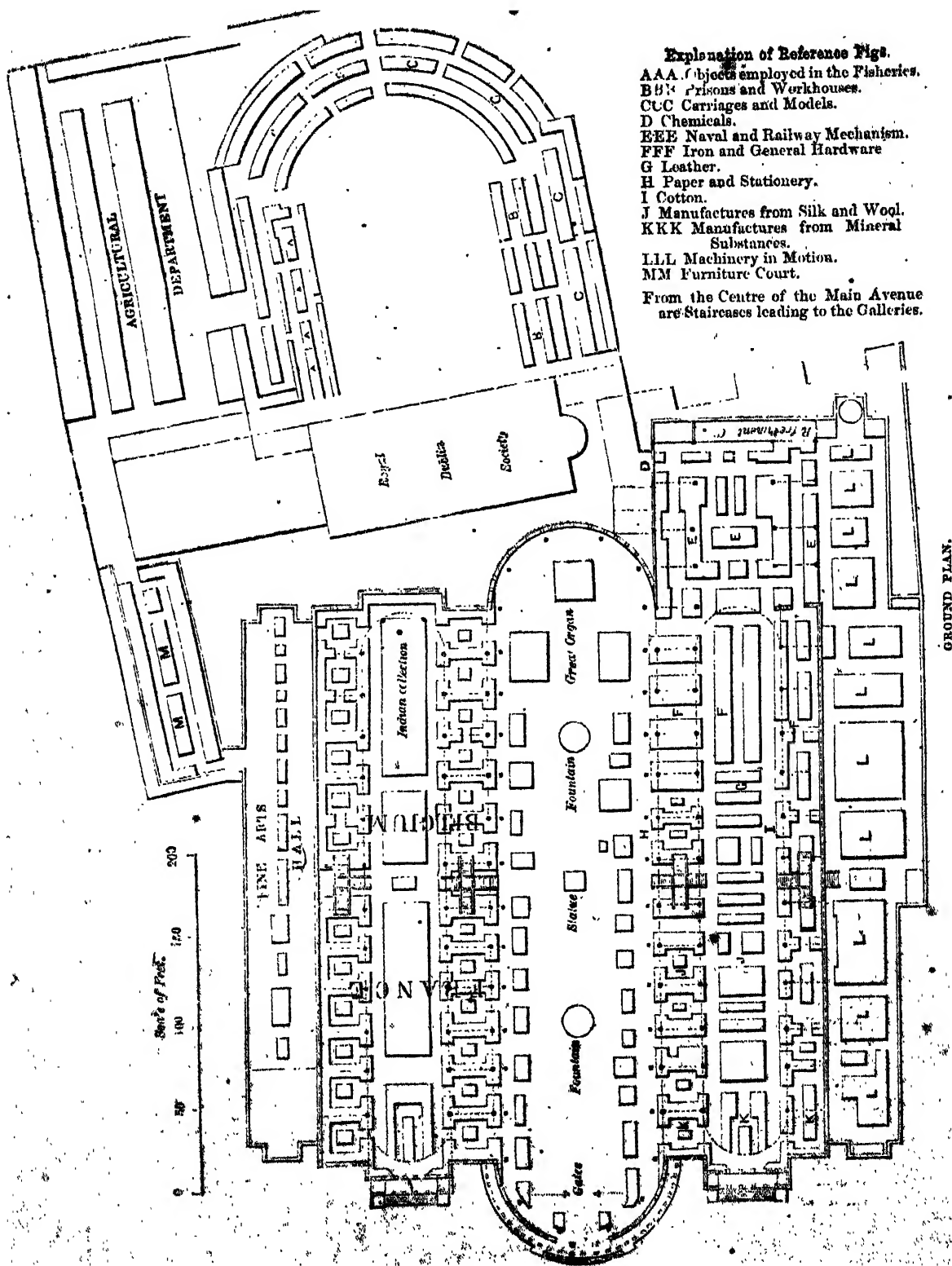
THE 12th of May, 1853, was a great day for Ireland; for on that day the triumphant experiment of 1851 was repeated in the centre of her beautiful metropolis. Of the influence of such an experiment on the welfare of the sister kingdom there can be little doubt; for, though the Exhibition of 1853 is on a much smaller scale than that of 1851, it is in many respects in advance of it. Indeed, if we consider for a moment the different positions of the two cities—London, the metropolis of the British empire and of the whole world; Dublin, the principal city of a kingdom but lately risen from the slough of famine and despair—we shall easily understand how far the Irish people have profited by the great example set before them. In the nineteenth century, with the powers of the printing-press, of steam, and of electricity to aid us, we are reviving—it has been well observed—in new forms, adapted to our wants and social states, the great fairs and chivalric gatherings of the middle ages, and the classic games and contests of still remoter times. We have found in the arts of industry and the departments of trade a glorious embodiment of the spirit of modern civilisation. This is the secret of the exhibitions which are now springing up in all the great capitals of the world; this is the motive power which brings the nations and manufacturers of London and New York, Paris and Dublin, Berlin and Petersburg, Antwerp and Vienna, into such intimate connexion and friendly rivalry. The present generation of men, devoted to peaceful pursuits, has not the love of the sword, the enthusiasm and romance of character which belonged to the men of the old time. These sentiments

remain substantially the same, though the complexion of them has changed with the circumstances under which they have been evolved. Four hundred years ago the public will and spirit was expressed in tournaments and crusades—to-day the same chivalric sentiment shows itself in exhibitions of international industry; and it is simply the force of events which has substituted executive committees, and glass and iron palaces, and the bloodless contention of skilled labour, for lists, and men-at-arms, and fierce encounters with lance and shield. If this be so, there is an immense and happy significance in the circumstance of that second great display opened to the industries of all countries is held in the metropolis of Ireland. Several weeks in advance of the New York Exhibition, though considerably later in the field—far in advance of the Parisian industrial show, and winning the earliest laurels even from the Crystal Palace at Sydenham—the Dublin International Exhibition may be looked upon as a great hope and promise for the future of Ireland.

At this moment, not only are the "eyes of Europe" upon the Irish metropolis, but "our own correspondents" are busy in recording the triumphs which the Industrial Exhibition is every day achieving. And it is a proud reflection for Irishmen, that they have raised this beautiful building, and filled it with the evidences of skill and the products of industry, by means entirely their own. Without government assistance of any kind, but by sheer force of perseverance, and through the patriotic endeavours of a single individual, the Irish Exhibition of 1853 has won for itself a name and a reputation

which cannot but be beneficial to the social, industrial, and political welfare of the people.
We have already—ante p. 24—made our readers acquainted

which appears to belong as much, or more, to the merchants and traders of our time, as to the inheritors of great historic names, he has laboured untiringly, grudging neither time nor



with the patriotic Mr. Dargan, to whom, indeed, the present Exhibition is mainly owing; or we might show how, rising from the people, and possessing a spirit, energy, and liberality,

money, for the good of his country. Although upwards of £100,000 have been advanced by Mr. Dargan for the purposes of the Exhibition, for the repayment of which he looks alone

to the receipts at the doors, it must never be forgotten, that the main motive of this gentleman has been, not pecuniary benefit or advantageous employment of capital, but a desire to place within the reach of his humble countrymen, in the midst of their own metropolis, a collection of the products of human skill and ingenuity, the contemplation of which might encourage them to work out with patience and self-reliance the great problem of their own social and political welfare.

The beautiful building in which the Exhibition is held is the production of Mr. Benson, from whose designs it has been erected. By reference to the annexed ground plan, the distribution of the various parts will be understood.

The Irish Exhibition Building differs in many important respects from its progenitor in Hyde-park. Like it, the framing of the building is composed of iron columns and girders, but, unlike it, the whole light is admitted from above, a portion only of the roof being glazed. The peculiarly light and airy appearance of the Crystal Palace is therefore lost; nevertheless, sufficient light, well toned down, is admitted to all parts of the present building to set off the objects exhibited to the best advantage. If the reader will turn back to page 24, he will perceive what an elegant appearance the main front of the building makes. It was originally intended to erect it of much smaller dimensions, and the chief features were a main central hall with side aisles, each hall having a grand semicircular roof. This arrangement of the space still continues to a certain extent; but, instead of there being only two aisles, the building now consists of five large parallel halls, the centre one of which is about the size of Westminster-hall. The mixture of the oriental with what may be called a modern style of building is strikingly displayed in Mr. Benson's novel structure. In case any of our readers have a talent for realizing space from figures, we give them the benefit of the following:—

The main portion of the building forms nearly a square, presenting a frontage of 405 feet, and a depth of 425: this is divided into five large halls, the central one being a noble compartment of 425 feet in length, by 190 feet in breadth, and 104 feet in height. The great semicircular roof is supported by trellis ribs, constructed of timber, and rests on cast-iron columns, 45 feet in height; on either side are two compartments of 25 feet in width, running the whole length of the building; adjoining these are two halls of 325 feet in length by 50 in width, with semicircular roofs 65 feet in height. These halls are separated by compartments of 25 feet in width, on one side from the Machinery Court, a fine hall of 450 feet in length by 50 in breadth; and on the other from the Fine Arts Hall, 325 by 40 feet. In addition to these, the Fore Court of the Dublin Society's House is surrounded by a large building 500 feet in length and 55 in breadth, being connected with the main building by a Court for Agricultural Machinery, 250 feet by 40 feet on one side; and on the other, by a Corridor leading into the Machinery Court.

These figures, however, convey but a slight idea of the *total ensemble* presented by the circularity of the roofs and ends of the building—the centre dome towering high above the others—and the novelty of the form adopted. The exterior of the building, as well as the interior, is decorated in much the same style as that adopted by Mr. Owen Jones at the Crystal Palace; but the main front, which looks towards Merrion-square, possesses an entirely new feature, namely, an outer gallery, or balcony, some 20 feet wide. This balcony is reached from the inner galleries, which are disposed on much the same plan as those at the Crystal Palace; and when it is filled with company, it will present a very gay and lively appearance.

From the galleries a good view of the arrangements below will be obtained; but it is remarkable that in no position in the building can its entire figure be seen at a glance, as was possible at either end of the Crystal Palace in Hyde-park.

We may now, previous to entering upon a description of the various articles contributed to this international bazaar—the second “world-fair,” as the Germans emphatically call it—attempt a slight sketch of the

CEREMONIAL OBSERVED ON THE MEMORABLE 12TH OF MAY.

It is late in the day to speak of the hopes of the sanguine, and the fears of the timid, concerning an event already accomplished; therefore we may pass from the night of the 11th, when all was bustle within the building and concern without, to the morning of the 12th, when the sun shone out a welcome to the thousands who made holiday in Dublin in honour of the auspicious occasion.

It was really a grand sight.

Let the reader try to picture to himself the scene which the great hall of the building presented. By incredible exertions, it had not only been cleared of all obstructions, but through the good taste of Mr. Jones, the artist, nicely decorated with sculpture, plants, and other objects. Its ample width, and the galleries along either side, accommodated, without any inconvenience, a brilliant assemblage of not less than 15,000 persons. They were arranged consistently with the best pictorial effect, the ladies in front, and forming on all points a gay bordering of colour and elegant drapery which filled and satisfied the eye. The utmost order, good-humour, and comfort prevailed, and not only inside, but without also, nothing could be better than the police arrangements. No confusion or scrambling for places occurred, and with great patience the time for commencement of the ceremony, mid-day, was awaited. The hall, filled with people, and just sufficiently decorated with other objects to break the monotony, presented a singularly striking aspect. A fine equestrian statue of the Queen by Marochetti occupied the centre, and attracted all eyes. By a happy thought, MacDowall's “Eve,” a work of the highest artistic merit, a souvenir of Hyde-park, and which is here very naturally claimed as native, was placed near the top of the hall, and looked exceedingly well there. A spacious platform of raised seats mounting tier above tier, and containing an orchestra of 1,000 performers (vocal and instrumental), closed in this part of the building. Above the orchestra rose the fine organ of St. Peter's College, at Oxford, built by a Dublin maker named Telford, and lent by the college with very commendable liberality. Below the orchestra stood the *dais* prepared for the Lord St. Germans and the Viceroyal Court. In the immediate vicinity of this were the reserved seats for the privileged, and down into the centre of the hall a broad avenue was kept clear to afford greater facilities for seeing the details of the ceremony. As in Hyde-park, the police were almost entirely relied upon for carrying out the arrangements, any conspicuous display of the military being considered unsuitable to such an occasion. The hall had filled early with all but the more-distinguished people, and nothing occurred for a considerable time to break the hum of innumerable conversations which rose from every corner of the spacious interior. First, the judges appeared, and occupied front seats on the left of the viceregal throne. With them the clergy of the Established Church and the Doctors and Fellows of the University consorted; while the mayors of the different towns in England and Ireland presented themselves on the right. Some dignitaries of the Roman Catholic Church next appeared upon the scene, and then Sir E. Blakeney, the Commander-in-Chief, made his way to the top of the hall, followed by a brilliant staff; the veterans, who seems very popular in Dublin, being loudly cheered by the assemblage. A number of Irish noblemen then came in: among them Lord Cloncurry, Lord Talbot de Malahide, the Marquis of Kildare, Lord Portarlington, Lord Clanmorris, the Earl of Meath, the Earl of Dunraven, Lord Rossmore, Lord Carew, Lord Castlereagh, the Marquis of Conyngham, Lord Massareene, and the Marquis of Eglinton. Lord Gough, who has taken a deep interest in the Exhibition, arrived early. The number of princesses was also considerable, and, altogether, the aristocracy of Ireland was well and even splendidly represented on the occasion. Some sensation was created by the Lord Mayor and Corporation of Dublin, as they moved through the assemblage to their appointed places on the right of the viceregal throne. Shortly after twelve o'clock, the procession from the Castle arrived. His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant was attended to his post by

his suite, and by the knights and officers of the Order of St. Patrick; and along the route which was traversed in state great crowds of people had collected.

ARRIVAL OF THE PROCESSION.

At a quarter-past twelve o'clock the procession came in view, and the members of the Executive Committee assembled at the doors to receive their Excellencies; and as the carriage containing the Lord Lieutenant and the Countess of St. Germans approached the building, the band of the 11th Hussars played the National Anthem.

At half-past twelve o'clock a general buzz and eager move-

Aide de Camp.

Most Noble the Marquis of Conyngham, and the Right Hon. Lord Mansfield and Farnham, Knights of the Most Illustrious Order of St. Patrick, invested with the Collar of the Order, His Excellency's State Household.

His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, Grand Master of the Illustrious Order, wearing the Collar of the Order, and the Brilliant Diamond Badge and Star of Grand Master.



GROUP OF VASES FROM THE FOREIGN DEPARTMENT.

ment in the vast assembly indicated the advent of the procession, and in a few minutes it had advanced up the hall in the following order:—

Officers of the Corporation, with the insignia of State.

The Right Hon. the Lord Mayor.

The members of the Executive Committee, with their wands and badges of office, two and two.

Sir William Betham, Under King of Arms.

Sir George Morris, Usher of the Black Rod.

The Hon. and Very Rev. Dean Pakenham, Chaplain of the Order of St. Patrick.

The Right Hon. Lord Curzon, the Most Noble the Marquis of Headfort, the Right Hon. the Earl of Charlemont, the

HER EXCELLENCY THE COUNTESS OF ST. GERMAN.

Attired in a magnificent dress of

Irish poplin, and wearing a shawl of Limerick lace.

As they advanced towards the door prepared for their reception, their Excellencies were greeted with hearty and prolonged acclamations by the whole assembly.

At this moment one of the great features of the day—the musical performance—commenced by the full band performing the National Anthem. Often as this grand and beautiful composition has been heard in public, and well known though it must have been to all present, it assumed a new interest, and we had almost said new features, from the strength of the orchestra.

The scene now presented in the Great Hall was one of affecting interest and grandeur—the scarlet uniforms of the military gentlemen present, the robes of the corporate officers, and the dark shades of the civilian full dress, contrasting with the diversified hues which floated joyously in the wide expanse of laces, silks, and ribbons that everywhere met the view, while the rich and solemn peals of the organ added to the impressiveness of the general effect.

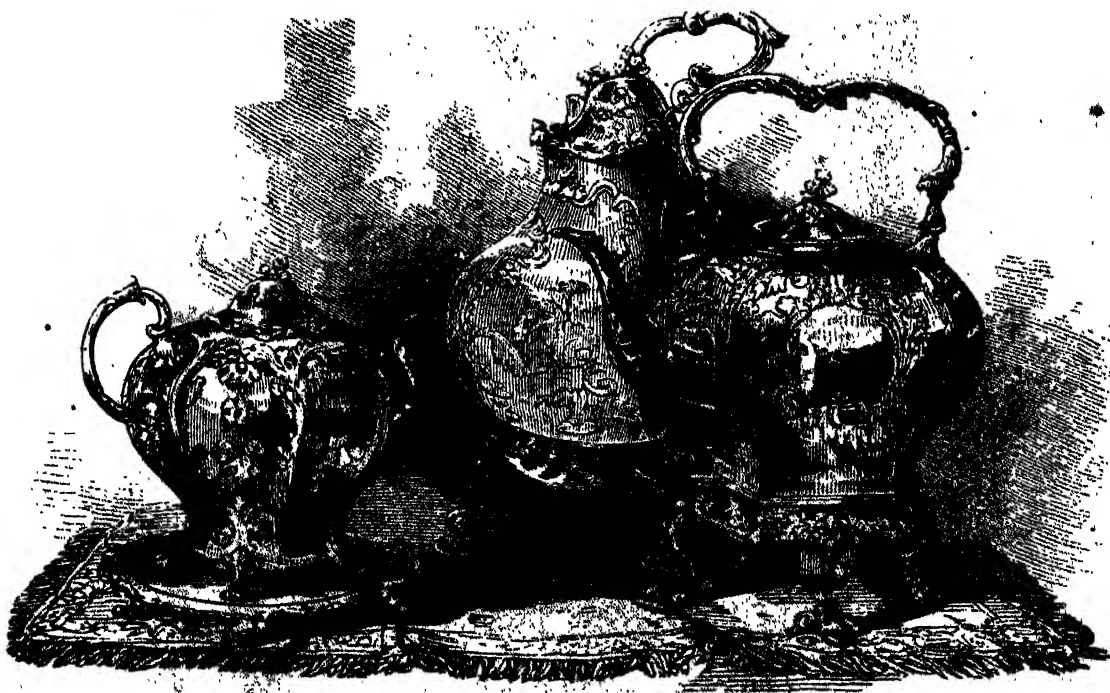
At the entrance of this building his Excellency was received by the Executive, who, two abreast, and followed by the vice-regal retinue, led the way to the upper end of the hall. The immense assemblage rose to welcome his Excellency with three cheers, and the National Anthem, succeeded by the 100th Psalm, terminating with the "Gloria Patri" and then Handel's "Coronation Anthem;" after which the General Committee drew near, and Mr. Roe, their chairman, read an elegant and impressive address to his Excellency.

The presentation of Mr. Dargan formed a very interesting event: On coming forward he was most warmly applauded, and the Lord Lieutenant, in the heartiest manner, expressed

the Guilds of Ireland; besides many distinguished visitors from England, Scotland, the United States, and the Continent of Europe. Mr. Dargan, the founder of the Exhibition, Mr. Benson, the architect, and Mr. Roney, who traversed Europe in search of objects for exhibition, and interested crowned heads and noble families in the success of the experiment by force of his own enthusiastic perseverance, were the honoured guests of the evening. Mr. C. Wentworth Dilke, of the Executive Committee, and Mr. Sheriff Croll, represented the Royal Commission of 1851 and the City of London.

Of course the evening passed off with the greatest éclat—the usual "royal and patriotic toasts" being given, and the usual number of complimentary speeches, in this instance, at least, sincere, being given.

The following is a correct list of the Executive Committee of the Great Industrial Exhibition of 1853:—G. Roe, Esq., Chairman; Major Fairfield, Deputy Chairman; The Right Hon. the Lord Mayor, the Lord Talbot de Malahide, the Hon. John P. Vereker, the Hon. G. Handcock, Sir John Kingston James, Bart.; Sir Edward M'Donnell, Sir Robert Kane,



GROUP OF SILVER OBJECTS: TWO URNS AND A TEAPOT—BENNETT, GRAPTON-STREET, DUBLIN.

the admiration which he entertained for his patriotic and generous conduct. He also stated the regret which he felt that the highest honour which he had it in his power to confer had been declined by Mr. Dargan. Mr. Benson was likewise highly and deservedly complimented by his Excellency on the merits and beauty of the building. He was made a knight upon the spot, and the spectators had the gratification of seeing the ceremony performed. The address read by the Mayor to his Excellency was feeling and appropriate.

On the return of the procession, and after the orchestra had performed a Hymn of Praise, his Excellency, in a loud tone of voice, declared the Exhibition Open, and invoked God's blessing upon it. "The heavens are telling" from Haydn's "Creation," and the "Hallelujah Chorus" by Handel, were sung with magnificent effect, and the ceremony concluded, as it had commenced, with the National Anthem.

The opening day was closed by a grand inaugural banquet, at which were present the Lord Lieutenant, the representatives of the Church and State, the Bishops, the Dean, the University, the Army, the Lord Mayor and Corporation, and

Thomas Hall, Esq.; Dr. William Barker, John Barlow, Esq.; John Barton, Esq.; William Dargan, Esq.; Lundy E. Foot, Esq.; Professor Harrison, M.D.; Nathaniel Horne, Esq.; Alderman Kinahan, William Digges La Touche, Esq.; J. W. Murland, Esq.; John Pennefather, Esq.; William Henry Porter, Esq.; James Stirling, Esq.; Walter Sweetman, Esq.

We may now attempt to briefly indicate

THE PRINCIPAL CONTENTS

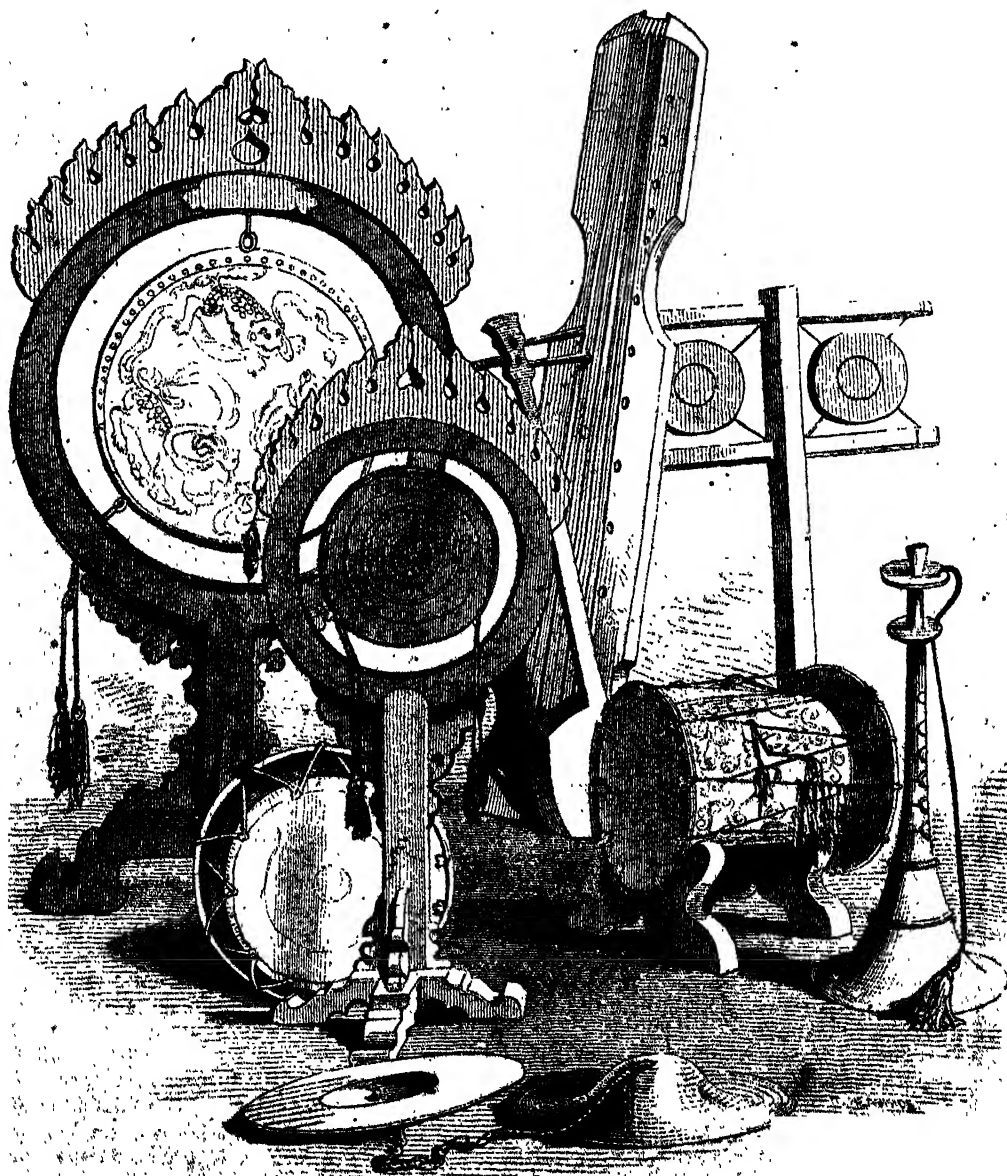
of the Great Industrial Exhibition of Ireland. Although several exhibitions of a similar nature have taken place since 1851—that at Sicily, and that at Cork last year, for instance—this is only the second really international bazaar that the world has yet seen. Thus, in the enumeration of the objects exhibited, we give precedence to those exhibited by our foreign friends. Bearing in mind the general distribution of the space, and glancing at the ground-plan, the reader will be able to comprehend the position which the foreign exhibits occupy. The ground-floor of the southern hall is a display of the products of the arts of the East. The most perfect and comprehensive view of these is to be

obtained from the eastern end of the gallery, looking directly down the hall. The general effect of the graceful contributions of our continental neighbours is remarkably pleasing; but a close and minute inspection is necessary to reveal their peculiar excellences and great artistic beauty. The eastern end of the hall is devoted to the productions of Prussia, which consist chiefly of articles from the Royal Porcelain Manufactory at Berlin—bronze and iron castings, and terra cotta ornaments. The vases from the Royal Porcelain Manufactory are most beautiful articles, graceful in form, richly gilt, and painted in the highest style of art.

The Belgian contributions are placed next to the French

blishment of the *Vielle Montagne Company*, including ornamental time-pieces, figures for the chimney-piece, chandeliers, candelabras, &c. The figures are in every instance modelled with great spirit and artistic skill, and the material of which they are composed cannot be distinguished by the eye from real bronze. There are also a number of lamps of novel and elegant design. Besides these, many of the manufacturers of articles in silver are already making the French department gay with their varied and elegant contributions.

The German States of the *Zollverein* also make a fair display; terra cotta wares and such like art-appliances being the most conspicuous.



GROUP OF MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS FROM THE JAPANESE COLLECTION.

department, and from their intrinsic value and beauty, are entitled to a very high place amongst the most valuable and attractive objects in the Exhibition. The Belgian department is curtained round by several beautiful pieces of tapestry, the rich decoration of which has a most brilliant effect.

France comes next in the order of arrangement, and occupies the greatest amount of space; but as only a portion of the French contributions have yet arrived, the present display must be regarded as merely partial. It is composed of the

But, of the foreign contributions, the most important are those illustrative of the arts of India, China, and Japan. To the indefatigable Mr. Roney the world of sight-seers in Ireland owes the most complete illustrative museum of East Indian arts and manufactures ever collected together; for to that gentleman is due the credit of having interested the possessors of rare and curious specimens from the countries of the Eastern seas in the support of the Irish Exhibition, after the piece of the Crystal Palace in Hyde-park, it was

had existed, to get together a larger number of objects from that country, and exhibit them in the rooms of the Society of Arts. The splendid proposals of Mr. Dargan, and the representations of Mr. Roney, however, had the effect of transferring the display from London to Dublin; and we doubt not that the East India Company will maintain in the sister island the honours it won so well in this.

China, too, is ably represented by Mr. Hewett, of Fenchurch-street, assisted by a large and excellent collection of objects brought from that country by an officer of the British army. A most glittering show of rare and curious objects, therefore, awaits the visitor to Ireland.

But the most unique and remarkable contribution in the entire Exhibition is that of the Japanese specimens contributed by the Dutch government. As most of our readers are aware, Japan has hitherto been a closed book to all but a very small section of European traders—the Dutch only being allowed to trade with the peculiar and exclusive merchants of Jeddo. Now, however—thanks again to Mr. Roney, who travelled to the Hague for the purpose of obtaining the boon—English, and Irish, and American, and French, and German visitors may gaze upon the handiwork of the Japanese with perfect impunity. The many valuable specimens shown are under the care of M. Van de Kastele, the Director of the Museum of Curiosities at the Hague,—to which the collection belongs. The beauty of many of the specimens is certainly unsurpassed. The small specimens of china exhibit a much higher condition of art than that of the Chinese,—and the colours are brilliant and well chosen. The papier-mâché is ornamented in the most elaborate, but at the same time in perfectly chaste, manner, in gold and mother-o'-pearl,—inlaid with the greatest nicety, and brought to a perfect and brilliant surface. But the perfection of workmanship is exhibited in nearly all the portion of the collection which includes altar-pieces and screens, arms, ornaments, and clothing, musical instruments of many varieties, and beautifully constructed—mechanically, not scientifically,—numerous models of temples, ships, palanquins, and a hundred other articles. There is also a large number of drawings, maps, printing apparatus, and other things, which have scarcely ever been seen in England, in consequence of the very strict laws prohibiting their being taken out of the country. The offence of exporting a map of the country is punishable by the laws of Japan with death.

Our engraving shows some of the curious musical instruments in use among the Japanese; but as we shall probably have to refer again and again to the contents of the foreign department, we pass at once to a slight review of

THE IRISH CONTRIBUTIONS.

The Dublin Exhibition, owing everything to the patriotism and public spirit of one man, is yet—we speak only of the present display—not thoroughly understood by the Irish Exhibitors. "As a mere display of the products of Irish industry," says an eye-witness, "the collection would be a poor one indeed. Imperfect as the arrangements are, this important fact is already manifest. Linen manufactures from Belfast, poplins from Dublin, hosiery from Balbriggan, lace from Limerick and Cork, frieze, tweeds, and blankets are all the special manufactures that illustrate Irish industry at the Exhibition, with the exception of the Valentia and Killaloe slate quarries. The splendid marbles of the country are shown not by private traders, as commercially remunerative, but by the Royal Dublin Society, as undeveloped sources of wealth. The stands of lace bear about them many tokens of a manufacture hardly yet relieved from an almost eleemosynary character. The crochets work, originated by Lady Deane near Cork, has already risen from an annual value of £50 to one of £15,000, and from its extraordinary beauty and cheapness promises to take healthy root as a branch of national industry."

With regard to the Limerick lace, nearly the same observations apply as to crochets, though in a less degree. Mr. Forrest, Messrs. Lambert and Barry, and other exhibitors, showing the

really splendid specimens which they exhibit as strictly trade speculations.

"Of the flax trade, as represented at the Exhibition, there are some really splendid illustrations, supplied by Messrs. Coulson of Lisburn; Andrews, of Ardeyne; Roddy, of Belfast; Fenton, Bell and Co., Hemming, and others. From the finest fabrics to the coarsest fabrics of Drogheda, the whole manufacture is displayed, and over it the Royal Flax Improvement Society is seen watching with jealous care. It is necessary that it should do so, for the linen trade of Ireland, though its healthiest and most prosperous commercial interest, is exposed to a formidable rivalry both in Scotland and in Yorkshire."

"Dundee and other Scotch towns show in the Exhibition the coarser fabrics which they make with the prices significantly attached. The English manufacturers do not appear to have come forward, but, even if they had, it is not probable that the excellence of the higher qualities of linen produced in the north of Ireland would have been attained by them. In this respect very considerable progress appears to have been made even since the Exhibition of 1851. The goods shown are finer in quality, and better in design."

The poplins and tabinets of Dublin are splendidly represented, and fortunately well placed. Pinn, Fry, and Co., Atkinson, Keely, and Leach, are the chief exhibitors of this splendid product of the loom. The display includes not only the fabrics themselves, but the processes of the manufacture also, and the spectacle of so much skill and excellence, all Irish, is surely encouraging.

A similar observation holds good with reference to lace, the state of the trade affording facilities for giving it at the outset a high artistic character, which it is to be hoped it may always maintain. Of the friezes, blankets, and other woollen manufactures of Ireland, as represented in the Exhibition, little can be said that is new.

Balbriggan hosiery is the only remaining branch of industry national in its character which it seems necessary to allude to. The specimens of these goods exhibited are remarkable for their fineness of quality, and in this respect it may be observed that it is mainly branches of industry adapted to the wants of the wealthier classes that seem hitherto to have taken root in Ireland.

We have as yet said but little of the general contributions to the Exhibition; and of the Fine Arts department, the most complete and attractive of them all, nothing. As, however, we shall have yet to introduce engravings of many of the principal objects shown, we shall be excused if we pass quickly through the building, or if we attempt no more particular account of its contents than can be obtained on a first visit. In the great Central Hall the proprietors of Price's Patent Candles make a grand show. We give an illustration of their tastefully-arranged stall; on a future occasion we shall have something to say of the manufacturers and their works.

Thus, on the present occasion, we must pass over with a mere mention the group of objects contributed by the Irish Fisheries Commissioners, illustrative of the tackle and apparatus used in the fisheries; the collection of domestic manufactures shown by the guardians of twenty-seven poor-law unions in Ireland; church bells, clothing, furniture, saddlery, and many other interesting objects; to say nothing of the plate exhibited by the Queen, and many highly valuable specimens in the arts, contributed by the nobility and gentry of this and other countries.

THE HALL OF THE FINE ARTS.

The main body of the Exhibition was far from complete on the opening day, says an eminent contemporary; but the managers had wisely provided a great treat for their visitors in the collection of pictures brought together in the Fine Arts Gallery. The Great Exhibition of 1851, though it represented art and manufactures, ignored the existence of pictures, except the important one painted in 1851. The Exhibition of 1853, more wise than its predecessor, represented art and manufactures, ignored the existence of pictures, except the important one painted in 1853. The Exhibition of 1853, more wise than its predecessor, represented art and manufactures, ignored the existence of pictures, except the important one painted in 1853.

Consequently we have, in the pictures in the Irish Exhibition, the finest and most characteristic collection, perhaps, ever brought together, especially of living artists. The room in which the pictures are hung is 325 feet long by forty broad, and already contains nearly 600 pictures. Many more have yet to be hung; and an additional gallery, about a quarter

Belgium, and the Dutch Government. The English pictures have been contributed by private individuals,—including her Majesty and Prince Albert; and several of the finest productions of the English school have thus been brought before the public for the first time for many years,—among which may be mentioned Hogarth's "Gates of Calais" and "Last Stake;"



PRINCE'S CASE OF COMPOSITION CANDLES, IN THE GREAT HALL.

the site of the present, is in preparation for the remainder. The Belgian and English schools are most fully represented, next to these, the Germans; then the Dutch, and, lastly, the French. The foreign collections were made by Mr. Bury, the Secretary, with the assistance of the Legation of the French, the King of Prussia and Dr. Wagner, the King of the

Landseer's "Bolton Abbey," "The Day," "Barke's "Woodman," "Danny's "Drone," "Mansley's "Well and Lamb," "Eyre's "Race of the Hounds." A large number of water-colour drawings and paintings are placed on screens in the gallery, and the centre is occupied by sculpture. The sculptors of Ireland make an extraordinary show.

WORKS OF THE GREAT MASTERS



JEAN BAPTISTE GREUZE.

JEAN BAPTISTE GREUZE was the pupil of a man of letter and, in fact, passed through no school of painting: his study was a book—Diderot's *Essai sur l'Art Dramatique*.



This painter is one of the most striking examples of the close connexion of French art with the general sentiments of the nation, in all the great epochs of its history. Thus, in the eighteenth century, in the midst of that universal spirit of enterprise which was the passion of France, there appeared in the literary world a small volume, which has no reference to painting. Of what does it treat? Of a dramatic revolution. The age is weary of the monotonous heroism of kings upon the stage, the worn-out solemnities of tragedy, so much in vogue during the pompous age of Louis XIV. The time of regal display and courtly ceremonial is gone by: the age calls for another accession—that of the people: the new worship offers its images to the multitude; instead of kings upon the stage instead of kings, as kings formerly had appeared in the place of gods, the first heroes of the nation—the people first usurped the busts, while awaiting the hero. Agamemnon abdicates in favour of the French hero. Direct utility, practical morality, the grandeur of reason, familiar precepts, all are to be found in these new plays. The purpose of Diderot, in writing his book, was to enter this in history, and, as examples, he gave the dramas of Voltaire. In the literature the sensation was great. The *Encyclopédie*, the *Travail* of the literary revolution, presented a powerful influence over the minds of philosophers, men of letters, and the people.

In the meantime painting rendered homage to the new taste of the king. In 1764 scattered powder from the crayons upon the hair of Madame de Pompadour. Bonnets were, in treacherous characters, voluptuous princesses in the beauty of Madame du Barry. Fragonard painted moral scenes, more energetic and even more brilliant than those of the school. These artists who were still attached to the school of Watteau painted voluptuous, scattered powder on the hair, were, indeed, by their example, more than the school could do.

In the midst of this amorous trawl, the true kingdom of Louis XIV. there suddenly appeared an unlooked-for picture, "La Lecture de la Bible," the "Father explaining the Bible to his Children." An old farmer is seated at a large table, round which are ranged his boys and girls, one hand is placed upon the Bible, in the other he holds his spectacles, which he has just taken off. He is paraphrasing a passage of Holy Writ: his brown hands are marked with deep wrinkles, his forehead furrowed with age, expresses the simplicity of a believer and the unction of a pastor. The children listen each according to their age or temperament, one with melancholy sensibility, another with the thoughtlessness of a school boy. Two fine rosy girls, with their sleeves tucked up, displaying their white arms, are listening to the old man, but one only appears to follow him attentively. The youngest almost on her knees, allows her bare arms and plump hands, which household work has rendered large and rather red, to fall upon her knees, her eyes cast down she is thinking very little of the Bible, unless it tell of Ruth and Naomi. The old mother, spinning her wool, silence: a very little boy who is tazing the dog, whilst his twin brother endeavours to reach a piece of straw upon the table before him. The room shows signs of poverty, but one feels that a sweet and tranquil happiness reigns there, and that the youngest of the farmer's daughters has not yet known the disturbances which will one day trouble the peace of her heart.

The Academy, surprised at not having trained this new painter, inquired with astonishment: Whence is he? Whose pupil is he? He was Diderot's pupil, his mind was formed from the dramas of France. Now, the recent theories had not only affected men of letters, the sensation had reached in the soul of a painter, and painting, by that sympathy belonging to French art, took part in the general revolution of the century. The canvas, as well as the stage, required its domestic dramas, and the brush, abandoning the cheek of Madame du Barry, like a departing kiss, prepared to dedicate its chief labour to morality.

Brilliant conquest, to which Diderot had not been led for want of what it was panted which was to obtain the victory which he, Diderot, had sought in the literary and dramatic world! And, in short, how are we to compare that which the theatre had gained by the dramas of Diderot and the earlier and too literary pieces of Beaumarchais, with Greuze's brilliant entrance into the gallery of the Louvre. We must say that the *Père de Famille* of the disciple far surpassed that of the master. The success of the young painter was a perfect *coup de théâtre* in painting. Made laive de Julliv, a rich and celebrated amateur of the time bought the picture for his gallery: artists, amateurs, literati, all Paris repaired thither and were liveliest in their praises, Diderot came in his turn, recognised his pupil, and adopted him. Thus commenced, between the painter and the writer, that friendship of talent to which the *salons* of Diderot bear unerring testimony; the disciple illustrating the theories, the master celebrating the *chef-d'œuvre*. "Thus a young painting and mine," exclaims Diderot, in Greuze, in his *salon* of 1765, "the first amongst us who brought himself of introducing morality into art."

Jean Baptiste Greuze was born at the little town of Fourmies, in Burgundy, in the year 1724. Some accounts give 1726 as the year of his birth. In the present day the house in which the painter first saw the light is rendered conspicuous by an inscription over the porch. Voltaire remarks, and he could speak from experience, that nearly all men who have made the names of their fathers illustrious, have had their early inclinations thwarted by these fathers. Thus it was with Greuze, his father constantly giving him charcoal in hand, covering the white walls of the cottage with persevering and ambitious sketches,—minors of a talent of which he was ignorant,—became irritated at these scribbles; and one day threatened the simple artist, who thought to have decorated his father's chamber, with a severe punishment.

Then only eight years old. Happily in the lives of celebrated men, as in fairy tales, one often meets with good spirits, who interpose just in time to set things right. The painter Grandon, father of Madame Grety, was the happy influence which descended upon this child of great but unappreciated genius. He was going from Paris to Lyons, passing through Fourmies, but having witnessed the depredations committed by his little contemporaries, and the punishment by which they were followed, he asked for the child and took him to Lyons.

After this anecdote of his introduction to painting and to the world, Greuze is lost sight of by his biographers. It is known that he afterwards went to Paris, but he is not spoken of as being in any study there. Greuze's talent was of that happy order which has no down but rises at once in all its glory. During this gap in the historical accounts, we may imagine Greuze as a young man living freely receiving lessons from no master, but breathing in the theatre, in the books, and even in the air of Paris, the powerful inspiration of the sentiments of the age and thus, tormented at once by the genius of the times and by his own seeking ardently the expression of the new philosophy. After the appearance of his *chef-d'œuvre*, "*Le Père de Famille lisant la Bible*" which excited the attention and admiration of all Paris, there followed a series of pathetic or pleasing scenes of domestic feeling or irresistible grace, which continually augmented the success of his brilliant debut, and proved in the canvas the truth of Diderot's book—that is to say, that dramas of domestic life may have the nobility of heroic dramas and that the multitude a more profitable and human emotion.

What a drama, indeed, is that in which the intimate relations send forth the paternal curse upon his son and the dire consequences! But let us hear what the friend and confidant of Greuze says about it, let us listen to the words of Diderot, who, happy in recognising in it his own sentiments, describes the scene with enthusiasm. Imagine a room to which light is only admitted by the door. Turn your eyes around this sad apartment and you will see nothing, but poverty. In spite of the help which the eldest son of the house might let his old father, his mother, and his sister, he never goes away without having to tell the poor people. His corn with an old soldier, and his wife his demand: his father is indignant, and does not spare hard words to this unnatural son who returns his reproaches with insult. He is seen in the centre of the picture, his appearance is violent, insolent, furious, he stands erect, his right arm raised against his father, threatening him with his hand, his hat is on his head. The good old man endeavours to rise, but one of his daughters, kneeling, detains him by the skirts of his coat. The young libertine is surrounded by his eldest sister, his mother, and one of his little brothers. His mother has her arm around him: the brute is endeavouring to disengage himself, and is repulsing her with his foot. The eldest sister is also interposing between her brother and his father, the mother and sister seem to be trying to hide them from each other. Meanwhile the little brother is crying, and carrying one hand to his eyes, clings with the other to the right arm of his great brother, striving to draw him away from the house. Behind the old man's arm-chair, the youngest boy stands with a stupefied look. At the other end of the room, near the door, the old soldier, who has smiled and accompanied the ungrateful son to the house of his parents, is seen retreating, his back turned on what is passing, his arms under his arms and his head cast down. In the midst of this tumult, a dog, placed in the foreground, augments it by his barking."

This description, which Diderot doubtless wrote from the design furnished him by the painter, is now found to be very incorrect, when compared with the picture of the "*Paternal Malediction*," which may be seen in the gallery of the Louvre. The father has no hat upon his head; he appears more angry than insolent. The recruit is not retreating; on the contrary, he stands on the threshold, with his face turned towards the scene, looking on with an indifference which renders the expression of the other countenances more striking. The figure of the father alone remains on the canvas as it was at first

pictured by the imagination of Greuze, indomitable, irritated, beautiful in anger; his hair thrown back, his arms outstretched, the rigidity of his attitude, the contraction of his wrinkled hands, being expressive of the indignation of his heart. It belongs only to modern art—to the new art of Diderot and Greuze—to extend to this point the limits of action, thus to displace propriety. The arms raised, the faces distorted by passion, the exaggerated gestures, so far removed from the strong and grave sobriety of Poussin, suddenly break the chain of tradition and indicate a recent evolution in art. For the first time, noble tragedy enters into the family of a simple farmer; the anguish of a labourer is judged worthy to be represented by the pencil, and to interest all hearts. Even if we descend to the most obscure station in life, the grief of an outraged father, however common his dress and simple his abode, appears great enough to serve as a theme to the painter of the emotions of the human heart.

"The scene is very beautiful," exclaims Diderot, "but it does not nearly equal that which follows. The bad son has ended his campaign; he returns, and at what a moment! His father has just breathed his last—he is stretched on his bed. On a straw stool at his feet stand the burning consecrated taper and the vessel containing holy water. The eldest girl is seated upon an old leathern chair, her body bowed down in the attitude of despair, one hand supporting her head, the other raised and still holding the crucifix, which she had given to her father to kiss. One of the little children has hidden his face in his bosom in fear; the other, with his arms in the air and his fingers spread out, appears to conceive his first ideas of death. The poor mother is standing near the door, her back against the wall, in deep affliction, her trembling knees almost refusing her support. Such is the scene which awaits the ungrateful son; he advances,—his mother receives him,—she is silent, but her arms, stretched towards the corpse, say to him, 'Look!' The unhappy youth is overwhelmed, his head falls on his breast, and he strikes his forehead with his fist. What a lesson for fathers and for children! It is beautiful, very beautiful, sublime," exclaims Diderot, "all, all!"

Thus the melo-dramatic style, which offends us in this picture of Greuze, was just that which Diderot most admired. Melo-drama! Diderot and Greuze invented it, and why should we reproach them for having attained the end they wished to attain? Style!—but whoever becomes a painter of the people ought, for that reason, to renounce style. Are we to confine an innovator to conventionalities, which he reasonably wishes to destroy? To become celebrated as the painter of any certain style, it is necessary above all things to represent, not any particular class of people, but humanity in its highest acceptation. Greuze only observed society in the world, and in society he only studied one class of men, the little *bourgeoisie*. But amongst them he met with noble sentiments, dramatic emotions, or simple pictures of happiness. Greuze never painted for the pleasure of painting, he did not allow himself to be tempted by a wall splendidly illumined by the sun, by a passing dog, or the first coloured object which met his eye. He pursued the course dictated by sentiment. Sentiment is the domain of Greuze.

In those of his pictures which tend to the drama, there reigns an indescribable tenderness, the most charming gentleness and kindness expressed by grace.

What are the thoughts of the young girl, who weeps over her dead bird? She is in full front, her head resting upon her left hand, the dead bird is before her, quite dead, alas! Its wings droop, its feet are in the air. How pensive the little girl is! Her blue eyes are veiled in reverie, and tears gleam there. For a lost bird the grief is very deep! Death, doubtless, thus comes right at the age of sixteen, but love as well. What can the beautiful girl have to regret? The head is that of a child, the sorrow that of a woman. Diderot has conceived several impetuous pages to evoking and betraying the secret of this melancholy gaze. Why these pages? A delicate touch of Greuze's pencil would have sufficed to have thrown all feet into this pensive look, and is it not destroying

the delicacy and even the charm of the thought of the painter, to divest it of all that is vague and divine?

One might people a large establishment with these young girls of Greuze, who dream in maidenly amazement. Poor young girls! the broken mirror, the broken pitcher, [p. 397] the dead bird; they have always something to weep about. With what charming regret does this one carry her cracked pitcher on her arm, with one hand gathering up her apron full of flowers! She is going to enter the house, thus grieving, her eyes not cast down, but, on the contrary, open with the most touching simplicity. This little pitcher, then, was of great value? No, it is only of stone. The reason is, then, that her mother is very severe? No, the families of Greuze are gentle and smiling, from the child to the grandfather. Wherefore, then, this grief?

Je ne savais pas même
Son nom jusqu'à ce jour.
Hélas! lorsque l'on aime,
On a donc de l'amour?

"And grace, still more lovely than beauty," this is, doubtless, the ideal of Greuze. He was much in the company of women, with whom he was generally a great favourite. "Greuze," says M. Lécarpentier, who knew him, "was of middle height; he had a finely developed head, a high forehead, bright eyes, an intellectual face, and the bearing of a man of genius. Fond of praise himself, he was always the first to lavish it, with an affectionate warmth and artistic delicacy, which always seemed to address to art what was intended for the model. Greuze spoke well, enthusiastically, especially of painting and of himself. Full of his own merit, he created enemies among his most wary rivals, by his unguarded naïveté."

"Our painter is rather vain," cries Diderot, "but his vanity is that of a child, it is the intoxication of talent. Deprive him of that ingenuousness, which causes him to say of his own work, 'Look at that! that is beautiful!' and you take from him his spirit, you extinguish his fire, and his genius will be eclipsed. I much fear that when he becomes modest, he will have reason to be so. Our good qualities, at least some of them, approach near to our faults; most of our virtuous women have their caprices, and great artists are a little eccentric."

The Marquis of Marigny having repaired, in his capacity of *ordonnateur des arts*, to the Exhibition of 1765, was received with distinguished honour; and walked leisurely through the picture gallery, accompanied by some artists favoured by his good opinion. Other artists were also there. He passed on, examining the pictures, approving some, condemning others. Greuze's "Weeping Girl" arrested and surprised him. "That is beautiful," said he to the artist, who answered, "Monsieur, I know it; I am praised, but work fails me." "The reason is that you have a swarm of enemies," interrupted Joseph Vernet, "and among these enemies there is one who appears to love you to distraction, and who will ruin you." "And who is this enemy?" asked Greuze. "Yourself," replied Vernet.

When the marine painter addressed to him this cutting remark, Greuze had been, on the suggestion of Pigalle, received into the Academy, which had given him the right of exhibiting his works at the Salon. Several criticisms, cast amidst the general admiration, piqued him so much, that he determined to make a journey to Rome, for the purpose of changing his style. Ingenuous error! Ah! what would he seek at Rome? what could teach the sentimental and natural painter of the people to represent heroes and gods—the painter of the honest citizen in the midst of his family, of the aged mother at her spinning-wheel, of children quarrelling with their dolls? What had he to do with copying the "Virginia of Raphael," reserved for divine love, he, who knew by heart the blooming maidens created for earth and the devotion of man? Can one imagine the painter Greuze visiting the Sabine chapel? He hastened to leave Rome, and returned to Paris to paint the "Good Mother" and the "Twelfth Cake" in the garret in the neighbourhood of the Sorbonne, where he lived.

And that "Twelfth Cake"—Le Gâteau des Rois—what a charming picture it is. How admirably each figure seems to take its place in the composition, and how harmoniously the various elements blend into one perfect whole! Here again we have the father and mother, surrounded by their family of loosely-dressed little ones, in a poor apartment. It is the celebration of the last day of Christmas. Joy beams from every countenance, and mirth peeps out from every eye, as the various members of the family join, in anticipation, in the revelry of the time. No, not from every face and every eye; for behind the father's chair, looking wistfully at the steaming bowl, which the eldest son bears aloft in his hands, we notice a pensive and sorrowful countenance. It is the naughty little

inmate, is rather seen than felt by the spectator. There is a look of comfort in the round plump faces of the children, a sleek contentedness in the posture of the cat—all Grauze's domestic pictures have a cat or dog in them,—and an entire absence of that pinched and miserable expression which belongs to severe poverty. It is a happy scene. The simple hearts of the loving family are united one to another by a band which no outer influences can break asunder.

"The Bride of the Village" (page 404) is another of those domestic scenes which our artist knew so well how to depict. There is no mistaking the story. The youthful pair, "whom love beguiled," have just entered, or are just about to enter, the bonds of matrimony. Joy and sorrow mingle strangely,



GIRL AND DOG.

girl, who, in another minute or two, will be received into the arms of the mother and made happy for the rest of the evening. At present she is undergoing punishment for some trifling fault; but it is only a preparatory step to happiness. What a contrast to the little fellow who brings his parcel of Christmas gifts, and places them in the hands of his father for distribution among his brothers and sisters. See, with what kind motherly affection the woman listens to the tale the bright-eyed boy is whispering in her ear; and with what attention the children on the other side of the table regard the preparations for the feast. These simple creatures seem to want little indeed to complete their happiness. The room may be a mean one, crowded with domestic utensils, but the poverty of its

but naturally, in the scene. The beautiful maiden, though she clings to the youth of her choice, cannot part from those dear ones at home without regret. The sister lays her head upon the shoulder of the bride and weeps; the mother clasps her hand and looks up into her face appealingly, and almost weeps for sympathy. She, too, remembers when she left her father's house to become a wife, and well can she understand the feeling which agitates the breast of the maiden. Old associations have to be given up, new friendships have to be formed, and henceforth father and mother, brother and friend are centred in one—the husband, the bread-winner. And the latter, with the maiden's portion in a leather purse, is listening, with a grave and respectful reluctance, to the words of

advice which the hearty old man is giving him. Meanwhile, the advocate looks gravely, and the domestics tearfully, on; and even the children—those never-absent adjuncts to Greuze's pictures—seem to share somewhat in the interest of the passing scene; though one of them cannot resist, even now, the temptation of feeding the chickens on the floor. Like nearly all of our artist's productions, the interest of the pictured story is eminently home-like. If Lancret was entitled the painter of court ladies and gallant gentlemen, Greuze may be styled pre-eminently the painter of the people; for only in his productions do we really catch a glimpse of village life in France in the last century. His stories are all eloquent, for they are all natural.

whom no man better understood or studied with greater assiduity than Jean Baptiste Greuze.

In the pictures of Greuze one might trace the touching history of the daughter of the people, from the day she imprudently went to the fountain and returned, her eyes full of tears and her apron full of flowers, to the day when we find her the mother of a family, surrounded by a group of fresh and blooming children; she will realise, in the tender austere duties of duty, the dreams of sixteen. Who would not recognise her as the "Bride of the Village?" Who has not seen her pass on her way to sign the contract, supported by a friend of her childhood, and led by her betrothed, who does not yet dare to press her arm in his? Her charming head



COPPIN.

THE PRETTY WASHERWOMAN.

The framed picture, called "The Return of the Nurse Child,"—given in page 400,—is another of those subjects which won such applause from the people of France. In it have the same forms and faces as figure in so many of a. There is the same bare-raftered room, the same about it, the same domestic utensils, and same disposition of the principal draperies. The but the expression and the story are new. It is the triumph of the master. The mission, and what the picture is picture habits of

covered with a pretty cap, her figure enveloped in a white bodice, the rose which is placed upon her bosom, would absorb the attention of all the spectators were they not engaged by a scene in which every one so admirably plays his part. And, besides, there is so much modesty in the bride's downcast look, in her attitude, that one would scarcely dare to address to her the compliments she merits, for she is at once modest and triumphant, delighted at being young, and embarrassed at being beautiful, affected at being loved.

Greuze was the painter of domestic life, and it is not that his pictures should be full of scenes, that they should be spread over a thousand objects. It is not

natural that as much importance should be given to detail in Greuze's pictures as in private life? What interest does not one attach to the least of the inanimate objects contained within the narrow limits of home, an interest which is at the same time the effect of habit, selfishness, and kindness! With Greuze domestic harmony, the sweetness of a carress which the young wife reserves for the father of her child in the cradle, all these good things are inseparable from the centre from which they proceed; but the utensils which are in order in the house are represented in the painting in picturesque confusion. The cage of canaries is hung against the linen-press, the housewife is employed in washing beside the table, upon which are placed glasses, round loaves of bread, and large jars of preserves. The kitchen utensils shine here and there, but not so much as the neck and arms of the washer-woman; a bunch of onions is seen by the side of the children's top; and the house-dog, an inseparable part of the family, smells everything, barks, carcasses, looks fixedly at his mistress, or sleeps upon an old crazy chair. In the midst of this pell-mell, Greuze usually places his *mère de famille*, whom he represents surrounded by children, with bare necks, pouting, smiling, asleep, observed in every posture, and at all times of the day, their stockings falling about their feet, their little shoes trodden down at heel, and their dresses so torn that glimpses of the white, delicate, plump little bodies may be caught through the rents. The drums are already cracked, and the wooden horse lies forgotten in a corner; however the *bouilli* is on the fire, the saucepan awaits the appetites of those dear children, who, after having filled the house with their din, come to dispute the spoonful of pottage which their pretty mother holds, as in the picture of *La Maman*.

"That preaches population," cries Diderot, in his usual blunt style. Certainly, after Rubens, no painter has portrayed more lovely children: in this particular Boucher is, perhaps, the only Frenchman who equals Greuze; but Rubens and Boucher have painted naked children; Greuze has represented them dressed negligently, and, if he have avoided in this manner a greater difficulty, he has at least made the very most of the charming looseness of their costume. It seems that he wished to depict the history of those happy unions which, old romances, always end with a great number of children; and it would be more appropriate to say, that preaches marriage. As to the mothers, they have that richness of carnation which is the effect of their peaceful, happy life: pensive Flemish women, such are the women of Greuze. The same exuberance of flesh, the same brilliancy, but with that additional charm—grace. How easy it is to recognise a French painter by the lively manner of distributing, or rather of throwing about, objects; of arranging, or rather disarranging, the toilet. The shoulders are exposed, the head-dress ruffled, the neckerchief displaced, as if not to conceal the beautiful neck; an end of lace falls also in elegant disorder upon the blooming cheek, together with some curls of hair. And since this was the age of careless and floating skirts, it is not surprising that the mob-cap should be so oddly placed on the head by chance, that most skilful of coiffeurs.

Greuze's wife served as the type of that prosperous and pure beauty which he has represented in all his pictures. "This painter is certainly loving towards his wife," writes Diderot; "and in fact she was constantly his model. A precious woman to have given celebrity to the painter and happiness to the husband!"

The love of Greuze for his wife, the preference which he so willingly bestowed on that animated and fresh kind of beauty, sufficiently explains why he incurred the reproach which was applied to him, even during his lifetime, of having given a family likeness to all his heads of women, which makes them too easily recognised as the children of one father. His partisans, for he had many and distinguished ones, defended him, saying, that beauty is one, that likeness alone is manifold: that, after all, Greuze was the creator of his family; that his children were really his own, as their resemblance proved them to be.

"Facies non omnibus una;
Nec diversa tamen, qualis decet esse sororum."

But certainly the reproach was merited, and it would be a feeble excuse to recollect, in favour of Greuze, that the heads of women bear a general resemblance in the pictures of Raphael, Titian, Rubens, and Guido. Such monotony is only permitted to the painter or statuary who has found, like Apelles or Phidias, the true and immutable type of beauty. To deviate from it then would be a fault, unless there were necessity for a contrast. And besides, between severity and grace there are so many shades, that the artist may be faithful to his ideal, while avoiding too much uniformity; that is to say, to find, without any alteration, all the gradations of the beautiful.

The most serious fault that can be found with Greuze is an affected negligence in the execution of his draperies. This fault was with him voluntary, and he made a principle of it; he neglected them to give more brilliancy to the flesh. But it may be said that this is an useless and mistaken sacrifice; the dress sets off the flesh merely by difference of tone, and that is true of very light as well as very dark draperies. It might be excused if the negligence of the painter were dissembled; but as it is sufficiently marked to strike the eye, he has defeated his purpose, since he has drawn the attention of the spectator to the very point from which he wished to divert it.

That Greuze was deeply sensitive we can see from his pictures, and those who lived near him say that his humour depended entirely upon the subject which occupied his mind; it deeply affected him, he entered like an actor into the scenes he represented; at least as much as a painter, and in the evening he carried into society the character of the picture he had been painting during the day; sad or gay, playful or serious, gallant or reserved, according to what had occupied his pencil or his imagination. How charming must he have been the day of the "Bride of the Village!"

But doubtless he had worked at some sad subject when he made so violent a sally against Madame Geoffrin, who, detesting marriage and large families, had laughed, it is said, at that *fricasée d'enfants* which surround the beloved mother in one of Greuze's pictures. "What is she thinking of!" cried the painter, on hearing the remark of Madame Geoffrin; "let her take care I do not immortalise her! I will paint her as a school-mistress, a whip in her hand, and she will frighten all children both now and in future."

Diderot, of whom Greuze has made so excellent a portrait, has, in his turn, portrayed his friend, accompanied by his talent, wherever he went, in crowds, in churches, at the market, on the promenade, in the family circle, in the streets. He went about constantly observing actions, passions, characters; thus the world was transformed into a vast studio, in which every passer-by became a model for Greuze. Thus he stole from the crowd those images which the delighted people afterwards saw at the Louvre, in his agreeable pictures, without recognising them. The picture of a fair little girl, holding a black dog* in her arms, is doubtless the result of a happy meeting. Living scene! The eyes of the child and the eyes of the dog glisten like four stars. The illusion of art, the action of life, could not be carried farther; it is, perhaps, the *chef-d'œuvre* of Greuze. A child playing with a dog: this was nothing remarkable in the street, on the canvas it is most lovely—as a glance at our exquisite engraving will testify. Neither would anybody but Greuze have paid attention to the scene, in the Rue Moutetard, of two children, a little boy and a little girl, sheltering themselves from the rain under the little girl's tucked-up petticoat; Bernardin de St. Pierre passed, and the simple episode of this rainy day became one of the sweetest pages of French literature.

From familiar poetry Greuze attempted, on a day of mistaken inspiration, to raise himself to history, to reach historical poetry. But though he knew the theories of Diderot, he did not know those of Corneille. "Sentimus Severus

reproaching his son Caracalla for having attempted his life in the 'désfilés' of Scotland," was a shocking outrage against Greuze himself, and brought down upon him reproaches from every one. The Academy, for which the picture was intended, deserved it, but grumbled; it received Greuze into its bosom. Ashamed, however, of his "Caracalla," he quickly returned to his own style, vowing never again to be led into the 'désfilés' of Scotland and the Academy.

"Greuze had much natural wit," says the *Journal des Débats*; "his conversation with women was full of politeness and gallantry, and appeared to proceed from a profound admiration, and the lively sentiment he had of their excellence. It was with him a sort of worship, and the praises he lavished upon them had in his mouth an extraordinary grace and originality. His conversation with men was piquant and animated, especially when he spoke of his art, with which he was thoroughly conversant, and for which he had a true enthusiasm. His mind was naturally exalted, even a little proud, and his pride was not slow in manifesting itself when he did not obtain the justice which he considered due to his talents, or when it was provoked by a bitter and ignorant censure. Although it was long before he was held in the estimation which he merited, although he never enjoyed it without contradiction, he nevertheless received many flattering testimonials of public admiration. He was extremely sensitive on this point, often brought them to mind, and spoke of them with an ingenuousness which served as an excuse for, and qualified the appearance of, vanity, which one must have when speaking of oneself with complacency."

Poor Greuze! He was not of a yielding nature, as Diderot so well observed to him. It was with a bad grace that he submitted to dance attendance upon the *Directeur-ordonnateur des Arts*; he was not the man to say to his compeers that he looked upon them as masters, and considered himself a mere child compared to them. Besides, the favours of M. de Marigny did not encourage the painter. A director of the fine arts would naturally seek out proud talent, were it only to revenge himself upon the sycophants by whom he is besieged. But that is not always possible, because the importunate, though they make themselves detestable, occupy the time which should be devoted to unknown or unobtrusive merit. In a note to the *Salon* of 1765, is the sarcastic list, made out by Diderot, of the favours which M. de Marigny had, up to this time, procured for Greuze. "When the talent of this painter was known," says the witty philosopher, "he was permitted to go to Rome at his own expense; and when he had exhausted the small sum of money which he had collected for the journey, he was allowed to return to Paris, before having gained the advantage for which he had hoped. Since his return he has been allowed to execute the most beautiful pictures, and to sell them as well as he could. At the time of the success of the picture of the 'Paralytic,' in the last exhibition, he was permitted to have it conveyed to Versailles, to be shown to the king and the royal family, and to spend twenty crowns for the journey. Then, not having been able to find a purchaser for this picture, which cost him a hundred louis in study, he has just been permitted to sell it to the Academy of Arts of Petersburg, in order to carry the reputation of the painter to the extreme limits of Europe. Series of favours granted to M. Greuze for the next exhibition." Here, is, doubtless, something to laugh at, but something also for which to blush.

In spite of his pride and the obscurity in which the government left him, Greuze enjoyed, towards the end of his life, easy circumstances; but his savings, invested in government stocks and bank shares, were almost entirely lost, in consequence of successive conversions and failures. Domestic misfortunes destroyed the remnant of his fortune, so that at the age of seventy-five, he was compelled to have recourse to his brush and pencil, to procure means of subsistence. One may easily imagine the distress of this old man, when the illness, of which he died, deprived him of the power of drawing or painting. To the uneasiness, so natural at his age, was added cruel anxiety for the fate of his two daughters, to whom he

could leave no other inheritance than an illustrious name. In this extremity he wrote a touching letter to Napoleon's minister, which has been preserved, and the translation of which is as follows:—

The picture which I have painted for the government is not half finished, and the situation in which I find myself placed renders it necessary for me to request that you will give me an order to retouch it. I have the honour, by your kindness, to tell you all my misfortunes; I have lost all,—talent and courage,—I am seventy-five, and have not a single work in hand. Your kindness is great—your heart is good—and my necessities are urgent. The respectful salutation of
GREUZE.

The twenty-eighth of Pluviose,*

Greuze Rue d'Orfèvre,
Galerie du Louvre.

Greuze died in 1805, at the age of eighty. "The simplicity of his funeral was relieved," says the *Moniteur*, "by a scene as touching as it was unexpected. When the body was about to be removed from the church, to be placed upon the funeral car, a young person, whose emotion and tears were perceptible, although her face was covered by a veil, approaching the coffin, placed upon it a bouquet of everlasting flowers, and then retired to the furthest part of the church, to continue her prayers." The stalks of the flowers were held together by a folded paper, upon which were written the words, "These flowers, offered by the most grateful of his pupils, are the emblem of his glory."

It was right, adds the narrator, that one woman, in the name of all, should come to place this tribute of admiration upon the tomb of the celebrated artist, who had especially consecrated his works and genius to them. This young person was Mademoiselle Mayer, a pupil of Greuze, and afterwards a friend of Prud'hon.

Deprive Prud'hon of the style and feeling of the antique, the ideal, and you will recognise a resemblance to Greuze. Between these two masters there exists the delicate bond of grace. It is that which gives interest to the "Betrothed" of Greuze, his "Spinners at the Spinning-wheel," his "Pea-shellers," to all those sweet household occupations, in which reign domestic peace and health, all his mothers displaying their little Gracchi, their treasures. Grace is a sort of poetry, which, when added to passion, may render citizens heroes. Now, grace and passion were represented by the blue and vermillion of Greuze; he had them constantly on his palette. Flemish, in point of style, he is eminently French in thought. His playful, light, and powdery touch, deposits on its course a sort of cross-hatching; but if it is suitable to express the rosy cheek of a child, or the fresh complexion of a young girl, it sometimes seems to run up objects, multiplying them beyond all measure. Greuze's touch often resembles the flat touch of Metz, the excellences of which it often exaggerates. It may be truly said, however, that this defect, which is less perceptible in his more finished works, entirely disappears in his best productions. We will repeat what M. Paillot de Montalembert says upon this subject. "A multitude of painters who have been, and who yet are, very monotonous and insipid by their affected polish, do not, however, equal the finish of Greuze, who certainly did not possess their smooth and even brush or subtle workmanship." But in composition so far as regards the dramatic and the sensible, Greuze adheres sufficiently to the French school to be an honour to it; but not too strongly to be the most original of its masters. If his pictures are sometimes deficient in dramatic uniformity, they possess a moral unity, if we may so express it; the domestic spirit, and one not only illumined by the light of day, but by a mild ray of philosophy.

With a brief notice of the other pictures we have introduced, we will conclude. The picture known as "A Family Scene," but which is also called "Reading the Novel," is but another phase of our artist's peculiar and popular manner. It appears

* Pluviose was the fifth month of the calendar of the first French republic, from 20th of January to the 18th or 19th of February.

at once to the senses; and, appealing, charms them. In the "Midsummer Night's Dream," Helena says—

"Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can transform to form and dignity."

And so, by a slight paraphrase of meaning, we may assume that incidents, of themselves commonplace enough, may be transformed, by the power of the narrator, into tales of wondrous witchery and power. At any rate this would seem to have been the idea of the painter of our picture; for he has given to the three figures, which form his group, the precise expressions which belong to the delighted reader and the absorbed listener.

Who amongst us has not, at some time or other, formed one

master of words was rewarded, as page and chapter succeeded each other.

Glance at the picture: see what an air of attention and repose appears to dwell upon it. The reader has thrown her work aside, though the open basket, the worsted balls on the floor, and the riband hanging over the back of the chair, suggest its resumption presently; and her father and mother—for such we may suppose them to be—are intent upon the story she is reading. It is a charming and well-told group.

Nor less interesting is the single figure called the "Knitter Asleep," (page 412) considered either as a specimen of the painter's manner, or in reference to the subject chosen. There is nothing that Greuze selected for a subject that he did not raise into poetry and beauty.



THE BRIDE OF THE VILLAGE.

of such a group as is here represented? By winter fire-side or in summer bower, who has not listened spell-bound to

"Some sad tale

That tells of blighted feelings, hopes destroyed,"

or melted into tears, or almost cracked his sides with laughter, at the alternations of the story? But for the anachronism—the painter of the picture having lived a hundred years ago—we might suppose the young lady to be reading "Uncle Tom's Cabin," so interested do the listeners appear. But simple folk, such as Greuze delighted to depicture on his canvases, were content with tales of far less truth and passion. With them the woes and sorrows of imaginary knights and maidens, of love-lorn ladies and deserted children, were capable to obtain sympathy; and with tears and laughter the charming

Jean Baptiste Greuze, has painted a great number of pictures, principally domestic scenes, portraits, and studies of heads; he has taken but one subject from history: "Severus reprimanding his son Caracalla."

John Smith, in his "Catalogue Raisonné of the Works of the most Eminent Painters," gives the description of 184 compositions by the hand of this great artist.

In the galleries of France are to be found some of his most valuable pictures, and England possesses many beautiful specimens of his works.

We will now proceed to give a list of the pictures of J. B. Greuze which are contained in the public and private collections of Europe; in the Louvre are eight pictures by this master, although the catalogue, which is very defective, only points out five.

"The Bride of the Village." Valued at £600 during the empire, £1,200 at the restoration, and which is now worth £8,000. It has been engraved by Filpart. It was bought by the Marquis of Menars for £360, and sold by him, in 1782, for £695.

"The Broken Pitcher," engraved by Massard, has been copied a thousand times, but never successfully. It is one of the most highly finished and finely conceived of Greuze's pictures. It was sold, in 1785, at the Marquis of Verre's sale, for £120; amateurs value it at from £1,000 to £1,200. The little engraving under the portrait of the artist is a very successful rendering of this charming picture.

"The Paternal Malediction." An admirable work, valued at

"Morning Prayers." An exquisite composition, valued by M. Paillet at £640, but which is now worth double that sum.

"The Twelfth Cake." A picture containing eight figures, and signed J. B. Greuze, 1774, valued at £420. It has been engraved by Filpart. There is engraved a very good copy of this celebrated picture.

"The Little Mathematician." A half-length figure, valued at £232. In 1795 it was sold for £596.

"A Young Girl with clasped Hands," valued at £200. "The Young Girl with the Basket," £160. "A Girl's Head," valued at the same sum. "Study of a Child of four or five years old," £80.



THE FATHER EXPLAINING THE BIBLE TO HIS CHILDREN.

£400, in 1816, by the inspectors of the Musées. It has been engraved by R. Gaillard.

"The Son Punished." A companion to the last; is valued at the same price, and engraved by the same artist. At the Marquis of Verre's sale, in 1785, it fetched £340.

"The Portrait of the Artist," an engraving of which is in the Musée Français. It is from this portrait that our engraving is taken.

"The Portrait of the painter J. B. Greuze." Admirable for expression and truth.

Lastly, two Heads of Young Girls.

The Musée Français, at Montpellier, contains eleven pictures by Greuze.

These seven pictures of Greuze's were presented to the Montpellier gallery by M. Valedieu, in 1836.

The generous founder of this celebrated collection contributed "The Head of a Paralytic," and the study of "A Head of a Sleeping Child."

To these the town of Montpellier added two other studies by Greuze; one of a Young Boy, the other of a Young Girl, each valued at £32.

Dalassart Collection.—"The Reading of the Bible." Engraved by Massard and Filpart. In 1769, at the sale of the Live de Jolly, this picture obtained the price of £100. In 1777, at the sale of Bandon de Episcopi, £158, and £152 10s. at that of the Duc d'Orléans, in 1812.

"A Head of a Young Girl," "The Child Fishing," "The Portrait of Wille," the celebrated engraver, which Diderot ranks with the best portraits of Rubens, Rembrandt, and Van Dyck.

Baron J. de Rothschild's collection contains "The Pretty Milk-maid," engraved by C. Levasseur. This is one of the most charming works of this master; it was painted as a companion to "The Broken Pitcher," and was sold in 1794 for £122. This picture is now worth from £1,000 to £1,200.

"Meditation." A young girl supporting her beautiful head upon one hand.

"The Thought of Love." Companion to the last, representing the form of a charming young girl reading, whose head has just sunk upon one of her arms.

The Marquis Maison, in his collection, possesses "The Twelfth Cake." It is very vexatious to the owner, that the counterpart of this composition is in the Montpellier gallery.

In the collection of Jules Duclos is "The Portrait of the Artist," "The Head of a Young Woman," expressive of grief. "The Emigration of the Little Savoyards," a beautiful sketch in the style of Correggio, full of sentiment.

In the collection Pourtales Gargier is "Innocence," a half-length figure of a young girl, who lightly presses a lamb to her bosom.

The collection of the Marquis of Hertford contains "Prayer, or the Offering to Love," an engraving of which, by Macret, was contained in the gallery of the Duc de Choiseul. The picture was bought at Cardinal Fesch's sale, in 1845, for £1,290. At the sale of the Duc de Choiseul, in 1772, it was knocked down at £266, and at £200 in 1777, at the sale of the Prince of Conti.

"The Unforeseen Misfortune, or the Broken Mirror," engraved by Damel, obtained £933 10s., in 1777, at the sale of Cardinal Fesch; but in 1769, at the sale of La Live de Jully, this picture only fetched £140.

Mr. Holford, of London, possesses a very beautiful head by Greuze.

In our National Gallery we find a "Study of a Young Girl," bequeathed in 1840 to the Hermitage at St. Petersburg, by R. Simmons; "The Paralytic waited upon by his children," an excellent composition of ten figures, engraved by Flipart, valued at £1,000; and a "Study of a Young Woman with a smiling face."

Amateurs, especially those in London, possess a large number of the compositions of this celebrated French painter.

"A Mother with her three Children," was in George the Fourth's private gallery in Pall-mall; and "The Bust of a Young Girl" in Lord Yarborough's collection.

Mr. John Cole possesses "The Blind Man Deceived," engraved by L. Cots; Sir Robert Wigram "La Voluptueuse," engraved by Gaillard; Richard Foster "The Young Girl with the Dog," admirably engraved by Porporati and Ingouf, and in the Choiseul gallery, by de Lannoy. At the sale of the Duc de Choiseul, in 1772, this picture was sold for £388; in 1862, for £670. It is now well worth £1,000.

In the Queen's gallery is one picture by Greuze, "La Trompette," engraved by Jardinier; it is valued at £100.

General Ramsey possesses "The Dead Canary," engraved in oval by Flipart; and the "Studious Youth," engraved by Levasseur.

In the collection of Baron Lionel de Rothschild is "Irresolute Virtue," engraved by Massard. A very elaborate painting, valued at £100.

It will be observed that we only mention those works which have been engraved. Otherwise we might point out twenty others.

In the Pauloffsky Palace, near St. Petersburg, is the half-length figure of a "Young Girl sheltering a Bird in her bosom;" "The Widow and her Curé," engraved by Levasseur.

In the celebrated Grosvenor Gallery, which has been chiefly formed by its present owner, the Marquis of Westminster, there is a good specimen of Greuze's talents. It consists of four figures—a mother with three children. The younger child is asleep on the lap of its mother, who is warning one of

the other children not to disturb the repose of the infant by the noise of a flute which one of them holds in his hand. Dr. Waagen* is of opinion that this is one of the finest pictures of the master in the possession of a private person. "The refined expression and truth of the mother's action," he says, "the greater precision in all the forms, the careful execution throughout, distinguish this picture, much to its advantage, from the sketchy and bloated girls' heads of Greuze, which we so often meet with. If the colour is less brilliant than in them, it is, however, fuller and tenderer." The Doctor looks upon French art with the critical eye of a German; or he would not surely have considered it necessary to characterise the female heads of our artist as "sketchy and bloated." One other specimen of the French School—the "Franciscans at Morning Service in the Choir of their Church," by Granet, is in the possession of the Marquis.

In Lord Yarborough's collection there is also another very fine and genuine Greuze. It is the "Head of a Girl," peculiarly clean in the colouring, with luxuriant tresses, and a sweet expression of countenance. These two pictures have never, we believe, been engraved.

There are, doubtless, numerous examples of Greuze in the private galleries of the nobility and gentry of this country; and the estimation in which his works are held in England is sufficiently indicated by the high price which they attain whenever any of them happen to appear in a public sale-room.

We will complete these references by a list of those engraved pictures of this master, of which we have not yet spoken.

"The Portrait of the Artist," in profile. "The Toy," engraved by Ingouf. "The Little Pouter," by Guttenburg. "La Devidense," by Flipart, sold for £640 (Choiseul collection, 1772). "La Belle Blanchisseuse," by Dancel. This picture has been selected by us (page 401) as an illustration of Greuze's most popular manner: although consisting of but a single figure, the various accessories introduced render this composition a really delightful study. "The Knitter Asleep," by Jardinier. "The Tender Wish," engraved by the same. "Les Sœurs," engraved by Ingouf. "Thais," or "The Beautiful Penitent," by Levasseur (the sale of Duclos Dufresnoy, in 1793, £480). "The Prayer to Love," by P. P. Moles, the same sale, £840. "The Spoilt Child," by Maleuvre. "Melancholy," engraved, after the manner of a pencil drawing, by an unknown hand. "The Benevolent Lady," by Massard, in 1778. "The Magdeline in the Desert," and "A Young Girl," engraved in outline, in the gallery of Prince Lucien Bonaparte. "Love," by B. L. Henriques (Count Perregaux sale, 1844, £800). "The Serenader," engraved by P. L. Moitte. "The Tender Glance of Colin," by Damel. "The First Lessons of Love," by Voyez. "Little Jeannette," by Guetin. "The Angry Mother," or "The Abashed Daughter," by Ingouf. "Repentance," by Moitte. "Diana," by Gaillard. "Calista," by the same. "The Broken Eggs," by Moitte. "Serenade," by Bause. "The Mother and Child," by Watelet. "Heureux sur soi-même," by L. Binet. "The Little Neapolitan," by Ingouf. "Little Nanette," by Beljambes. "The Young Nurse," and its companion, "The Kittens," by Moitte. "The Ragged Little Boy," by Breteuil. "Portrait of Catherine II.," by Gaudier. "Portrait of Diderot," by Saint Aubin. "Portrait of Mademoiselle Babuti," the wife of the artist, engraved by the same. "Young Girl with a Rose on her bosom," by Ingouf. "The Little Brother and Sister," by Haer. "The Astonished Children," by Elleum. "A Gentleman standing," in imitation of the Burgomaster Six, by Rembrandt, engraved by Watelet. "The Welcome," engraved in aquatinta, anonymous. "The Sleeping Philosopher," by Aliamet. "Sensible Privation," by Simonet. "The Pea-Shellers," by Moitte. "The Mother-in-law," by Levasseur. "The Beloved Mother," by Massard, 1776. "The Torn Will," by Levasseur. "The Hermit," by Marais. "Le Geste Napoléon," by Moitte. "Household Peace," and "Good Education," by Ingouf.

* Works of Art and Artists in England. By Dr. Waagen.

"The Return of the Nurse," after a drawing, by Laurent. "La Maman," after a drawing, by Beauvarlet. "The Grandmamma," after a drawing, by Binet. "The Discharged Servant," after a drawing, by Damery. "The Market Woman." "La Curieuse." "The Chestnut-woman." "The Woman selling Baked Apples;" "A Grisette," engraved after drawing, by Beauvarlet; "The Chimney-sweeper," from a drawing, by Voyez; "Lubin and Annette," by Binet, after drawings; "Music;" "Poetry;" "La Trileuse;" the "Flower-girl," by Moitte, who has also engraved twenty-four sheets, entitled, "Divers Habillements. Suiuant le Costume," drawn after nature by J. B. Greuze. Weisbrod has engraved a series of five heads, after studies by our artist. The drawings of Greuze, like those of Prud'hon, are much coveted by amateurs; they are generally in red chalk, sometimes in pencil washed with Indian ink; the Louvre possesses a fine collection of them.

Greuze very rarely signed his pictures; his autograph compositions are consequently scarce.

"Before the death of Watteau," says Allan Cunningham, "the School of Painting in France began to decline in natural beauty and in lofty simplicity. The magnificent affectations of Louis the Fourteenth aided largely in this; the pictures which gave to Francis Boucher the name of the Anacreon of painters, finished what royalty had begun, and the purity of Art was profaned and polluted. Vernét, with his marine compositions, which have a sea savour about them, and Claude Caylus, with his classic taste and national enthusiasm, laboured to preserve a love of nature, and a respect for the pure and the lofty; in this they were ably seconded by John Baptiste Greuze, whom his countrymen call the painter of the Graces; he might with equal propriety be called the painter of the Virtues, for he loved to delineate moral and pathetic subjects—scenes of devout emotion and tender sentiment. Joseph Marie Vien may be named as the last of that long line of artists who interpreted Scripture and prophecy for the church. He was born at Montpellier in 1716, and established his reputation in an age inclined to the licentious and the loose by his pictures of "St. Martha," the "Centurion," the "Miraculous Draught of Fishes," and the "Preaching of St. Denis;" he suffered by the Revolution, which abated effectually that love of devout histories which distinguished his country for centuries.

"The storm of the Revolution purified and cleared the air; it swept away the splendid affectations of the court, and restored society to something like the simplicity from which it had fallen. The ridiculous etiquette, the hollow courtesies, and the ceremonious frivolities, were abated by a stern hand, and with them went much that could be spared both of costume and manners; the dresses, caped and cuffed, laced, lapped and lapelled, frogged, frounced and frittered, gave place to the plain and simple attire of republicanism; and Nature, taking the pencil from the hand of Fashion, delineated scenes of heroism and glory in a style of simplicity real and unaffected. The first step of France was in her own blood; but the second was on the heads of her enemies; the march of her victorious armies was to her painters a new inspiration; and Napoleon and his marshals took the places of saints and madonnas; the one painted nearly as well as the other fought, and continued longer in the field."

THE GROWTH OF FREE PUBLIC LIBRARIES AND MUSEUMS.

The present state and prospects of the various public libraries and museums in Great Britain, must be an interesting study for all who take the question of the people's advancement seriously to heart; the following extracts, therefore, from an important parliamentary document recently moved for by Mr. Ewart, will be acceptable to our readers. It shows in what boroughs in England and Wales libraries and museums have been founded, in pursuance of the two acts passed in 1844 and 1850. The return occupies nine folio pages, but the fifth of it may be thus briefly given:—

In Liverpool there have been established, since 1845, a botanic garden, herbarium, museum, and public library. The Earl of Derby presented upwards of 20,000 specimens of natural history to the museum; the sum of £1,389 was raised for the purchase of books by public subscription; 4,000 volumes of books, 600 specimens of the commodities imported into Liverpool, being probably the same collection as that shown by Liverpool at the Great Exhibition, and a few works of art have been presented by various individuals. The library, which is open without restriction to the public, now contains about 12,000 volumes, and there is besides a small library of botanical works connected with the gardens and herbarium. The estimation in which such institutions are held by the people, will be so well expressed by the following figures, that, in this instance, it will be well to set them out in full:—

Visitors to the Botanic Gardens and Herbarium.

1846 (from October).....	4,031
1847	88,461
1848	131,529
1849	154,226
1850	168,732
1851	298,386
1852	212,802

The books in the library have not yet been allowed to circulate, and until this is done the wants of the people cannot be said to be supplied. The demand for intellectual food is exhibited in the fact, that, during a period of six months, upwards of 57,000 volumes have been issued to readers within the library itself.

The entire cost of the Botanic Garden, the Herbarium, and the Library attached thereto, has averaged about £950 a year; and the Free Public Library and Museum cost during the first year £1,162. The amount raised by rate since 1848 exceeds £4,000.

Manchester has established noble libraries both for circulation and reference. The former contains, at present, 5,832, and the latter 16,619 volumes. Between 4,000 and 5,000 of these have been presented, the rest were purchased out of a subscription fund amounting to £12,742; of this sum, £7,013 was spent in the purchase and adaptation of premises, and £4,296 on books and binding. The visitors, when counted by the police, were found to amount in fifty-two days to 107,545; and in 126 days the issue of books from the circulating library amounted to 37,262, and those consulted in the other departments to 33,094 volumes. During five months, 3,736 people were admitted, on the production of a guarantee of respectability, to the privilege of taking books home to read. In the adjoining borough of Salford, there is a museum and library established by subscription. The library contains 10,794 volumes, and the number issued to readers (they are not permitted to take them home) were as follows:—1850, 26,718; 1851, 32,978; 1852, 33,461.

At Bath, a free public library, museum, and gallery of art are in course of formation. At Bolton, a rate has been levied which yields about £280, and a subscription has been set on foot which has produced between £2,000 and £3,000. The establishment of a "Free Lending Library for the Working Classes" is considered the first and most important object, after which a library of reference is to be founded.

The corporation of Canterbury has expended £1,600 in the purchase of a museum, and £94 a year has been raised by rate for its support, together with a library. The books are issued to readers at a penny a volume. The donations of books, specimens, and works of art have been considerable.

At Dover a museum has been built by means of a rate, which produces about £177 a year. The annual cost of maintenance is only about £55. 3,282 specimens of natural history have been presented.

The town-council of Leicester established a museum in 1849, receiving considerable assistance from the Leicester Literary and Philosophical Society, which presented its own museum to the town, and at present pays the curator's salary. The rate levied produces £230 a year. The museum is open five days a week, and the visitors are estimated

at about 2,600 a month. The specimens in the museum, including works of art, amount to 11,505 in number. The popularity of the institution is described as being decidedly on the increase.

Sunderland has made some efforts to supply itself with a

contains about 4,700 volumes. The rate yields between £80 and £90 a year.

The acts as they at present stand permit the levying a rate of a halfpenny in the pound for the purpose of establishing and maintaining public libraries and museums, but they do

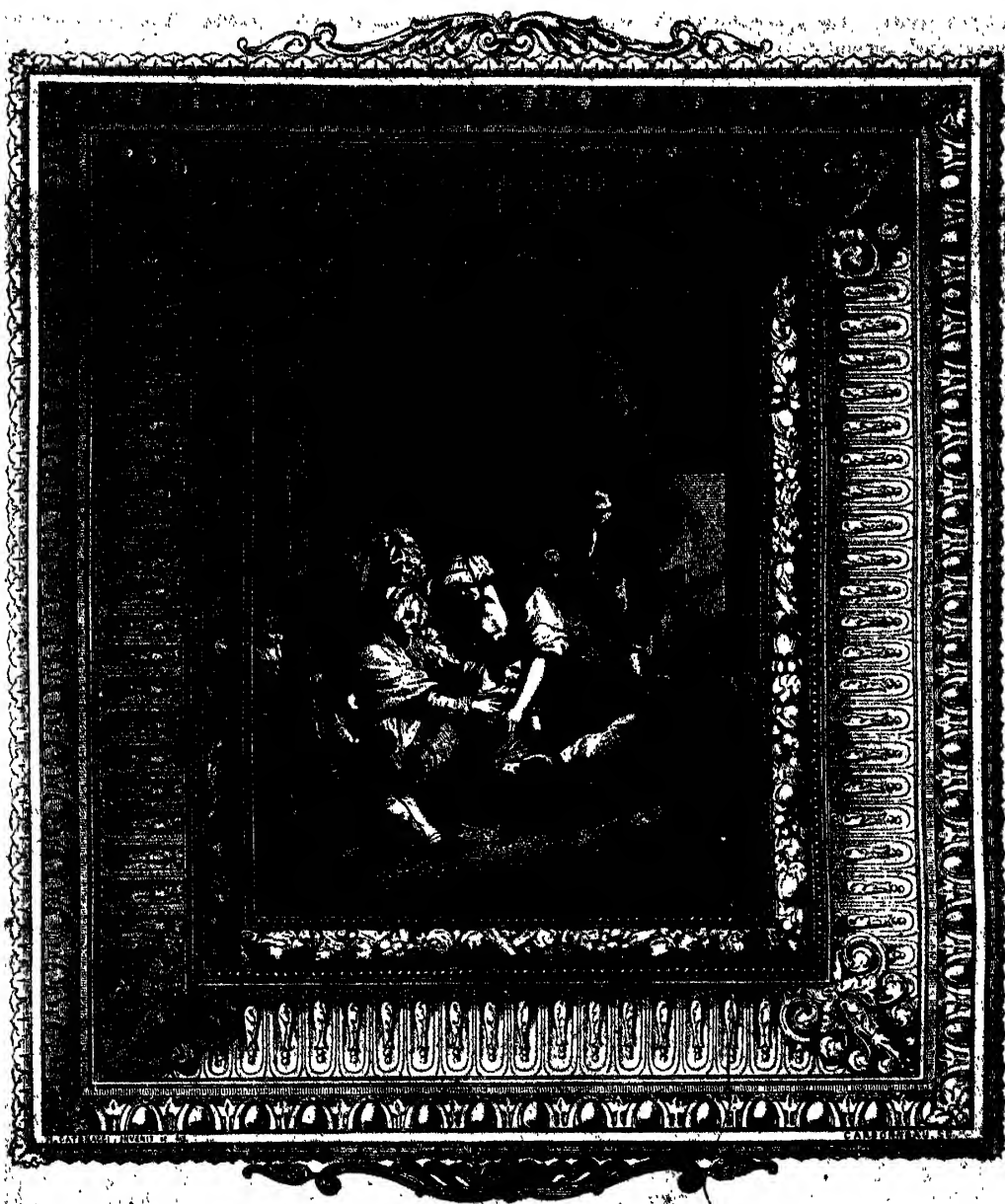


READING THE NOVEL.—J. H. GREUZ.

museum, but has yet achieved but a very small amount of success. The importance of a library seems, however, to be recognised, and a committee has been appointed. Considerable donations of books are promised.

At Warrington a museum and library were formed in 1855, and £700 subscribed towards a new building. The library

not permit any portion of the money to be expended in the purchase of books or specimens, so that although a borough may furnish a building and provide for the current expenditure, the collections themselves must be obtained by voluntary subscriptions or donations. We shall continue this subject.



THE RETURN OF THE NURSE CHILD.—J. B. GREUZE.

THE DEAD BRIDAL.

CHAPTER VII.

"O mercy God! what masking stuff is here?"

What's this? a sleeve?—'Tis like a demi-cannon.

What! up and down carved like an apple tart?

Here snip and nip, and cut and alien and slash!

Why what the devil call'st thou this?"—*Taming of the Shrew.*

It might be then an hour of the mid-day when the two friends sat together in one of the saloons of the Palazzo Polani. They had partaken of that meal which in those days preceded noon, though succeeding generations and the advance of civilisation has gradually postponed it, till, in our own days, it is never witnessed by the sun. In a word, they had dined, and now sat in pleasant converse previous to going abroad for an afternoon's lounge. On the table beside them stood various flasks of those fine wines the Venetians imported from all parts.

The style in which the gentlemen were dressed indicated that their intention was to seek the places of fashionable resort. They had laid aside the plainer attire in which we found them in the early forenoon, and now appeared, each in the costume

of his own country. Jacques wore a jupon, of dark-buffie reaching half-way down his thigh, at this period considered a very smart and fashionable curtailment of the length of these garments. It was of black velvet, and the sleeves opened midway in the upper arm, so that the arm itself could pass out at pleasure, leaving the rest of the sleeve to hang down till the wearer should be disposed to draw it on. At present it was not in use, and the part of the arm thus uncovered displayed the tight-fitting sleeve of the under garment or vest, which was of satin; the right sleeve was red, the left one yellow. A belt of embroidered leather passed loosely over the hips, so that it sloped downwards beneath the stomach, and from it descended, in front, a short sword or dagger in a sheath

of crimson velvet, tipped with a ferule of gold. The hose, like the vest, fitted tightly to the person, from the thigh to the ankle, and was of the same colour and material as the inner sleeves, only that those colours were on opposite sides—the right leg being yellow, while the left was red. His shoes were made of black velvet, very long, and tapering to a sharp point at the toe, and were fastened to the foot by a band of black velvet which passed over the instep. Round his neck was a cape of crimson velvet edged with gold; and on a chair near him lay his cap, which was also of crimson velvet, ornamented with a large button of gold, and a plume of white feathers; across the cap were carelessly thrown his embroidered gloves.

The costume of Giulio Polani was very different from that of his guest, or from what the Venetian gentlemen of more advanced years were in the habit of wearing. But it will be remembered that Giulio was yet within the age of full manhood, and considerable latitude in dress was permitted to the young nobles during their non-age, before which period the sumptuary laws in relation to dress were not enforced. He wore a doublet of mulberry-coloured satin tabby, which was slashed on the breast and sleeves in the form of a cross, through which appeared the lining of yellow taffeta; the dress was closed down the front from the neck by buttons or studs of gold, and terminated at the upper end by a lace ruff, and a chain of Venetian wrought gold hung midway down his breast. The hose matched the doublet in material and colour, and was slashed upon the thigh, and shoes of dark Spanish morocco leather completed his attire.

"And so thou sayest, Jacques, that thou findest this, our Venice, does not, disappoint thy expectations?"

"In faith, no, Giulio; for once, Fame hath not been a liar. Your Chiesa di San Marco hath not its equal in the world. And the palaces of your nobles may compare with those of any other land."

"Ah, but thou shouldst see us under happier circumstances, when war has not drained us of our wealth and thinned our city of its noblest, and wealthiest, and gayest. But, come, there is still somewhat for thee to see, and thou shalt now make thy selection. Shall we take a turn or two in the piazza and piazzetta of Saint Mark? There you shall be sure to meet such of our *clarissimi* and gay youths as are in town. 'Tis the fashionable promenade of Venice in the afternoon."

"Faith, Giulio, thou must arrange our mode of proceeding thyself. To me all is new."

"Well, then, let us first to the promenade. After that we shall stroll into the *Merceria*, where we shall not fail to see some of our fair dames and donzelle looking at the mercers' wares and the stationary. Afterwards we shall step into a gondola, and run down to the Murano to have a stroll in the public gardens, and taste the most delicious oysters in the world."

"And see your manufactory of crystal, Giulio, of which I have heard so much. Is it true what they report, that the glass has such an excellent virtue and purity that it will not bear the slightest taint of any poison, but will incontinently break if but a drop be poured into it?"

"Such is the common belief," answered the Venetian; "but I cannot certify the fact of my own knowledge."

"Come, then, Giulio, let us make use of our time. As an old traveller, I know its value."

The young men now rose from the table, and prepared to leave the house, Giulio throwing over his gay attire the Venetian cloak of sombre black; but to indemnify himself for this compliance with the gravity of the Venetians, he placed on his head a bonnet of rich morocco velvet, having an ornamental band and a rich loop and button.

We shall not follow the two friends in their promenade through the piazza and the piazzetta, nor detail how the young Venetian explained to his companion the manner in which the different offices and grades of the Venetian nobles were indicated by the various colours with which their gowns were faced, the length of the sleeves, or of the flaps that fell over

the left shoulder. In one respect, however, Jacques observed, that they were all similarly attired, namely, in the flat black cap of felt, which was very low and small and had no brim, and in the small band of linen that fell down not more than an inch or two. Giulio encountered more than one of those who had been his intimate companions before he had gone to travel; the meeting in those cases was in remarkable contrast to the general sobriety of demeanour which the Venetians affected. They embraced and kissed each other on the cheeks, and repeated the salutation at parting; while in the cases of recognition between mere acquaintances, each made a low formal bow, and placed the right hand upon the breast.

"Ah, what a stately figure!" said Jacques to his friend, as they passed down the *Merceria*.

Giulio looked in the direction to which his companion pointed, and replied:

"What, that lady in the veil of white holland edged with bone-lace; she that wears the robe of flowered black silk with enormous sleeves reaching almost to the ground?"

"And who walks upon red chioppine half a cubit high," added Jacques. "Pardieu, she would surely fall if she were not borne up under the left arm by that serving-man. The same."

Giulio laughed heartily, as he surveyed the stately gentleman to whom his friend alluded.

"Ah, *carrissimo*!" he replied, "that is indeed a very noble signora, as you would have at once known from the height of her chioppine, had you been familiar with these our customs of Venice. That is the lady Lucretzia Polani, my very honoured kinswoman, one of the most pious matrons, as well as the most inveterate gossips, in all Venice. I dare be sworn she is now going to gratify her vanity for dress in some of the fashionable shops, after which she will most likely turn her steps to the chiesa to perform her devotions. Ah! there, too, is my cousin, her fair daughter Caterina."

"What, that donzella with the huge veil of pale yellow silk, which is quilled in such a strange fashion? in good sooth, it is slight and aerial as gossamer."

"And as transparent as a summer cloud. I warrant me, Jacques, you have no difficulty in discovering through it that Caterina is a charming brunette, with a pair of black eyes that sparkle like stars at midnight."

"And a finely-turned shoulder and bosom," added Jacques, which that cobweb kerchief of lawn doth ill conceal."

"At all events this meeting is most fortunate; let us pay our respects; I shall make you known to the ladies."

So saying, Giulio advanced, and lifting his bonnet from his head (a reverence which Venetians only showed to men of the highest rank and to ladies), and making a profound and courteous obeisance, said:

"I salute the noble Signora Lucretzia Polani. Have I the felicity to find her excellency in the enjoyment of good health?"

The matron drew herself up haughtily, not recognising the person who addressed her; but the sharper eyes and quicker memory of Caterina in a moment discovered who the seeming stranger was, and so, with a joyous exclamation, she said:

"Why, dearest mother, have you forgotten our kinsman, Giulio?"

"Ah, *Santissima Maria*, is it possible?" said the elder lady.

"'Tis even as my fair cousin hath said," replied Giulio; "let me thank her for her kind recognition," and he saluted the blushing beauty with more warmth and gallantry than he had shown towards the matron.

"Well, Giulio, I am heartily glad to see thee, child; why, thou art grown a man outright. But when did you return to Venice? where did you come from? what have you been doing? how are you? what news from the count, your father? Ah, I have a thousand questions to ask you, and so many things to tell you, too; who is that foreigner?" This last she added in a lower tone, glancing towards Giulio's friend, who stood a little apart.

"With your excellency's permission I will make known to

you my most honoured friend and sometime companion in Paris, the *Sieur Jacques Dela Mole*."

The matron returned the bow of the young gentlemen with a gracious yet ceremonious movement of the head; the bright eyes of Caterina gave a warmer acknowledgment to the courtly salutation, which the youth concluded with a glance of respectful admiration and a gallant pressure of his hand upon his heart.

The matron turned towards Giulio and resumed—

"I am just going to a mercer's booth yonder, to see some Dalmatian velvets, which he hath apprised me have just arrived to him, and are, he says, of rare beauty. Shall I have the honour of your escort and that of your friend, and the benefit of your judgments in the matter? You travellers should be judges of everything."

The gentlemen assented. Giulio placed himself at the right side of his elder relative, while Jacques attached himself to the younger lady. When they had inspected the merchant's wares, the matron selected a figured velvet cloth, richly embroidered with gold, and demanded its price.

"Ah!" said the crafty mercer, with an obsequious bow, "the Signora's taste is unimpeachable; that is the finest cloth of velvet in Venice. Her highness the Dogressa has as yet been the only lady to whom I have shown it, and she has purchased a robe of it."

This announcement at once decided the lady's choice, and she accordingly ordered a mantle of the costly fabric. Let not our readers be surprised at this extravagance of a Venetian lady. At the period of which we write, their expensive luxury in dress had reached a height that must have been very formidable to their lords, with whose graver apparel that of their wives and daughters so strikingly contrasted. To such a pitch had the feminine passion for dress arisen, that in the beginning of the fifteenth century some of the Venetian ladies appeared in robes that were covered over with gold, and of such vastness that the sleeves touched the ground. The senate was at length obliged to interfere to check this perilous mania, and by a sumptuary law of the year 1402, it was ordered that the sleeves of the ladies' robes should not exceed in circumference eight *quarters*, and that the robes themselves should not be wider than eight *braccia*. As to the matter of the robes of gold, "it appeared," in the words of an old Venetian writer, "to be a very grave affair to the fathers," and accordingly they ordained that it should not be lawful for any woman to be so attired for the future. At this day one smiles to think of the dread powers of the law being brought to bear upon such things as the cut of a lady's sleeve or the texture of her garments. Were such tyranny attempted to be recorded upon our statute-book in the benign reign of Queen Victoria, we verily believe that "the better half" of the nation would be in a state of insurrection, and the *modistes* of the kingdom would organise the overthrow of the ministry.

"Now," said the elder lady, when she had completed her purchase, "I am going to the church; one, you know, my dear young friend, should never be remiss in the discharge of religious duties. I never am. Is not that so, Caterina?"

"Indeed it is, dearest mother," said the girl; "I sometimes think your over strict devotion may injure your health."

"I am a good Catholic, I humbly trust," replied the lady, with a self-satisfied air that partook but little of humility. "Gentlemen, will you be disposed to accompany us to prayers?"

An arch smile lurked on the lips of the daughter, which her thin veil could not entirely conceal at this invitation from her mother. The young men, however, excused themselves on the score of previous engagements.

"Ah, *che infortunio*!" replied the matron. "Well, you must assuredly call to see me to-morrow evening. We shall be at home in an hour, and shall be happy to receive the *Sieur de la Mole* at our Palace."

A willing assent was given to this invitation, and the two parties took leave of each other. The ladies proceeded to their dwellings, while Giulio and his friend stepped into a gondola, and glided through the small canals in a north-

easterly direction, till they emerged into the lagunes and entered into the canal leading to the island of Murano.

Then, as now, the island of Murano was, to use the language of one of our own countrymen who visited it some centuries ago "a very delectable and populous place, having many faire buildings both public and private, and divers very pleasant gardens;" it is not, therefore, to be wondered that the two friends spent a considerable time in so agreeable a locality. The sun was, it might be, half-way on his westward journey towards the blue hills of Verona, when the young men found themselves again in Venice.

"And now," said Giulio, "I propose we pay our promised visit to Madonna Lucretzia. You will find an hour pass away not unpleasantly, believe me, with her sprightly daughter; for the better insuring whereof, I shall take upon myself to occupy her honoured mother."

"An excellent arrangement," said Jacques, smiling; "let us proceed forthwith."

The prow of the gondola was turned in the direction indicated by Giulio, and in a few moments they entered the principal reception-room of the palazzo.

We will not venture to affirm that either of the youths felt any very great disappointment when they found that the beautiful Caterina was its only occupant. She was superbly clothed in a dress of rich flounced brocade, so fashioned as to expose to view the bosom and back to an extent that, in our days and country, would be thought scarcely consistent with maidenly propriety; but the truth is, that the over strictness exercised over the ladies of Venice in their attire and deportment out of doors, produced the natural result of stimulating them to greater licence in their houses. The waist was long, so as to allow room for the display of a rich stomacher; the neck was encircled by an enormous quilled ruff of hone-lace, and the yellow veil of the morning was replaced by one of white gauze, which was thrown back from the head, and stood out from the shoulders like an immense wing; in her hand she held a circular fan, and over her head towered the mass of crisped curls in two mountains glittering with unguents that made them look like hills in the sunset. In a few moments a waiting-maid, fantastically dressed, as was the habit of her class, entered, bearing from the signora a request that Giulio would come to her in her dressing-room, a request with which he immediately complied, leaving his fair cousin and his agreeable friend to the enjoyment of a *trêve à-tête*.

Madonna Lucretzia Polani received her young kinsman within the very penetralia of the shrine—a favour only conceded to those who are nearly allied, or on terms of the most familiar intimacy. It so happened, that at the moment, an operation of a most important and mysterious nature was in progress; and as it was peculiar to Venetian ladies, and has now, alas! with many another peculiarity—things of wisdom and glory as well as of vanity and folly—passed away for ever, we shall count ourselves fortunate in being able to record it for the admiration, if not for the imitation, of the fair daughters of our own land. To speak plainly, then, the noble dame was then undergoing that peculiar process by which the Venetian *chevelure* was worked up into that wonderful formation which we have already alluded to. Be it known, then, that the Lady Lucretzia sat in a window which commanded a south-western aspect, so that the sun at the moment was shining strongly into the room through the open *fenestras*; her hair was gathered up all round her head, and enclosed within a high circlet of lead, somewhat like a crown, which fitted close to the head; within this, a serving-maiden poured certain oleaginous and perfumed drugs, the properties of which were to dye the hair of a light colour; a hue much affected by the Venetian women, as enhancing the brilliancy of a dark complexion, which they considered the most beautiful. The lady held a mirror in her hand, and from time to time inspected the operation; and when she deemed that a sufficient quantity of the dye had been absorbed by her hair she then directed the next step in the process, which was to fling back her hair and spread it out over the rim of the leaden circlet, so that it was exposed to the sun

which gradually bleached and dried it. This was a slow and tedious process one may judge; but vanity is a passion that is full of patience and as enduring as charity itself. It was in this stage of the proceeding that Giulio arrived, and the lady hailed his coming, as it afforded an agreeable mode of alleviating the tedium of the toilette, and the best opportunity of satisfying her love of acquiring and communicating everything new or interesting.

"Welcome, my dear kinsman," said the lady, as the young man entered, "you see I accord to you the privilege of a relation."

The youth bowed his acknowledgment, while the lady continued—"Come, sit down here beside me. Well," she proceeded when he was seated, "Che nuove ci portate? What news have you for me? You must tell me all about your travels, and first of all about this friend of yours. Where did you make his acquaintance?"

"In Paris last year."

"Ah! is he a Frenchman?"

"I have always considered him to be so, but in truth I never took the trouble of inquiring."

"Dear me, how strange; never to have the curiosity to ask him where he came from. Do you know any of his family?"

"Not one. He had no relatives that I know of in Paris, nor for ought I know in the world."

"My dear Giulio, how very imprudent of you to form an

intimacy with you know not whom. You don't know how disadvantageous such an acquaintance may prove to you."

"True, dear signora, but I know how advantageous it has proved to me. He has rendered me a signal service."

"Ah! what was it? I should so like to know."

"Pardon me, I am not at liberty to disclose it. He has insisted that I should not."

"Well, how very singular. But now tell me every thing about yourself."

Giulio being under no restraint on this subject, proceeded to detail such points as he thought might prove interesting to his auditors. Meantime the sun did its duty upon the hue and moisture of the lady's locks, after which the serving-maiden removed the leaden crown, and heating in a brasier, which stood at the further end of the apartment, a pair of frizzling or crisping irons, she plied them with such skill upon the locks of her mistress, that in a short time she raised a vast superstructure over the forehead, which acumined at either side, in one of those monstrous peaks. When this operation was performed, nothing further remained to complete the personal adornment of the Signora Polani, save drawing on a loose robe of satin tabby. Having done this, she graciously took the young man's arm, and proceeded to the apartment where we left Jacques and Caterina engaged in a tête-à-tête, which we have no doubt each party had wit enough to improve to the utmost.





T. B. B. B. B.

JOHNSTON

FLEMISH INN, FROM A PICTURE BY ISAAC VON OOSTADE.

ISAAC VAN OSTADE.

ISAAC VAN OSTADE was the brother of the celebrated Adrian Van Ostade, and was born at Lubeck, about the year 1617. Both the brothers, when very young, were sent into the Low Countries, where the eldest studied under François Hals, in whose school Brouwer was a contemporary, and where they contracted a most intimate friendship. Adrian is supposed to have been the instructor of his brother Isaac; but little is known of their early history. Soon they separated, and never afterwards were they found in any close connexion. Adrian dwelt in the city of Haarlem; Isaac travelled to the banks of the Zuyder Zee, and finally settled in Amsterdam. He died in 1671; his brother lived a few years longer, long enough to see the French victorious in the neighbourhood of his country, and threatening to destroy its independence.

Speaking of Isaac Van Ostade, Houbraken says, "He terminated his career after having attained the summit of art." This is great praise. But Isaac was a special favourite, a prophet that was honoured in his own country. One says, "He was in no way inferior to his brother; he designed with the utmost care, and was the king of light and shadow." It has been argued, on the other side of the question, that the disparities in the painting of Isaac and Adrian are easily perceptible; that in the former the touch is very different, the transparency abundantly less, the pencilling not nearly so delicate; nor can they, either in force, warmth, or spirit, admit of being compared with the paintings of the latter. Nevertheless, the pictures of Isaac Van Ostade are deserving of much praise.

Adrian and Isaac resemble each other in their style of painting and in the choice of their subjects. But still, to a close observer, the peculiarities of each are apparent. The first painted the interior of cottages, drinking-houses, and similar scenes; the other represented out-of-door life, streets, and fields, and bridges, and canals, and busy groups, chattering, gossiping, laughing,—forming a *coup d'œil* of no common interest. The picture, from which the engraving is taken which we now present to our readers, is particularly characteristic of the style of Isaac Van Ostade. It represents a halt of travellers before a road-side inn. The landscape is well arranged and remarkably natural. The tree in the foreground, not over-loaded with foliage, is a perfect study in itself; and the avenue at the back of the picture, where the two cavaliers are riding, is tastefully designed and gracefully finished. A quiet, comfortable-looking place is the hostel, with its gable front toward us, and the vehicle that stands before the door, and the tired horses with their heads bent forward, and the stooping figure of the hostler who has brought the cool refreshing water, and the group within and about the cart, and the dogs, all life and motion, united together, show us that no common hand designed the sketch. It is natural. Boucher and Lancret might complain that nature was too green, and wanted harmony; but by closely studying nature—nature on the banks of the Zuyder Zee—Ostade has left us some admirable pictures. There is an air of repose over this Flemish halt, which is quite in character with the design of the painting. One or two toppers are smoking and drinking beside the door of the inn, towards the front of the picture, a traveller is resting on the ground, his bundle and his stick beside him; on the other side, two are lounging on the rising ground, while another, in an indolent position, is gossiping with them both, and close beside them a dog is lying fast asleep. The sky is calm and clear. Beyond the hostel there is a rich mass of foliage, on which the sunlight falls in all its beauty; and further still away, uprises the steeple of a village church.

Isaac Van Ostade has painted several winter scenes with admirable effect,—frozen canals, and the people amusing themselves on the ice, were indeed his favourite subjects. They are faithful and well-executed representations of nature, and, deservedly, are held in the highest estimation.

A misconception of the abilities of this artist has sometimes arisen from contrasting his earlier productions with the more finished and elaborate specimens of his brother. Some

of these early specimens are indeed slight in execution and brown in colour, and are comparatively of but little value; but his later paintings competed successfully with those of the best of his contemporaries, and obtained corresponding prices. Bryan says, "These consist of out-door scenes, such as travellers halting at an inn, frozen canals with figures amusing themselves on the ice, and views of Dutch villages. To these he confined himself, but so varied was his treatment of the subject as to obviate the charge of self-imitation. The amateur who possesses one of them may consider himself fortunate; indeed they are now estimated so highly that few besides princes or nobles, or others of equal opulence, can retain them. One in the Duchess de Berri's collection sold, in 1837, for £1,306; the same picture sold in 1801, at Robit's sale, for £361; many others have equally progressed in value." Such of his best pictures as are dated, are of the years 1644 to 1649 inclusive."

There are several good examples of Isaac Van Ostade in England, but they are principally in the private galleries of noblemen and gentlemen. In the Dulwich Gallery—"God's Gift College in Dulwich"—there is only a single picture of Isaac's, though there are four specimens from his brother Adrian's pencil. This is rather singular, as the collection is rich in paintings of the Dutch school. The National Gallery does not possess a picture by either of the Ostades, nor are we aware of any other specimen of the younger painter, to which the public have free access, than the one mentioned above. Travellers Halting at an Inn appears to have been a favourite subject with Isaac Van Ostade. Nearly all the pictures by him in the possession of English noblemen bear something of this character. In the celebrated Bridgewater Gallery, the property of Lord Francis Egerton, we have "Travellers Halting at an Inn;" in the private collection formed by George IV., there is an Isaac Ostade, "Various Travellers Halting before a Tavern;" in Lord Ashburton's collection, again, there is a picture representing "Travellers and Country People, engaged in various ways in front of a Village Ale-house;" at Corsham-house, Wilts, the seat of Paul Methuen, Esq., there is another Isaac Ostade. It is but a variation of the famous subject: "Travellers on horseback and on foot, listening to a village musician, in front of a road-side public house;" and lastly, to complete the list, there is a famous picture of Isaac's at Alton Tower—the seat of the Earl of Shrewsbury, in Staffordshire—which represents the artist's never-tiring and always well-painted "Group of People," or "Halt of Travellers," before a village inn.

But, perhaps, the most famous picture of Isaac Van Ostade's which is to be seen in England, is that in the private collection formed by the late Sir Robert Peel, at his house in Whitehall-gardens. The well-known baronet was a good judge of pictures, as well as a great statesman; and knew almost as well as a dealer the proper value of the "old masters," which he purchased. Sir Robert's "Isaac Ostade" may, therefore, be considered a first-rate specimen. It cost 4,000 guineas, and is as far superior to the poor pictures of country life, which are often ascribed to this painter, as a genuine Claude is to a modern baked and varnished copy. This genuine example of the painter is warmly praised by all good judges of art. It represents a man on a grey-horse riding past a house, followed by two dogs, one of which is caressed by a boy. On the other side of the picture are two swine, and in the picturesque middle distance are peasants and cattle. "This finely-drawn picture," says Dr. Waagen, "possesses a solidity of the most spirited execution, and an union of the finest *impasto* with the greatest glow and depth of tone, such as is rarely met with. The tone of the flesh is more yellow in the lights, and browner in the shadows, than with his brother, who mixes redder tones in both. Paul Potter himself could not have painted the grey horse better. In his village scenes and winter pieces, Isaac is wholly original, and by no means inferior to his brother."

THE SCHOOL OF LIFE.—BY ANNA MARY HOWITT.

CHAPTER IV.

TOWARDS the end of December, 1835, Leonard completed his competition picture for the gold medal of the Royal Academy. He had withdrawn himself entirely from his fellow-students, and living absorbed in his work, had been almost lost sight of by them, for the last several months.

The subject which he had chosen for his picture, was St. Michael and St. Margaret appearing to John of Arc, and announcing to her the astounding future, whilst still the simple shepherd girl was tending her flock. Leonard's imagination had keenly entered into the devoted enthusiasm of the young girl, who having once heard heavenly voices announcing her sublime mission, steeled her soul and sense against every allurements of earth, love, home, and kindred to obey the celestial behest; accomplishing through the might, solely of obedience, faith, and enthusiastic love, a work almost miraculous. Leonard in imagination had completed a series of pictures illustrative of her career—treating her almost fabulous history from his own peculiar point of view; making her conquer alone, through the power of spirit; making her vanquished when fallen from her immaculate throne of spiritual beauty, by faithlessness in the spiritual voices, and by the desecration of her inspired hand by the shedding of blood.

But the sole picture of the series completed was the "Announcement of her Mission"—another development of that thought which Leonard had sketched upon the wall of the little chamber in his uncle's house—the arousing of a dormant soul to action. He had lived, whilst painting, wrapt in a golden mist of poetry, filled with entire faith in his creations, and filled with a restless eagerness. Now, when his picture stood completed, the mist parting, his picture, as if struck by the wand of some evil magician, faded and shrunk before him into meagreness and poverty. A bitter contempt of his picture induced him to turn its face to the wall—to forget it utterly, and its destination—to leave that London room behind him, with the sickening roar of wheels rising ever up through its dingy window—to stand within a solitary wood, with pure snow and ice around his feet, with solemn, leafless trees above his head, with a sharp winter's breeze striking upon his burning brow—to stand upon the gypsum cliff in Clifton Grove, as he had done five winters before—to silence, but for one hour, the cry after his mother—to silence, but for one hour, the unappeasable longing which devoured his heart's core! Leonard buried his face in his hands, and wept like a child. Still sitting with bowed head before his picture, the door of his little room opened, the Professor of Painting, together with Signor Lambelli, stood before him. He had not heard their preparatory knock, so absorbed, had he been in his reflections. The Professor's eyes were rested upon the picture.

"Good! Lambelli," said the professor; and an unmistakable smile of benevolent satisfaction played about his lips. Lambelli rubbed his hands, and commenced criticising in a remarkably lively and energetic manner. Leonard meanwhile stood coldly aside, a strange contempt swelling within his breast. Could then this faded shadow of his dream call forth aught but censure from the lips of men possessed of knowledge? Could he not, even then, accept with gracious thanks the censure which Lambelli passed upon his picture, when it was censure rather than praise which he desired? No; for the censures passed upon it were censures for mere technicalities, and the censure cast by his own spirit was the failure of his ideal!

"You have overworked yourself, Hale," remarked the professor, cordially taking leave of poor Leonard. "He must wear a brighter look, must he not, Lambelli, when next we see him?" and the visitors were gone.

The professor's few words, and his manner still more, had conveyed to Leonard the conviction that the gold medal would be awarded to him. But no longer did this medal

appear an object worthy of such eager quest as it had done but a few hours before—the crowning satisfaction, peace in his work was wanting. "How easy to do better—ten-fold—than this miserable picture!" muttered Leonard bitterly to himself. "My mother! and will this have been my first triumph for which I shall have wrung thy heart! I have looked upon this as an earnest of future success—what if it be but an earnest of future bitter disgust!"

Leonard paced up and down his dingy room with steps strangely akin with those of poor Ursula pacing her son's deserted chamber five years before. Suddenly he paused, a deep flush passed across his face, and the muscles of his mouth worked with a nervous spasm. He seized his hat, and rushing down the stifling staircase, was soon rapidly pursuing his way along the crowded streets. He walked like one in a dream. The roar of omnibuses, cabs, and carriages; the murmurs of the thousand dissonant voices of the great city grated upon his over-wrought nerves, till he was filled with a feverish anguish, the foreshadower of delirium. His eyes, when they unclosed to outward objects, fell only on the squalor of great London; mouldering, slatternly marine stores, gin-palaces, pawnbrokers' shops bursting with their rich produce of misery, doctors' shops and hospitals. Now he encountered a sick person borne along through the bright sunshine in a curtained litter, from which the passers-by shrunk with loathing dread. Leonard's imagination piercing through the dusky canvas curtains, descried the woe-struck, disfigured countenance of the sick; and strange, too, in his imagination, it was like the face of his mother! Leonard's eyes fell upon a placard pasted on a pump: "If this should meet the eyes of Sarah L.—b," read Leonard, "who left her home on Sunday, 15th of December, she is earnestly besought to return to her afflicted mother; or to communicate, at least by letter. As she values the life of her heart-broken mother, she is implored to communicate. Through the blessing of God, may these words speedily meet the eyes of S. L. Soon it may be too late!"

As a dagger these words had pierced to Leonard's soul—his mother it was who implored him to communicate with her; the old pleading tones of her sad voice, with which, as in years gone by, she had implored her unhappy husband, echoed in his brain; and the voice ever ringing through his ears, Leonard raced on: and as he moved rapidly through the fresh wintry air, coming out into the Regent's Park, a straight formal alley of which he restlessly paced up and down, oblivious to the gaily-attired children there, eternally trundling their hoops, and to the nursemaids who criticised his gestures and his shabby clothes, his thoughts formed themselves into a burning letter to his mother, which he immediately would despatch. In fancy he saw her vehement joy as the boy in the canary-coloured jacket presented to her, whilst sitting at her little work-table, the long-expected letter in the beloved hand-writing of her son; he saw the quivering of her fingers as she tore open the seal, the tears of joy and love showering down upon the paper. The might of yearning was so strong within him, that all thought of triumph over his uncle was thrust aside—love, deep love alone, and keenest sympathy, held dominion in his being.

In Albany-street, Leonard, with a fevered cheek, paused at a small stationer's shop, and, entering, bought paper, and there indited a few lines of warmest love, dwelling but slightly upon his own career, though proudly announcing that so far it had been crowned with as much success as ever he could have anticipated; but the essence of his words was the yearning love which flamed up within him.

The expression of a deep emotion, whether by written or by spoken words, has an almost magical power of relief to certain impulsive and passionate natures; and Leonard was of such a nature. Having written his letter and posted it, a calmness settled over him; and the joy which he believed his words

would cause his mother, shed a celestial peace within his soul. He began to anticipate the arrival of her reply, and to count the time which probably would elapse ere the receipt of it—perhaps even she herself might reply in person! The possibility of resentment for his long silence and desertion never, for one moment, presenting itself.

Posting the letter, Leonard reminded himself that his very meagre funds were all but exhausted—but one half-crown remained. This, however, was a usual state of affairs with our poor hero; and as now for several years, by means of rigid economy and constant hack-work, in which he conscientiously employed a portion of his time, he had maintained himself, it was but a small matter of anxiety to him. In fact, so much had the writing of his letter restored Leonard to his natural state of mind, that he called, before returning home, at a publisher's, for whom he was in the habit of making ornamental designs, from the emblematic cover of an annual to the frontispiece of the last new cookery-book. To-day he obtained certain orders for designs of an equally elevated class; and, retracing his steps homewards, he mentally arranged his little designs, looking at the fruiterers' and florists' windows and stalls in Covent-garden market, to obtain hints, those designs being destined to adorn Macalpine's "Growth of Hot-house Fruits." Purchasing a spray of vine with sixpence of the last half-crown, and having lingered with an artistic enjoyment of the rich combinations of form and colour displayed by the fruits and flowers, he hastened home immediately to commence his sketches; for until a certain number were received by his employer, no more money could Leonard obtain. The publisher for whom Leonard had now worked for several years—and whose system, wise and upright, had been a moral training especially healthful for our hero's desultory nature—most sternly refused all payment in advance, as strictly, however, and as justly, paying his employed so soon as the work accomplished was received by him.

The necessity of labour gradually wrought its holy work within poor Leonard's breast; his morbid horror of his picture slowly decreased; he drew and drew, and a healthier pulsation was in his blood. The time arriving for him to send off his picture for the competition, this was done, but all as a matter of indifference almost; and then, with coldness, resuming his pencil, he drew and drew, leaves, fruits, flowers, flowers, leaves, fruits, with marvellous patient industry. But his ear became hourly, daily, keener; and restlessly he would resume his agitated paces of his room at times; and the postman's sharp knock at the door of the house where he lodged, and all down the street, made him start and breathe quickly, and a sick giddiness to gather over his eyes. But no letter arrived as yet. "Who knows?" said Leonard in his heart, "perhaps she is from home; if she had received it, one thing I know—silent she would not remain. But who knows?—who knows?" asked he a hundred times an hour of his heart. But that this silence could proceed from death or any grievous evil he denied to himself sternly, angrily. "No; he was only over-impatient; or it might be his uncle——" A violent burst of unrestrained anger, uttered in loud words within his solitary room, startled himself, and broke the completion of his supposition.

The distribution of prizes had arrived, but no letter. At the important hour, Leonard attended in the amphitheatre of the Royal Academy, and with him the scarcely-acknowledged anxiety gnawing his heart's core unceasingly. He seated himself far up among a group of students, in as unobtrusive a place as possible. He was greeted with questions innumerable, and merry jokes about his hermit's life—words seemed to buzz about him like a swarm of flies. The amphitheatre was crowded; the hum of anxious suspense died away; the ordinary talkers were gone through—the president addressed the students. During the address, Leonard recognised the kind-hearted Lambell peering anxiously about through his eye-glass. He knew that he was the object of the good man's anxiety. Leonard wondered how it was possible for him to feel so little excited—so wholly indifferent; but his stronger feelings were for the time swallowed up in a vast discomfort. His head sank in his breast, and the old brooding

recommenced. He was aroused by hearing his own name clearly enunciated by the president—then it was repeated around him with a confusing hum; he was pushed forward—there were acclamations on all hands—he was the successful candidate. But the triumph was a cold, joyless one, with this worm of anguish gnawing at his heart's core.

Slipping away from his congratulators, Leonard hurried home. The slatternly girl opening the door, holding in one hand a flaring candle, with the other gave him a letter, which she took up from a begrimed slab in the passage. The handwriting of the address was bold and masculine, and not the peculiar, delicate one of his mother. Leonard paused various times whilst ascending the staircase to his room—turning the letter round and round. The post mark was Nottingham. A weakness crept into poor Leonard's knees, and his lips grew parched. He unlocked his door with an unsteady hand—closed it—dropped upon a chair beside the table strewn with the Macalpine sketches, the candle swalling down the stick in long gutters of grease, and with the lamps from the street gleaming in balefully through the uncurtained window. Leonard gazed upon the letter. "God! God! be merciful!" he muttered in low, hoarse accents—and still his eyes rested upon the unopened letter held in his trembling hand. At length, slowly breaking the seal, he read—

Nottingham, December.

DEAR LEONARD,—Your letter to Mrs. Mordant of the 8th instant came duly to hand, and in consequence of your mother's state of health—or rather, state of mind—I was compelled to break the seal and become master of its contents, which, under existing circumstances, you must pardon. Being absent from home when your letter arrived, a slight delay in my reply has, unavoidably, been occasioned.

The perusal of your letter, shows me that you are not aware of the unhappy state of your mother. She has been an inmate of the lunatic asylum of this place for the last four or five years—in fact, almost immediately from the time of your leaving Nottingham.

Of your circumstances since that time, we have had no intelligence, but it is satisfactory to perceive by your letter that you are doing well. To the painful occurrences connected with your hasty departure, I do not refer further than that your mother's derangement dates from that time, and from the distress of mind occasioned by your unaccountable silence. You are not aware that your uncle has left Nottingham, and is now residing at Hamburg.

I shall take an opportunity of communicating to your poor mother that news has been received of you.

It may be satisfactory to you to know that all suitable and necessary attention is paid to your mother.

Dear Leonard,

Yours truly,

ELIAS STAMBOYES.

P.S.—It is painful to me to find that you have changed your name, as no good can possibly accrue from such disguises.

Like one transfixed by the spear of his enemy, Leonard writhed with agony, whilst his eyes perused these fearful words, the very straight-forwardness of which tore every germ of hope up from his breast.

Dropping his head upon the table, Leonard remained sunk in the depths of utterest bitterness. The candle flared and flamed,—then the wick lengthened into a glowing and spectral fungus, and the light grew dim. And hour after hour was tolled mournfully from the near church-tower; and the footsteps of passers-by had long since died out of the streets, and the candle sunk in its socket, sending forth fitful streaks across the melancholy room and athwart the melancholy bowed youthful head; and the stench of the smoking wick made the air thick and noisome. But Leonard stirred not. Like one dead, except for a keen throb of agony which ceaselessly stirred within his soul, he sat throughout that long December night with his head bowed upon the sketches which became blistered with his tears.

Elias Stamboyes had returned home from his wedding journey to the old house in — street, now all freshly painted, and

refurnished with the most comfortable and most ponderous of
bestly furniture for the reception of its new mistress, when he

altercation with her brother, and of Leonard's with his uncle,
were seated the newly-married pair upon this the first evening



THE ANGELS APPEARING TO JOAN BY ANDRE LEONARD'S COMPOSITION PICTURES

had read post Leonard's letter, and mailed his reply. Wishing of their return. L'adieu; none bearing them even had, with the newly furnished dining-room, the suite of Mrs. Montmorency an arch grace, which would have driven Joan. The mother

utterly distracted could he but have seen it, poured forth unnumbered cups of tea for her loving husband. Luckily, however, John, more than a hundred miles away, was sternly absorbed, forgetful of the lovely being, in drawing by gaslight with might and main from the model in Lambelli's rotunda. Then flinging herself back in a low and softly-cushioned chair near the brightly burning fire, she had first admired her dainty feet placed upon the fender, sunk deep in the white fur which lined the loveliest of scarlet embroidered slippers, then she had drawn a little scarlet mantle, trimmed also with white fur over her round white shoulders, for the night was cold, even within that most comfortable and wealthy abode—and every now and then she glanced with a pretty pettishness at her husband, who would so pertinaciously read the heap of letters awaiting him upon the mantel-piece. "It was very provoking of Ellis, to forget his dear pet that very first evening, she would scold him for it, that she would, the first instant he laid down those dreadful letters;" but a sternness sat upon his face, as he read letter after letter—and L'Allegro had secretly a little fear of Ellis' sharp clear voice, and of that determined, strong look upon his brow and lips, his very hair had a strong determination in its crisp, dark-brown curls, and his short figure was stronger than that of many a giant. No, Ellis Stamboyse was no man to be interrupted by his lovely, beautiful little bride, thought L'Allegro. L'Allegro watched him, and then amused herself with thoughts of all the bridal gaiety awaiting her, and then again watched Ellis; but he seemed quite to have forgotten her—his face became sterner than ever—he had risen, and after standing in deep thought, with an open letter in his hand, before the fire, and bringing an inkstand and paper to the table, had, after another pause of deep thought, begun slowly writing: L'Allegro's eyes closed, and she fell into a gentle sleep, with her pretty profile as it lay upon the cushions, gilded by the flickering fire-light. Ellis folding and sealing his letter, rose, and with his hands crossed behind him, like a youthful image of old Stamboyse, paced slowly up and down the room, as the elder Stamboyse had done a thousand times before him—suddenly pausing beside his sleeping wife, an unusual expression of tenderness suffused his whole countenance—a strange look of Leonard, a look, as of a transfigured soul shone through his clearly chiselled features, and bending over the unconscious girl, his lips pressed her brow with profound tenderness, and a prayer ascended up from his soul, "God enable me worthily, unswervingly to fulfil towards this poor child the awful responsibilities which I have taken upon myself, and enable me to strengthen her. What unutterable miseries flow from an unworthy, an unconscientious marriage, 'Thou alone knowest, for 'Thou visitest the sins of the parents upon the children to the third and fourth generation.'" When L'Allegro woke up, she flung her arms round her husband's neck, and her red lips kissed his broad forehead, a dozen times; because he was "such a dear creature, and had put away his tiresome letters!" Ellis drew her towards him, and looked quietly at her, with such a grave smile, yet so full of love, and without speaking a single word, that L'Allegro exclaimed, between laughing and crying, "Oh, Ellis, you are so queer! I wish you talked more—you are not half as amusing as John Wetherley used to be—poor John. I wonder, now, what he is doing?"

In the sumptuously furnished dressing-room of L'Allegro, where tall mirrors reflected back the blazing fire which charged up the broad chimney, and where massive wardrobes stood with open doors and drewens to receive the rich dresses which a half-unpacked wardrobe displayed; and where the richest of cushions and carpets, and the easiest of chairs and sofas, and innumerable toilet-sticks, prophesied a life of luxury for the young wife, sat another being, who wondered what John Wetherley was doing. But in her heart he was "dear, beloved John," the adored, the tenderly cherished John. Need we say, that this was poor Pense-rose? She looked very pale and meek, and seemed as though she had been suddenly struck by some idea which suggested

her sister's dresses in the new wardrobe, and had sat down by the fire to complete her meditations—

"God hath his own great plan:
And joy and suffering
Are his commissioned discipline of man!
Each is the seraph-wing
That lifteth from the clod;
That to the angelic band,
This to a higher sphere, the sphere of God;"

murmured. Il Penseroso to herself, "those are lines by Mordant, the poet. I remember well copying them into my book—it was the day that dear John stole Emma's ringlet in the studio behind the Indian-screen, and I saw him press it to his lips. I did not know at that time what comfort some day I might find in these lines. I suppose life may be a school, and that 'God hath his own great plan,'"

DEBATE OF THE FACULTIES

ON THE PURSUITS OF LIFE.

THE members being assembled in the Rotunda called Cranium, Order took the chair by general consent, when Causality introduced the following resolution:—

"Resolve, That it is time to make a selection of a pursuit for life, and that this question be now discussed."

"In deciding upon the merits of this resolution," said Causality, "I think it the part of wisdom to attach something which will be useful to mankind, and which can always be relied upon for a support. Anything will satisfy me which will not fail with the change of fashion. Agriculture is good, and can never fail to be needed, nor will it ever be overdone. Besides, the king and the clown alike need bread; so that the vibrations of fashion, and fluctuation of opinions, religious or political, can never set it aside. The same is true of blacksmithing, ship-building, masonry, and manufacturing cloth, leather, iron, and lumber, and many other substantial trades. Legitimate commerce and general trade are likewise necessary, but very liable to be overdone."

Ideality arose, and said, "I trust that great care will be taken in this selection, for really I can hardly perceive it possible for me to be contented with any of these common pursuits named by our venerable friend. I must earnestly implore that we may have something ornamental, like sculpture, painting, daguerreotype, selling fancy goods, or, if we manufacture, let it be watches, jewellery, or that which is decorative and beautiful."

Approbateness addressed the chair: "I agree, in the main, with the last member up; but some of the occupations he has named would not suit me. The idea of working in plaster and marble, and looking dusty, like a miller, is horrible. True, we might excel so as to obtain fame, like a Canova or a Powers, when we would be courted by the great, and our name sent down to posterity on the enduring statute and scroll of honour. But should we fail of achieving the highest honours of the art, I would by far prefer to be a genteel tradesman in an elegant store, aristocratic customers, where we could dress finely, and live in style. This is the life for me. I go for a business of the highest respectability, and one in which our efforts will not be regarded as labour."

Causality whispered a word to Calculation, who rose and said, "Our friend who has just resumed his seat, perhaps is not aware of the anxious cares, the searching estimates and calculations, the far reaching plans and harassing duties which will devolve on us to keep such a mercantile business in successful operation. Financiering and calculating profits and losses, contriving to meet payments, posting books and making bills, running after bad debts, and managing a staff of clerks and selfish customers, all day and half the night, is no idle, but is so much like labour, that it makes a world of vanity to twist it into any other name. One may bow and smile over a counter to fashionable customers, and be arrayed in fine attire, with hair perfumed and lips white with rouge, sparkling rings, and perhaps wear a few ornaments, but this is

the poetry of the business. There are ten thousand annoyances and cares that the inexperienced little dream of until they become sober realities. Look at the grey locks, careworn features, and anxious, agitated manner of merchants—old before their time—and it takes off some of the tinsel of the commercial pursuit.

"I am informed," said Cautiousness, "that ninety out of every hundred who engage in mercantile pursuits fail in business and die poor; and I shall take time to consider before I engage in so hazardous an enterprise, with the assurance, too, that we must work—yes, *work*—as hard as any mechanic, and that kind of work, too, which wears out the health, nerves, patience, and sometimes the honesty of a man. I had rather have the dust of the miller, or the soot of the forge, or the clamour and labour of the lumber mill, with the certainty of a substantial competence, than to shine in gay colours a few years among fashionables, and run the risk of being kicked at last into the hovel of pinching poverty by the very cliques, for the gratification of whose pride and vanity we had lived and laboured, and to which we had finally been sacrificed."

"But," responded Approbativeness, "I am formed by Hope, and believe it true, that we shall be of the fortunate class who get rich; and Self-Esteem says, we can, without doubt, succeed, as he is quite confident that few possess the talent which we can bring into the business. I don't care if we do have balance-sheets to make and bank-notes to pay, for every one knows it is respectable to be seen and known 'on 'Change,' and as to the night watchings and drudgery of the business, so much feared by Cautiousness and magnified by Calculation, who cares so much for that, if one can be called a splendid merchant, ride in his carriage, and live fashionably? But it should be remembered that a merchant does very little work; that is done by clerks and porters. It should not be forgotten that we are to be merchants, the owner and proprietor. Then we can wear fine cloth, elegant ornaments, polished boots, and live in ease and respectability."

"Nonsense," said Combaticiveness, "give us a business that is manly in its character. I am utterly disgusted with the soft twattle of Approbativeness about elegance, gentility, and effeminacy. For a white hand, standing dicky, flashy chains and rings, and fashionable dress, he would run the risk of protested notes, bankruptcy, a hungry stomach, and a hovel. I would a thousand-fold prefer to grapple resolutely in stern effort, and force from the grasp of relentless fortune an honourable competence, than to smile and bow to win the good graces of the fickle dame. He may rub his white hands, and whisper soft persuasive blarney for success; but I prefer to seize the prize with my hard hand and stalwart arm, and shout my manly triumph with the lion's voice. I am ready, with Firmness, Destructiveness, and Constructiveness, to plunge into the rugged wilds of the West, and redeem it from solitude; or to build ships, or in them ride the stormy ocean; or in the mine, forge, or factory, force matter into usual forms; anything of an industrial character, that will enable us to drive our way in prosperity, will suit me better than selling shirt buttons, needles, pins, and tape. It is not in my nature to wait for a business to come to me. I desire to rush out into active life, and by main strength of muscle or machinery, force Prosperity to yield her treasures."

"Well said," responded Firmness; "give us a business, whatever it may be, that requires, and will repay, manly energy and perseverance. I cannot endure fickleness and irregularity. 'Sure and steady wins the day.' Our friend Combaticiveness may rely upon my constancy in aid of his proposition."

Self-Esteem rose, with unbending dignity, and having surveyed each member very coolly, proceeded to say, "I have listened to the several suggestions of members, hoping that the choice of a pursuit might be made without any counsel from me, choosing that those who have the work to do, would satisfy themselves as to the kind of business to be done, leaving to me merely the general direction or supervision of the business when established. Let it be understood, however,

that I would much prefer a dignified calling—a large, heavy business, I care not what is its character, whether piling the soil, navigating the ocean, wielding the sledge, rearing the edifice, felling the forest, or substantial merchandize. Give me as aids, Consistentness, Firmness, Causality, Combaticiveness, Destructiveness, and Constructiveness, as right-hand men, and I will engage to make honourable any business which a man ought to engage in. Inglorious idleness, and consequent dependence, I cannot tolerate. To pursue a course requiring us to cringe to public caprice is equally odious. I cannot eat the bread of dependence, nor wear garments spotted with dishonour. I would be a street scavenger rather, and ennoble my avocation by a character above reproach and an elevated intelligence. No labour which is useful is degrading, and, if I could be heard, to make a boot or rule a kingdom should neither elevate one man nor depress another. We lack true personal dignity when we suppose that the honest dust and sweat of useful toil degrades the man, or that simpering gentility, in ornamental occupations, necessarily accompanies true honour.

A PEEP AT COUNTRY COUSINS, AND HOW IT ENDED.

LETTER III.—MISS DORA HARCOURT TO CECIL HARCOURT, ESQ., OF GROSVENOR-SQUARE, LONDON.

Whitehaven, June 24th, 1820.

"MY DEAR FATHER,—I have been long in writing, and I do not know how it is that one seems to be quite as busy in the country as in the town, and I could fancy it would be very agreeable to live here permanently, if the good folks only knew a little more about books. Yet I believe Robert is a very well-read young man, but he is so shy and reserved. I do not feel much better acquainted with him than on my first arrival. He is, however, very attentive in catering for my amusement, and on the morning of May-day he invited me to join a merry party of young men and maidens, who sallied forth at five o'clock in the morning to gather the soft yellow catkins of the willow, and I observed that William presented his basketful to Susannah; since which occurrence, she has conducted herself towards me so frankly and affectionately, that I feel sure she must be attached to William, and had previously feared my becoming her rival. I do not know what Robert did with his catkins, and I found him so silent a companion, that I was not sorry, when we quitted the meadows and went to look at the old May-pole, which a crowd of ragged urchins, under the direction of the dominie, were covering with garlands of spring flowers. Almost every house in the village displayed bunches of broom and furze over their doors and lamp-posts, and all the horses engaged in traffic throughout Whitehaven and the neighbourhood were adorned with branches of lilac, or ribbons, or ivy. Later on in the day, I believe some animated games of wrestling went on, many competitors attending the sport from distant places; but this amusement was not at all in my line, and I enjoyed much more a novel sort of race they called a dog-trail. Early in the morning, I was told, two men had started on a circuit of eight miles, dragging after them over hill and dale a large piece of sailcloth saturated with some essential oil. The dogs that were to run were really splendid creatures, and my uncle says they are similar to fox-hounds, but of a peculiar breed, brought up for the purpose by the country people, and singularly swift in action. A row of these fine creatures was led on the scent where the cloth had passed over, and then they scoured over the whole distance without a single pause—William's beautiful dog, which he had named "Gawthorpe," coming in first, and winning the prize, a very handsome riding-whip mounted in silver. Robert's noble "Arrow" came in the second, but its master looked so excessively mortified at this comparative failure that I could not help pitying him though I knew better than to express such a sentiment in words to one of his lordly set. We were engaged this evening to go

forth," as Susannah expressed it, which seems understood to mean attending an evening meeting for spinning, and on this occasion the party was to meet at Mr. Gawthorpe's, a substantial farmer's abode, some three miles off. I was in some doubts what dress to put on, since the guests were to assemble at three o'clock in broad daylight, but my aunt said every one was expected to look smart, so I put on my sprigged muslin, which had duly arrived, though it was sadly crushed, my dear papa, by the heavy parcel of music-books you had laid upon it. Susannah appeared in a gay bloom-coloured gauze gown, with violet ribbons in her hair, and we put on all sorts of defensive wrappings to protect our finery safely over the mountain tops, being followed by Niddy, the cow boy, who carried my aunt's spinning wheel, deeming for my use. I asked her whether she was not coming with us a question which made every one laugh, and to which no answer is vouchsafed in words, but on reaching the Gawthorpe homestead, we were ushered into a oak-pannell'd hall, but then, containing at least twenty young women, all busy with their spinning wheel, but no older female or any of the men were present. I did my best to spin like they did, and to give my finger and thumb the peculiar dale twist used in pulling the flax from the distaff, but I saw many good humoured smiles directed towards me, and was glad when the general attention was diverted to the buzz of conversation which soon began. The dancing too, and I heard several quaint old songs, which I very soon learnt the tune of, given in a sort of monotonous slow chanting, in order to keep time with the humming wheel. (Our tunes, too, were told, and one young woman mentioned a strange superstition it exists about the picture, or rather the world of which the picture was made, and how, through of home in life, it has ever increased from generation to generation. We had been spinning a couple of hours when my cousin Robert, William and Edward, made their appearance, and they were quickly followed by other young men, who, when they came in, took a seat by some of the party. At least, the aunt had appeared in a new way, and the aunt was necessary to our party. By and bye I found my thread kept in taking so frequently as to be quite unaccountable, in what it could do fasten upon me in the very next minute, and went the thread and a looking round I saw to my chief that other pinners were in the same predicament, while round of my aunt's laughter seemed to indicate the knowing of some hidden mischief. I perceived several hup bows on the ear administered to the attendant maidens, and presently saw that Edward had been cutting the thread of my flax, and I certainly gave his black curls a little pull on the disarray, while Robert sat just behind me, looking too shy and awkward to interfere between me and his younger brother, who had never before been considered old enough to be admitted to the honours of "going forth." At a good deal of merriment, the humming of the twenty wheels, which sounded like fifty voices of bees confined in the apartment, ceased altogether, and, after a plentiful supper, old Mrs. Gawthorpe told ghost stories and fairy legends, and about eight o'clock the land was given for breaking up, by the farmer's son. "It is time for ye to be going home, bairns." We must have formed a droll moonlight procession over the mountains, each maiden escorted by a rough-coated gallant bearing his spinning wheel on his shoulder, and frequent bursts of laughter were elicited by the various mishaps that overtook us during the rough pilgrimage. I was well off, since Edward carried my wheel, and consequently Robert gave me the assistance of his arm unumbered, but he seemed more silent than ever, and when we reached the Friars, I overheard Johnny Latterthwaite say to him, "Why don't you speak to her, man, do ye think a woman will ever admit a glum lad that has naught to say for himself?" To which remonstrance, Robert replied, if I am not mistaken, "Ye may be right, man, in the main, but did ye ever see any one dressed like my London cousin afore?" When I saw her looking so superior, and so unlike every one about her, to-night, I tell ye I did not dare to speak a word to her. I had half suspected this reason for my grave cousin's reserve,

yet he is so sensible, I wonder he should let such a thing as my sprigged muslin prevent our conversing comfortably together. Yesterday was Midsummer eve (the 23d of June is so kept popularly) and we all went out to look at the immense bonfires which were lighted up in all directions in each parish, and called Bilbries, perhaps the only relic of fire-worship, Robert said, in England still remaining. The lurid effect of the blazing fires illuminating the dark purple hills was extremely grand, and I should have wished so picturesque an old custom might continue for many years to come, where it is not that it is still regarded by the uneducated as something mysterious and awfully supernatural. Quantities of poor the used still in the new road to walk through the blindness, smoky of the fire, and none of the dale-people appeared to entertain the slightest doubt that the animals would be there by perfectly accorded to health. The Bilbries were never allowed to be lighted from any other burning substance, as this would detract their virtues, but must be ignited from the sparks created by rubbish together two pieces of dry wood, and many persons carried torches, which added to the wild singular aspect of the scene, and were also a remnant of the same species of nature-worship. And now I have only left room to say in myself, dear papa,

Your ever aff. son and daughter,

DOUGLAS HAMILTON

TO A SKUII

(From the *Rasselas* of *John Bartram*)

Stranger brother, who hath sought thee
And profaned thy altar due?
I am the hells of death I have sought thee,
Duke thy skull with ag and rust!
Orc thou flock I have was clinging
I found the emblem of decay
I found it a reflection bringing
Of things past away!

Couldst thou my soul happy be made,
Cumball found me in thy tomb
Had thy voice oh! long depart!
Spoken to them the night the loom
Telling how at my time was passing
Youth and hope and joy and death,
Thou hast proved, perchance a blessing
Wanted them to think of death!

Couldst thou I now am holding
Whisper of the voice
I am mysterious in the olden
May a faithful voice
On the hill where I had received
I have not time to send a kiss
And the tongue in the olden
I look to the olden voice!

But I am — not Heaven ordained thee
Thus a voice of the voice
I am mysterious in the olden
May a faithful voice
On the hill where I had received
I have not time to send a kiss
And the tongue in the olden
I look to the olden voice!

Then without weak fears of trembling,
We can sleep like thee, below,
Gentle, loyal, undisturbed,
Such can never speak in words!
Shall, may none again molest thee!
Secret be thy heart from strife!
In the gloomy charnel, rest thee,
While we take the swarms of life!

TABLE MOVING.

A GLIMPSE AT VITAL FORCES.

All the world is much interested—not to say excited—with the newly-developed force as manifested in table moving. Pamphlets are passing through numerous editions; public lectures are constantly delivered; private circles are animated with the moving tables. Some are believers, some are sceptics, and some are apostates. What has given rise to such an intense interest? On what foundation does the whole matter rest? Is it conjecture? Is it experiment? A detailed account of some dozen experiments has appeared in one of the morning papers. This account has been extensively copied, not only into other public journals, but has formed the basis of a pamphlet which is now to be seen in every bookseller's

after which the hands are not in the same position, they have become, as it were twisted. Now the table is moving, and the party rise: the motion becomes rapid; the ladies and gentlemen are compelled to run.

Let us now place a hat on the table, and lay our hands lightly on it, as represented in fig. 3: the motion is very soon induced, the hat revolves, and appears to present the same kind of phenomena as the table; doubtless it is influenced by the same force.

Another illustration of the operation of the same force is supplied by the plaything represented in our fourth engraving. The apparatus is very simple, and capable of a pleasing



FIG. 1.—SHOWING THE MANNER IN WHICH THE OPERATORS STAND ROUND THE TABLE.

window. Let us just explain the gist of these experiments. A party of ladies and gentlemen sit round a table (fig. 1), their hands laid upon it, with their thumbs slightly overlapping each

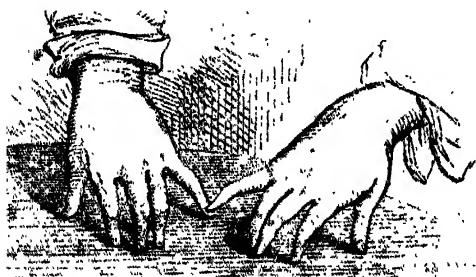


FIG. 2.—MANNER OF PLACING THE HANDS UPON THE TABLE.

other: each person joins the little finger of his right and left hands with the nearest little finger of his neighbour, as in fig. 2. In this manner they wait for the manifestation of the force, a quarter of an hour, twenty minutes, half an hour, &c.,

variety. It consists of a thread, from four to eight inches long, to which a doll or puppet, or any thing else of that sort, is attached, and which is held between the fingers as firmly and steadily as possible. After an interval of longer or shorter duration, it will begin to oscillate, and ultimately it will execute every variety of movement that the will directs. The experiment may be rendered still more amusing by causing several children to join their hands together, so as to form a sort of chain; and then, if one of them holds the thread, and another orders the various movements—either mentally or by word of mouth—they will inevitably follow in every instance.

Various cases of hat and table moving have been related by persons whose characters are altogether above suspicion. A writer in the *English Churchman*, a newspaper of high moral and literary standing, gives his experience in the matter. After describing the necessary preparations for the experiment, and promising that he merely states the facts, without pretending to understand or explain the philosophy of the phenomenon, he goes on to say,—"The table, which we saw most powerfully acted upon, was of mahogany, solid, not veneered or inlaid, about three or four feet long, and two wide; without castors, and standing on a carpet in a room with a fire. About six persons, standing, placed the palms of

their hands flat upon the table, rather near the edge, every person's two thumbs touched each other, one's hand touched the little finger of his or her neighbour, forming a complete chain. In this position all remained for about twenty minutes, some occasionally kneeling down, for relief from a stooping position, but no one else coming in contact with them. At the end of that time, the table visibly and tangibly began slowly to move; before this, however, it was agreed, but this we feel more hesitation in recording as a positive condition of the experiment, that some of the party should join in forming a fixed determination as to the direction in which the table should move. However this may be, the table moved from one room to another, and, after a short pause, back again at a moderate pace; it also turned round several times, at a more rapid pace, and apparently at the will of two or three of the party, who appeared more powerful than the rest."

The Paris correspondent of the *Globe* newspaper states, that he was present at a party, when not only top hats and small tables move by the simple fact of the hands of the company

tion, we shall afterwards call the operators;) and by what agency is this motion brought about? are questions which we will endeavour to answer to the best of our ability. In reference to the first question, it would appear that the table moves and carries along with it the operators. Gentle reader, art thou aware of any physical or other force that could effect this extraordinary motion? Is it electricity? Is it magnetism? Let us inquire; and first as to electricity. Every one knows, who is conversant with electricity, that it communicates motion to bodies; thus a small disc, having projecting arms terminating in points bent nearly at right angles to the arms, will revolve rapidly under the influence of an electric current; in the same way a temporary magnet will revolve when submitted to electric action. Here, then, we have a solution of the moving table. A current of electricity passes from the operators towards the earth *through* the table, and it revolves. Stop a minute; bring an electrometer, let it be a delicate one; there now, commence the experiment again; place the electrometer on the table.



FIG. 3.—MANNER OF MOVING THE MAT.

being placed upon them, but that a table *actually rose up from the ground*, because of its inability to move round on the thick worsted carpet beneath it!

Numerous like instances might be cited, but we are fearful of too far testing the reader's credulity. We may, however, state that many scientific men in England, America, and on the Continent, are at this moment engaged in attempting to discover the true solution of this mystery.

These instances include the type—if we may use the expression—of the experiments. It is calculated to excite a smile when we are informed that half a dozen persons sitting round a table have power to move it without either pulling or pushing it; that, in fact, by some agency not clearly understood, the table acquires a slow rotatory motion, carrying with it, first the hands of the persons sitting around it, and afterwards their bodies, so that it is necessary to rise and walk or run around the table as the case may be.

Which is it that moves, in the first instance, the table or the persons sitting around it? (these, for the sake of distinc-



FIG. 4.—VITAL FORCE, AS SEEN IN THE MARIONETTE EXPERIMENT.

Are the threads or gold leaves diverged?

No.

Is the table insulated?

No.

Well, let it be insulated; it is done by having glass feet attached to it.

Now, do the electrometer threads diverge?

No.

Surely something must have been overlooked?

No. Every precaution has been taken to obtain indications of electricity, but there are none.

Are you sure the table moved without any one pulling or pushing it?

Yes. The operators merely laid their hands on it.

Was there any manipulation?

Only the joining of the little fingers of the neighbouring operators, the thumbs of each being in contact.

No electricity, and the table moved? Well, then, it cannot be electricity, it must be something else.

Of what use is it to join the little fingers?

Did you ever hear of animal magnetism or mesmerism?

Yes; but what has that to do with it?

Do you know how to mesmerise?

No.

You must take the patient's hand in yours, and look steadily into his eyes.*

How must I take hold of his hands?

You must hold his left hand with your right, and his right hand with your left, and some influence or force will pass from you to him, and conversely from him to you.

Well, what has this to do with the table moving?

I will tell you. The operators sitting round the table are in contact, and this contact is mesmeric; the little fingers of each operator are in contact with the nearest fingers of each of his neighbours.

That a force or influence passes from the mesmeriser to the patient in cases of animal magnetism is undoubted: if some of the instances have been known to be delusions, all have not; and while we possess a series of undoubted cases given on the authority of a philosopher who stands high in the scientific world, one who is intimately acquainted with electricity and magnetism, we cannot reasonably question the existence of phenomena that cannot be explained on any theory we at present possess. This gentleman* has demonstrated that if two magnets be placed in contact with a bar of soft steel, so as to inclose the upper and under sides, the bar of soft steel will become slightly magnetic, *i. e.*, some of the magnetism will pass from the two magnets to the soft steel. Now, if passes or strokes be made from the middle of the bar of soft steel towards its extremities, with opposite poles of the two magnets, the bar will acquire magnetic polarity. In the same way he has shown that passes from the head downwards with opposite hands, *i. e.*, the right hand of the mesmeriser along the left side of the patient, and conversely the left hand along the right side, will greatly increase and exalt the mesmeric effect, so much so, as to throw the patient into a mesmeric sleep, as it is called, in the which the characteristic phenomena are developed.

Why is it called animal magnetism?

Because the mode of developing the phenomena is in some degree similar to developing magnetism in soft steel; but the relation appears to consist only in similarity, not in any identity of influence or force.

How is this proved?

By electrical and magnetic instruments being unaffected during mesmeric operations. An electrometer exhibits not the slightest indication of a current of electricity; neither does a magnetic needle. The mesmeric influence is consequently distinct from electricity and magnetism, and so is the influence or force that operates in turning the tables.

Retiring from the parlour in which the tables have been turned, to the garden to inhale the fresh breeze, to luxuriate amongst the innumerable odours given off from the gems of Flora, we fix our attention on a well-known plant: it is the common scarlet bean.

Why are those strings placed against the garden wall?

Surely, you hardly require to ask so simple a question. Do you not know that they are placed there for the plants to twine round? they are climbers, and in a garden need support.

Let us leave the flower-garden and stroll a little in the hop-plantation. How healthy the hop plants appear; how strongly they entwine themselves around the hop-poles. Ah, here is a phenomenon of a similar character—the hops are climbers. You intimated that the table moved by an influence or force. Do not these plants twine around the poles by means of a force?

Yes, you are quite right; it is by a force we know very little of, and it is called a vital force, or, in other words, a living force. Let us attend to this a little: if you carefully watch the hop or the bean, you will observe the extremity to exhibit a continual rotating or twisting motion,

so that when once it has entwined itself around a pole or twig, it goes on by this motion ascending to the summit, and when such plants grow wild, as the convolvulus, they entwine themselves gracefully among the branches of the trees, and impart liveliness and fragrance to our hedgerows. Now mark the exhibition of this force; it is a vital force which exhibits a rotatory motion.

Ah, I see you are teaching me something of the table moving in the hop-plantation, and you said, "Is it the table that moves first, or the operators sitting round it?" But the operators are men and the hops are plants. I don't get any link between them.

Never mind, ideas will gradually develop themselves as we go on, and as knowledge increases so we shall know more of this table moving. Don't forget the vital forces of the hop, the bean, the convolvulus, and other climbing plants. Let us go home.

O dear me! what is the matter with that bird? it has lost its power of standing, and how rapidly it whirls round—it is in a fit, surely. There's a good boy, run and fetch some water quickly, and throw it over the bird. It begins to recover, now it is able to stand on its legs, the water has done it good, and it is able to walk home to its roost. I am very glad it has so soon recovered; why, it might have died in the fit; but what made it whirl round?

Ah, just think of the hop plant: if a vital force made the plant twine round the pole, so a vital force made the poor bird whirl round.

But there is a great difference between a bird and a plant.

Truly, but it may be that the two forces are identical, that in some way the bird may possess a vital force that tends to twirl him round, just as a hop plant possesses a vital force that twines it round the pole.

But why do we not see all birds twirl round, if they possess such a force?

See, here are some boys carrying the bird that was lately in a fit; ask them what happened to it. "Oh!" said one, "a bad boy threw a stone at it, and struck it on the head; see, here is the mark." Ah, now we know why it twirled round; it was partly stunned, but not sufficiently so to stretch it motionless; the action of the brain was impaired, and that higher force which keeps the rotating force in abeyance, and doubtless modifies its action, was neutralised; so that the rotating motion was exhibited while the bird continued in the fit.

I think I now begin to apprehend a link between the twining of the hop and the turning of the table; if the bird possesses a similar force to the hop, but this force is concealed by the higher vital forces that enable him to strut about amongst his hens, to answer the crowings of similar birds to himself, to show signs of pugnacity when another invades his roost; may not all plants and animals, and even man himself, possess such a force? Well, I think it highly probable that such may be the case; that force which has been left, as it were, unconcealed in the climbing plants, has been masked by other forces, perhaps exceedingly various, yet applied in all cases, according to the ends for which the various living beings have been designed; and it is only, as in the case of the bird, when these forces are neutralised that the lower force, although continually acting, manifests itself, just as the force of a clock-spring is kept in check by the pendulum, and is manifested by the clock rapidly running down when the pendulum is removed. Now, observe, what is done in the experiment of the table moving, see the operators sit round it, their hands are on it, their fingers joined, they have exerted their wills in placing themselves in this position, but they do no more, they are intent on the experiment, scarcely thinking of anything else. Are any of them pulling? No. Are any pushing? No. Look at their hands, they are slightly twisted, but has the table moved? No, not apparently so; yet it must have moved, for their hands would not have been in such a position. They appear to have resigned themselves entirely to the experiment. Now the table begins visibly to move, the motion is established. Well, I think the rotatory motion

* The Rev. Dr. Scoresby, F.R.S.

you spoke of has been the cause of this; the operators first began to move, and by keeping in contact with the table, it has obeyed the impulse, and the result has been a moving table.

This is very remarkable; it appears to indicate the existence of a force belonging to vegetable and animal life evidently distinct from electrical forces, and of a lower order than those that give rise to the phenomena of mesmerism. Within certain limits there appears to exist a similarity between the two, namely, the mesmeric and the lower vital force; but this similarity appears to extend but little beyond the mode of manipulation. The highest development of vital force is evidently in connexion with the will; a man wills to raise his hand, and immediately he does it. Perhaps if we descend in the scale of organisation we shall find living beings endowed with less and less of the higher vital forces, until, in the

region of the monads and other similar existences, the force alluded to of the lowest order is almost the only one regulating their motions. For some reason yet undeveloped, it may be that all living beings are endowed with the peculiar force that forms the prominent subject of this paper.

Our principal illustration (fig. 1) shows the manner in which the parties to the experiment stand round the table. In a trial made in Paris of the phenomenon, it was found that five persons were enabled to move a large dining table with three children seated upon it. On the occasion alluded to, the table-top worked upon a pivot, and the children were carried with it in much the same manner as they would have been had they been seated in what we call a "merry-go-round" at the fair. Moreover, the table is said to have moved in various directions at the simple will of any one of the children!

A FRUIT PIECE, BY LANCE.

The next best thing to a country trip in this bright summer weather, is a stroll through the rooms of the Royal Academy. Outside, the hot sun is shining down upon the shadeless flagstones of Trafalgar-square. Pedestrians, with business in hand, are making their weary way eastward or westward, in spite of the heat; while gaily-dressed little girls and boys, with nurses attending them, and ragged and not-over-clean little girls and boys, without nurses, crowd round the "dumb-waiter" fountains, and feel, without knowing anything of the philosophy of the matter, that the mere sight of falling water is refreshing in the summer time. And elegantly dressed ladies and gallant gentlemen step daintily out of well appointed carriages, and pass up the entrance steps of the Academy, without so much as glancing at the hot and tired red-coated sentinels on either side.

Beyond, in the Strand, and away towards Westminster,—the long vista of Whitehall interrupted only by Charles's statue at the "Cross,"—the pavements are full of people; and all kinds of vehicles, from the coronetted carriage with a pair of padded and powdered footmen behind, to the overful omnibus with young gentlemen smoking cigars on the roof, go rattling along the hot roadway. Altogether, the sight from the terrace in Trafalgar-square is a hot and uninviting one on this June afternoon.

But follow the aforesaid ladies and gentlemen into the hall of the Royal Academy, and you experience a change of climate immediately. In the streets you were oppressed with the heat; here, there is a delightful and refreshing coolness in the atmosphere, which is only equalled by the well-bred coolness of the gentleman who takes your two shillings for admission and catalogue. And so, feeling entirely a different kind of personage to him who, just now, stood and wearied on the pavé outside, you pass at once into the great west room; and, assuming the air of a nonchalant quiet connoisseur, begin to examine the pictures.

Beautiful, exquisite, refreshing! Sea pieces by Stanfield, in which the water is positively cool to look upon; landscapes by Cooper and Danby, with dark depths in the shady avenues that seem to invite repose and contemplation; forest scenes by Landseer, with "Children of the Mist"—as the painter chooses to call a herd of deer—flying over brake and brook; village scenes and domestic incidents by Frith and Webster; portraits of fine ladies and gentlemen in drawing-room costume, by Mr. Secretary Knight; figures by Eastlake and Mulready, and flowers and fruit by Lance.

These last,—in a greater degree, perhaps, than any of the others—have a cool and pleasant look. How tempting the round ripe apples; how inviting the luscious grapes, both black and green; how exquisitely toothsome the rough scurfed skin of the green fig! And then with what art the painter has introduced rich silver tankards and brightly polished porcelain ware, and dark carved woodwork into his pictures, and how well the great green and red-dappled vine, with the crimson velvet of the table-cover, and

the hangings at the back; surely, Mr. Lance must be a great lover of fruit and flowers! For ourselves, we say unblushingly, that we have quite a child's love for both—the only remnant of youth that, with most people, remains with them after thirty.

Mr. Lance is a little before the season, though; the flowers blossom in June, the fruits come in autumn. But, no matter, we may enjoy the picture without anticipating the time when the grapes and the apples become ripe; and certainly without it suggesting to us that autumn is the afternoon of life as well as of the year,—for, thanks to the skill of scientific gardeners, and the properly-regulated temperature of hot-houses, we can obtain fruit all the year round! Not always do the delicious fruits which form the painter's models replace the faded flowers, for they exist while yet the yellow buttercups and pink-eyed daisies dot the fields. Fruits have a charm peculiarly their own—a charm which it requires no imaginative powers to enhance; for, superadded to their outward beauty, they possess medicinal utility.* In Mr. Lance's pictures, as in an old orchard, "the mellow apple, whose golden brilliancy is heightened by rich streaks of purple, weighs down the branch that bears it; and the luscious pears and grapes, whose juice is sweeter than honey, display their beauties and invite us to pluck them."

Who, gazing at the picture, does not wander, in fancy, far away into the green fields, and lie down lazily beneath brown old trees, humming over to himself that fine old ballad of Shakspeare's, which begins—

"Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me?"

or, curbing his imagination, and trusting to his less fickle memory, recall some incident of his youth, associated with flowers and fruit? Some orchard frolic, in which fair girls and brown hearty boys—who are staid men and women now with girls and boys of their own, perhaps,—took joyous part? Some happy winter meetings, in which those who shall meet no more on earth, sang songs together and made a merry noise, and gathered facetious fruit and artificial flowers from Christmas trees of green and gold?

And thus, standing in that great western room, with the triumphs of modern art before us, oblivious to the moving throng, and with a strange sense of past and present happiness floating through our brain, grave solemn thoughts arise, and scraps of poetry, long forgotten or but dimly remembered, come upon our lips. And thus the "Fruits" of Lance remind us of autumn, and with autumn we call up the words of the poet:—

"With golden sheaves and laden boughs she comes,
Bringing contentment in her smiling face. The day
Is hot with sunshine labour, and the night
Is merry with the joy of harvest homes.
The year is almost ended; 'tis well to be so gay—
Days darken, shadows lengthen—so pass our lives away."

In the exquisite design which the courtesy of the painter

has enabled us to present to our readers, all that grace and opulence of fancy for which Mr. Lance is so justly celebrated will be discovered. In works of this kind the artist, though he was for many years engaged in historical composition,

artistic creations. In his creative art is discovered the genius of the painter. Taking his materials from the most obvious and ordinary sources, he idealises and refines, till his finished productions are worthy the companionship of the more ambi-



FRUIT PIECE BY G. LANCE. DRAWN BY J. OULBERT, AND ENGRAVED BY H. LINTON.

stands unrivalled. He possesses the rare faculty of embodying this rest with the poetical, and blending with representations of the products of the orchard and the hot-house, such ornamental and architectural adjuncts as serve to raise his compositions from the rank of mere copies of nature to real

art-specimens which hang upon the same walls. His flowers, indeed, have no perfume, and his fruits no flavour; but considered as works of art, they possess a higher value and more enduring interest than belongs to many pictures of greater pretensions.

WILLIAM FAIRBAIRN.

"Power to let." Such were the words which some quarter of a century since struck our eye as we traversed the streets of Manchester for the first time. "Power to let?" What could the words mean? We had just left college, and were fresh from the discussions of the schools respecting the origin of man's idea of power, and all the metaphysical jargon connected therewith. Power, therefore, to us meant mental and moral power, a quality inherent in the soul. How, then,

Our age is the age of the steam-engine. The steam-engine is the symbol of the age. The fact has been made use of to the disparagement of this generation. But the fact has its bright side. The augmentation of man's material forces is in itself a good. What in the whole history of the world has augmented those forces so much as the steam-engine?

In the sphere of material forces, as in other spheres, like



WILLIAM FAIRBAIRN, OF MANCHESTER.

could power be "to let?" Light soon dawned on our mind, and by "power" we found steam-power was intended. And veritably the steam-engine is a power, a great social power; nay, it showed in its remoter results, a great moral and spiritual power; for the steam-engine, by facilitating intercourse, economises time, abridges space, wears down prejudices, obliterates morals, and unites while it enlarges hearts.

requires and begets like. Discoveries come in a group; improvements go forward hand in hand. The steam-engine would have been of small service without the railway; the existence of the former called the latter into being. Other applications of steam-power ensued as a natural consequence. Hence the rapid and amazing change which has taken place in our means of locomotion within the last hundred years. This change, so very easy to set down on paper or to express in print,

has been effected in the face of innumerable difficulties. The progress and the transition have been well sketched by Mr. Thomas Basley in his "Lecture on Cotton."

"Up to the seventeenth century, goods passing between Liverpool, the destined port of the cotton-trade, and its manufacturing capital, Manchester, had been carried by pack-horses and in waggons; but in 1720 an act of Parliament was obtained for rendering the idle waters of the rivers Irwell and Mersey useful and navigable, though much opposed by the pack-horse and waggon interests. In 1758, however, the Duke of Bridgewater engaged that most practical and distinguished engineer, Brindley, to construct works in harmony with the other achievements of his time; and he was empowered to disembowel the estate of the duke at Worsley of coal, and to construct a canal to convey that welcome fuel to the profitable market of Manchester. This engineer, with singular boldness, directed his canal at a low level, to penetrate the very mines which were to be excavated, and he proposed to cross the river Irwell, at Barton, with it, by an aqueduct at a

considerable height; but before he would proceed with his design, he desired his patron to consult some experienced engineer upon the difficulty to be surmounted; and on the duke applying to such an one, the sarcastic reply was, that many a castle in the air had been projected, but the plate which one was intended to occupy was only then pointed out; but with unbounded confidence in Brindley, the duke ordered the work to be executed; and the first canal of our country started into successful existence. Assured of the success of a new and great principle, and seeing, with prophetic penetration, that the growing wants of an infant manufacturing and commercial community would require facilities of transit, in addition to the retiring pack-horse, to the waggon, and river conveyances, and that a canal might be constructed with great advantage, to place Liverpool and Manchester in more direct and immediate communication, in 1762 was begun the celebrated Bridgewater Canal, which became another triumph of that energetic age; but it may be well to remark, that before the legislature sanctioned this last projection, the interests of the old carriers, including the river company, were fiercely directed against this innovation upon vested privileges. Conveyance was of indispensable importance to the industry which had continually enlarged its productions; it was requisite for the transport of fuel, food, raw materials and manufactured goods; as well as for those business visits which merchants and manufacturers had to exchange; and which were then effected by that novel agent a stage-coach. Subsequently the career of progress decreed that the mighty power of steam should be the impelling principle of traffic and locomotion; and here again the energy of Lancashire was displayed, for the first efficient railway in the kingdom was established between Liverpool and Manchester, continuing to their trade and commerce the onward impulse of rapid progress. Was this railway established without difficulty? No. The engineering difficulties were said to be insurmountable; but before these were permitted to be grappled with, the legislature, through the combined and powerful interests of the carriers upon the old roads, the proprietors of coaches, canals, the river navigation, and of extensive landowners, who had not the penetration to discern that a new path of progress was projected which would enhance the value of their own property, and also benefit the public, resisted the proposition; and it was only when selfish interests were made to succumb to the general good, that an act of Parliament was obtained for the first railway. Yet so jealous had the legislature been of every innovation, that the Sankey Canal, of some six miles long, near Warrington, had only been allowed to be made with the express condition, that the boats intended to ply upon it should be propelled by no power except that of human labour; but in derision of antiquated contrivances, and all obstacles, the railway annihilates the advocates of retrogression; for on passing along its line, the traveller may survey the comparatively deserted old high road, that conserved canal where men are still beasts of burden, the Bridgewater Canal, and the old river; and seeing, the school-

master of improvement, now leaves behind the slow boats and slow coaches of former days."—Pp. 20-24.

An engineer of the same class as Brindley is here presented to the attention of the reader. Of all the generators of motive power, none occupies a higher place than Mr. Fairbairn. Endowed by nature with the fervid genius and the indomitable perseverance characteristic of Scotchmen; he has by his inventive and constructive skill conferred on the world incalculable advantages, and made for himself a name whose repute is limited only by the four quarters of the globe.

The subject of this sketch was born at Kelso, in Roxburghshire, on the 19th of February, 1789. He received the rudiments of a very defective education, first at the parish school in that town, and afterwards at the school of Millachy in the Highlands of Scotland, where he resided from his tenth to his fourteenth year. From this training, he acquired some skill in reading and writing, accompanied with a very limited knowledge of arithmetic and a slight acquaintance with bookkeeping and mensuration. On quitting school he was bound an apprentice to an engine-wright in Northumberland. During his period of service he extended his knowledge to the earlier books of Euclid, a few algebraic problems, and the more popular works of English literature. On these subjects, by untiring perseverance in a rigid system of self-instruction, he acquired some useful information, and laid the foundation of those tastes and habits which up to the present hour have been his sole means of relaxation, and proved to him a ceaseless source of increasing usefulness. Prompted by impulses which were felt rather than understood, the apprentice, after the labours of the day, spent his evenings in the recreations of study; and now that he has risen to a very high rank among men of practical science, William Fairbairn still occasionally looks back on this period of his early history with no small degree of pride and satisfaction.

On the termination of his apprenticeship, the young engineer went to London, where he worked for two years as a journeyman millwright; and during his leisure hours constructed several machines of considerable merit. After a roving excursion over most parts of England, South Wales, and a part of Ireland—working his way the whole time—he finally settled in Manchester, in October, 1814, and shortly after commenced business on his own account, with no capital and very few friends. Forming a partnership with Mr. James Illie, a man of strict integrity, he began in a resolute spirit to struggle with the difficulties incident to his position.

At an early date in his mechanical career, Mr. Fairbairn's attention was directed to the very great defects which existed in the machinery of transmission, or the system of millwork then in use for driving cotton factories. The mills of Lancashire and other districts were then moved by ponderous square shafts and large wooden drums, making seldom more than forty revolutions per minute. Assured that he could effect a great improvement, Mr. Fairbairn prevailed on one of the largest spinners to consent to the complete alteration of his mill-gearing: the whole factory was gutted, and in lieu of shafts seven to eight inches square, and wooden drums four feet and upwards in diameter, Mr. Fairbairn boldly introduced light cast-iron pulleys with wrought-iron shafting, varying from two and a half to three inches, and increased the speed so as to obtain from 100 to 160 revolutions per minute. Here was a gain of power four-fold! This improvement was followed by an entirely new principle of coupling the shafts, since denominated "the circular half-lap coupling." A natural consequence was a great augmentation of business; and from that day may be dated Mr. Fairbairn's success in life. Steadily pursuing the useful and honourable career on which he had now entered so satisfactorily, he accomplished several important improvements in the construction of mill-work, water-wheels, and other hydraulic machines.

Towards the end of the year 1829, Mr. Fairbairn's attention was directed to the possibility of increasing the speed of boats in their passage through canals, and at the request of the Forth and Clyde Canal Company, he instituted a series of experiments to determine the tractive force at various

varying from three to fourteen miles an hour; and further to ascertain how far and with what advantage steam could be applied either as a tractive or propelling power instead of horses. Those experiments were published at the expense of the company; and although the objects for which they were undertaken were not fully realised, they led the author's mind to a subject of higher importance, namely, the employment of iron as a material for shipbuilding. Iron boats were indeed in use previously, but they had never been constructed on principles fitted to enable them to resist the violence of storms, and to meet all the requirements of vessels intended to navigate the open sea. Mr. Fairbairn, aware of the importance of this new field of inquiry, bestowed thereon the full energy of his powerful intellect, and was rewarded with great success. Among the earliest improvers of this branch of practical science, he embarked largely in the manufacture of them both in London and in Manchester, and has since constructed above 100 iron ships, some of them war-frigates of nearly 2,000 tons burden.

During the years 1834-1835, the use of a hot blast for melting iron ores became prevalent, and along with this important improvement a very inferior description of iron was introduced. To relieve the public mind, and determine the relative merits of the new manufacture, Mr. Fairbairn and Mr. (now Professor) Hodgkinson were requested by "The British Association for the Advancement of Science" to investigate the cause of certain supposed defects; and after a most laborious experimental research, the reports of both gentlemen were published in full in the "Transactions" of the Association.

Almost simultaneously with this investigation into the properties and comparative value of the hot and cold blast-iron, Mr. Fairbairn instituted an experimental inquiry into the relative values and properties of all the British irons. The valuable results were published in the "Memoirs of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester." These papers were at intervals followed by others on scientific subjects, which were honoured with the approval of learned societies, and published in their "Transactions." Whilst these investigations were going forward for the purpose of discovery and improvement, Mr. Fairbairn was involved in the multi-form and engrossing duties of large engineering establishments, the successful conduct of which has largely increased his reputation and augmented his wealth.

The most distinguished and lasting monument which Mr. Fairbairn has hitherto erected to his fame, is his construction of the Britannia and Conway Tubular Bridges. The conception of the grand and novel design, as Mr. Fairbairn has unreservedly stated, belongs to Mr. Stephenson, who also deserves high praise for the share which he took in the labour as a colleague with the subject of this memoir. The respective shares taken in the construction by these two eminent men have unhappily been brought into dispute. While we maintain the just rights of the one, we have no wish whatever to derogate from the merit of the other; and an impartial review of the controversy authorises us to say, that without Mr. Fairbairn's practical knowledge and skill, Mr. Stephenson's idea would not have been carried into effect.

The reputation acquired by Mr. Fairbairn generally as a constructive engineer, has led to his services being put in requisition in all parts of Europe, whether for the heavier sort of mill work, iron shipbuilding, or locomotive engines; he has also successfully erected more than one hundred public bridges from forty to two hundred feet in span.

These eminent services have brought him honours from many quarters. Learned societies and crowned heads have bestowed on him tokens of their sense of his great and numerous merits.

While thus reaping the appropriate rewards of his genius, enterprise, and industry in the highest walks of life, Mr. Fairbairn, glad to help others to rise, occasionally devotes the resources of his richly-furnished mind to the instruction of the humblest classes. Two lectures are before us on "The Construction of Boilers," and on "Boiler Explosions," which

he recently delivered before the Leeds Mechanics' Institution. From this pamphlet we make a quotation:—

"The modifications of the steam-engine which have been adopted since its introduction by Watt, three-quarters of a century ago, have been very numerous and varied; and although the progression in its applications and improvements has been most rapid and wonderful, we are still undecided as to the best form of its construction. Sound principles, scientifically applied, and the gradually increasing excellence of our workshop, have enabled us to attain the great perfection which characterises the working parts of the modern steam-engine. The steam-engine itself may be regarded as a comparatively perfect machine, and I shall, therefore, confine my observations almost exclusively to that very important and necessary adjunct, the boiler, which is the source of all its power. With this limitation a very wide field of inquiry is opened out, and in the earliest steps of the investigation we become perplexed with the endless variety of forms and constructions which at different periods have been adopted by engineers, and which have never, unfortunately, received the same judicious attention that was paid to the steam-engine. This is an anomalous and much-to-be-regretted fact, for the boiler being the source of the motive-power, is one of the most important parts of the whole machine. Upon its proper proportions and arrangements for the generation of steam depend the economy and regularity with which the engine can be worked; and upon its strength and excellence of workmanship depends the safety of the lives and property of those who come in contact with it. Regarding the steam-engine as one of the most active agents in the extension of our prosperity, and in the civilization of the world, and seeing how it is mixed up with the daily duties and workings of society, the safety and efficiency of every part, and more especially the boiler, are subjects of national importance; and I feel gratified by being called upon to lay before you such knowledge and experience on this subject of deep interest as I myself possess."

EARTHLY HONOURS.

(A Sonnet by Edward Bolton, published in 1610.)

"As withereth the primrose by the river,
As fadeth summer's sun from gliding fountains;
As vanisheth the light-blown bubble ever,
As melteth snow upon the mossy mountains;
So melt's, so vanisheth, so fades, so withers,
The rose, the shive, the bubble, and the snow
Of praise, pomp, glory, joy—which short life gathers.
Fair praise, vain pomp, sweet glory, brittle joy,
The wither'd primrose by the mourning river,
The faded summer, sun from weeping fountains,
The light-blown bubble vanished for ever,
The molten snow upon the naked mountains,
Are emblems—that the treasures we up-lay
Soon wither, vanish, fade, and melt away."

THE CASCADE OF THE ROCK.

SOME of the most romantic and picturesque scenes in all fair France are to be found in the department of the Haute-Loire. Geologists tell us that, in days gone by, the district was torn by volcanic eruptions, and the traces of the lava are still to be found. This gives to the place a wild and somewhat terrible grandeur. Elevated peaks bristle over a black and yawning gorge, which, branching off into deep and mysterious recesses, forms the upper basin of the principal valley, in which two mountain rills, the Dore and the Dogue, unite, and give their joint names to a noble river. The rocks, lifting their craggy peaks on high, the fissures in those rocks, the unknown depths which they disclose, the giant trees, the roar of the falling waters, all combined, present a picture of remarkable interest, such an one as Sylvester Rosa would have loved to paint. It is a singularly suggestive spot to the imaginative temperament. We people the towering rocks and blacken gorges with creatures of our own fancy, weave out a story to each

locality—now of violence and terror, now of calm security and serene solitude; and, indeed, connected with the place are many strange eventful stories of the days when the Huguenots enrolled their names among the noble band of martyrs, and when all France was shaken with the first revolution, and legitimacy struggled to the death. Hence, irrespectively of its own natural grandeur, there is peculiar

Some of them are of no great elevation or grandeur, but present a magnificent appearance. Such as one is represented in our engraving. The water has rent the rock, and forced a passage through it, and from the rugged summit pours down its flood into the river, its fall now broken by a projecting rock, its course now turned by some impediment, but still fighting bravely, as if instinct with life and passion, in a noble



THE CASCADE OF THE ROCK, IN THE DEPARTMENT OF THE HAUTE-LOIRE, FRANCE.

interest attaching to the place—a land of poetry and romance, a region of woods and waterfalls.

The view from the Pic de Sancy is very striking. The Pic is 8,177 feet above the level of the sea, and the prospect which stretches out before the observer is a labyrinth of valleys and gorges, with peaks bristling around on all sides, while numerous small lakes are glittering in the depths.

The waterfalls are the one great characteristic of the place—

struggle to be free. An artificial arch erected over the waterfall, the luxuriant foliage, and the graceful trees and herbage around, add to the beauty of the scene. Man is absent, but life is present; for there is life in the struggle and the leap of the mountain stream—life in the leaves that quiver on the boughs and in every blade of grass.

Not far from the Cascade of the Rock is the forest of Muree, one of the finest and most extensive in Auvergne.

JAPAN AND THE JAPANESE

CHAPTER II.—MARTIAL WEAPONS AND EXERCISES OF THE JAPANESE.

A knowledge of the Japanese weapons is equally important in an antiquarian and historical, as it is in a military point

of view. The inhabitants of Asia, must have preserved intact the primitive forms of their weapons for a much longer period than the



JAPANESE CAVALRY.

of view—for the inhabitants of Japan, separated as they undoubtedly were from all intercourse with the opposite con-

tinents of the Old World, where so many various nations and tribes, in a more or less advanced state of civilization,

the case might be, were continually meeting one another upon the battle field, and, as a natural consequence, adopting whatever in their adversaries' mode of arming struck them as superior to their own.

From whence the inhabitants of Japan may first have come, it is pretty certain that they were a nation of hunters and fishermen, who either brought their weapons with them, or else fashioned them after the model of those used by their forefathers. Insulated as the Japanese islands are between two continents, we may, with propriety, be allowed to assume that the weapons of the ancient inhabitants will help us to form a correct idea of those of the most primitive nations of the earth, since the remains of the knives, axes, and other instruments of warfare, which have been found in the graves and caverns of Japan, are exactly similar to those discovered in the graves of the early Germanic races, as well as in Siberia and North and South America, and which are, even at the present day, to be met with among the islanders of the Pacific Ocean and some of the tribes on the north-west coast of America.

Until the seventh century of the Christian era, the inhabitants of the Japanese islands preserved their primitive weapons. Even after *Zin-mu-ten-woo* had succeeded in establishing his authority, there was but little change observable in the arms of the people. The large bows which procured for the Japanese, in the writings of the Chinese historians, the designation of "Robbers with large bows," are still retained by them, at the present day, and their sword-blades are highly prized both by the Koreans and Chinese.

About the middle of the sixteenth century, the Japanese first became acquainted with the fire-arms of Europe, which were soon afterwards almost universally adopted by them. It is a remarkable circumstance, however, that this did not cause the ancient weapons of the country to fall into disuse, as had been the case in Europe. On the contrary, while the former have continued to be improved by every successive generation, the latter still present us with a true picture of the matchlock of olden times, such as the Portuguese introduced when they first discovered Japan.

The most ancient offensive weapons of the Japanese consisted of bows and arrows, javelins, and lances. The bows are, as we have before remarked, larger than those used by the inhabitants of the opposite continent. They are not composed of a single piece of wood, as is the case with those of most other nations, but of three or even more pieces, which are very skilfully placed, layerwise, over one another, glued together, and covered with a thin veneer of bamboo. The middle piece is thicker than the other two, and is generally made of candleberry-myrtle or willow. After it has been scraped smooth, the bow is carefully bound round with the fibres of the hemp plant and rotang* bands, two or three inches broad, at certain regular intervals. Lastly, it is very artistically lacquered white and red. Bows thus formed assume a peculiar and most pleasing form when they are bent. This seems to arise from the fact of the rotang bands being placed at certain intervals from each other; for the greater the intervening spaces, the greater, also, will be the elasticity of those parts of the bow not so bound round with the rotang bands.

The arrows of the Japanese are composed of bamboo, with feathers at the lower extremity, taken either from the wings or tail of the hawk and other birds. Among both the Chinese and the Japanese, the bow-makers and arrow-makers constitute two separate professions. This is natural: countless arrows are shot away and lost, as powder and bullets are with us; while, on the contrary, a single bow, which a man often inherits from his forefathers, lasts for years.

The arrows which are used for amusement or exercise have wooden, horn, or iron heads, which are blunt, and sometimes quite flat. They are of every imaginable shape, according to the fancy of the owner, and are mostly attached to the shaft

by a long prong running into the wood, or else fit it exactly, as a percussion cap does the nipple of a gun. The last method is the one adopted for arrows used for exercise or amusement. Before leaving this part of the subject, we may mention that the Japanese believe in charmed arrows, as the Germans of the present day, and the Scotch of former times; in charmed bullets. These magic weapons are supposed to belong to the gods, or kamis, whose invisible hand guides them; for this reason they are never feathered.

The quivers answer a double purpose. They are either used by the huntsman and warrior to keep his arrows in, when he is engaged in hunting or war; or together with the bow and arrows, they are set up for show in the entrance-halls to the houses of the great, or in the tents of officers of a superior rank. Like the arrows, the quivers are divided into numerous sorts.

Besides his bows and arrows, the Japanese huntamen will sometimes employ an instrument very much resembling a common pea-shooter, only much longer, and formed either of bamboo or some other reed. Out of this he shoots a small, sharp, little javelin, about an inch in length, and such is the dexterity which practice gives him, that he seldom or ever fails to bring down his mark. The Japanese amuse themselves by casting this same kind of spearlet at a target made of boards, with a rough portrait of one of their kamis, or of a human face drawn upon it. In our engraving (p. 432) these amusements are shown, as well as the peculiar costumes of the people.

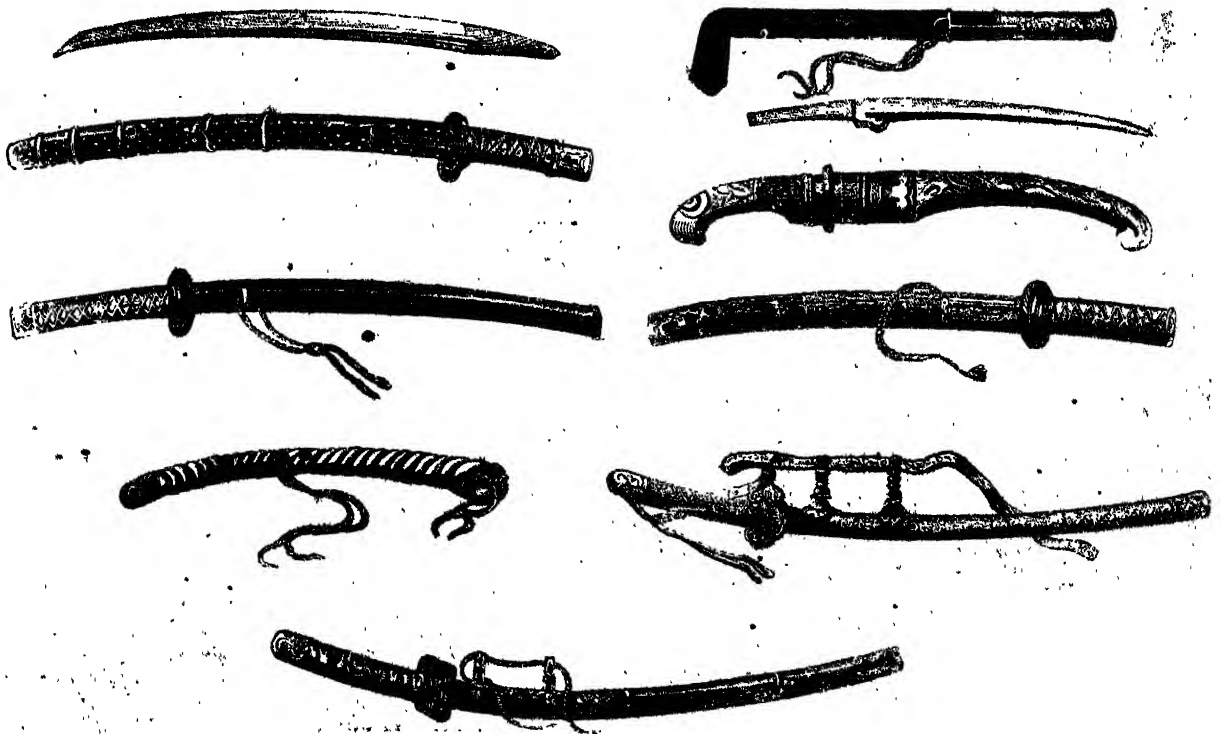
According to the Japanese account of the creation, the world was a mass of mud and water, which their deity *Kuni-sukotatsino-mikato*, stirred round with his spear. Now, as the legends and traditions of every people have always some foundation in their manners and customs, we have every reason for supposing, that, at a very early period, their princes were in the habit of wearing spears formed of the precious metals. At present, the use of the spear or lance is strictly confined to the soldiery, and those nobles who hold office under government. The lance is to be seen displayed in the halls of such nobles, and is always borne, in an upright position before the princes of the empire and officers of the highest rank; before those of a lower class it is carried slantingly.

According to the historical accounts, Rime Inisiki, who lived between the 29th and 71st years of the Chōtoku era, was the first person who manufactured swords in Japan. Those now in use are of various kinds. The principal ones are the *Tatsi* or *Jebano-tatsi* and the *Zindatsi*, large sabres, worn on state occasions; the *Katana*, a long sabre for ordinary use, and the *Wakisasi*, a smaller one of a similar description. The literal meaning of its name is, a weapon stuck by the side; and this appellation was, no doubt, given to it from the fact of its being stuck in the girdle by the side of the larger one. Besides these, there are also the *Sasioyo* and the *Kivai-ken*, two kinds of daggers, the first of which is worn by the men and the second by the ladies of rank. The state sabre, like all others in Japan, has no basket to the hilt, which is covered with shagreen, and wound round with silk cord. It is so long that it can be grasped with both hands. The *Katana* and *Wakisasi* are the swords used by the military, who wear both at the same time. This is esteemed a great privilege, and is enjoyed only by them and the nobles of the highest class. This privilege, however honourable it may be thought for the soldier, is exceedingly troublesome when he is on duty, especially to the boys; some of them scarcely ten years old, who are allowed to serve as substitutes for their fathers. It is a most ludicrous sight to see one of these juvenile heroes strutting about with his two monstrous swords, which, according to the imperial edict, must only be stuck half way in the girdle. The observer might, indeed, justly exclaim, with Cicero: "Quis te gladio allegavit?" Persons of the middle classes, peasants, officials, watchmen, and servants, are allowed to wear one sabre only, either straight or curved, according to taste, and resembling the *Wakisasi*, but with a smaller hilt. The custom of wearing side-arms is, as the reader perceives, a general custom, the only persons who have not the privilege

* *Calamus rotang*, one of the articles imported into the country.

of doing so being monks, shopkeepers, beggars, and leather-dressers. The latter are an abject, degraded race, like the Indian pariahs. The Japanese is proud of his sword: he feels for it a kind of veneration, which is taught him almost in his infancy, and the permission to wear it, which is granted him as early as his fifth year, is looked upon as a great event in his life, and accompanied by festivities and rejoicing. The fact of a sword having belonged to some celebrated personage, or having been made by some famous sword-smith, enhances it immensely in the eyes of connoisseurs: such a weapon will sell for two or three hundred pounds. The blades are of the most admirable quality, and it is the boast of the Japanese that they will cut through an iron nail, without the least injury to the edge. They are always kept very sharp and fit for immediate use. Battle-axes and clubs, also, were formerly used by the Japanese; but, at the present day, they have entirely fallen into disrepute. The Japanese are, likewise, acquainted with the use of cannon; but they have not, as yet,

soil. At any rate, it is certain that, if conquered, they would never survive their defeat, as every Japanese, of whatever rank he may be, will always prefer death to disgrace. Although they have but little actual service to perform, their principal employment being to keep guard along the sea-coast, and increase the splendour of the two courts at Miyako and Yedo, they are tolerably active and well disciplined. Our large illustration shows the dress of the Japanese cavalry, which consists of greaves for the legs, and similar defensive coverings for the arms and shoulders. He has also a helmet, with vizor and neck-piece, and a gorget of chain armour. As a general rule, the helmet, breast-plate, greaves, and arm-pieces are made of leather, fastened together by silk cords, and covered with metal plates. It is very seldom that these objects are composed of iron. Entire coats of chain armour are also very frequently worn, and are worthy of being especially mentioned, as they are very similar to those in use among many of the warlike tribes of Asia. The colour



JAPANESE SWORDS AND SCABBARDS.

succeeded in becoming very expert artillerymen. According to Shunberg, they only discharge those in the neighbourhood of Nagasaki once in seven years, to assure themselves that they are still fit for use, and, at the same time, for the purpose of cleansing them. The gunner ties a piece of tinder to the end of a long stick and generally turns away his head when he fires his gun.

The Japanese army consists partly of troops immediately belonging to, and raised by the shogoon, and partly of those furnished by the princes of the empire and the more powerful nobles, each of whom is required to send a number proportioned to his means. The total number thus raised, is about 400,000 foot and 80,000 horse; 100,000 foot and 20,000 horse being raised by the shogoon, and the remainder by the princes and nobles. Although the Japanese soldiery have for so long a period enjoyed the most profound peace, they are still brave and hardy; both willing and capable to repel a foreign invader should he attempt to land upon their native

of that part of the costume which consists of leather, as well as of the silken cords and tassels, varies according to the family to which the cavalier belongs. For instance, the powerful house of *Mina-moto* has adopted black; that of *Taira*, purple; that of *Tudai-rojira*, pale yellow; and that of *Toki-dana*, bright yellow. The vassals all wear the respective colour of their lords. Whenever a cavalier wears any other colour than that of his own family or lord, it is because he has adopted the colour of the family into which he has married.

The cavalry are very well mounted. The horses are not very large, but, as a general rule, they are strong, clean-made, and spirited, equalling in beauty and intelligence the Persian horses. The military are the only persons who guide their own horses. Riders of all other classes have them led by one or two servants. The saddles are very similar to those used in our own cavalry regiments; the stirrup leathers are rather short, and a kind of rough skin, rounded off at the bottom hangs down on each side of the leg for the purpose of protect-

ing it. The stirrups are like the Turkish or Tartar stirrups, and the reins, instead of being made of leather, as is the case with us, are composed of silk.

in the European fashion, is a point which, in our opinion, admits but of one opinion. The Japanese soldiery, like the Swiss of later ages, were once so highly esteemed, that they



JAPANESE SPORTSMAN, WITH TUBULAR WEAPON AND DART.



JAPANESE EXERCISE OF THROWING THE DART.

Whether the Japanese army, as it is at present constituted, would ever successfully oppose troops disciplined and armed

were eagerly engaged to serve in the armies of the princes of the opposite continent.

THE IRISH INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.

On the obverse of the title to the Catalogue of the Irish Exhibition, there is a most appropriate quotation from Cowper, which commences thus:—

"The band of commerce was designed
To associate all the branches of mankind;
And if a boundless plenty be the robe,
Trade is the golden circle of the globe."

At no period of Irish history has the truth of the poet's dogma been so fully felt and understood as in this glorious summer of 1853, when crowds of visitors from all parts of the world are flocking into Sir John Benson's beautiful building in Merriion-square. How well every line of Cowper's famous verse seems to hit the time and the occasion:—

"Each climate needs what other climes produce,
And offers something to the general use;"

and

"Ingenious art, with her expressive face,
Steps forth to fashion and refine the race."

It would almost seem, too, as if Cowper had had a prevision of our modern successes in art and commerce—for the poet is the true prophet—rather than that he spoke from the experiences of his own time. Art, he goes on to say,—

"Art thrives most
Where commerce has enriched the busy coast.
He catches all improvements in his flight,
Spreads foreign wonders to his country's sight,
Imports what others have invented well,
And stirs his own to match them or excel.
'Tis thus, reciprocating each with each,
Alternately the nations learn and teach;
While Providence enjoins to every soul
A union with the vast terraqueous whole."

In resuming our notice of the Irish Industrial Exhibition, it will not be expected of us that we should attempt anything like a regular and succinct account of all the remarkable objects prepared for the gratification of Ireland's visitors, or that we should report, in newspaper fashion, the amount of money received, up to a certain date, from the holders of season tickets, or taken in half-crowns and shillings at the doors. Information of this kind, however interesting, must be sought elsewhere. But, on the other hand, it will be our pleasing task, in our various walks through the beautiful, and now completed, bazaar, to seek out its most novel and pleasing features, and, by aid of pen and pencil, present them to our readers.

We pause a moment on the threshold of the building and look around us. Here in the metropolis of a country, scarcely yet recovered from the torpor of famine, we have a building, in every respect worthy its progenitor of 1851, filled with the results of thought and labour in a thousand varied forms. From the original conception of an Irish International Exhibition to the triumphant 12th of May, when, to the sounds of music and under the patronage of the great and noble, the building itself was opened, nothing has occurred to damp the enthusiasm of the patriotic men who undertook the direction of the affair. On the contrary, the example of the able and enterprising men who so successfully surmounted the difficulties of the Great Exhibition of 1851, appears to have been constantly kept in mind, so that, in the end, Mr. Dargan, the noble-minded founder of the Irish Exhibition, and Mr. Roney, its indefatigable secretary, had the proud consciousness of having achieved a triumph greater and more enduring than any achieved by Irishmen before,—the triumph of Industry and Peace,—without imperial assistance and by simple force of energy and talent. Like the glass palace in Hyde-park, the Irish Industrial Building has had its difficulties to surmount, its dangers to avert, and eventually its triumph. Like the Exhibition of 1851, it stands forth a monument of peaceful energy and well-directed capital; and long may it be ere the genius and generosity of our Irish fellow-subjects are devoted to less praiseworthy objects. Writing, in 1851, of the show which the exhibitors from the sister island made in Hyde-

park, we expressed a hope that the day was not far distant when Ireland, with an Industrial Exhibition of her own, might make real advance as a manufacturing nation. The day has almost arrived. Already are the differences between the Celt and the Saxon almost forgotten; already have thousands of Englishmen found warm welcome in Irish homes—for every visitor to the sister island is received there as a friend; and already does the aspiration of the queen's representative appear to be answered—that God Almighty will bless and prosper the undertaking, and that the Irish Exhibition will be the means under Providence, of uniting the people of England and Ireland in one bond of brotherhood and love.

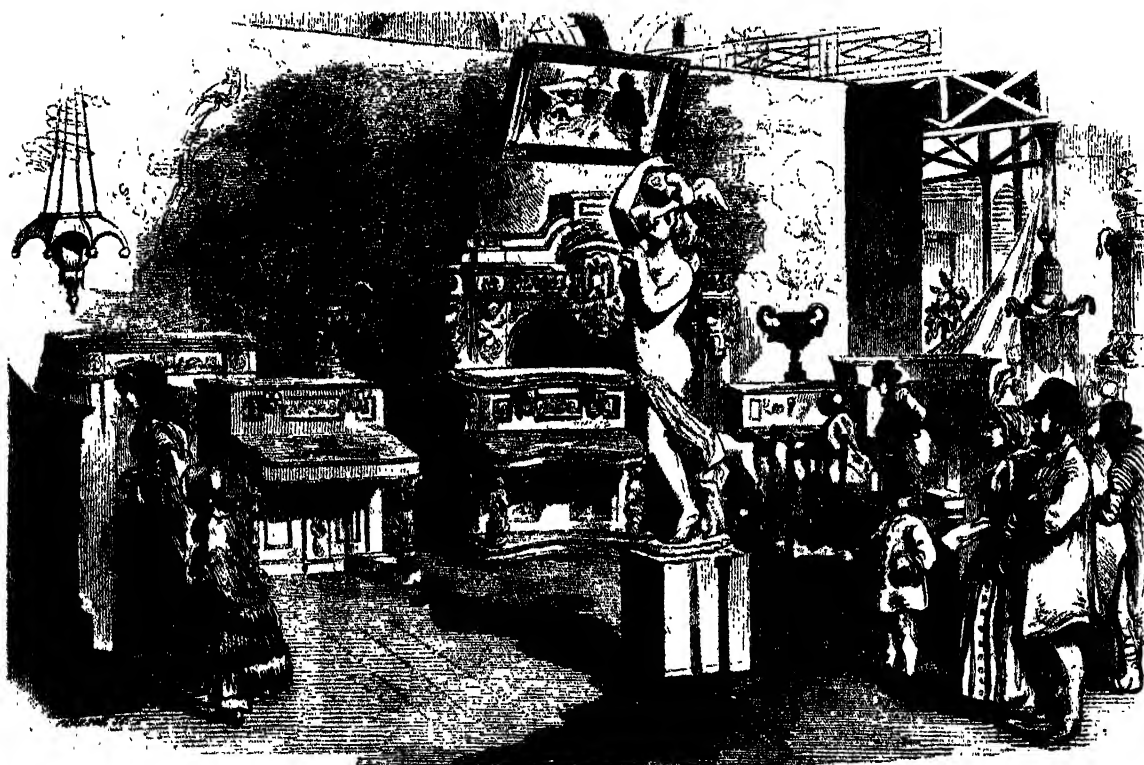
The various objects exhibited in the Dublin Exhibition are arranged according to the classification adopted in the Great Exhibition of 1851, but in the catalogue the names of the exhibitors are numbered consecutively from 1 to 1833. The paintings, sculptures, castings, &c., in the Fine Arts court bear a distinct set of numbers, from 1 to 1366; as also do the East Indian and other collections of curiosities. This arrangement, though it makes no provision for the probable increase of both exhibitors and objects exhibited, is one which is directly understood by the visitor. We find that there are 1,460 exhibitors from the United Kingdom, and about 400 from the other parts of the world. The foreign nations, which figure most conspicuously in the Irish Exhibition, are France, Belgium, Holland, and the several States comprised in what is called the German Zollverein. In our former notice we spoke briefly of the contents of the exquisite building; it will now be our task to go somewhat more into detail of the various objects exhibited. And here, at the outset, we must be allowed to remark that the ornamental is greatly in excess of the useful, even among the contributions of the Irish themselves. It has been thought necessary to apologise for the admission of paintings to a place in this Industrial Exposition, and in the introduction to the official catalogue we have the question ably argued. "It has not been without consideration," says the writer, "that the claims of the Fine Arts—in their abstract character, and viewed apart from utilitarian industry (if, indeed, they can ever be justly so viewed)—have been recognised. The difficulty of exclusion appeared at the least as great as of admission. It is not easy often to draw the line of demarcation between objects which come within the strict limits of the Fine Arts, and those Arts which are strictly utilitarian in their character. There are few of the latter which do not, to a greater or less extent, include or intimately ally themselves to the former; and, therefore, were the boundary to be defined with a scrupulous determination to exclude every article whose object is solely utilitarian, the result would be to reject from the Exhibition much that now finds a place within it. When the mere necessities of life have been satisfied, civilisation superadds to the useful the ornamental, and soon learns to recognise it as a necessity of life also; for the perception of the beautiful is innate to the mind of man, and when the useful has been achieved, the cravings for the beautiful will seek to be satisfied. Hence Sculpture, in the most extended acceptation of that term, enters into the composition of a vast proportion of the articles designed for utilitarian purposes. The same may be said of Painting. In truth, it is difficult, when once we have emerged from the rudest and most elementary state of society, to deny that the Fine Arts are themselves utilitarian. The desires of the eye for that which is beautiful in form and colour, if not essential to mere existence, assuredly are so to the enjoyment of life; and hence sculpture and painting, in the abstract, may, it is presumed, be fitly exhibited without transgressing the strict limits which should be assigned to an Industrial Exhibition. Under this conviction the Committee have admitted works of Fine Art which are not utilitarian, in the ordinary sense of the word; and they have done so not rather that the study of sculpture and painting is essential to perfection in the ornamentation of almost everything in ordinary

Nor let it be forgotten, as one of the uses of the Fine Arts unconnected with industrial objects, that the statuary and the painter contribute to the pages of history as well as the Scribe or the Printer. The former perpetuates and diffuses the forms and the character of historical persons and events, of natural history, scenery, and costume, as the latter cannot do."

In furtherance of these views, a Fine Arts Court has been constructed in the extreme southern aisle, between the Archæological and Mediæval courts, principally for the reception of Paintings; and the Committee have been enabled to bring together a considerable collection, at once interesting, as exhibiting the progress of the Art in modern times, and instructive, as containing some superior specimens of the Ancient Masters of the Art. Classification in relation to ages and countries rather than to schools has been adopted; but the collection will be found to contain examples of the earlier schools of Italy—the Lombardic and Venetian, the Raphaelite and Bolognese, of the ancient Flemish school, and of the

of Sculpture—statues and busts in marble; the greater portion, however, of the Sculpture, including marbles, bronzes, casts in clay and other materials, have been dispersed throughout the nave and aisles in a manner which adds greatly to the interest and effect of the general exposition. Amongst them are to be found, in the casts from the bassi-relievi Sculptures of the Metopes of the Parthenon at Athens, the finest exponents of the Phidian era of the art, exhibiting the unrivalled excellence of the Greek sculptors, resulting from their perfect acquaintance with anatomical structure and mechanical balance, and their true perception of form and sentiment. It will be instructive to contrast these with the specimens of the Etruscan school, as exhibited amongst the ceramic manufactures, and mark the absence of flow in the draping, the meagreness in the treatment of details, the exaggeration of attitude and action which characterise the latter.

Several good illustrations of Greek and Roman Sculpture during the post-Phidian eras may also be seen throughout the nave, some of them possessing high merit. There are some



GENERAL VIEW OF THE BELGIAN COURT.

modern schools of France, Belgium, Germany, and Great Britain. Many of the works of these modern schools exhibit the great progress of the Art of Painting towards another grand development in its history.

In addition to Paintings of the character mentioned, places have been assigned to Pictures which are the product of mechanical skill and the application of scientific discovery; such as specimens of Heliography, or the process whereby the actinic rays of the sun produce permanent pictures of objects upon metallic plates. Encaustic Painting, Chromo-Lithography, and uncoloured Lithography, may also be classed under the general head of Painting.

The application of all these various branches of Painting, as ornamentation, to articles of use—upon ceramic manufactures, as china, porcelain, earthenware—upon glass, slate, enamel, wood, japanned goods, papier mache, paper-hangings, and decorative furniture of all sorts, have their appropriate places in the various manufactures under which the decorated articles are classed.

In the Fine Arts Hall have also been placed some objects

specimens of the Italian school, after the revival of Sculpture in the eleventh century, one of which, as the work of the painter Raphael, commands attention. The Sculpture of British artists of the present age is abundantly and creditably exemplified, and the works of some foreign Masters give a favourable impression of their progress in the Art.

Besides the subjects already adverted to, Sculpture embraces within its limits the Modelling and Plastic Arts, and includes works in Stone, in Metals and Mineral productions, in Ceramic and Vitreous compositions, in Animal and Vegetable substances; in fine, whatever is capable of being wrought into form by the tool or the finger of the Statuary; and that, whether in relief, as in medals, coins, gems, or in intaglio, as in die-sinking, seal-cutting, &c. The application of Sculpture to the useful Arts takes a range of vast extent. Wherever the form or outline of articles is not rigidly prescribed, the Sculptor and the Modeller are called in to give variety and beauty to figure; such is the case in gems and jewellery, in vases, urns, tazze, drinking-cups, and other vessels, in candleabra, and in ornamented furniture, &c. When Sculpture

is found in these combinations, it is transferred to the particular class of manufacture to which the decorated article

In connexion with the Fine Arts Department, the Mediæval and Archæological courts are to be classed and studied. The former contains within it a large development of the Fine Arts—of Sculpture and Painting—as monumental brasses, coronæ lucis, and windows of stained and painted glass. The latter possesses a rare and valuable collection of objects of ancient art, principally Irish, highly important, illustrating the state of the arts, sciences, and manufactures in this country during several centuries.

The visitor to the Irish Exhibition will, most naturally, be attracted to

THE CENTRAL HALL,

by reason not only of the central situation and superior size of that noble apartment, but also from the fact that the most prominent objects are here exhibited. In the centre stands the grand equestrian statue of the Queen, by the Baron Maro-

Facing the grand entrance, a Fountain, in cast iron, designed by Lienard for M. André, of Paris, has been appropriately placed; while in a corresponding situation, at the other end of the centre avenue, is erected a fine terra cotta Fountain, executed by Messrs. Ferguson, Millar and Co., of Glasgow (p. 439). Messrs. Paia, Brothers, have their Jacquard loom at work; while near at hand the Messrs. Atkinson and Co., Fenton and Co., Todd and Co., make rich displays of figured poplins, tabinets, &c. There is also a Jacquard loom shown by Messrs. Keely and Leach, which is adapted for weaving figured and plain poplins, in various colours. The "Royal Society for the Promotion and Improvement of the Growth of Flax in Ireland" exhibit a series of specimens illustrating the preparation of the flax plant for manufacturing purposes, and the different processes incident to the manufacture of flax for the loom. Here we have bunches of the flax straw with the seeds on, there various specimens of the same kind of straw after steeping; besides varieties of different kinds of flax, seeds, capsules, &c. Then the flax is shown in its various conditions



ENTRANCE TO THE STATIONERY AND BOOKBINDING COURT.

chetti (p. 439). This beautiful statue is intended for erection in the city of Glasgow, and is exhibited by the permission of the committee under whose direction the work has been brought to its present state. His Royal Highness Prince Albert exhibits a Grand Centre Plateau, which has been executed under his directions by the Messrs. Garrard of the Haymarket. The Coalbrookdale Iron Company have a large iron summer-house, almost in the centre of the hall; and Messrs. Houldsworth of Manchester have a fine show of furniture and objects for ecclesiastical decoration. The Earl of Eglinton has sent the two fine pieces of plate, called the Emperor's Vase, and the Goodwood Cup, which were won by his lordship's race-horse Van Tromp, in 1848 and 1849. The Earl of Cardigan, and the officers of the 11th Hussars, have kindly lent to the Exhibition the silver equestrian statue which was executed for them by Cottrel for presentation to their late colonel, the Prince Consort; and the officers of the 7th Hussars likewise send the silver statue which was presented to them by the Marquis of Anglesey. It is executed by the same clever artist, Cottrel.

after being "scutched," "heckled," "roved," "bleached," and, finally, woven into linens, damasks, lawns, cambrics, and other plain and printed fabrics. As we shall have occasion again to refer to Irish flax and its products, we may briefly observe that, besides flax grown in Ireland, the Royal Society exhibit various specimens of Russian, Dutch, Belgian, Egyptian, and English grown flax, all of which are used in the manufacture of that incomparable material—Irish linen.

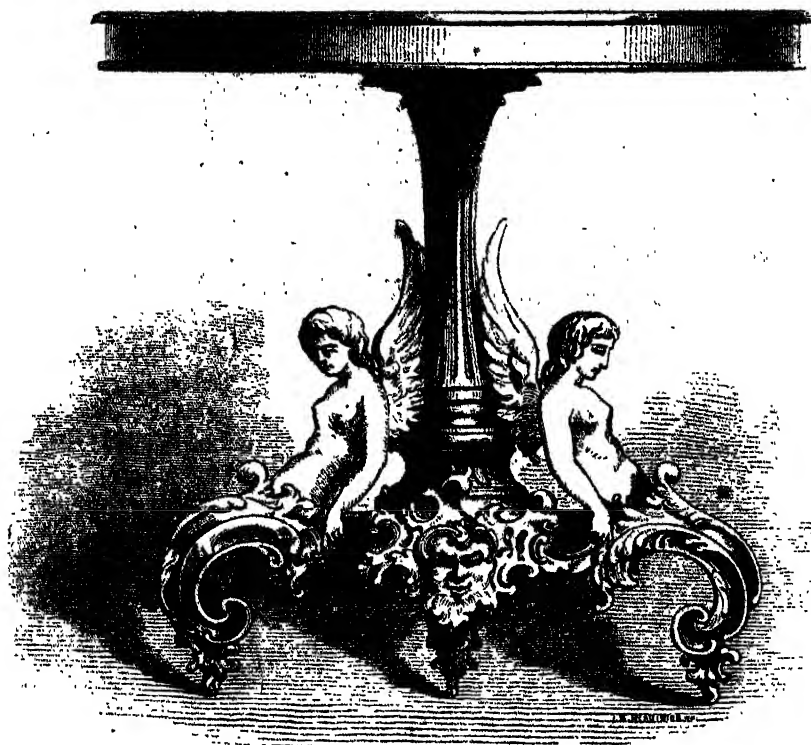
In the Hyde-park Exhibition, Messrs. Chance, of Birmingham, and Mr. Wilkins, of Long Acre, had each specimens of optical glass, in the shape of lighthouse lanterns; and in the present Exhibition the former firm also show an excellent series of lighthouse apparatus, consisting of the most powerful concentric polygonal lenses, filled with dioptric revolving glass, according to the system propounded by Augustin Fresnel. The importance of a first-class lighthouse apparatus on coast like those of the British Isles, cannot be too highly estimated. We understand that the first order of lighthouse lenses sent by Messrs. Chance, are fitted in with lenses at the same

manner that the light can be discerned in clear weather from a distance of fifty miles.

Mr. Lombard, of Leinster-street, has a gilt table of beautiful design and execution, of which we give an illustration below.

Mr. J. Clason, of Dublin, shows carvings in bog oak, in a variety of forms; Mr. H. Williams has an ivory model of Sir John Benson's original design for the Irish Exhibition Building; Mr. T. Grubb, of Dublin, exhibits various ingenious specimens of improved clock-work, equatorials, &c., adapted for carrying telescopes; Messrs. Kirkman, of London, and Messrs. Marcus, of Dublin, are great in pianofortes, harps, and other musical instruments; while Messrs. Waterhouse, of Dublin, and Mr. R. Phillips, of London, exhibit an immense and splendid variety of articles in gold and silver, to which we shall have further occasion to allude. Mr. T. Bennett, of Grafton-street, Dublin, has several large and beautiful specimens of Irish silver, consisting of salvers, tea, and coffee services, centre pieces, candelabras, &c., excellently wrought. A group, selected from Mr. Bennett's stall, appears in page

Provost of the Belfast College; Sir John Herschel, Mr. Cogan, M.P., Sir R. Peel, the Duke of Wellington, Catherine Hayes (by Barter), the Nepaulese Ambassador, Captain Williams, Louis Napoleon and the Earl St. Germans (both by Mr. Jones), Mr. Dargan, Mr. Colley Grattan, Lord Dunboyne, the Dean of St. Patrick's, the Rev. Dr. Todd, another bust of Sir R. Peel, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, O'Connell (by Hogan), and the Duke of Cambridge. Under these, on lower pedestals, there are a number of other marble busts. Between the columns which support the great organ loft five elegant pedestals of carved wood have been placed, on which are erected a series of marble groups, illustrative of mythological subjects, and supposed to have been executed early in the sixteenth century. One of these represents Jupiter destroying the giants, and consists of four or five figures, which were all carved out of a solid block of marble. The figures are very small, but display wonderful boldness and originality, with great correctness of design and exquisite finish of execution. They will attract much curiosity and admiration.



GILT TABLE, EXHIBITED BY MR. LOMBARD, LEINSTER-STREET, DUBLIN.

393. Besides these, the exhibitor shows a large number of articles in electro plate, and various examples of the manner in which gold, silver, and gems, may be made to combine with bog oak carvings. Altogether the display made by Mr. Bennett is highly creditable to his taste and skill.

The collection of busts of distinguished persons in the great hall forms not the least interesting feature of the Exhibition. Visitors are thus afforded an admirable opportunity of studying the features and becoming acquainted with the personal appearance of men who have rendered themselves renowned as warriors, statesmen, and patriots. The founder's own countrymen naturally compose the majority of this interesting collection, and we believe that nearly all the busts were executed by Irishmen—the largest contributors being Moore, Jones, and Kirk. Commencing with the bust of that distinguished warrior, Lord Gough, we recognise in succession those of Major Edwards, Sir Philip Crampton, Lord Clarendon, Lord Brougham, Mr. Jonathan Harr, Q.C. (a splendid likeness by Moore), Lord Denman, the Marquis of Anglesey, the late Tom Steele, and the late John Lawless; Dr. Henry,

Messrs. West and Son, of College-green, have an elegant show of Irish manufactured plate. One of the most remarkable specimens in their very beautiful case is a testimonial presented some years since to her Grace the Duchess of Northumberland, and executed under the immediate inspection of the Messrs. West, at their establishment in Capel-street. The lower part of this beautiful work is a group, composed of an Irish elk's head in black oak, and two stag hounds in silver; the antlers of the elk are gold, which, conjointly with the trunk of an oak tree in silver, support a highly embossed ornament, on which rests a vase of Irish diamond, and from which springs two rich consoles or brackets united by festoons of antique ornaments, and attached to the vases by shields, around which is a profusion of shamrocks. One of the brackets supports a chair of state, or throne, in which is an allegorical figure of Hibernia with a harp; over the figure is a canopy with a phoenix at the top—the back of the seat is fringed gold ornaments, with rich silver scrolls—on the upper part rests a double coronet, in enamelled gold, over the initials C. C., entwined round the letter N in Old English,

under which is a compartment with a bouquet of the "Forget me Not" flowers. On each side of the throne are dolphins in silver; the opposite bracket supports a group composed of an Irish wolf-dog, the toga, or Irish mantle, sword, and shield, &c. &c. The entire work is studded over with Irish jewels, consisting of pearls, amethysts, garnets, and beryls; and, round the base, in letters of gold, are the words "Hibernia grata."

We must pass as rapidly through the Grand Central Hall, as the well dressed crowd will allow us, and just glance at the many beautiful objects around, promising ourselves a more particular examination of each during our future visits. Thus, on this beautiful June morning, with the sun shining gaily down upon the moving mass of happy people, and tinting with many colours the glass lighthouse and the splashing waters of the fountain, and feeling oneself in a mood to enjoy and admire all that comes before us, we look upward and around. The

to accept. Nor are we surprised at this determination, for those who know Mr. Dargan best are aware that he has uniformly avoided all kind of display and distinction in connexion with his great work; and that he looks for no pecuniary profit from its results. Under these circumstances, the national testimonial, which is in progress, will be a graceful recognition of the singleness of purpose and greatness of mind which could conceive and accomplish so great an undertaking as the Irish Industrial Exhibition. It is anticipated that the design for the Dargan testimonial will be submitted to our beloved Queen, during her visit to the sister island.

With regard to the statue itself, nothing can be said that is not praise. Mr. Jones has succeeded in catching the "manner of the man" with extreme felicity; and, although not placed in the most conspicuous situation, we doubt not but that this statue will be the most frequently-sought object in the beautiful building.



TAZZA AND VASES, SELECTED FROM THE FRENCH AND BELGIAN DEPARTMENTS.

graceful lines of the domed roof meet those of the galleries at the northern end of the hall, where, from below, they appear to terminate in the great organ; and then our thoughts revert to that auspicious 12th of May, when, in the presence of thousands, the pealing notes went forth—

"All men, all things, all that has life and breath, sing to the Lord;
Praise the Lord with lute and harp; in joyful song extol Him,
And let all flesh magnify His might and His glory."

At the entrance to the hardware court (p. 438), standing just within the centre avenue, there is erected a statue of William Dargan, the patriotic founder and father of the Irish Industrial Exhibition. Having already given a portrait and biographical notice of this patriotic gentleman, little remains for us to say in connexion with this true patriot and lover of his country. Risen from the people, his whole career has been one of usefulness and persevering industry. As our readers are aware, the offer of a baronetcy has been formally made to Mr. Dargan, in acknowledgment of his high personal character and the great services he has rendered his country. This, however, Mr. Dargan has gratefully and gracefully declined

On the pedestal is the following inscription:

ERECTED
TO
WILLIAM DARGAN, ESQUIRE,

BY
THE PERSONS ON THE STAFF
OF HIS VARIOUS UNDERTAKINGS,
AS A TESTIMONY

TO HIS GREAT AND INESTIMABLE QUALITIES,
NOT ONLY AS A PUBLIC EMPLOYER, BUT AS
THE BENEFACTOR OF HIS COUNTRY.

12th MAY, 1853.

The friends and countrymen of Mr. Dargan will be pleased to learn that a bust of this distinguished patriot is prepared in Irish statuary porcelain, and is sold at a moderate price in the gallery of the Exhibition, Class 24, as well as in Dublin and London. This beautiful and appropriate monument, a great event in Irish history, has been admirably executed by porcelain works of Messrs. Kerr and Co., Worcester.



STATUE OF WILLIAM DARGAN, ESQ., BY H. JONES. ENTRANCE TO HARDWARE COURT.

